

Poetry.

"REJOICE EVERMORE."

Be glad, my brother, when the flower
Unfolds its honied cup for thee,
And birds amid the vernal bower
Stir every leaf with minstrelsy;
Be glad, when storms of autumn roll,
When thy soul interlards his rod:
And in the voice of the soul
Give praise to God.

Be glad, when Hope around thee glows:
And 'mid adversity or care
Pour sympathy on thy woes,
And find a strengthening to thee;
Shed clouds of sorrow shade thy cot,
And make the heaving landscape sad,
Look on another's happier lot,
And be thou glad.

Be glad when youth illumines the scene,
When years mature thy buds bear,
When though full of life thy serene
Wears a solemn, venerable air.
Brother, be glad, without a fear
Take the dark Angel by the hand,
Thy herald to a brighter sphere.
The Bet'er Land.

Family Circle.

The Nativity of Mary Lyon.

The following article, extracted from the *Puritan Recorder*, written in a racy style, furnishes a deeply interesting account of the founder and first Principal of the Mount Holyoke Seminary, one of the most useful female institutions in the United States. We are pleased to learn that a School upon the Mount Holyoke plan has been established in Pleasant Valley, Nova Scotia. A young lady from the above-named Institution has charge of it, and it is already thronged with pupils. Such a school, erected upon a large scale in some prominent place in New Brunswick, would be of incalculable advantage in promoting female education. Who will take the matter in charge? Would that the spirit of Mary Lyon were infused into the heart of one, at least, of the daughters of New Brunswick, that she might, like her, found an Institution for her sex, that should shine as a city set upon an hill, and bless, not only the present, but future generations with its enlightening rays! Read and ponder the following sketch of this remarkable woman:—

THE NATIVITY OF MARY LYON.—Who does not know Mary Lyon? If there be any such, we recommend for their perusal her Memoirs, a work ably written and faithful to the character it portrays. She was born in Buckland, Franklin Co., in 1779. Her career is a remarkable exhibition of a self-taught mind and a self-made character. In early youth she was in the field as a teacher of superior order; but the crowning work of her life was the projection and establishment of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, in which she also labored twelve years as Principal, perfecting and maturing the system which she had projected. She died in the Institution in 1849.

In a recent visit to the home of our childhood, in this hill-town of New England, we made a visit to the nativity of this noble woman. Our party consisted of some who, as pupils, were pioneers in the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, and assisted Miss L. in getting the new and unfinished establishment ready for its first term. A lady who has held the front rank of teachers at the South was one of our number. Some young friends who had been trained to estimate men and things as they really are, also sought our alliance in this visit. After leaving the village of B., and riding several miles through a winding and obscure road, among the hills and laughing rivulets, we came to a point which seemed to be the termination of the highway. At some distance from this point into the open fields, on the eastern slope of the tallest peak in the region, stood a small cottage, of primitive simplicity, which through age and neglect was rapidly going to decay. From it no human dwelling is in sight; none ever has been, and none probably ever will be. This house is the birthplace of Mary Lyon; and here she lived in her "teens," afterward a woman, whose equal, in point of moral grandeur, in loftiness of aim and comprehensiveness of plans for doing good, the United States have probably never produced.

Her work was not simply teaching. She preeminently moulded character, and left her own distinctive mark more or less deeply traced on all her pupils. These are now in every State of the Union, occupying the morally high places of society, and efficiently filling important posts of duty. They are also in every station of American missionary enterprise. Miss Lyon's persimile form has passed away; but she still lives and speaks, and by her imperishable influence, presides in the institution founded by her faith, and prayers, and Christian enterprise. During the last year, the Seminary contained between two and three hundred pupils, all of whom, except about twenty, gave credible evidence of piety.

This is the woman who, near the close of life, calmly said, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it." Christ, the owner of the universe, was born in a manger and educated as a carpenter; and this woman who seems to have possessed as much of the spirit of her Master as any living, first saw the light and spent the days of childhood in one of the obscurest places of the country. Surely, God's ways are not the ways of men.

The mountain peak which arose in the rear of her humble dwelling, and which, viewed from the opposite side, seemed to stand against the sky as an impassable barrier to society—this, in her childhood days, she often climbed, and from her top, as she subsequently would say, "looked over into the world."

We are sure that the Pilgrim blood which flows in our veins will effectively prevent any undue devotion to relics, and yet we love to muse in places which God has signified with the elements of moral sublimity. If Niagara is worth a visit half round the world, for the thoughts it inspires of greatness and of God, surely the lover of moral goodness may turn into the wild pasture grounds, where was nourished a woman who can never die out of this world, whose spirit still tenants the earth, and whose influence as a princess of the highest order rules in a host of devoted worthies. The patriarchs often set up a pillar, or piled up a heap of stones in the desert, to mark the spot which God had already rendered special by some remarkable providence; and why should not the Mount Holyoke Seminary erect their Ebenezer in this "place, from which God did so signally help them." Indeed, we understand that the friends of consecrated scholarship have in contemplation to purchase this rural homestead, which for its moral grandeur is already becoming the frequent resort of the friends of Christ and of humanity; and we heartily endorse the proposition, for it is not becoming that the rude briar and the wild bushes should overgrow that pristine farm. That lowly dwelling, unsightly and comfortless as it may seem to the voluptuous and vain, enshrines too rich a cluster of associations to be abandoned to immediate decay. The feet that we, ourselves, in childhood's days, studied the Mount Holyoke plan, during her young career at teaching, and while yet on the green side of womanhood, is the least source of our interest in this locality. To that place from which she so often climbed to look over

into the world, is the world itself now turning its interested thoughts, as to a point in earth's places whence a brighter star arose on the moral horizon, and ascended higher and higher, till it has taken a position as one of the first magnitude in that noble constellation of female worthies. The character and influence of Mary Lyon is not exclusively the property of Buckland, nor of Mount Holyoke; but of the United States and of all nations who are yet to be blessed with a holy influence. And this is evident from the rational zeal with which so many are appropriating their inheritance. As we lingered at the wild home of this one, who began life so lowly, and by dint of faith and perseverance rose so high, through so many obstacles, several thoughts impressed our mind, which we much desired to present, on the spot, to our young friends who essentially added to our enjoyment during this wild ramble to the nativity of this Mountain Mary. Surrounded as we were by thrilling facts, with trees and stones and running brooks, more eloquent than sermons, all ready to lend their voices, it seemed as though we had only need to spring the rich mines of thought which of themselves were struggling to be free, and no callous insensibility could have resisted the salutary impressions.

But the heavens were not propitious; for while strolling over the mountain side, where Mary used to call the wildwood flowers and listen to the clatter of waterfalls, the sky was overcast, the deep gloom of the clouds, heavy toned thunder, to which we gave so little heed that, before we could reach the farm cot, both we and the good ladies were drenched with rain.

While drying our wet garments as best we could, at the generous fire of our host, we discoursed with social cheer and lively emotion, upon that which to us emphatically the lesson of the day: now and then reading paragraphs from Mary's own pen, descriptive of the scenery in the midst of which we stood.

There was one episode in our day's history, and it naturally comes into our sketch at this point. The present occupants of these consecrated premises, are Milleries and Seventh-day Baptists without variances or shadow of turning from the straightness of that sect. Who professing to believe the Bible fully, and the Bible only, have yet so tortured the lively oracles, that from their lips the pure word seemed to confirm most of the errors found in the catalogue of modern heresies. They were simple-hearted, and evidently honest, with good intentions. God bless them with a better knowledge of his own truth, and with a more intelligent appreciation of his gracious promises!

As the moment of parting arrived, one called for memory, a briar leaf from a niche in the high rock where Mary used to play. Another picked a loose chip from the decaying sill, laid bare by the tooth of time. Some obtained specimens of a ledge of rock, above which stood Mary's bed-room; whose rude walls, as the kind woman told us, the earnest girl had "papered with books," and used it both as a study and dormitory. We plucked a dandelion, a generous splinter which hung dangling from the wall of the old domicile; and, in a rusticating hour, manufactured from it a compound instrument, combining a pen holder and a paper knife. The pen holder we now employ in giving this sketch; but will now turn our "stylus," and use the paper knife to cut off the thread of discourse, lest our column be too long and weary the patience of the reader.

We must, however, advertise our intention to add a brief article next week, as we partially promised to give the young people whose cheerful society greatly enlivened our day's adventure, some of the moral lessons suggested by the visit. And if any other of our youthful readers should be inclined to receive any portion of the instruction arising from this source, we can assure them they can have it, at less expense than it cost us.

The Rum-tracker's Sign-board.

Selected from the Memoir of Dr. Justin Edwards, just issued.

Suppose a man, when about to commence the traffic in ardent spirit, should write IN GREAT CAPITALS ON HIS SIGN-BOARD, to be seen and read of all men, what he will do: That so many of the inhabitants of this town or city, he will, for the sake of getting their money, make paupers, and send them to the almshouse, and thus oblige the whole community to support them and their families; that so many others he will excite to the commission of crimes, and thus increase the expenses and endanger the peace and welfare of the community; that so many he will send to the jail, and so many more to the state prison, and so many to the gallows; that so many he will visit with sore and distressing diseases, and in so many cases, diseases which would have been comparatively harmless, he will by his poison render fatal; that in so many cases he will deprive persons of reason, and in so many cases will cause sudden death; that so many wives he will make widows, and so many children he will make orphans, and that in so many cases he will cause the children to grow up in ignorance, vice, and crime, and after being nuisances on earth, will bring them to a premature grave: that in so many cases he will prevent the efficacy of the gospel, grieve away the Holy Ghost, and ruin for eternity the souls of men. And suppose he could, and should give some faint conception of what it is to lose the soul, and the overwhelming guilt and coming wretchedness of him who is knowingly instrumental in producing this ruin, and suppose he should put at the bottom of the sign this question: What may I ask, can be my object in acting so much like a devil incarnate, and bringing such accumulated wretchedness upon a comparatively happy people? and under it should put the true answer, MONEY; and go on to say, I have a family to support; I want money, and must have it; this is my business, I was brought up to it; and if I should not follow it, I must change my business, or I could not support my family. And as all faces begin to gather blackness at the approaching ruin, and all hearts to boil with indignation at its author, suppose he should add, for their consolation, "If I do not bring this destruction upon you, somebody else will." What would they think of him? what would all the world think of him? what ought they to think of him? And is it any worse for a man to tell the people before-hand, honestly, what he will do, if they buy and use his poison, than it is to go on and do it? And what if they are not aware of the mischief which he is doing them, and he can accomplish it through their own perverted and voluntary agency; is it not equally abominable, if he knows it, and does not cease from producing it?

LIGHT AT EVENING-TIDE.—A soul in darkness for twelve years is not a common case, but such cases there are. A visitor at a lunatic asylum was told of one such, who did nothing, and was never heard to say anything during most of that time, but "Lost, lost forever!" Solemn words, surely! "Lost, lost forever!" The wife of the keeper of the asylum was struck to the heart by this, and who would not have felt a thrill in his soul on hearing that melancholy captive relaying her woe, "Lost, lost forever!"

But this despairing soul still had a heart that longed for Christ. She thought Christ had left her for ever, still she longed for Him. Three days before her death her soul's eye

caught a sight of Him as full of grace, and truth; the Holy Spirit was at work to remove the scale from her sight. And now, during the three days she lived, she sang praise continually; it was a constant pouring out of her heart in psalms and hymns, only interrupted now and then to say to the keeper's wife (who had become her true friend, "He's come! He's come!"

For two hours before her death, the keeper said "there was no peace in the ward with her shouting out, 'Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb. Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb.'"

Reader, have you found out that you are "lost"? Has Jesus "come" and revealed himself to you as a Saviour? Are you one who will be enabled to shout on a death-bed, "Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb?"

"I cannot Pray."

"I cannot pray—I have never prayed; my mother never taught me"—was the reply of one who, convinced of sin and of his need of a Saviour, was urged to cast himself in prayer before God. His mother was a professing Christian, and her son, grown to manhood, had embraced sceptical opinions; for no others were brought before his mind in childhood. He was intelligent, amiable, and refined, yet over his spiritual world there brooded Egyptian darkness. To him there was no loving Father, no Redeemer, no Sanctifier, to meet the wants of his spirit's yearnings. Before him arose no bright mansions, eternal and glorious, to which he must aspire. Doubts, planted by the sophistry of those more vigilant than his mother, could not be rooted out. They came—they were more real than the faith he would gladly have embraced.

Mother, are you faithful to the child of your love? Does the babe in your arms never see your upward glance of devotion? Can it hear your name, and are you failing to teach it that of Jesus? Can it make known to you its wants and wishes in childish words, and have you not yet taught it to utter them to "Our Father"? Do you guide the spirit in so doing truly to ask? Or are you neglecting your highest, holiest duties? Are you willing to hear in after-years, are you willing to hear at the judgment seat, "My mother never taught me to pray?"—*American Messenger.*

A Bible Given.

An elder in a Presbyterian church, in one of his walks of charity, found a poor widow without a Bible, and presented one to her. She replied to him that the Bible could be of no use to her, as she could not read it, and she was too poor to educate her children. He said to her, "You should have a Bible, and you should have your children educated that they can read it to you; here take this Bible, which tells you of your lost condition as a sinner, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and remember you are to be judged by it." After reading a portion of the blessed Word, he bowed in prayer, commending the widow and her children to the widow's God, and the Father of the fatherless, and then bade them adieu.

Some months after this, at a meeting of the session of the church, this poor widow presented herself with others, asking an admission to its communion. She was requested to state what had first led her to feel that she was a sinner, and to seek pardon of God? She said, "Elders, I came to my house, and after faithfully admonishing me, gave me a Bible. I could not read it, neither could my children; but he told me I was to be judged by it, and also the way to be saved by Jesus Christ. I thought on my ways; I mourned over my ignorance; I took my Bible when no eye could see me—I laid it open before me from time to time, and offered my prayer to God; my heart broke in penitence; I found peace, and I hope forgiveness; and often while praying with my Bible upon my knee, I am so grateful to God for this treasure, I clasp it to my bosom and bless him. Now I have sent my daughter to school, and she can read pretty well, and she reads the Bible to me, and I can pray both morning and evening."

This woman walked some three miles frequently to church, and her family, from being ignorant and prayerless, has become a true order, where the evening and morning incense is offered to God. Did this Elder do more than his duty, and might not many follow his example with profit?

NOSE BUT JESUS.—It is a known maxim among sound divines, that being justified we work, but do not work that we may be justified. So then, let us never put our duties in the room of Christ. The man that rests on anything this side of Christ, will at last rest on this side of heaven. All our duties and works of obedience will be as ropes of sand, or chains of glass too brittle to draw our souls to glory.—*Evangelical Era.*

Drugs, Medicines and Perfumery.

THE subscriber has received by the ship to London, a fresh supply of
Drugs, Medicines, and Perfumery, &c.
Lazeb's superior PICKLES and Sauces;
Scott's ORANGE MARMALADE;
Worcestershire Sauce, Essence of Peppercorn;
Holloway's Pills and Ointment;
Hair, Cloth, Tooth, and Nail Brushes;
Cleaver's celebrated Hair Soap; Hannay's Ronds-
lemand's No. 1 White LEAD;
Black, Blue, Green, and Yellow Paints;
Red and Yellow Ochre; Venetian Red;
Red Lead; GLUE; Lamp Glass, &c., &c.
Also by recent arrivals from the United States:
BURKING LEAD, superior quality; Spirits of Turpentine; Extract of Logwood, &c., &c., with a general assortment of all the popular Patent Medicines of the day.—For sale on reasonable terms, by
THOMAS M. REED,
Corner North Wharf and Dock-st.

FLOORING.—Landing ex Benj. Franklin, from Alexandria, 500 bbls. superior FLY-CASE, sold by
HALL & FAIRWEATHER,
Oct. 31.

DR. LARROUQUE'S, A Celebrated
Indian, has discovered in the combination of four kinds of common Roots and Herbs, a remedy that is warranted
to cure Consumption in all cases where the lungs are not much consumed, and sufficient left to sustain life, and every disease, of whatever name, having its seat on the lungs, or in the bronchial tubes.
One to two bottles will cure the worst of Colds.
One to three bottles will cure the hardest Cough.
One to two bottles will cure the Whooping Cough.
Two to four bottles will cure the Asthma.
Four to eight bottles are warranted to cure Bronchitis.
One bottle will cure Croup.
Six to eight bottles are warranted to cure Consumption.
Three to five bottles will cure Catarrh.
It is directions in which it is sold.
G. GARRISON & CO.,
Sole Agents, St. John, N. B.

CRYSTAL TYPE ROOMS.
BARLOW'S CORNER, KING STREET.
THE Proprietor would most respectfully solicit a call from the Ladies and Gentlemen of this City, to his establishment, where the beautiful and excellent specimens of these new style of PICTURES, called the AMBROTYPES. This new method of taking Pictures resembles a Mezzotint, and has a life-like resemblance to the original, and is not attainable in a Daguerreotype; and being taken on Glass instead of a metallic surface, is not subject to change or corrosion. A further advantage is, that the color of the picture is not reversed, nor is the view of the picture affected by the position in which it is received. The light, whoever was a told 1-1/2 lbs. of Pictures, that of that inanimate chalky flatness so inseparable from a Daguerreotype, and in all respects far superior, could do well to visit a Rooms, (as I am the only artist who can take Ambrotypes) in the City.
THOS. H. ELSON,
Sep. 14.

BUTTER.—40 Pickins Prime BUTTER for sale
D. & J. LEAVITT,
Oct. 17.

NEW PRINTS.

Splendid Engravings, &c.
POTTER & CO. beg to inform their customers that they have just received, at the Cabinet Warehouse of the Messrs. Lawrence, (at the head of King Street, over the Drug Store of Chaloner & Hunt), who will be happy to wait upon parties wishing to examine or purchase. The price of these engravings varies from 2s. 6d. to 24s. according to size and style. They are believed to be unsurpassed in all the essential points pertaining to good instruments, especially in regard to Equality, Power, Sweetness of tone, Promptness of Action, and Style of Finish. Each instrument has a fixed price, from which no deduction can be made. Hence persons incapable of judging of an instrument stand in no danger of deception.

From a large number of recommendations voluntarily given by distinguished Musicians, the following have been selected:

[From Wm. B. Bradbury.]
Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, Gents.—I heard with pleasure of your commencing the manufacture of Melodions, feeling assured that you would be able from your practical skill, ample facilities, and peculiar advantages, to effect important improvements in the construction of these instruments. Having now had an opportunity of examining a No. 10, I have to say, that I am, I am by no means disappointed in the result. You are certainly producing Melodions, which, in all desirable characteristics, are so far as I can perceive, faultless. An Instrument of this kind, in my opinion, is admirably adapted to the parlor and the church, and I am satisfied that so soon as the public become acquainted with the superior merits of your instruments, you will find it to be the demand.

New York, June 18, 1854. [From Lowell Mason.]

"After having carefully examined the Melodions of Messrs. Mason and Hamlin, I am enabled to say, that in my opinion, they are decidedly superior to any other with which I am acquainted."

New York, July 1, 1854. [From George F. Root.]

Henry Mason, Esq.,—Dear Sir, Having had an opportunity of examining a No. 10, I have to say, that I am, I am by no means disappointed in the result. You are certainly producing Melodions, which, in all desirable characteristics, are so far as I can perceive, faultless. An Instrument of this kind, in my opinion, is admirably adapted to the parlor and the church, and I am satisfied that so soon as the public become acquainted with the superior merits of your instruments, you will find it to be the demand.

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