Poetry.

A LITTLE WHILE.

- A little while, and every fear,
 That o'er the perfect day
 Flings shadows dark and drear,
 Shall pass like mist away;
 The secret tear, the anxious sigh,
 Shall pass into a smile;
- Time changes to eternity— We only wait a little while.
- A little while, and every charm
 That steals away the heart,
 And earthly joys that warm,
 And lure us from our part,
 Shall cease our heavenly views to dim;
 The world shall not beguile
 Our ever-faithful thoughts from Him,
 Who bade us wait a little while.
- A little while, and all around— The earth, and sea, and sky— The sunny light and sound Of Nature's minstrelsy, Shall be as they had never been;
- And we, so weak and vile, Be creatures of a brighter scene— We only wait a little while.

Family Circle.

From the Wisconsin Chief. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY T. W. BROWN.

CHIME FIRST.—BRIDAL DINNER.

CONTINUED.

THE PLACE-THE MAN-THE FARM.

Three years from the day the Moores went out from the homestead, while the snow is merrily drifting before the storm; while the fires are kindling upon the hearths and the chimes ringing in valley and where villages are nestled under the shadow of hills, making all New England vocal with

the voices of the day when a Redeemer was born and thousands of hearts glad with joy, let us hunt through the town for the Moores. Here, where society ranges from the aristocracy of the palatial mansion to the dingy sink of pollution underground, the day is being commemorated. Wine flows by the gilded fountains, which roll on until they are black and turbid with the human waste they have swept away from the hearths traffic, were but dreams! where they have flooded, and gather in the fetid pools where the miasma of physical, moral, and eternal death reeks over the carrion of flesh and blood. The revelers by

the sideboard, are in broadcloth and satin; those by the damp counter under ground, are wearing the vassal rags of filth and destitution. Above, they ha, ha, amid music and mirth; below, they curse, drool, and fathom depths of vice and crime which make angels shudder.

like ghostly specters, and whose tenements are written over with all that is repulsive in want, or infamous in vice or crime.-Faith is in the way; the doorways are dark and dingy; and from here and there a pane of glass in the upper windows, faces are peering out; some thin, sad, and ghastly; some sullen and repulsive with vice; others haggard in the unequal battle for fuel and bread. Stolid, passionless; cold as the frosted pane which yet beats back the storm. are these faces, catching no inspiration from the associations of the day; the eyes which have long forgotten to weep, staring steadily out upon the wintry scene. Little faces, where the sunshine of golden locks, not as scornful as the smile of the world, has burnished the heads with beauty, look childhood, and chiseled with the sharp lines of hunger. What is Christmas to them! They see no new star Lading them away by the cradle of the Redeemer; they hear no angels singing the anthem of His birth. What care they for the ringing chimes where brothers and sisters went their way in their robes and furs, to mock Him who was so poor in this world's goods that He had no place to lay his head. Born, nurs-

dren and wept with the poor? Here is one of the underground hells, the faint light from the soiled windows, indicating where the fiery altar of the scourge burns on for those who have fallen from that of costlier pretensions. Inhale one full breath of God's free air, and lift the latch, and pick the way down the worn

ed, and reared in want, of what joy to them

was the story of Him who loved little chil-

stairway. The interested abettors: the indifferent or the selfish, sneer about the exaggerations of the evils of the liquor traffic,-Yet here in one pit, is that which beggars description; BEGGARS INVECTIVE! We talk about damned ones in the hell of the future. Has that future a more revolting and tor souls more deeply, terribly damned?

by his foul den, the VAULT where the he furdead gather to weave their shrouds, A s to the infernal machinery of the

v-ty." The hell of the future may be lingreater capacity; but its rulers have no it b eper, darker, or more damnable atrocity an this one whose tortures are in accord-

No human pen can adequately describe this dramshop, or the group at its bar, and sitting around upon the blackened benches. It is one of the fartherest on in that great chain of outposts stretching from the hearth and church altar, into the blackness of

threshold over the abyss at a single leap. a face red and fiery; the eyes and swallen out in the head;

Looking around as if fearful of being detected in the act, he pulled from his trousers pocket, the covers of a book, the gold clasp and a few outside leaves still fast to the binding. The glitter of the clasp caught the eye of the infuriated woman, and after scrutinizing it carefully, she put it safely in the drawer, and filled the bottle of the drunkard with gin. The wretch clasped it fiercely, and half-drained it of its contents before he took it from his lips. As he passed out, she again took out the

article to feast upon its glitter. Let angels weep! The cover had evidently been torn violently from the book. The title page was partially torn, but read. "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour

On a blank leaf, was this: "GUY MOORE, to MATTIE MASON: A Christmas

And underneath, as if afterwards written in "Guy Moore and Mattie Mason married Christ-mas Day, 18—."

And again:

"Guy Moore, Jr., born Dec. 25th. G. M." By giving twice the worth of the pawn, it was obtained, and with memories of the past and bitter thoughts of the present, surging through the brain we passed out of the den, hoping to track the wretch to his house.

CHIME SECOND-PAUPER DINNER. "Have you noticed a hatless, ragged, miserable looking druukard, pass here within a few moments?

The policeman scarce answered my question. as he turned down the street in the storm. I dropped a coin in his hands, and he instantly manifested an interest in my inquiries. He had noticed the man frequently; had often taken him to the station house; thought he lived in the rookeries back of the street where I had seen him. He now kindly offered to aid me in the search, and we turned in through a dark, narrow alley, with a small court in the

After many fruitless inquiries, we at last learned where "old Moore," as they called him, lived. No pen can depict the different feelings which burned into the very brain like jets of lava, or the peculiar sensations at the heart, as I crossed the narrow plank over the deep gutter which ran by the wretched tenement. Clear and distinct in the background of memory, was the old homestead on the hill. every feature as familiar as on that Christmas bridal; the firelight gleaming on the wide hearth and joy in every eye. The eyeballs grew hot and misty as we neared the door, and the change seemed like some terrible dream. Would that these transformations of the rum

Reader! In the midst of your family, sheltered from the storm and beyond the reach of hunger or cold, and while little ones are chirping of the last night's gifts, let me ask you to look at this shelter for human beings. Shudder, eh? It is not a rare sight, sir, or madam.—While the far away heathen whose sunny clime needs but little of food, raiment or shelter, are remembered in prayer, contribution, and missionary effort, these wretched ones, erring many of them, yet brothers and sisters, are cold and hungry even as they hear the Christmas chim-Turn from the street where wealth builds well-fed, sheltered, and happy.

ings, enter a lane whose very shadows are | rum has built its own, and flung its blight over all. The structure is dilapidated, and leaning upon its supports, for ground walls it never knew; the sheeting is broken, and in many places, loose; the sash being partially filled with dirty rags; the door has been some time broken in, and with its rough patching and upper hinge of old leather, is but a poor barricade against the cold and storm.

After many knocks there was a movement within, and finally, the door slowly opened, and the pale face of a boy of fifteen years, perhaps, peers out wonderingly, while he seeks to hide is person from the gaze.

"Does Guy Moore live here?" Staring still, save a shade of fear creeping over the palid cheek, he answered nothing.
"Who wants him?" in a faint and husky oice, was called from the opposite corner of

" A friend!" I answered. The face in the door was still more blank with astonishment. out, already passed the spring time of the eddying snow melting upon the hollow cheek, and thin hair. Locks richer with the mellowing gold of youth and beauty, never, in the abodes of wealth, lay out over a fairer face. I inwardly thanked God, as I looked upon the sad picture of what Guy Moore himself looked in boyhood, that the son-for I knew 'twas him -was not marked with the brand of vice and crime. The deep, dark eye was sad; looked weary with disease; perhaps with hunger; but the light of a pure young soul was still burning

in its depths. "I want to see Guy Moore," said I kindly, pushing my way gently through the door and closing it behind me. But what a scene! I was at first sorry I had invaded this, the sanctuary where hearts which had felt the warm beating of kindred and friendly ones in a better day, were now wasting by inches. One stool, a dry goods box for a table, and

a broken stove, constituted the principal furniture. In the corner from whence I had heard the hoarse tone lay a woman, cuddling and shivering under shreds of old carpets, and many colored rags; the thin and bloodless countenance, save the still beautiful eyes, looking more like that of the dead, than the living. As the eye swept the rest of the room, no other person seemed within. Burned crusts of po-tatoes were upon the box, and a broken dish of salt; not a knife, fork, plate, teapot, or cups and saucers. There was no fire in the stove, or fuel in sight! Here was the hell which rum had wrought out of the old homestead, the gaunt, mocking skeletons of want; of cold, and hunger, and the unutterable agony which human hearts so strangely learn to bear, set-ting by the fireless hearth. God forgive those who abet, and those who do these things, for I cannot, my numb lips tried to utter.

On my entrance, the boy, sensitive in rags, hobbled away upon his crutch, and cowered in the corner as if to escape notice. The beautiful brow of the woman, ever unwasting even in death, was that of her whom I had expected to find; which I had seen radiant under the clasp of the bridal wreath eighteen Christmas days ago. As I looked, and dreamed, and gathered in the realities around me, the cold, clammy sickness at the heart, gave way to a fierce, throbbing heat, burned along the veins to the finger's ends, up hotly over the cheek; and then the hands clutched convulsively, and the erdition, the victim launching from its hereshold over the abyss at a single leap. Standing by the bar and begging for gin, is a sot, so utterly leprous and wretched in a sot, so utterly leprous and wretched in a spearance, that it is difficult to dream hat he was ever an object of love—was river a temple of upright, noble, and virginous manhood. The sleeves are torn from the tattered coat; the ragged shirt lithy and open at the throat, the pantaloons harely hiding nakedness; the shoes trod-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Send your little child to bed happy. What-

O GHAT & KATE

POLITENESS.

In politeness, as in many other things con-In politeness, as in man, nected with the formation of character, people nected with the formation of character, people when they should in general begin outside, when they begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The golden rule contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person, will always be distinguished by what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

USEFUL MAXIMS.

Be very deliberate in the choice of a

In civility, follow the many; in piety, the few; in all things, the good. Let another's passion be a lecture to thy

Never insult misery, deride infirmity, nor despise deformity.

Look not upon sin, lest it tempt thee; taste it not, lest it wound thee; touch it not, lest it kill thee. If you would be wise, learn justly to es-

timate heaven and earth, the soul and the body, time and eternity. If you can say nothing wisely, hold your

When you do not know what to do, do othing.

Where God is silent none but fools speak. When you lose a friend, take heed that ou do not lose your affection also. Do with trials, as men do with new hats;

put them on and wear them till they become To do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God; to be diligent in business,

fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; to be afraid of a little sin, thankful for a little mercy, and mindful for a little duty, are nine excellent properties of true piety.

CHILDRENS' PLAYTHINGS.

Playthings that the children make for them selves, are a great deal better than those which are bought for them. They employ them a much longer time, they exercise ingenuity, and they please them more. A little girl had better fashion her cups and saucers of acorns, than to have a set of earthen ones supplied. A boy takes ten times more pleasure in a little wooden cart he has pegged ogether, than he would in a painted and gilded carriage bought from the toy shop; and we do not believe any expensive rocking-horse ever gave so much satisfaction as we have seen child in the country take with a cocoanut husk, which he had bridled and placed on four sticks. There is a peculiar satisfaction in inventing things for one's self. No matter though the construction be clumsy and awkward, it employs time (which is a great object in childhood,) and the pleasure the invention gives is the first impulse to ingenuity and kill. For this reason the making of boats and mechanical toys, should not be discouraged; and when any difficulty occurs above the powers of a child, assistance should e cheerfully given.

The gleeful laugh of happy children, is the est home music, and the graceful figures of childhood, are the best statuary.

Children's Column.

WORK AND WAGES.

Why do you idle stand? Look forth on the wants of our teeming land-The sorrow and sin upon every hand;

There is work in the crowded street; There is work in the crowded street;
There is work in the silent cell;
Mid the noisiest hum and the busiest feet;
In halls where througing multitudes meet;
In the hovel where outcasts dwell.

There is everywhere work to do; To each, God his work has given.
The harvest is great, and the laborers few;
Thrust in the sickle—be faithful and true,
Your wages are sure in heaven.

Stay not to choose your path, Sow by all waters, the Master saith Then nourish the seed by prayer and faith, And you'll gather an hundred fold. Sunday-school Times.

FANNY'S WORD.

Fanny was a pretty, kind, intelligent child, whom everybody would have loved dearly, but for the want of one thing; and this want al-

most spoiled her other good qualities. When Fanny is sewing her patchwork—for she is making a beautiful quilt—a knot sometimes comes in her thread; she tries to jerk the knot out, and she pulls and frets, and frets and pulls, but the knot does not budge. Stop, my child," says the mother: "look at the knot, and try and untangle it with your needle; jerking will not take it out." But Fanny does not mind, and at last she breaks the thread, or tears her patchwork, and often

ends in a fit of crying. Fanny runs in from school: "Betty," she cries, "I am so hungry I don't know what to do; you must give me something to eat this minute." "Pray wait," says Betty, for her hands are in the suds. "Quick, quick, quick!" cries Fanny; and if Betty is not very quick, the little girl seizes hold of her clothes, or climbs up in the closet herself, or runs and tells her mamma that Betty will not give her a lunch; and all this, you see, ruffles the family

Fanny is sometimes a little tempest, all of

herself; and she is liable to raise the wind all through the house. How I wish Fanny was different," almost "How I wish Fanny was different," almost all said. Her mother often talked with her, but she did not know whether the child felt it, until one day she had a little girl come in to see her; and as they were playing, Fanny said, "Now I will give you the letters of a word to spell; it is a word that spells what I want the most of anything; I am very naughty without it. Mother's got it, and God's got it, and Jesus has got it, and I—hav'n't." Fanny stopped. "But I do want it," she said, "and and Jesus has got it, and I—hav n't." Fanny stopped. "But I do want it," she said, "and yesterday when I most got angry with Carlo and George, I went on the haymow, and prayed to Jesus to give it to me, and make me good, as he is." "What is it?" asked her litle companion. "Here are all the letters," aid Fanny, "now see if you can make it out i-n-a-c-e-t-p; that spells it, only range the letters right. What is it?"

The mother overheard the talk, and she thought, perhaps, little children try harder to overcome their faults and do what is right, than older people sometimes give them credit for; and she comforted herself that many a sigh of penitence and prayer for help was

"What will you give to God in return for all he has given to you?" said Mrs. Hyde to her four children, as they sat around the blazing wood-fire, one winter's evening. They had been talking of the great love of our heavenly Father in sending his only son Jesus Christ, to die for re; and of all the other benefits he is continuously long of the imagination. cament, in the Linited Section of coard, little one was par-

ally bestowing upon us; and as their litshow your gratitude for all that he has

done for you?" "I will give my gold dollar, that aunt Mary gave me, to send to the heathen,' said Edward, the eldest, a fine, noble-looking boy of thirteen; "and when I am old enough I will be a missionary, and go and preach to them about Jesus Christ.'

A tear stood in the mother's eve, and she laid her hand fondly upon her son's head. "God grant it, my love! I could ask for no higher position for you, than that of a laborer in your master's vineyard! And you, Annie, what will you do?"

"I will work for the poor, mother, as Dorcas did, and then they will love me as they did her, and God will love me too, because I take care of them.

"That is right, my daughter, we will work together for them. There is plenty to be done, and we need not wait long for the opportunity, if we have the will. And you, Matty, my birdie?"

"I will stay at home, and take care of you, and be your own loving little daughter; and when you are growing old, you shall sit still all the time, and I will wait on you!" Mrs. Hyde stooped down, and kissed the rosy, upturned face, saying merrily, "yes, know you will spoil your poor old mother, and never let her do anything for herself or anybody else.'

"Now it is Jamie's turn," said Edward. "Yes," said his mother, "Does my little pet understand what we have been talking about? What will Jamie do for the kind Saviour who died for him?"

"I will give him my heart," said Jamie quietly. They all sat very still for a little while, and then Annie said softly, "We will all do that, won't we mother?" M. A. E.

I WILL NOT.

"I will not," said a little boy as I passed along. The tone of his voice struck me. "What won't you do?" I stopped and asked.

"That boy wants me to make believe something to my mother, and I wo'nt," he answered, in the same stout tone. The little boy is on the right track. That

is just one of the places to say "wo'nt." I hope he will stick to it. He will, I feel sure. A simple word of explanation would of ten save a deal of bad feelings and ugly

Selections.

thoughts.

ORIGIN OF EVEL REPORTS.-A writer and justly, for the evil reports which are quarter of a pint of yeast, and flour to make lated to the injury of good people :-'When Sanballat sent word to Nehemiah that there were certain reports in circulation concerning him of an unfavorable character, Nehemiah replied, 'There are no such things done as thou savest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart.' How truly do these words describe much of the evil surmising there is in the world! Sanballat judged Nehemiah by what he would have been himself in Nehemiah's position. A drunken man often thinks everybody else is drunk. Whirl yourself around on your heel until your brain is reeling, and all the world will seem to be whirling around you. Just so a corrupt mind thinks everybody else is corrupt."

KEEP YOUR CHARACTER UNSPOTTED. -Money is a good thing, especially in these hard times, but there is something a thousand fold more valuable. It is character-the consciousness of a pure and honorable life. This it should be a man's first aim to preserve at any cost. In such times of commercial distress, while some are proved and found wanting, others come forth tried as by fire. Here and there one comes out of the furnace far more of a man than before. Amid the wreck of his fortune he stands erect—a noble specimen of true manhood. We have occasionally witnessed an example of courage in such a crisis, of moral intrepidity, that deserved all honor. Let it be the aim of every business man, above all things else, to keep this purity unstained. This is his best possessionthis is a capital which can never be taken from him-this is the richest inheritance which he can leave to his children .- Evan-

ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD

Old Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said "he intended to do well by Ben. Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one he expected to hear the governor say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course; what do you think I had better do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire, and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade. This application of ice nearly froze Ben. out, but recovering equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest;" and Ben sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is now as low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your bill." The bill was made out and old Steve settled it with a check for \$20,000, which he accom-panied with this little moral to the story:— "There, take that and invest it in the best

possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

We should like to see all the old solid fellows trying that experiment. It might spoil a barrel or two but it wouldn't spoil the boys.

"I asked Sir James Scarlett," says Bux-

WOMAN'S CHARITY.-That was a beautle hearts were touched by the mother's tiful idea of the wife of an Irish school words, she asked, "what will you give to master, who, whilst poor himself, had God in return for his love to you, and to given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think that he could not afford to

give his services for nothing :-"Oh, James, don't say the like of that," said the gentle-hearted woman, "don't; a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought the fresh air from Heaven with him-I never miss the bit I give them-my heart warms to the soft and homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to receive them in."

HEALTHFULNESS OF APPLES. A recent number of Hall's Journal of Health contains the following:—"There is scarcely any article of vegetable food more widely useful, and more universally loved than the apple Why every farmer in the nation has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of those mysteries. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert which can be placed on the table, is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removes constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple-sound, ripe, and lusciousfor the pies, cakes, candies, sweetmeats with which their children are too often indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctor's bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.'

COLDS.

If a man begins to cough as the result of a common cold, it is the result of Nature herself attempting the cure, and she will effect it in her own time, and more effectually than any man can do, if she is only let alone and her instincts cherished. What are those instincts? She abhors food and craves warmth. Hence, the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken cold, let him do three things. 1st, eat not an atom; 2nd, go to bed and cover up warm in a warm room; 3rd, drink as much cold water as he wants, or use as much herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four he will be almost entirely well within thirty-six hours. If he does nothing for the cold for 48 hours after the cough commences, there is nothing he can swallow that will do him any good, for the cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime. in the way of physic, is a hindrance and not a good.—Dr. Hall.

POTATO BISCUITS .- Boil mealy potatoes very soft, peel and mash them. To four good sized potatoes put a piece of butter of the size of a hen's egg and a teaspoonful of salt. When in the Presbyter accounts, very ingeniously milk. If the milk cools the potatoes, put in a Set them in a warm place; when risen, mould them up with the hand; let them remain ten or fifteen minutes before baking them.

Advertisements.

Prospectus. THE "COLONIAL EMPIRE," A Political and Commercial

WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY, & TRI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. To be published in the City of Saint John, N. I Commencing January 21st, 1861.

A MONG the leading objects of Advocacy contemplated by this Journal, are:

UNION OF THE COLONIES,—Involving Inter-Colonial Free Trade, a Uniform Tariff, Currency, RAILWAY EXTENSIONS,—Inter-Colonial, and con-nection with the United States.

EDUCATION,—A Liberal and comprehensive system of Education adapted to the wants of the

Country. REFORM in our Commercial Institutions and Re GRICULTURAL, Mechanical, and Manufacturing Progress.

DEVELOPEMENT of our Mines, Minerals, and Fish-

This Journal will be INDEPENDENT in the expression of its opinions, on Polical as well as on all other questions and while advocating enlarged and comprehensive views of Public measures, will ignore all Sectional, Sectarian and Political partizanship. all Sectional, Sectarian and Political partizanship.

British North America is possessed of vast resources, has Geographical and Physical advantages which are unparalleled, and Political and Social immunities of which no other country can boast. Our own Province is in all these respects highly favored, and we need but a vigorous and enlightened public policy to effect a most progressive development. To continue in a course of narrow selfash partizanship, with no higher aim than the pretty aggrandizement or pecuniary gain of unprincipled politicians, must soon make shipwreck of all our best interests, if indeed it be possible to escape from the impending bankruptcy and ruin which already stare us in the face. But we believe there is wisdom, courage, virtue—patriotism enough in our country to save it; and while it will be our vocation to sound the tocsin, and arouse the people to a sense country to save it; and while it will be our vocation to sound the toesin, and arouse the people to a sense of the dangers to which we have referred, we will also afford a rallying point for the good and wise of all parties and creeds, who desire the overthrow of a system of corruption and extravagance, and the establishment of sound Liberal and Progressive Political and Commercial principles.

With full faith in these convictions and sentiments—and believing that the heart of the country will respond to them—we run up our flag and nail it to the mast head, writing upon its ample folds our motto—

"Union, Reform, Progress." OUR WEEKLY

Is intended to be a First Class Commercial Paper It will contain not only the latest Shipping and Market Reports from all parts of own and Siste Provinces, but also what relates to ourselves at British and Foreign Ports. Our own Markets and Commercial transactions will receive the most ful and careful attention.

THE TRI-WEEKLY THE SEMI-WEEKLY ll be made up expressly for Country circulation will contain everything that may be of interes importance to our readers; and we trust this effect to supply our friends with the latest intelligence the our mail arrangement.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1861.

WE are happy to announce to our subscribers that our arrangements for ENLARGING AND IMPROVING the "Christian Visitor" have been completed, and that we will (D. V.) commence a new series on the first of January next. After mature deliberation and consultation with our leading ministerial brethren, we have resolved to come out with a new name, which we trust will meet the approval of our Denomination. We are determined that as far as in us lies, the

NEW-BRUNSWICK BAPTIST

CHRISTIAN VISITOR" shall not be inferior in any respect to the best evan-gelical family newspaper published in the Colonies. Besides the Denominational matter, which will re-Besides the Denominational matter, which will receive the aid of all the able pens we can command in the Province, we have made arrangements to give our readers full and satisfactory MARKET AND SHIPPING LISTS; DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS, to the very latest hour of going to Press; a first-rate AGRICULTURAL COLUMN; and a column or more devoted to SABBATH SCHOOLS.

We trust that our Denomination, appreciating our exertions, will do their duty to themselves, their families and their country by giving us a hearty and liberal support.

liberal support.

As previously announced 'The Baptist and Visitor' will be issued to advance paid Subscribers only—at the rate of \$2.00 a year. HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS OF \$1.00 will be received from single

Until the 1st of February next, we 5 papers to one address -17.50. 50.00. 70.00. 125.000,

To the persons getting up a Club, say of 5, we will send the Baptist and Visigor FREE; of 10, the Baptist and Visitor and the Temperance Telegraph free; for the larger Clubs we will allow our Agents a commission in Cash—of which we will advise

them.

TAll Subscriptions of the N. B. BAPTIST and C. VISITOR will commence quarterly on the 1st February, 1st May, 1st August, and 1st November.

TAll communications and remittances for the "New Brunswick Baptist and Christian Visitor" to be addressed, "Thomas McHenry, Baptist and Visitor St. Laho N. B. sitor office, St. John, N. B.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

AND THE BRITISH REVIEWS.

SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY (Conservative.)

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal.) BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH REVIEW (Tory.)

The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting dur-ing the forthcoming year. They will occupy a miding the forthcoming year. They will occupy a mid-dle ground between the hastily written news-items crude speculations, and flying rumors of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future his-torian written after the living interest and excite-ment of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific

and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

The receipt of Advance Sheets from the British publishers gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions. TERMS (Regular prices)

For any one of the four Reviews. For any two of the four Reviews. For any three of the four Reviews, For all four of the Reviews, For Blackwood and one Review, For Blackwood and two Reviews, Money current in the State where issued will

ceived at par POSTAGE PREMIUM TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The Nos. of the same Periodicals for 1859, will be furnished complete, without additional charge.

Unlike the mere ephemeral Magazines of the day, those Periodicals lose little by age. Hence, a full year of the Nos. for 1859, may be regarded nearly as valuable as for 1861.

Subscribers wishing also the Nos. for 1860, will be supplied at the following EXTREMELY LOW RATES. Splendid offers for 1859, '60, & '61, together For Blackwood's Magazine, the 3 years \$5 00

or any one Review For any two Reviews, For Blackwood and one Review. For Blackwood and two Reviews

For Blackwood and the four Reviews Any of the above works will also be furnished to New Subscribers for the year 1856-7 and 8, at one half the regular Subscription Prices.

Thus a New Subscriber may obtain the reprints of the Four Reviews and Blackwood

SIX CONSECUTIVE YEARS FOR \$321! Thich is about the price of the original works for As we shall never again be likely to offer such in-ucemeets as those here presented.

Now is the time to Subscribe!! Remittances must, in all cases, be made direct othe Publishers, for at these prices no commission can be allowed to agents.

New Brunswick Subscribers supplied FREE
OF U. S. POSTAGE. N. B.—The price in Great Britain of the five Pe-iodicals above named is \$31 per annum.

THE FARMER'S GUIDE

Scientific and Practical Agriculture By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. NORTON, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New Haven. 2 vols. Royal octavo. 1600 pages, and numerous En-

Five Dollars for the Two Volumes!!

When sent by mail (post-paid), \$6. This book is NOT the old "Book of the Farm."

Remittances for any of the above publications should always be addressed, post paid, to the Publishers, LEONARD SCOTT & CO.

No. 54 Gold street New York.

CUSTOM

Tailoring Establishment No. 27, OPPOSITE FOSTER'S CORNER.

JAMES S. MAY. at 24 hour's notice.

OLD and Young should have a pair of CRE ERS, and can be supplied with all kinds a

Observe I
OREAT Value in all hinds of
B. S.

MEDICAL.

SARSAPARILLA FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

and for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, SUCH AS Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

OAKLAND, Ind., 6th June, 1850.

J. C. AYER & Co. Gents: I feel it my duty to ac-mowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have sufknowledge what your Sarsaparilla has done for me. Having inherited a Scrofulous infection, I have suffered from it in various ways for years. Sometimes it burst out in Ulcers on my hands and arms; sometimes it turned inward and distressed me at the stomach. Two years ago it broke out on my head and covered my scalp and ears with one sore, which year painful and loathsome beyond description. I tried many medicines and several physicians, but without much relief from anything. In fact the disorder grew worse. At length I was rejoiced to read in the Gospel Messenger that you had prepared an alterative (Sarsaparilla), for I knew from your reputation that anything you made must be good. I sent to Cincinnati and got it, and used it till it cured me. I took it, as you advise, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a month, and used almost three bottles. New and healthy skin soon began to form under the scab, which after a while fell off. My skin is now clear, and I know by my feelings that the disease is gone from my system. You can well believe that I feel what I am saying when I tell you that I hold you to be one of the apostles of the age, and remain ever gratefully.

Yours,

ALFRED B. TALLEY.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, and

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, an Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring-worm, Sore Eye

Dropsy.

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of Dropsy, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of Malignant Erysipelas by large doses of the same; says he cures the common Eruptions by it constantly.

Bronchitis, Goitre, or Swelled Neck. Zebulon Sloan, of Prospect, Texas, writes:—
"Three bottles of your Sarsaparilla cured me from Goitre—a hideous swelling on the neck, which I had suffered from over two years."

Leucorrhea or Whites, Ovarian Tumor, Uterine Ulceration, Female Diseases.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York City, writes:

"I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alterative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in Female Diseases of the Scrofulous diathesis. I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhea by it, and some where the complaint was caused by ulceration of the uterus. The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for these female derangements."

Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes: "A dangerous ovarian tumor on one of the females Edward S. Marrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes:
"A dangerous ovarian tumor on one of the females
in my family, which had defied all the remedies we
could employ, has at length been completely cured
by your extract of Sarsaparilla. Our physician
thought nothing but extirpation could afford relief,
but he advised the trial of your Sarsaparilla as the
last resort before cutting, and it proved effectual.
After taking your remedy eight weeks no symptom
of the disease remains."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease.

New Orlbans, 25th Aug., 1859.

Dr. J. C. Aver. Sir: I cheerfully comply with the request of your agent, and report to you some of the effects I have realized with your Sarsaparilla. I have cured with it, in my practice, most of the complaints for which it is recommended, and have found its effects truly wonderful in the cure of Venereal and Mercurial Disease. One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers in his throat, which were consuming his palate and the top of his mouth. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken, cured him in five weeks. Another was attacked by secondary symptoms in his nose, and the ulceration had eaten away a considerable part of it, so that I believe the disorder would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it would soon reach his brain and kill him. But it fielded to my administration of your Sarsaparilla; the utcers healed, and he is well again, not of course without some disfiguration of the face. A woman who had been treated for the same disorder by mercury was suffering from this poison in her bones. They had become so sensitive to the weather that They had become so sensitive to the weather that on a damp day she suffered excruciating pain in her joints and bones. She, too, was cured entirely by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I know from its formula, which your agent gave me, that this preparation from your laboratory must be a great remedy; consequently, these truly remarkable results with it have not surprised me.

Fraternally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M.D.

Rheumatism, Gout, Liver Complaint. INDEPENDENCE, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859 DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been afflicted with a painful chronic Rheumatism for a long time, which bafiled the skill of physicians, and stuck to me in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One bottle cured me in two weeks, and restored my general health so much that I am far better than before I was attacked. I think it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.

Jules Y. Getchell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been afflicted for years with an Affection of the Liver, which destroyed my health. I tried everything and everything failed to relieve me; and I have been a broken-down man for some years from no other cause than derangement of the Liver. My beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Espy, advised me to try your Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you, and any thing you made was worth trying. By the blessing of God it has cured me, and has so purified my blood as to make a new man of me. I feel young DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been afflicted with

blood as to make a new man of me. I feel youn again. The best that can be said of you is not ha A great variety of cases have been reported to us where cures of these formidable complaints have resulted from the use of this remedy, but our space here will not admit them. Some of them may be found in our American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis to all who call for them.

Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Mela choly, Neuralgia. choly, Neuralgia.

Many remarkable cures of these affections have been made by the alterative powers of this medicine. It' stimulates the vital functions into vigorous action, and thus overcomes disorders which would be supposed beyond its reach. Such a remedy has long been required by the necessities of the people, and we are confident that this will do for them all that medicine can do.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the Disease.

This is a remedy so universally known to surpa any other for the cure of throat and lung cor plaints; that it is useless here to publish the eviden of its virtues. Its unrivalled excellence for coug and colds, and its truly wonderful cures of pulm nary disease, have made it known throughout to civilized nations of the earth. Few are the cor munities, or even funilies, among them who has not some personal experience of its effects—son living trophy in their midst of its victory over to subtle and dangerous disorders of the throat an lungs. As we know the dreadful fatality of the disorders, and as they know, too, the effects of the

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO. SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY

J. M. Walker, St. John; also, sold by R. D. M Arthur, J. F. Secord, T. B. Barker, G. F. Everei P. R. Inches, and Thos. M. Reed; G.C. Hunt, J TIME THE TRUE TEST EXPERIENCE THE BEST GUIDE

NEW TRUSS! NEW TRUSS!!

AYER'S