

## Poetry.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL ELLISON.

The sky is clouded still,  
The light is warm and cold,  
The mist wreaths round the hill  
Like ghostly shrouds are rolled—  
My soul the earth's dark hue hath caught,  
Wrapped in the gloom of sombre thought.

Mysterious sympathy!  
Thou' which the spirit clings  
By many a viewless tie  
To earth's material things,  
Reflecting, like the faithful glass,  
External changes as they pass.

So must the spirit be  
While in this coil of clay,  
Till he who made shall free  
And bid it spring away,  
In glad divorce from cumbering earth,  
To live a life of heavenly birth.

I would not antedate  
The time by God decreed,  
From this terrestrial state  
Impatient to be freed;  
But look to my celestial Home  
Calmly till He shall bid me come.

Nor shall my heart complain  
That He hath formed me so,—  
To shroud with joy or pain  
With every ebb and flow  
Of that mysterious atmosphere  
That ever floats around me here.

I bless him for each day  
On which the sun is seen,  
For every golden ray  
That glads me with its sheen;  
For the sweet winds whose power doth cheer  
Ere I am conscious they are near.

Nor shall I cease to praise  
When heaven's blue cope is filled  
With clouds that quench its blaze,  
And the sad heart is chilled;  
The strong winds obey his will;  
Peace, O, my spirit, and be still!

## Think! Think!! Think!!!

It is said, that a father once enjoined a son always to think three times before he spoke once. The father was standing so near the fire that the tail of his coat was caught by the blaze; on seeing which the son said, "Father, I think!" "That is right," said the father, "but what is the subject of your thoughts?" "O, I think!" repeated the son. "Very good!" the father added, "but now tell me what it is you are thinking of?" "Why," rejoined the son, "I think, father, that the tail of your coat is on fire." "You young rogue!" cried the father, turning round in a passion, and finding his coat-skirt half burnt away, "you young rogue, why did you not tell me at once that my coat was on fire?" "And so I should," replied the son, "but you told me always to think three times before I spoke once."

Now, my boys, when I tell you to think, I do not mean that you should spend that time in thinking which ought to be employed in acting. If the case requires thought, never act without it; but many cases require prompt and immediate action. If a child is in danger of being run over a carriage;—if another is in the act of drowning;—a third near to the brink of a precipice;—or if an incident occur, like that of the gentleman's coat being on fire;—he who would be of any service must stretch forth his hand immediately, and act with decision.

The clown praying to Jupiter to assist him to get his cart out of slough, instead of whipping his horses and putting his shoulder to the wheel;—the Portuguese praying to a crucifix in a storm at sea, instead of working away at the pump to relieve the ship from the water in the hold;—are instances where human beings are represented as guiltily neglecting the use of faculties which they possessed, and which ought to have been brought into action. Therefore, my boys, think, when thought is necessary; and act with spirit and energy when action is required.

A relative of mine was awakened one night at an inn, by the cry of fire. Up he jumped from his bed, and hurried on a part of his clothes; but when he attempted to leave the room he could not find the door. In vain he walked round the room, and felt with his hand every part of the wainscot as he went, for no door could he find; nor could he, in his agitation, remember at all the town where he was. After much time in fruitless attempts to get out of his chamber, he sat himself down, as calmly as he could, to think of the places he had passed through. By this process he ascertained the town where he was; and, as he always frequented the same inn, and generally slept in the same chamber, he was enabled immediately to walk to the door; which had he not sat down to think, he probably never would have found. Think, my boys, and be assured that you will not accustom yourselves to do so in vain.

He who thinks wisely is the most likely to act wisely; for actions proceed from thoughts. When we say that a person acts thoughtlessly, or without thought, we mean that he acts without suitable or sufficient reflection. The spendthrift, the libertine, the gambler, the thief, in their errors, to secure a present advantage; but they neither think suitably nor sufficiently, but of the bitter consequences that must inevitably follow their mad career. Think, my boys; for reflection is a noble faculty of the soul; it raises men above his fellow-men; it enables him to make the best use of the best things; it points out the impolicy as well as the wickedness of vice; it shows the comparative littleness of worldly ambition, and enhances the value of all that is pure, and heavenly, and eternal.

Mid every pleasure think on time,  
And call to mind your fleeting breath;  
Ponder on eternity;  
Early learn to think on death;  
Think much on all things great and small,  
But most on Him who made them all.

If the fool would think he would be a fool no longer. If the wise thought more, they would be wiser than they are. Thinking might never yet hurt any one; but the want of thought has ruined thousands.

If a boy neglects to think about his lesson until he is called upon to repeat it,—if a man does not think about getting his bread until he has no bread to eat,—both the boy and the man will be obliged to think, when they are least capable of thinking with advantage.

It is not thinking long together, but thinking habitually, that I want to impress on your minds. The habit of thinking about things is of more value, my boys, than reading, writing, casting up accounts, and all your other attainments put together.

If a boy could tell the meaning of every word in the dictionary,—repeat every line that ever was written;—read all languages, and speak the tongues of all nations;—unless he reflected on what he knew, and was in the habit of thinking, he would still be a simpleton. Do, then, my boys, obtain the habit of thinking as soon as you can.

Osman, an Arabian robber, came to the cell of Benkale the anchorite. "Benkale," said he, "I am successful, I am powerful, I am rich; but I am not happy: tell me what I must do to become so?"

"Think!" replied Benkale, placing a scull before him, and leaving him to his reflections.

Osman did think, and abandoned his guilty career; for when Benkale was numbered with the dead, Osman occupied his cell:

And there upon that ragged rock,  
All barren, rude, and bare,  
In rigid abstinence he pass'd  
A life of praise and prayer.

I do not want you to be anchorites, for you owe society too much to be permitted to dwell alone in solitary cells and caves of the wilderness; but I do wish you to be upright and useful characters; and that you may be so, think, my boys, do think.

## Old Betty.

"Have you never heard the story of old Betty?" said I to a friend, who was telling me some sad history of domestic discomfort.

"No!"

"Then let me tell it you. The story was told me by a young lady whom I met at the sea-side; and though I believe it has appeared in print, I know no other version of it, but the one she told me.

"Some years after I was converted," said Miss F., "it pleased the Lord to lay me aside from active occupation, and to confine me to a sick couch for full two years. This inactivity was very grievous to me, and my constant prayer was for restoration to health, and power once more to go about visiting the sick, and teaching the ignorant."

"When visited by kind Christian ministers and sympathizing friends, my constant request was that they would pray for my recovery, and that I might have faith to believe that the Lord would heal me.

"Still I grew no better. About the end of the second year, I one afternoon received a visit from a minister unknown to me, who in God's providence was then visiting the place where I lived. He read and prayed with me, he sympathized with my sufferings, and listened to my troubles. I lamented to him my weak faith, which I felt assured was the cause of my continued weakness of body.

"Miss F., replied the minister, 'have you never heard the story of Betty, the old maid-seller?' I had not. 'Old Betty,' said he, 'was brought to the knowledge of Jesus in her old age, and from the time of her conversion never thought she could do enough for Him who had loved her and washed her sins in his own blood. She went about doing good. She was ready to speak of her Lord and Master to all she met. She would nurse the sick, visit the afflicted, beg for the poor and for the heathen; she would give to those poorer than herself portions of what the kindness of Christian friends bestowed on her. In short, she always abounded in the work of the Lord.

"But in the midst of this happy course, she caught a violent cold and rheumatism, and was confined to her bed; where she lay day after day, and week after week, and I believe, lay there till the Lord called her home.

"On her sick bed, Betty was as happy as she had been in her active duties; she was much in prayer,—she repeated hymns and passages of Scripture,—she meditated on the good things she had learned, and on the good land to which she was hastening.

"One day Betty was visited by an old friend, a minister, who had long known her. He was astonished to see his once active and useful old neighbor so happy in her bed, and he said to her, 'I little expected, Betty, to see you so patient; it must be a great trial to one of your active mind to lie here so long doing nothing.'

"Not at all, sir; not at all," said old Betty. "When I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that; and I used to do it as well as I could, and now I hear him say every day 'Betty, lie still and cough.'

"Miss F. told me this story as she heard it from her visitor, and she said it had a strong effect on her mind. She began to think that it was self-will rather than faith, that made her so anxious to get well and be active again; and she humbled herself before God, begging for grace to bear his will, rather than seek her own. She became tranquil, happy and contented on her sick bed, and almost immediately after, it pleased the Lord to restore her to health, and continued her in it to the time when I met her.

Martin Luther says, "Once I was bold to prescribe to God, and surely the Lord despised this arrogance of mine, and said, I am God, and not to be ruled by you."

So one of Luther's disciples, Antony Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick, writes:

Trust in God!  
Thou forlorn one, cease thy moan;  
All thy pain and all thy sorrow  
Are to God, the highest, known.

He leaves thee now, but helps to-morrow,  
Trust in God!

Hold to God!  
The blows he deals, in love are given,  
That thy soul's health may be secure;  
So may'st thou know the fear of Heaven,  
Confide in His paternal care.

Hold to God!  
—British Messenger.

## Little Mattie, the Widow's Child.

'Twas Friday noon, the gladdest of all the week to school children—the time for building castles for Saturday's enjoyments, free from books and school rooms. The day was unusually bright, as if February had reached forth into the future and plucked from April's brow a wreath of sunshine to wake your hearts to hopes of early spring. The scholars were cowering about in delighted excitement, when Alice Graham bounded up, and unfurled a paper of candy, exclaiming, "Look!

look, girls! don't you see my candy?—hearts, rings, drops, and sticks—ain't it nice!"

Little Martha Carey, who was standing near, answered, "Oh, yes, Alice; it does look nice: how much you have! I have never had half so much candy, at one time, since my"—father died, trembled on her lips; but the thoughtless, rude Alice pushed her away before she had finished speaking, saying tauntingly, "Go off, Martha Carey; you'll get none of it: go buy candy for yourself, if you can raise five cents." Poor little Martha's heart sunk like lead in her breast, and the tears filled her eyes, as she turned about and walked away. She would have wept to relieve her feelings, but she feared Alice would think she was crying for a piece of candy; so keeping back the tears, she went into the school-room, took her seat at all alone, and commenced turning over the leaves of her book. But her thoughts were far away, reviewing the days when her dear father used to give her candy and toys; and the time he died, and was laid in the dark, lonely grave, more than a year, a long, weary year, before: and she felt that she and her dear mamma could never have any one to love them as he had done. Tears flowed freely then: she could not restrain them longer. Alas! she was learning, years too soon, to look back upon memory for happiness—even before the spring-time of her young life had fully budded forth. Destiny—no, not destiny—Providence, for some good purpose, had suffered the blasting of those buds, that other and richer fruit might be grafted into her tender heart.

The pealing laughs without seemed to mock her, and she almost felt that she never could play again, and that none of all that group of little girls loved or cared for her.—Could it be because she was a widow's child, and poor? Fresh tears welled up, but the school bell was ringing, and she must not be seen weeping; so wiping her eyes, she made a great effort to appear calm as the pupils entered and took their seats. That afternoon Mattie performed her school duties well and promptly, as usual; and when dismissed, walked home quietly and thoughtfully, for she was very sad.

Could Alice have known the agony she had caused her gentle, unoffending school-mate, she would have been very unhappy. She ought to have known, for she was old enough to think of such things.

Dear little reader, whenever you are tempted to act or speak unkindly, think of the pain you may inflict by so doing.—Nashville Advocate.

## OBITUARY.

Died on the 29th of January last, in the 66th year of her age, Mrs. Catherine, wife of Mr. Richard Perkins, of the Parish of Simonds, County of Carleton, but formerly of King's County. When they came to this place nine years ago, it was comparatively a wilderness, and strange as it may appear, there was not a Meeting House within twelve miles on this side of the St. John River. No, not of any name, and not even a School House in this place, but then there were a good many professors in the land, who met in dwelling houses to worship God. But thanks be to God it is not so now, there are Meeting Houses and School Houses and Sabbath Schools in the place. I refer to this now because I remember hearing our deceased sister say, even weeping, what a sad exchange she made in point of privileges. Sister Perkins as well as all the family was a member of the Free Christian Baptist Church, and as brother Perkins had the largest house in this place, he kindly opened it to receive the Ark of the Lord, not only for his own ministers, but to all the minister of the gospel, and I got acquainted with the family. I often preached in their house, and always found her the same kind, free-hearted Christian, always treating me with the greatest respect. As I live in the place, I visited her in her last illness, which she bore with christian submission to her Father's will. She remained in answer to questions put to her, that all was well. So she left the troubles of this world trusting in the merits of the great Redeemer, to be forever with the Lord. She left behind a sorrowing husband, almost a cripple, and seven children to mourn their loss. At her request the writer improved the solemn occasion, assisted by Brother Maxon. May the Lord prepare us all for the same solemn event.

W. HARRIS.

**NEW GOODS!**  
Per Packet-ship "JOHN OWENS."  
Barbour & Seely  
HAVE received by the above vessel, a choice lot of the following Goods, on-prising Prints, Dress Goods, Grey and White COTTONS, Gingham, and a large quantity of the best quality of Black and White Blank EDITIONS, Black and White Stiff Netts, Gloves, Trimmings, and Small Wares, etc., etc., which will be disposed of at a low rate. For our general Stock of Spring & Summer Goods, are expected by the John Barbour and succeeding Packets and Steamers.

THOMAS B. JONES.

## A Splendid Assortment of SUMMER CLOTHING.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, and SUMMER COATINGS.

Personally selected by the subscriber in the leading British Markets.

For GARMENTS made in a superior manner, at low prices.

THOMAS B. JONES.

## A CARD.

THE Subscribers would most respectfully tender their sincere thanks to their numerous friends and customers, for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and for the business in the store in Lawrence's Building, head of King Street, known as the WAKEFIELD HOUSE; and take this opportunity of informing them that they have removed their business to their new premises in Ferguson's Brick Building King Street, No. 57.

A few doors below the old Stand.  
Where they have received by Black Ball Line and Steamer, a large and varied Stock of BRITISH and FOREIGN DRY GOODS, comprising every thing that is new and novel for the Season; and will continue to receive by each Packet of above line, and Mail Steamers, fresh additions to their Stock of the latest Markets afford. Their Stock having been selected in the best of the Markets, and purchased on the most advantageous terms, they have every confidence in recommending to the public an early inspection thereof, which will be disposed of at such prices as must meet their approval, and trust by unremitted attention to the wants of their customers to secure to themselves a share of that liberal patronage they have hitherto enjoyed.

BARBOUR & SEELY,  
216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

## Gutta Percha Machine Belting

AND Steam Packing.

THE Subscribers have received an Invoice of the above articles, and respectfully solicit the attention of those interested in their use.

Gutta Percha, used for isolating the wires of submarine Telegraph lines, has of late attracted much attention on account of its great durability, and its employment in other uses has rapidly increased, but in nothing has its decided superiority been more manifest than in the articles above named.

Its advantages for Belting and Packing arise from superior durability, and from its being wholly unaffected by the action of acids, oils, or any degree of dampness. The Belting may be run under water, or amidst oily or acid substances, without damage or decomposition.

The price is moderate, being no higher than other descriptions of Belting and Packing. Orders solicited. HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

## FACTS Speak Louder than Words

Rich's Safes—None to equal them.

THE following is one of the late Certificates which the manufacturers have received, and which all who require Safes should read, in order to satisfy themselves that there are no Safes made which stand so high in the City of New York as RICH'S IMPROVED SAFES ON WILDER'S PATENT, and which already reach over Ten Thousand (10,000) sold: over 500 to Banks, Railroad, and other Joint Stock Companies; 1500 in New York City; and 1000 in New Orleans. Amongst the purchasers are the Montreal Bank, Montreal; the Bank of Commerce, Quebec; Montreal; and Toronto; House of Assembly, Legislative Council, and Receiver General, Canada.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE CERTIFICATE. To the Editor of the Daily Times. We inform you that we, the undersigned, Messrs. Stearns & Marvin in particular, to state that our books and papers were in one of their Safes, which stood in the fourth story of our store, No. 39, Murray Street, and which with its entire stock of goods was consumed on the 9th inst. The Safe fell through to sub-cellar, where it remained over 30 hours before it was possible to recover it! At the end of that time we had the pleasure of taking out our books and papers in an entirely legible condition; and feel that after passing successfully through such an intense heat, too much cannot be said in praise of their Safes.

Respectfully,

MARTIN &amp; BROTHER,

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## Notice to the Public!

**BARBOUR & SEELY**  
TAKE this opportunity of returning thanks to their numerous friends and customers, and the public generally, for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and for the business in the store in Lawrence's Building, head of King Street, known as the WAKEFIELD HOUSE; and take this opportunity of informing them that they have removed their business to their new premises in Ferguson's Brick Building King Street, No. 57.

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Woolen, Cotton, and Silk Goods, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Trimmings, Muslins, Lace, Sewed Work, Velvets, etc., we have our