







Poetry.

The Dying Beggar Child. Oh clasp me close, mother dear, still closer to your side...

When you told me I was dying, you made me thankful by...

But though you say the angel waits, I do not see him near...

And in strains so low and musical, tells how happy saints above...

But, mother, perhaps he's waiting out in the cold night air...

And though it's but a moment more, he must not wait out there...

Heaven must be strangely happy, mother, for you say that want and care...

And there's no kind and good mother, he'll send this very day...

And he's so rich and happy, mother, he'll send this very day...

But, mother, hark! the angel's song is echoing round and clear...

And the music of ten thousand harps is breaking on my ear!

And, mother, see, their forms of light are hovering round my bed...

Her infant form the mother seized, with wild, despairing cry...

While even then the angels bore its spirit to the sky;

A moment more, then back again upon the wings of love...

The angel flew, then bore the mother's soul to join her child above...

—N. Y. Observer.

Miscellaneous.

Letter from Italy, GENOVA. "Ah, Genova! of every grade devoid, Shalt fall of all misdeeds and evils..."

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THE GREAT WONDER of the Nineteenth Century.

Professor Wood's HAIR RESTORATIVE. CAYS the late Mr. Wood, of this city, from a gentleman in Water, who speaks of his experience...

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BEEK'S BOOK STORE, NO. 11 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY BONUS YEAR.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to the advantage of joining the Company on the 1st of May, 1856, as the second Division of Profits will take place...

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