

Poetry.

THE LOST BIRD.

Translated from the Spanish of Carolina Coronado de Perty.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

My bird has flown away,
Far out of sight has flown, I know not where,
Look in yon lawn, I pray,
Ye maidens, kind and fair,
And see if my beloved bird be there.

His eyes are full of light;
The eagle of the rock has such an eye;
And plumes, exceeding bright,
On his smooth temples lie,
And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh.

Look where the grass is gay
With Summer blossoms; haply there he cowers;
And search from spray to spray,
For leafy laurel bowers,
For well he loves the laurel and the flowers.

Find him, but do not dwell,
With eyes too fond, on the fair form you see,
Nor love his song too well;
Send him at once, to me,
Or leave him to the air and liberty.

For only from my hand
He takes the seed into his golden beak,
And all unwiped shall stand
The tears that wet my cheek,
Till I have found the wanderer I seek.

My sight is darkened o'er,
When I miss his eyes, that are my day,
And when I hear no more
The music of his lay,
My soul, in utter sorrow, faints away.

[New York Ledger.]

From the New York Chronicle.

WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.

It was a gay circle which had gathered in Mrs. Grey's mansion, to celebrate the wedding of her oldest daughter Helen. Aunts and uncles were there; a real family party. Capacious as was the house, there was still need of crowding. So, early in the day, it was settled by Lucy, and Jenny, Eliza and Mary, that they should all occupy the same room at night. "They were cousins and not often together, so it will be quite a treat to them," they said. Lucy and Jenny were sisters—Eliza was an orphan residing with her mother's brother in a distant city, and Mary was the bride's sister, a timid, gentle girl of sixteen.

Mary had no sooner invited her cousins to share her room at night, than she repented of it. Shall we tell the reason why? Simply because the thought sprang up at once in her heart of a certain duty which she owed to them, and from which she could not well escape if they were together alone, that night. The duty of speaking to them upon the matter of the soul's salvation, and perhaps even of praying with them. Mary was the only one of her family who was a Christian.

A year before, her heart had been touched by Divine grace—she had seen herself a sinner, lost and ruined, and had been enabled to trust in the atoning blood of Christ for salvation. She soon united with the church of which her father had been a member, and which her mother attended, out of respect to his memory merely. Within a few weeks there had been special interest manifested in the meetings of the church, and Mary had shared richly in the blessing. Her heart had received a warming influence. She felt an increased love for Christ and his people, and never experienced so much delight in reading and prayer as now. The Sabbath before our story opens, her pastor had preached from the words, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," and strongly urged upon his hearers the duty of direct personal efforts for the conversion of sinners—private conversation, and when possible, prayer, being the chief means to be used. They were especially urged never to neglect a distinct impression upon the mind, that Christ demanded a special work for Him, whatever it might be.

The seed of truth fell deeply into Mary's heart, and she felt that she must begin at once to do something for the souls of those around her. But with whom should she speak? Her own mother and sisters? Oh, that would indeed be hard. But she felt an intense desire for their conversion, and that very evening while sitting alone with her mother, she with a trembling voice and tearful eye, told her of what thoughts the sermon had awakened in her heart. "Dearest, dear mother," said she, "that I long for you to come to Christ, and trust in Him alone for salvation."

"My dear daughter," answered her mother, making but dignified tone, "I beg that you will not trouble yourself about me, I do not feel that I need my daughter's reprovals—I endeavor to do my duty, and have no doubt of my acceptance with God. I know that you mean it well, but I should prefer to have no more of this kind of talk from your lips. Will you ring for lights?"

"Oh, my dear mother," said she, "that I long for you to come to Christ, and trust in Him alone for salvation." "My dear daughter," answered her mother, making but dignified tone, "I beg that you will not trouble yourself about me, I do not feel that I need my daughter's reprovals—I endeavor to do my duty, and have no doubt of my acceptance with God. I know that you mean it well, but I should prefer to have no more of this kind of talk from your lips. Will you ring for lights?"

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all busy in arranging the decorations for the evening. All full of mirth and glee. At first she drew back, but an inward voice seemed to say, 'this is your last opportunity, do it.' So she said, 'Helen, please come here a moment,' and her sister throwing down the lace she was busy upon, joined her in the entry.

'Come in here, just a minute, dear,' said Mary, drawing her into a little room near, 'I won't detain you long. There, dear,' said she, putting the Bible into her hands, 'is my bridal gift for you—oh, darling sister, added she, bursting into tears and throwing her arms around her neck, 'do read it every day, and do, dear sister, think about your soul and receive Christ as your Saviour.' 'Why, my dear child, what all you?' said Helen, patting her cheek tenderly, 'you are nervous surely about my going away—don't you know that I was confirmed last Sabbath, in St. John's, and as much a member of the church, as my pious little sister is?' 'Ah, Mary knew it well—and this was why it was so very hard for her to speak in this way to her, yet she had no idea that her sister was any better for her profession, so she simply said, as she wiped away her tears—yes sister, but I fear that you do not feel that you are lost and ruined, and in need of the blood of Christ to save you—this is what I desire.'

'Well, dear, I am sorry you think me so dreadfully wicked, but I'll forgive you, and many thanks for your nice present—it's bound just like my new prayer-book. Now let us go back to my room; come, I want you to arrange my bouquet for me.'

The duty was done, and Mary felt such a relief, such a sense of her Heavenly Father's approval, that she went cheerfully to the room, and was one of the happiest, if not the gayest of the party; yet she had met with so little encouragement that she shrank from further trials of that day.

The wedding was over at last, the guests had separated, and the young couple, attended by a few select friends, gone to their new home in another street. Mary and her cousins retired to their room—the hour of trial had come.

'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it,' clear and strong sounded the voice of her Lord once more—dare she disobey it? Poor Mary, how she trembled. Well was it that she had asked grace for the time of need, else she would surely have failed now.

'Mary, Mary, what is the matter?' called Jenny. 'Why don't you come to bed, you look as if you were saying your prayers.'

'That is what I was wishing to do,' said Mary, lifting up her bowed head. 'I always read a chapter in my Bible and pray before retiring, and I was thinking that I should like to read aloud to night, if you have no objection.'

'I have objection,' said Eliza decidedly, 'I am tired and wish to sleep, and I can do my reading and praying for myself, when I choose it.'

So saying, she angrily turned upon her pillow. 'Well,' said Lucy, 'I am willing to hear you read if you want to so much, but what a queer girl you are, cousin Mary; are you pious? If you are, you must be altered a good deal since I saw you last.'

'I trust,' said Mary humbly, as she seated herself and opened her Bible, 'I trust that I am changed somewhat. That is, I have learned to feel my need of a Savior, and to trust in his mercy alone for salvation from eternal death, and I do wish all my dear friends felt so too. Now I will read.' She opened to the Gospel of Matthew, and read of Christ's last words to His disciples, His agony in the garden and his crucifixion. She would have stopped after reading a few moments, but raising her eyes, she found that Lucy and Jenny were listening intently—something prompted her to go on, and she did so. As she read, her soul became filled and absorbed with the wonderful, ever new story of the cross, and when she knelt to pray, all fear had fled, the trial then would have been to refrain from prayer. She felt, as never before, the worth of the soul—of those souls who were listening to her voice, and most earnestly did she plead with God in their behalf—entreating for light, for guidance, for pardon. As she concluded, what was her astonishment met at finding Jenny and Lucy kneeling beside her and sobbing bitterly.

'Mary, don't leave off,' pray for us said they, and 'oh, Lord have mercy,' were repeated by them also. Then rising, they begged of Mary to tell them more fully what they must do to be saved. 'I have felt before, sometimes,' said Lucy, 'as if I wanted to be a Christian, as if my heart was very wicked and needed to be made pure and holy, but I have never seen and felt my utter sinfulness and I need of Christ, as now—oh, what shall I do?'

Again the three youthful forms knelt in prayer, Pleading with God for pardon and peace through Christ. And it came, even then. Heaven and the world had been brought distinctly before their minds in a moment's time, and they firmly and fully chose the former—and God sealed the consecration with his smile and His forgiveness. In joy they laid themselves to rest at length, and in joy did they awaken in the morning—wondering indeed, at the great change which they felt had passed upon them, yet firm and clear in their hope and their purpose of serving God. No persuasions, no ridicule, could induce them to attend the scene of dissipation that evening. Not even the fear of offending their cousin, the bride, could move them. The news of the sudden change passed rapidly among their friends and was whispered about, even in the ball room that night, and not a few hearts trembled within the splendid dress, as the story was told that Lucy and Jenny, these gay, young girls, so full of life, and fond of amusement, had become Christians—were even then in the room of prayer, instead of that of the dance.

'Oh,' thought Mary, as she stood one bright Sabbath morning upon the river's bank and saw her two cousins led down to the water and buried beneath the wave, and again rising, coming forth to newness of life, 'Oh that I might ever be able to obey the command "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."'

A. H. B.

MORNING WILL COME.

The extreme illness of a dear friend had suddenly summoned me from home, and obliged me to undertake a rapid and fatiguing journey with a young infant in my arms. The suddenness of

the call, and the hasty preparations which it was necessary to make before leaving my little family, had helped me to divert my mind from myself; and I had not fully realized my grief until I was on the calm in the cabin of the boat in which I was to pass the night. But many long weary hours must yet elapse ere I could stand by that bed of sickness and perhaps of death. I must wait, patiently if I could, although even at that moment the spirit might be passing to its true home, and I should arrive too late to receive the look or word of love which I would have given worlds to obtain, ere the mortal eyes had closed, and the lips were sealed in silence.

In vain I struggled against these thoughts. All also seemed as nothing to me. I could not even turn my mind to the little ones I had left behind, or to the helpless babe who lay sleeping in my arms. Thick darkness had fallen upon my spirit.

As I sat, calm and motionless in my despair, a little girl who had for some time been playing around the cabin, drew near me, and placed her hand gently upon my sleeping infant. She stood thus for a moment, and then, gazing earnestly into my troubled face, she said sweetly, 'Don't be so sorry lady. Morning will come soon.'

The angels must have whispered these words to the little one; for in an instant they found a response in my sad heart.

'Morning will come soon.' How often I repeated this to myself through those weary hours! and what strength and comfort I received from the thought! Yes, morning would come—not only the natural morning, but the morning of the spirit. Already I felt the night passing away. Once more I could look up and rejoice in the light which was dawning upon me. Whatever trial night await me. I felt that strength would be given equal to my day. And thus comforted and reassured by the sympathy of that little child, I awaited the moment when suspense would end. The danger had passed. He would live.

Morning had come, indeed, bright glorious morning; and while my heart rejoiced in its great happiness, I thanked our heavenly Father who had remembered me in that fearful night, and sent the little one to comfort me with her words of sympathy and love. —Christian Miscellany.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry, and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. These tinsel may serve to give effect on the stage or upon the ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and refinement of taste, cannot be compensated for by the display of the most princely fortune. Simplicity of dress, gold, but gold cannot measure mind and intellectual women will mark the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

GOD ABOVE ALL.

An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked: 'What will you do with your astronomy?' His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher: 'I am bound for heaven,' said he, 'and I take the stars in my way!' By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the created to the Creator; that instead of finding his highest pleasure out of God, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the invisible and eternal.

NOTICE.—On and after 8th June, instant, the Railway Trains will not stop at the Cemetery, Robinson's and Appleby's.

NOTICE.—On and after MONDAY, 20th inst, the 3.30 Train between Saint John and Kennebecasis will be discontinued.

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NEW GOODS. NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE, 19, NORTH SIDE KING STREET.

HAVING completed, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, his Spring Stock of GOODS, which were personally selected in the leading European markets, and purchased on the most advantageous terms, would now most respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public in general to his large and very superior stock of

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, &c., &c., which will be sold at the lowest possible prices for cash, or approved payments.

THE STOCK, IN PART CONSISTS OF: CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.—A general assortment of Coats, Vests and Pants, in all the most fashionable and various styles, and made upon the premises in a superior manner, by the best of workmen—under the most strict inspection.

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.—Shirts, Collars, Fronts, Caps, Hats, Braces, Umbrellas, Hosiery, Gloves, Carpet Bags, &c., &c.

IN THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT will be found, in great variety, Broad Cloth, Melton and Sateen Cloths, Cassimeres, Cheviots, Tweeds, Satinets, Russel Cord, Alpaca, &c., &c.

VESTINGS in a variety of materials, too numerous to mention.

RECENT ARRIVALS from Boston and New York—INDIA RUBBER GOODS, in Coats, Caps, Leggings, Gloves, Caps, Hats, Horse Covers, &c.

Particular attention given to the Order Department, so that Goods, leaving their orders may depend on their being executed in the shortest and satisfactory manner.

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS. Corner of King and Prince Wm. Streets.

Having re-marked the whole of our large and well assorted STOCK, Retail Purchasers will be supplied with every description of DRY GOODS, suitable for Winter wear, at astonishingly low prices.

M. & Co., would direct particular attention to their Silk and Shawl Department, the stock of which being large, they are determined to sell at such prices that will command a speedy clearance.

WOLKA JACKETS, FLANNELS, HOSIERY, BLANKETS, GLOVES, FAMILY MOURNING

MELODEONS. No Musical Instrument is so well adapted for the family or social choir as the Melodeon.

No Musical Instrument yields so much delightful music for so little money as the Melodeon.

No Musical Instrument is more quickly learned than this.

The best Instrument for a small Country Church is a good Melodeon.

The best Instrument to improve and train the voices of a Choir is a Melodeon.

The lover of Music who cannot purchase a Piano would do well to buy a Melodeon.

By special arrangements with the manufacturers, these Instruments are now sold by the Subscriber at American prices.

Parties purchasing two or more will be allowed a handsome discount.

Where one cannot purchase, it will often be advisable to unite with some friend and buy one in partnership.

These Instruments rarely get out of tune, and are unaffected by damp or cold.

Orders by letter will be attended to promptly.

These Instruments can be so firmly packed in boxes, that no transportation can injure them.

MELODEONS. JAMES DEMILL, Corner of King and Gormann Street.

Risks in Marine Insurance. Office—No. 4, Judge Ritchie's Building.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The undersigned have entered into Co-partnership in the Hardware Business, under the style and firm of BERRYMAN & OLIVE, in the Store lately occupied by Mr. C. C. McDonald, No. 11 King Street, St. John, N. B.

RECEIVED PER "JOHN PARKER" and "LAMPEDO." A LARGE assortment of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS.

SEEDS, SEEDS! NEW IMPORTATIONS. HAVING received a full assortment of Garden Seeds, and judging them to be of superior quality, we recommend an early call at the MONCTON DRUG STORE.

Dr. J. J. Wright, 25, Prince Street, St. John, N. B. All kinds of Medicines, and Toilet Goods. For sale by ELIJAH MILES.

Dye Stuffs. THE Subscriber has just received a further supply of DYE STUFFS, comprising Ground Logwood, Redwood, and Fustic, Blue Vitrol, Alum, Copperas, Cudbear Indigo, and Extract of Logwood. For sale on reasonable terms. THOMAS M. REED, Head of North Wharf.

Flour, Corn Meal, Pork, &c. To arrive from New York and Philadelphia, 150 BBL Extra and Superior FLOUR; 400 BBL Extra and Superior MEAL; 100 BBL Pork; 50 BBL Beef, for Ships Stores, (a good article); 100 BBL Macaroni; &c., &c. A lot of Good FLOUR, &c. For sale by JOHN J. WRIGHT, 24 South Wharf.

GILBERT & SKINNER, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law, Barristers, Conveyancers, &c.

OFFICE—No. 11, SECOND FLAT, JUDGE RITCHIE'S BUILDING, Saint John, N. B.

D. H. HALL, IMPORTER OF Fine Soft Felt Hats.

And dealer in every description of STRAW GOODS, CAPS, Suits and Kosuth HATS, Wholesale and Retail.

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Physician's and Family Prescriptions personally prepared. Every article warranted. Country orders promptly executed.

SAINT JOHN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, 4, Judge Ritchie's Building.

JOEL READING, JOHN T. STANTON, JOHN T. WETMORE, Secretary.

SUMMER 1859. WE have received by late arrivals from England and the United States, part of our SUMMER STOCK OF

STRAW HATS, in Panama, Leghorn, &c.; Leghorn Hats, Brown, Variegated and Straw Color; Wide Awake Hats, the cable style; Glazed Hats, the newest style; Summer caps, for boys and girls.

We have on hand, and are making up, a superior Stock of all kinds of CAPS for summer wear.

SALE HATS of London, New York, and Boston styles constantly making up—best quality, under the lowest market price.

FLOUR AND MEAL. IN STORE and to arrive per Brig Sir Colin and Pleides from New York—250 CORN MEAL; 250 CORN MEAL; 250 CORN MEAL.

For sale at lowest Market rates, by TURNBULL & CO.

Roston & St. John Steamers. FIRST TRIP THIS SEASON.

'Eastern City' & 'Admiral'. STEAMER EASTERN CITY will leave BOSTON on the 14th March for ST. JOHN, turning on THURSDAY MORNING, 17th March, for HALLOW, PORTLAND, and BOSTON.

STEAMER ADMIRAL leaves Boston 21st April for St. John, leaving on Monday Morning 24th April, for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

GEORGE THOMAS, Water Street.

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER, and Importer of Coffin Mountings of all Kinds.

GRAVE CLOTHES, and every article in the line for sale at the lowest prices.

Orders in Town or country executed with promptness by day or night.

Funerals attended, and all articles delivered in city and vicinity without extra charge.

RESIDENCE OVER WAREHOUSE, nov. 25. Nos. 55 & 57 Gormann Street.

MRS. WINSLOW, An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her

SOOTHING SYRUP, For Children Teething.

which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, and allaying ALL PAIN and uneasiness.

It is a SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give health to yourselves, and to your children.

We have put up and sold this article for over ten years, and can say, in the most emphatic manner, that it is a SURE CURE, when timely used, in all cases of teething, and in all cases of diarrhea, and in all cases of colic, and in all cases of indigestion, and in all cases of constipation, and in all cases of nervousness, and in all cases of general debility, and in all cases of weakness, and in all cases of illness, and in all cases of suffering, and in all cases of distress, and in all cases of sorrow, and in all cases of grief, and in all cases of pain, and in all cases of trouble, and in all cases of affliction, and in all cases of calamity, and in all cases of disaster, and in all cases of misfortune, and in all cases of adversity, and in all cases of misadventure, and in all cases of loss, and in all cases of sorrow, and in all cases of grief, and in all cases of pain, and in all cases of trouble, and in all cases of affliction, and in all cases of calamity, and in all cases of 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