

Saint John, Dec. 21, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—If you can find a corner for the following lines on the funeral of the late "Iron Duke," you will oblige yours, a constant reader and an

ENGLISHMAN.

Behold along the people-crowded Strand
The dauntless warrior borne in silence on—
Saving the muffled music of each band,
That thrills the air with melancholy tone.
In homage due, the great of every land
Give more respect than if from regal throne
Some pompous king, in all the world's array,
Were from his gorgeous palace borne away!

And in the great procession to the grave,
Are those whom death has spared—a mournful few—
A loving remnant of those warriors brave,
Who on the glorious field of Waterloo
Rushed to his standard, ready at his wave,
Or 'mid the hottest of the carnage flew,
Where death on every side, at every blow,
Was laying some endeared companion low!

All veterans—all—and many at his side
Who left a portion of their life-blood there!
Who e'en since then have quell'd the haughty pride
Of nations, with a power the dauntless dare.
But pause we o'er the scene. Away they glide.
And as they pass, behold each head is bare,
Wishing eternal rest to the great dead,
Who for his country fought, and wept, and bled!

And famed St. Paul, where gallant Nelson lies,
Presents a sight of marvellous display!
Unseen before by Britain's myriad eyes,
In the remembrance of the oldest day.
The organ sounds as if it uttered sighs,
Ere he is lowered in endless rest to lay;
While brilliant beaming eyes, like stars of night,
Look down in mournful beauty at the sight.

Then rest thee, noble warrior! loved of all,
No bugle-sound shall ever reach thine ear,
Till the last trump of time shall on thee call
To burst the prison-vault we give thee here!
O! even the praise we offer thee is small,
To what our hearts impulsive feel sincere.
The flame of him must ever more increase,
Who led destroying Empires into Peace!

[From the New York Recorder.]

THE BASKET OF CHIPS.

BY HANNAH E. BRADBURY.

"The verdure and greenness of life's pilgrimage comes not from mines of gold, but from little acts of kindness, charity, and love."—MRS. ELLIS.

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord."—PSALMS.

God bless the poor, the homeless poor! This chilling November blast whistles gloomily through the broken panes and cheerless rooms of poverty. It stiffens the life-blood, and pinches the limbs of the little half-clad children whom no one seems to claim.

One of the bluest, coldest days of this dreary month was last Friday. The gray twilight was creeping heavily on, but still a little girl, clad in the tattered remnants of a summer gown, was picking up chips and bits of boards into a large basket, near the new building in F— street.

When the basket was full, she made several vain attempts to raise it in her arms; but her little strength was not sufficient for the burden, and she seemed unwilling to throw off any of the contents of the basket. She looked imploringly at the crowd who were rushing past, but no one heeded the pale girl with purple hands.

Stout, hale, business men, snugly buttoned in thick coats, could not stop to lift the basket; and laughing school-children, bounding forward with visions of warm suppers and brightly blazing fires dancing in their minds, could not stop—the little girl did not expect them to. But now a ray of hope brightens for a moment her tearful face, for a lady—a fair young lady, muffled in velvet and fur—is tripping lightly down the street. She smiled sweetly and bowed so gracefully as she recognized friends, that the child thought a warm and generous heart must throb beneath so bland an exterior.

"Please, ma'am, will you help lift my basket?"

The tremulous tones of the little suppliant started the lady, and she stopped; but the sweet smile and happy air were gone.

With her brows gathered in a dark frown, she exclaimed harshly, "Lift that dirty basket, you impudent little beggar, and so spoil a new pair of white kid gloves!"

The indignant beauty swept past, and the little girl lingered, sobbing over her treasures. Just then the deep tones of a factory bell announced that another twelve hours' toil was finished, and hundreds of weary-looking girls, eagerly obeying the welcome summons, hastened through the street, too weary and dispirited to notice the sobbing child. All too weary but one—Miriam Nash was never made so selfish by her own troubles as to be regardless of another's sorrow.

She stopped, and stroking the child's thick

curls, which were her only covering, she asked why she lingered in the cold.

"I cannot lift the basket, miss."

"But why do you try to carry so many chips at once?"

"I could not come again to night; and these will hardly keep us warm until morning."

"Have you no wood, and no one to bring chips but yourself?"

"We have no wood; but Harry Hill sometimes brings chips for me. Will you help me carry the basket, miss?"

"Certainly, if you will tell me your name, little girl."

"Susan Stacy, miss; and I live in that brown house in this lane."

"Will not your mother scold, Susan, because you have remained away so long?"

"Mother never scolds, and I left her sleeping when I came out. She has slept ever since noon, and I would not waken her, because the room was so cold."

When they reached the low, dilapidated house which Susan called home, Miriam asked if she could go in.

"Mother will be glad to see you," answered the child. "She has been sick a long time, and we are very poor."

Miriam entered the cold, cheerless room, and, after assisting Susan to kindle a fire upon the hearth, turned towards the bed, upon which lay a thin, pale form; but she started back with the chilling sensation which every young heart feels when it gazes upon the ghastly pallor of death.

The poor sewing-woman shivered no longer with the cold, pined no longer for the bread which had cost her so many heartaches and headaches.

Miriam drew up the scanty coverlet and covered the glazed eyes and stiffened features of the dead, and then turned again to the little orphan, who was exulting in the warm blaze of the chips. She drew up the only chair which the room contained, and, taking the child upon her lap, asked how long she and her mother had lived alone.

"I cannot tell, ma'am; but 'tis a long time. I can just remember now when we lived in a large house in New-York, and had servants and a carriage. Mamma was a nice, happy lady then, and papa was so kind and obliging! But he grew very ill, and at last died. Poor mamma never looked happy again, and by and by she said we must leave our nice house; so we came down here, and mamma did sewing for ladies until she was taken sick."

"Well, Susan, what did you do when mamma got sick?"

"When our money was all gone, mamma bade me take a chain and seal that used to be papa's to a jeweller's store; and he gave me some money for them, which has lasted until to-day, and mamma says we shall not need bread much longer; but she cried so badly when she told me that, that I did not ask her where we were going."

"Your mamma has already gone, Susan; she will never be cold or hungry again."

For a moment the child's large eyes gazed wonderingly upon Miriam's face, as if unconscious of the import of her words; when suddenly the terrible truth seemed to flash upon her mind, and, springing to the couch, she tore the coverlet from her mother's face, and pressed her lips upon it. But the icy coldness of the stiffened cheeks carried such a tale of desolation to the young child's heart, that no words of Miriam could soothe her anguish, or persuade her to leave the body, which she clasped convulsively in her arms.

Miriam was too weary, and perhaps too timid to perform alone the last attentions which worn-out humanity requires; and leaving the sobbing child alone, she sped rapidly through the dimly lighted streets to the house of Mrs. Anson, a kind-hearted woman, who she knew would gladly go forth upon an errand of mercy.

Her tale was soon told, and Mrs. Anson, accompanied by her servant, returned with Miriam to the lane, dreary abode of suffering poverty.

"And who will shelter the homeless head of this stricken child?" asked Mrs. Anson, after the last services were performed.

"She is mine," answered Miriam Nash. "I found her sobbing in the street, and I claim the privilege of providing for her."

"You, Miriam! why, you have no home for her."

"But I will make one," answered the heroic girl. "I have no father, mother, or friends in the wide world, and I will buy the right of being loved by some one who has claim upon my sympathies. I am strong and

well, and I can earn as much money as any girl in the mills. Oh, how gladly, how earnestly will I work to shield one being that loves me from want!"

"God will bless your efforts, Miriam; but do not take upon your shoulders too heavy a burden."

"Never fear while I am well, Mrs. Anson. A willing and courageous heart can perform wonders."

"Wonders! yes. I have known a poor factory girl, whom many a selfish, petted lady of fashion would scorn to recognize in the street, toiling early and late, denying herself every luxury, every superfluous article of dress for the sake of loved ones at home. A sick father or mother was dependent upon her exertions for the little comforts that made life tolerable, and how cheerfully she struggled to obtain them. An ambitious brother needed aid in his collegiate course, and the self-sacrificing sister felt proud in her old bonnet and faded shawl, for she knew the money that would have purchased these articles was purchasing for her brother those intellectual pleasures which he so ardently coveted. God bless the poor!"

PRAYER FOR MORE MINISTERS.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is, that a very general attention is becoming awakened to the fact, we are in danger of a famine of the preached Word. The annual conventions of our churches in some of the States, have recently made the subject one of special consideration and prayer, and several have recommended the churches to set apart special days of prayer to the Lord of the harvest, for an increase of laborers.

There is no portion of our country where this subject is of such deep and pressing importance, as to the people of the Great Valley. Already a numerous population is on its soil, which is increasing with unparalleled rapidity. Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?

Whoever will cast his eyes over the multitude of cities, villages and settlements which are springing into life in all parts of this Valley, and will duly consider what kind of a ministry is required to mould such a people, the length of time required to train up such a ministry, and the means now in existence for doing it, will see abundant cause for alarm. Let us not fold our hands in supineness, with the slothful reflection that God will take care of his kingdom. "Curse ye Meroz, ye, curse him bitterly, because he came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

If we are to be saved as a nation, from this curse; if we are to be saved from the curse of infidelity, of popery, of superstition, of vice in its most hideous forms, if our children and children's children, to the latest generation, are to enjoy the benefits of a preached gospel, and to rejoice in the liberty of the sons of God, then we of this generation have a great work to do. Are we willing to do it? Are we desirous to know what is demanded of us, by our love to our blessed Redeemer, by our sacred vows to him, and by the signs of the times in which we live?

One thing is certain, some more efficient means must be employed to increase the number of well-qualified ministers of our faith, or the Baptist churches in the Great Valley, which have already accomplished so much good, and have received so many tokens of the Divine favor, will soon be on the decline. There is no human instrumentality which can be a substitute for the ministry of reconciliation. Preaching is the institution which God has specially honored in the salvation of souls, and the extension of his kingdom, and which he still delights to honor. We must honor that institution. We must pray for it. We must support it. We must co-operate with it. We must do our duty to increase and perpetuate its benefits.

Brethren, what shall we do, what can we do, in this great cause? Let us pray for Divine light, let us walk in the light we have, let us not rest till we have done our duty in this matter.—*Western Watchman.*

SOMETHING VERY TERRIBLE.

Speaking to a lady in England of a very intimate friend and relative, lovely as the young man whose great possessions barred him from the Saviour in the olden time, I remarked, "But then he is not a Christian, poor fellow."

"Not a Christian?" said the lady, in some surprise.

"Not a true-hearted Christian, I mean, of course, not that he is a heathen or infidel."

"You really startle me," answered the lady, "by coolly passing these terrible judgments on your dearest friends. How dare you say that one you love is not a Christian? It seems to me a judgment quite too severe to be passed upon friends, or even enemies. In the judgment of charity, my brother, my husband, my friend, if not a professed infidel, is a Christian."

"Without giving evidence of being born again?"

"The Omniscient eye alone can see into the heart."

"True; but almost any one can see whether the vine bears grapes."

"I do not know," she answered thoughtfully, "that I am very consistent in the matter; and except upon the broad platform of universal love, I am not prepared to say that I am right. But there is something very terrible to me in your practice. To speak of living under the same roof with an enemy of God, and speak of it as a simple, every day affair, suggestive only of a little sigh, or a pitying 'poor fellow,' makes me shudder."

And I shuddered as I listened; for her words winged a sharper arrow than she intended. Ah, it matters little whether, with ostrich-like policy, we draw the soft embroidered mantle about the leprous form of one we love, or honestly lay bare the fell disease if the deception and familiarity operate alike in making us regardless of the sufferer's danger. The true view of the condition of an unconverted soul has indeed in it "something very terrible."

Have you a friend, a brother, not yet included in the eternal Father's family? Is your husband, with all his seeming nobleness of soul, with all his affection and kindness for you, an enemy of God? Is your child—the precious little one, whom you have borne on your bosom so lovingly, and watched over by night and by day with such a depth of devotedness—walking heedlessly in the path which leads to everlasting despair and death? Is the being dearest you on earth striding blindfold towards an awful precipice, with but a step between himself and the verge beyond which lies the black unfathomed gulf from which no human being was ever extricated? And, through all this, do you sit at ease, and fold your hands, and with a smile of mild, comfortable regret, make casual mention of his danger?

God in heaven, have mercy, and save us from this dread apathy.

ZION'S TRUMPETERS.

Where are they? Do we not need a sound of the gospel trumpet like that which Moses gave when "all the people in the camp trembled, as it waxed exceeding loud?" Some watchmen blow just loud enough to disturb a few "who are at ease in Zion," but the feeble notes sound so faintly they soon sink back into their fatal slumbers. Satan seems to be trying experiments with the churches of God. Those who profess to follow Christ as the "light of the world," are found, if not with the "witch of Endor," yet where they dishonor their Master and mislead souls. Sound an alarm in Zion! Let prayer be offered "without ceasing" for the Holy Spirit. President Edwards did not let the gospel trumpet give an "uncertain sound." He saw by faith Mount Sinai on the one hand, with the "terrors of God's holy law," and the precious scenes of Calvary on the other. He felt the power of eternal truth. Its light glowed in his own heart; and in his hands the trumpet "waxed exceeding loud," and "the people trembled." The sound has not died yet. New England enjoys to-day fruits of those refreshing showers of grace that caused such a gathering of souls into the fold of the Redeemer. How many "lively stones" were in that day cemented into that spiritual and glorious building of which "Christ is the chief corner-stone!" Let Zion's watchmen all awake.—*Independent.*

PATIENCE IN DOING GOOD.—When we remember that the missionaries laboured five years in Orissa, fifteen in Greenland, sixteen in Tahiti, and seventeen in New Zealand, before they saw any of the heathen converted to Jesus, and then gathered a rich harvest of precious souls, we need not, and indeed must not, despond. "Behold," says James, "the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient," for "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."