

Poetry.

FOR THE MOTHER'S SAKE.

A young man, who had left his home in Maine ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and, though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "Stop," said an aged woman who was present: "let me kiss him for his mother!"

Let me kiss him for his mother!  
Ere ye lay him with the dead,  
Far away from home, another  
Sore may kiss him in her stead.  
How that mother's lip would kiss him  
Till her heart should nearly break!  
How in days to come she'll miss him!  
Let me kiss him for his mother!

Let me kiss him for his mother!  
Let me kiss the wandering boy:  
It may be there is no other  
Left behind to give her joy.  
When the news of woe the morrow  
Burns her bosom like a coal,  
She may feel this kiss of sorrow  
Fall as balms upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!  
Heroes ye, who by his side  
Watched on him as a brother  
Till the northern stranger died—  
Heeding not the foul infection,  
Breathing in the fever-breath—  
Let me, of my own election,  
Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"  
Loving thought and loving deed,  
Seek not to tear him from his mother,  
Gentle matrons, while ye read.  
Thank the God who made you human,  
Give ye pitying tears to shed;  
Honour ye the Christian woman  
Bending o'er another's dead.

T. McK.

Family Circle.

FROM THE EXAMINER.

WIDOW AMES AND HER DAUGHTERS,  
OR THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S FAITH.

BY MIMA MATER.

Concluded.

Ruth and she were sitting disconsolately in the house of a neighbour, when a messenger came. It was farmer White, and he stood before her twirling a broken straw hat in his great hands.

"Would the widow Ames favor him by coming to his house? There was two good little rooms she could have and welcome, and ma and baby would be none the wiser; perhaps she would help 'em a little."

The prospect of receiving an equivalent for his kindness, made widow Ames willing and grateful. What was her surprise to find the rooms filled with familiar furniture. There was the carpet she sold for a trifle to Goody Nelly—there the little three-clawed table she gave to Betty Fry—there the six chairs she made a present of to a poor old woman at the sale of her mother's furniture—and good mistress Bly, who wanted to contribute something that had once belonged to the widow, and would make her feel at home, had even carried the big cradle that widow Ames had given her after her husband died and Ruth had outgrown it, and placed it by the side of the bed. All these sweet offices made the widow cry, and thank God and her neighbours. Everything she really needed was there, and though the sadness resulting from the loss of her own pretty house weighed heavily upon her spirit, yet she could not help feeling grateful, and in a sense happy.

She was hardly settled in this new home, before there came a knock, and the grocer's boy appeared with an enormous basket filled to the brim and running over. He said the grocer desired him to say that he found an old account that made him a debtor to the widow's former husband, and if she had no objections, he would pay it in groceries. Close upon his heels came the honest-faced butcher, with steaks nicely done up in a cloth. Widow Ames must try some of his meat—had just killed a pig—had more than he knew what to do with. When she mildly expostulated, he fired up, exclaiming, "Widow Ames, didn't you save my boy's life? I'll be blessed if you shan't take it!" and dashing in, he slapped it on the table, and was gone.

It was strange to widow Ames how things came in so mysteriously, and bills were never presented. It was not strange to heaven, though. Heaven had seen her going about doing good, and making friends by her Christian sweetness and gentleness, even of the bitterest opposers of religion.

Two years sped on, and the widow was earning enough for the sustenance of her child and herself. The only thing that made her feel a little unpleasantly, was the fact that somebody was building her dear cottage again. She had parted with the land, and yet—it seemed as if it must be hers.

One day she sat sewing, Ruth busily working by her side, when a note came, inviting her to call at the very house, or counterpart of the house, she had lost. She did not wish to go, but the invitation was urgent, and after much hesitation, she consented. It was evening, and, feeling it might be dark before she returned, she took Ruth with her. The new house appeared to be inhabited; as she approached it lights gleamed from the windows. A tidy woman answered her knock, and ushered her into the tastefully furnished parlor, where stood a drooping figure draped in black, and Kate, the erring, repentant daughter, came forward, and with one great cry, was gathered to the widow's bosom.

"O! Kate—what does it mean? I am surely dreaming to see you so," cried the bewildered mother.

"No, no dreaming, mother. I have come back—what I should have been years ago—a Christian. O! I hope I may make you happy yet! My husband is dead—my little child is dead—and I am alone. But God has changed my heart, mother. I have taken what money my poor husband left me, and built this home for you again. O! can you love me as you used to?"

The good news clasped her more tightly, the widow's face fell, and she murmured, "I know that good would come out of it! Surely it was the Lord's design. And now tell me all."

"No, no dreaming, mother. I have come back—what I should have been years ago—a Christian. O! I hope I may make you happy yet! My husband is dead—my little child is dead—and I am alone. But God has changed my heart, mother. I have taken what money my poor husband left me, and built this home for you again. O! can you love me as you used to?"

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about it, my child—why have I not known of this before?"

"Because I felt as if I must make some atonement, mother, for my miserable conduct. I went to California, as you knew, but you did not know that I returned a widow and childless. I have been living here secluded, but where I could sometimes see you. The good man I stayed with agreed to superintend the building of the cottage, and his wife the furnishing. So this is my altar gift—only forgive me—only love me; let me live with you, and learn the way to heaven."

The widow wept as she answered, "Forgive you! freely, my poor child, and love you till I die."

The lost was found. The wild and reckless girl became the Christian saint like woman, and a happier family you cannot find to-day, than the widow Ames and her two Christian daughters.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

How great is the influence of a loving sister! Who has not felt it? Who does not love to feel it? Look at that young man, far from his home, perhaps in the crowded city, or in the Western wilds; it matters not which. Temptations of all kinds are before him. Now he is almost ready to stop on forbidden ground! The enemy of his soul is just ready to claim him! His feet take hold night on hell! The bottomless pit is just before him, and while he hesitates to take another step in the dark, his feet are imperceptibly slipping from under him! Only one moment more, and all will be over with him forever! But hark! He hears a still, small voice, deep within him! "What will my sister say?" No one else hears it. But it breaks the spell with him. He sees his danger in all its magnitude; he is saved from the snares of the evil one. Lookers-on cannot tell what saved him. It was his sister's influence. This is no fancy sketch. It often happens.

Young lady! have you a brother? You little dream of the influence you exert over him for good or evil. Perhaps you will say he never minds you, but always acts to please himself. I beg your pardon—you are mistaken, very much mistaken! True, your brother is anxious to have you think him independent—that you cannot control him. But, for all this, you do control him in more ways than he or you can imagine. He is not willing to acknowledge as much of it as he does know. But it is even so. Your influence is above, beneath, around him. "What would my sister say?" is a question he will ask himself thousands of times while journeying through life. "A sister's influence!" What has time to do with it? Nothing. It will follow a man through a long life—through any and all parts of the world. Sister! STEAK! what a magic word!

Young woman! Beware! Let your influence be for good.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

The natural world is the poetry of God, and in its page may be read the sublime revelation of what we are and what we are to be. The fall of the summer storm, the woodland blast and falling leaf, the withering flowers under October skies, the moaning of the wintry wind, and all the varying, evanescent scenes of nature, keep continually before the thoughtful mind the hour of death, and sanctify the life. As we behold an autumn sunset, that island of gold with silver and purple shores, far away in the blue abyss, we can almost picture to ourselves the glory of the scene, when, far over this cold and wildering maze, the land of immortality will rise upon the view. The flowers of Spring, as they appear, unfold the rainbow dyes of our own resurrection. As the tempest of summer uplifts its voice we may hear it speaking in solemn admonition of the dreadful scene of the judgment day.

There is no place for prayer and meditation like that of the rural retreat. Nature inspires devotion. As we behold all her works delighting in the presence of the Lord, our hearts feel the influence and our thoughts are borne away in gratitude and praise to heaven. The grandeur of architectural art possesses no power to lift the soul on high like that of the mossy columns and the leafy arches of the woodland and forest, with their long, dim aisles of evergreen and flowers. In the balmy twilight of spring, in the quiet evenings of summer, we may go forth and worship in a temple of God's own building. The rocks are its altars and the birds are its choir. The scene itself breathes a spirit of meditation and prayer. From the solemn and delightful sermons of nature we may there receive purifying influences for our earthly communion. There we may go and soothe the heart of sorrow and the mind of care. When wearied with the sorrows and cares of the journey of life, the great Author of nature himself frequently sought its rest.

"There if the spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy and love,  
Does she commune with God!" H. B.

THREE HELPS.

"Mother, I should think God would punish children for doing wrong, when they can't help it," said Jamie, who sat looking out of the window a long time thinking.

"Can't help it!" said his mother.

"No," said Jamie, "I don't think they can."

"Isn't it because they don't use God's helps to do right?" asked his mother.

"God's helps!" said Jamie. "What?"

"He has given them a guide-book, in the first place. It clearly tells the right way and the wrong way, and where they lead to—one to heaven and the other to hell. If anybody consults that book they can't mistake about the way," said his mother.

"Is it the Bible you mean?" asked Jamie.

"Yes," she answered; "and let me should get in the dark, or puzzled about the meaning of our guide-book, God has given another help, that is, his Holy Spirit, which, he says, 'will open the eyes of the blind,' and 'will guide you into all truth,'—not part way, and then leave you to get along as you can, but guide you into 'all truth,' that you need make no mistake and have no excuse for doing wrong."

"But," said Jamie, "how can you get the Holy Spirit? I can read the Bible, because it's in my very hands."

"God will give you the Holy Spirit, if you ask him for it," said his mother; "he says, 'ask and you shall receive.' The Bible also says the Holy Spirit 'helps our infirmities.'"

"I don't know what that means," said Jamie, quickly.

"When you see a person weakly, sickly, and not able to do what he wants to, we say 'he is infirm,' he needs help. God sees how we stumble, and go back, and miss the right way, how weak we are; he therefore offers his Holy Spirit to make us strong."

"That is wonderful," said Jamie, "how God knows everything."

"Besides all this," said his mother, "he has put a little voice inside you, which, when you are inclined to go wrong, says, 'No, no, no!' and when you do right, says, 'Yes, yes, my dear child,' very sweetly indeed."

"A voice!" said Jamie—"that still small voice my teacher tells about, and says it is conscience?"

"Do you not think, Jamie," asked his mother seriously, "that God has done his part to make little boys, and girls, too, do right—not only to know the right, but to do right also?"

"Mother," answered Jamie, after a few moments' thinking, "I think God has. It isn't God's fault, I'm sure. Then why don't they?"

"Because they don't mind God's helps," said his mother. "If they would study their guide-books, ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten and help them, and hearken to that kind little voice inside, I am sure no child would go astray."

Tears came into the little boy's eyes, and drop after drop ran down his red cheeks. "Mother," said he, "we've got no excuse for being wicked. God is good, very good.—Child's Paper."

From the "Albion"

THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE

"I'm going to York, to-morrow, John  
To spy the wonders there!  
I want to see this great Machine  
That's making such a stir."  
What is it, wife, that you should go  
So many miles from home  
To see what after all my proza  
No good in time to come?

"In time to come! my dearest John,  
So provident and true,  
It is to better future race,  
Our generation too."

"In what, my wiser half?" said John  
"I'm sure I too would know,  
Will it cut down our glorious wheat?  
Or help the boys to mow?"

"I've heard them say good husband mine  
They make such things as will!  
But this machine is nothing like,  
It is a Sewing Mill!"  
A Sewing mill, no Hannah, no.  
You certainly mistake,  
I'd laugh and shake my fleshy sides  
If it turned out a rake.

"You're much mistaken, dearest John,  
It won't clean out the dirt,  
Form barn yard, or kitchen grounds,  
But it will make a shirt!  
Now, you may surely have good wife,  
Such things can never be,  
A shirt can only sure be made  
By woman's industry."

"Well husband dear, the money give,  
That I to town may go—  
A single day I cannot live  
Till all the truth I know.  
Grover and Baker ought to be  
Most surely canonized,  
For saving labour, and you'll see  
They will be patronized."

"Away went she, at peep of day  
To Gotham—noisy place,  
And in its thoroughfare—Broadway,  
They found the wished for place.  
Grover and Baker sure enough  
In letters large they see—  
And entering heard a humming sound  
Like buzzing of a bee."

In Hannah's eyes there danced a light,  
As she the thing did spy,  
Which working with such perfectness  
Inspired her John to buy.  
They wisely packed, with greatest care  
They took the treasure home,  
And such nice shirts as Hannah makes  
Shew that the time has come."

"When farmers wives and city belles,  
By aid of this machine,  
May get their season's sewing done,  
And have a rest between,  
It's no more woe by candle light,  
To spoil and dim the eye,  
If you the hear-say wont believe  
Buy a Machine and try."

New York. AGILE.

Small Things.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Advocate says:—

A young lady once presented me with a book mark, having the inscription "God bless you," and exacted a promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I then promised God that I would seek his face at the earliest opportunity; and if he saw fit to convert my soul, that I would spend my life in his cause; it came, I sought his face and now I have a hope within me "big with immortality," and all I attribute to that book mark and the grace of God. And this was the beginning of a great revival at S— Many sought his face and found it, and the flame kindled there, spread over the entire circuit, and scores were brought to the church of God. "Despise not the day of small things." A word spoken in season; a simple Christian act; a sincere, simple prayer, may turn a poor wandering sinner from the error of his ways.

TO TRAVELLERS—For Casks well trimmed and proof and Vaseport.

THOMAS R. JONES

Stationary.

EX Balboa, via Halifax—London Foreign Note Paper, Stationery, Perry's Elastic Bands, Dividers, Drawing Pins; Morden's Oblique Pens; New style Flexible Card Cases; Quill Pens, in boxes.

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THE BOSTON REMEDY!

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

Vegetable Ointment.

It is perfectly free from any mercurial matter or injurious particles, and in no case will its application be attended with the slightest inconvenience, or by a regular physician. It is an indispensable article for household necessity, being used alike by rich and poor; and has proved itself the best and surest remedy for all those numerous bodily afflictions viz:

Rheumatism, Old Sores, Fresh Wounds, Piles, Chapped Hands, Chills, Eruptions, Sore Nipples, Frost Bitten Fingers, Sprains, Corns, Wens, Cancers, Ulcers, Whitlows, Warts, Bunions, Ringworms, Sides, Sore Lips, Sore Eyes, Nettle Rashes, Salt Rheum, Miasma Bites, Spider Stings, Flea Bites, Eruptions, Itching, Pimples, Ingrowing Nails.

Freckles, Tan, Sunburn Eruptions, and all Cutaneous Diseases and Eruptions generally! [The] Russia Salve is put up in Metal Boxes, three sizes, at 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1. The largest size contains the quantity of six of the smallest boxes, and warranted to retain its virtues in any climate.

REDDING & CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. Sold by T. S. Reed, F. Everett, C. Co., J. Chalmers, S. L. Tilly, and all respectable dealers throughout the province.

AYER'S SERRAVALLE.

A compound remedy in which we have labored to produce the most effect of all alternative remedies that can be used. It is a carefully selected extract of the most powerful, and combined with other substances of still greater value, and is a most effective remedy for the disease known as Serravallo's.

It is believed that such a remedy is not to be found elsewhere. It is a most effective remedy for the disease known as Serravallo's. It is a carefully selected extract of the most powerful, and combined with other substances of still greater value, and is a most effective remedy for the disease known as Serravallo's.

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Baptist Seminary, Frederick

THE Summer Term will commence Monday 18th July. The fourth Term will commence on the 5th October, 1859.

Rev. C. Spurgeon, A. M.—Principal.

Miss C. Magee—Preceptress.

The course of Study embraces all the English Branches, Mathematics, the Latin, Greek and French Languages. The year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each.

Tuition Fees:—Under 10 years of age 10s a term. Between 10 and 14 " 15s " Above 14 years of age, 20s "

The French Language extra.

Fuel 2s. 6d. a term for three terms. Board by Mrs Babbitt 10s a week. Bed if furnished by the committee, 1s. a week.

YOUNG LADIES.—The Committee have engaged the daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Magee of Calicut, Maine, to take charge of the Female Department in one of the School-rooms. Instruction will also be given to the young Ladies by the Principal. Tuition Fees, 20s a term. Fuel 2s 6d as above. French extra. Age of admission 12 years and upwards. The year of the business has been put into thorough repair, another chimney is in course of erection, and every care will be used to secure the comfort of the boarders. The committee earnestly hope that students, who have no relations in the town, will board at the Seminary.

C. Spurgeon, Principal.

July 6th, 1859.

HARDWARE.

W. H. A. Dams has just received by recent arrivals from England, the following, viz:—

6 tons Spring STEEL, 1 to 3 inch wide; 8 cases Cast Steel; 1 case Box; Blacksmith's Pellets; Vices, and Anvils; 7 bags Griffin's and other good Horse Nails; 30 bags Wrought Iron and Cast Iron Nails; 40 bags Spikes; 70 Plovers Moulds; 20 bales Iron Wire; 12 coils Lead Sheet, 34 to 36 lb; 14 coils Lead Pipe; 10 coils Lead Sheet; 8 coils Spring Short Chain;