

## Poetry.

## "Not to Myself Alone."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The little opening flower transported cries,  
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dew.  
The bee comes sipping every evendew  
His dainty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,  
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;  
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate;  
I gem the sky.  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,  
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower,  
I rove the wood, the garden and the bower,  
And to the hive at evening weary come;  
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil  
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The soaring bird with lusty plum sings,  
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;  
I bid the hymnless choir my anthem learn,  
And God adore,  
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,  
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,  
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;  
I scatter health and life on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ry gay.  
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
My gladness tune;  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In drooping June."

"Not to myself alone,"  
O man, forget not thou—earth's honored priest,  
His tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!  
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,  
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,  
And self disown;  
Live to thy neighbor; give unto thy God;  
Not to thyself alone!

## Family Circle.

## The Found Pocket-Book.

"Tom Jackson says he does not believe there is a God; he says he never saw him; and I don't know as I believe—I never saw him," said John Clary, just come in from out doors, and I suppose from the society of Tom Jackson.

"I do," said his mother; and she said nothing more.

A week or more after this, John burst into the kitchen with Tom at his heels. "See, mother," he cried, "what I have found—such a handsome pocket-book!"

"Where did you find it?" asked his mother.

"In Pipe Grove; now who do you suppose it belongs to?"

"I reckon it grew there," said his mother.

"Grew there!" exclaimed John, lifting up his eyebrows with great surprise; "a pocket-book grow in the woods! who ever heard of such a thing? It could not be."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not?" replied the boy; "the pocket-book was made on purpose. Look here," opening it, "here is a place for bank bills, and here is a little cut-of-the-way spot with a snug fastening, for gold dollars, and a memorandum-book, and a pencil-case, and such a beautiful gold pencil. Look, mother, with a pen and lead both; it was made for a man to use."

"Some contrivance, here, certainly," said his mother, putting down her work and taking it into her hands for examination. "It is one of the most useful pocket-books I ever saw; if it did not grow there, perhaps it made itself."

Both boys stared at her more and more.

"Why, mother, you talk foolish," said John, with a puzzled and sober look; "there must have been a man with a mind to have made this." "A man that knew how—a pretty neat workman," added Tom Jackson.

"How do you know? you never saw him," said Mrs. Clary.

"No, but I've seen his work, and that's enough to convince me; I am just as certain that somebody made it as if I saw him."

"You are," said Mrs. Clary; "how so?"

"Why, mother," said John, very much in earnest, "you see the pocket-book had to be planned to answer a certain purpose; now it must have had a planner; that's the long and short of it; and I know it just as well as if I saw it planned and done by the man himself."

"That is," said his mother, "it shows an intelligent design, and it must have been an intelligent designer. Somebody must have made it, and thought beforehand how to make it."

"Just so," exclaimed both boys at once. "And it would be foolish to think otherwise," added John.

"I think so," said his mother. "And it is just as foolish," she continued, with a great deal of meaning in her eye, as she looked into the boy's eyes, "when you see the wonderful contrivance in the beings and things around you, the design with which they are put together, for you to doubt or to deny that there is a God who made them. Who planned your eyes to see with, your ears to hear with? Can eyes make themselves? Can a man make a bird? Who created the sun, and planned day and night? Did your mother or your father plan your fingers and make them grow? You never saw who does all these things, but you know perfectly well that a great somebody thought beforehand, designed and contrived the eye, and the ear, and the sun, and your fingers—all things and all beings which are around you. And that great somebody is God, the eternal mind, and great Maker of us all."

Child's Paper.

## OBITUARY.

## ARTHUR NICKLESON.

In the Parish of Simonds, Carleton County, on the 21st of December last, Mr. Arthur Nickleson, in the 63rd year of his age. Our deceased brother was a son of Arthur Nickleson who held an office in the British Army in the time of the Revolutionary war, and passed through all that fearful struggle. Our brother experienced religion about thirty-six years ago, under the preaching of Mr. Denmar, but did not make a public profession. About thirteen years ago, when the late Rev. L. Hammond came to this land and organized a small Baptist Church in this place, our brother was the first that was baptized in connection with this church, and continued a member of the same till, as we trust, he joined the church triumphant in Heaven.

Our brother had the pleasure of seeing two of his daughters, three sisters, a brother and others of his relations following the Lord in his own appointed way. He has left a widow and eight children to mourn their loss. His sufferings were severe, but he bore them with almost perfect submission to the will of God. He never was heard once complaining, notwithstanding his excruciating pain. He would tell us some times "I cannot pray now, you pray for me; all this will soon be over; my prospect is growing brighter and brighter," and so our brother fell asleep in Jesus.

The writer spoke on the occasion to a large respectable, and solemn congregation, from Job 19: 25, 26—"We left him in the silent tomb till Gabriel shall sound his trumpet. May the Lord prepare us all for the same solemn event."

REV. WILLIAM HARRIS.  
Simonds, April 16, 1857.

## JOSIAH KEITH.

Died, at Butternut Ridge, December 15th, 1857, Mr. Josiah Keith, aged 55 years. The subject of this notice was one of the twelve Brothers so generally known, and the ninth son of Daniel and Elizabeth Keith, who were amongst the first that converted the rude wilderness in the pleasant fields of New Canaan, and from whom so many that now bear the name of Keith in that and adjacent settlements sprang. They have long since went the way of all the earth and have been followed by their beloved son, whom, we trust has gone to meet his parents and departed children in the Paradise above; aving left the choice of his youth, his family, and hundreds of relations to mourn his absence. Death is ever on the wing; while to some it gives timely warning, others are launched into eternity without one moment to reflect. The deceased died suddenly, in the arms of his friends. Truly "In the midst of life we are in death." Many years he had been a worthy member of the Baptist Church, in Butternut Ridge, and love the marks of christian piety until his death.

There was once a colored woman who used to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sabbath, and single out some young man as he came in at the door, and pray for him till she saw him come forward to join him, self to the church. Then she dropped him, an singled out another and prayed for him in like manner, till she witnessed a similar result. Then she dropped him, and took a third, and so on, till at the end of twenty years she had seen twenty young men join themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant—young men with whom she had no personal acquaintance whatever. This fact was disclosed to her pastor on her death bed.

The following things are seldom advertised though their loss is a deplorable evil:

Lost, by a professing Christian, during the past week, amid the cares of the world in going from his residence to his place of business, a sense of Divine favor.

Lost, within a few days, several opportunities for doing good; the loser is suffering seriously from the effects.

Lost, within a few days, through the negligence of some good people, many precious souls—number at present not known.

God will have no sinner in heaven, but such as are born anew and become children, who have put on heaven.

## Culture of the Strawberry.

As no garden is complete in its appointments, without it has a bed or two of this delicious fruit—this luxurious and healthful source of enjoyment—we shall lay down a plan of culture, in the hope that it may attract the attention of gentlemen whose gardens are without them, to a necessity of planting one or more beds. A bed thirty feet square would yield an ample supply for a family, both to be eaten with sugar and cream, and for preserves. Where the supply is desired, to be prolonged, one bed should be selected with a southern exposure, the other with a northern one—these differences in the exposure will continue the supply fully two weeks longer—a matter of importance with a fruit at once so grateful to the palate, and so health-giving to the system, in its indulgence.

**Selection of bed.**—For an early supply, select a bed with a southern exposure—for a late supply, select a northern exposure.

**Soil.**—The strawberry delights most in a moist soil—it is not material whether it be deep sandy loam, or a deep clay loam, so that it be moderately moist, but not wet. A clay loam, of proper texture, would probably produce most fruit, but not so early as a sandy loam. What we mean by a proper texture of clay loam, is, one that is not very tenacious, but is friable, easily worked, and susceptible of being put in first rate order.

**Preparation of the bed.**—Let the bed be trenched to the depth of twelve inches at least. When thus dug, a dressing of a compost manure must be spread in. As the spreading progresses, let the soil be thoroughly pulverized with a rake. This done, put on a full dressing of compost, formed of four parts well rotted dung, three parts wood's-mould, or other rich mould, and one part slacked ashes; spread this in half spade deep, taking care to rake in the spading progress, so as to bring the soil in fine tilth, and complete the work by passing the garden-roller over the bed.

**Laying of the bed.**—Your bed having been prepared as before directed, divide it into compartments or beds, four feet wide with alleys two feet wide between each, for the

convenience of working, weeding, and gathering the fruit.

**Distance of planting the vines.**—Make three rows of strawberries in each bed, and place vines twelve or eighteen inches apart in the rows, according to the size of the variety.

**TIME OF SETTING OUT THE PLANTS OR VINES.**—In Spring, this can be done in March, in the Southern States; in April and May, in the Middle States, and in May in the North and East; in Summer, any time after the middle of August; in Autumn, during all September and October; and if the fall be a very mild one, the planting may be continued till the middle of November. Beds set out in the fall or early in the spring, will bear crops the first year—those set out later, will bear the succeeding year.

**MANAGEMENT OF NEWLY PLANTED BEDS.** After your vines are set out, place long straw or tanner's bark between the rows, to preserve moisture, and be careful to give the plants waterings every few days, until they take root, as a rain occurs. Beds planted in spring must be watered in times of drought, throughout the season, as the vines require moisture, and are injuriously affected by long continued dry weather, unless thus assisted.

**AFTER CULTURE.**—During the first two seasons cut off the runners, before they have a chance to root. While the fruit is being formed on the vines, the vines in dry weather must be watered; but after they are in bloom, the utmost care must be observed not to wash off the farina of the flowers, as, should you do so, you will inevitably prevent the formation of the fruit. To avoid this, the nozzle of the watering-pot must be held down to the ground, and the water suffered to escape moderately therefrom, so as not to splash upon the flowers. Early, each spring, strew a mixture of equal parts of plaster and salt over the bed, so as to whiten the soil.

After the vines have borne fruit the first year, say in the month of July, remove the straw and weed the plants, remove all dead leaves, and give the vines a working with the hoe. This done, dig in with a fork a slight dressing of well rotted manure or compost, a few inches in depth, say about four; rake the ground, and leave it thus, till, when long straw or tanner's bark, or both, must be replaced between the rows. The treatment, each succeeding year, must be as before advised, with the exception that the runners must be permitted to grow the fourth year to supply the plants for setting out a new bed, as the power of yielding fruit, abundantly, only lasts four years. Indeed, they begin to decrease after the second year. Some permit the runners to root the third year, place manure on the old vines, dig them in, and rake, leaving the rooted runners to form the bed of strawberries the ensuing three years. If pains be taken to give proper direction to the runners, in rooting, this plan saves the labor of transplanting and answers very well during one course. In manuring, ashes must not be forgotten in the compost, as the inorganic, as well as the organic, matters carried off by the crops of fruit, must be restored to the soil.—*American Farmer.*

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Class—Testament, Delectus, Grammar; Latin—Horace's Odes, Virgil's Aeneid, Caesar's Commentaries; Cornelius Nepos, Eutropius, Delectus, Grammar.

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All the Branches of a thorough English and Mathematical Education will be cordially taught.

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By order of the President and Trustees of Victoria College.

R. D. McABHUR,

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kinds of vegetable SEEDS, the other containing

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so high in the City of New York as Rich's Improved

MANUFACTURE, on WILDER'S PATENT, and which already reach

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the purchasers are the Montreal Bank, Montreal;

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and Receiver General, Canada.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE CERTIFICATE.

To the Editor of the Daily Times.

We deem it due to our neighbors, and to Messrs.

Stearns & Marvin in particular, to state that our

books and papers were in one of their SATES, which

stood in the fourth story of our store, No. 89, Murray

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