	advar	ice.	

exterin atmanack.											
APRIL—1840.			Sun Rises. Sets.								
8	WEDNESDAY			5	28	6	36	1	20	4	1
9	THURSDAY			5	26	6	37	2	8	5	24
10	FRIDAY			5	25						
11	SATURDAY			5	23	6	39	3	12	7	50
12	SUNDAY			5	20	6	41	3	35	8	50
13	MONDAY			5	18				54		
14	TUESDAY			5	16	6	43	4	12	10	3

### First Quarter 9th, 1h. 43m. mc

# BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

## BANK OF ERITISH NORTH AMERICA.

# BAINT JOHN BRANCH. R. H. LISTON, Equipe, Manager. Discount Days ... Wedacedays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. rus and Bills for Discount to be left before three of the days preceding the Discount Days.

### JOHN BOYD, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT. Committee for March. A. 6. PERKINS, JOHN WALKER, ROBERT KELTIE. All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

### MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY. Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 16 to 3 o'clock. JAMES KIRK, Esquire, President. All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

### The Garland.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES. What are they? gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury;
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that were througing in
With lordly pomp and state,
Or thankless, liveried, serving men,
To stand about the gate?

Or are they duntiest meats,
Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden chased cups, o'erbrimmed
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchiments setting forth
Broad lands our fathers held,
Parks for our deer, ponds for our fish,
And woods that may be felled?

And woods that may be tened?

No, no, they are not these, or else
God help the poor man's need!

There, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!

They are not these! our household wealth
Belong not to degree,
It is the love within our souls—
The children at our knee!

Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving, human things,
Are still the rich man's best!

And a prayer is on my tongue,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children,
The toiling, though the young,
Gathering with sunburnt hands
The dusty wayside flowers;
Alas! that pastime symbolleth
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand,—
And this he kisses tenderly,
And that sweet names doth call,
For I know he has no treasure,
Like these dear children small.

Oh, children young, I bless ye,
Ye keep such love alive;
And the home can ne'er be desolate,
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures,
Luie's sweetest, holiest claim—
The Saviour bless'd ye while on earth,
I bless ye in his name.

The foregoing is beautifully illustrated in a highly finished engraving, representing a blooming mother receiving the smiling embraces of two infantine prattiers. A lap-dog appears conspicuously in the group, and is-700king wistfully upwards, as careless of the divided attention bestowed upon him by the daughter, and envying to the young urchin brother the unalloyed delight to which he has climbed, in resting his ruddy cheek upon that of his fond parent.

## From the New Monthly Magazine for March. THE FORSAKEN.

He never meets me, as of old,
As friends, less cherish'd, meet me;
His glance is ever calm and cold,
To welcome, or to greet me:
His sighs ne'er follow where I move,
Or tell what others' sighs do;
But though his lips ne'er say "I love,"
I often think his eyes do!

He never turns amid the throng,
Where colder ears will listen;
Or gives one thought to that poor song,
Once made his eyelds glisten:
But sometimes, when our glances meet,
As looks less warm—more wise—do,
Albeit his lips ne'er say, "'tis sweet,"—
I often think his eyes do!

Oh! brighter smiles than mine may glass
His hours of mirth, or sorrow;
And frirer forms than mine may pass
Across ins path, to-morrow;
But something whispers solace yet,
As stars through darken'd skies do;
His lips ne'er say, "I don't forget,"
I often think his eyes do!

Sept. Journal of the control of the