

# From the French, by Maria Weston Chapman.

What is all my hope but woe,  
What is all my joy but pain?  
My treasure and my recompense,  
Jesus the crucified.

What the anchor of my faith?  
What the law my virtue hath?  
What the perfect sacrifice,  
On whose power my heart relies?  
Jesus the crucified.

What doth mediate between  
God my Maker and my sin?  
In my sorrow and my tears,  
Who hath looked upon my tears?  
Jesus the crucified.

In my days of bitter grief,  
No alone can give relief;  
While my troubled watches keep,  
What Divine One stays my weeping?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who my fainting spirit sees,  
Gives me for torment ease?  
Who, when grief and pain must be,  
Fills my soul with constancy?  
Jesus the crucified.

Prince of Peace—say who he  
That with blessings crowneth me?  
Whose love and pain have come  
To fire my spirit with his flame?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who is he whose death has brought  
To me life a higher thought?  
Who the friend who callest me  
To himself eternally?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who is he, triumphant One,  
Reigning in my heart alone,  
That from deepest suffering ever  
Doth my weary soul deliver?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who, when untried ways are mine,  
Offers me his torch divine?  
What the pure and living light,  
Making all my path bright?  
Jesus the crucified.

Al! together celebrate,  
All the Savior's blessings great,  
And a hymn of joy outpour,  
Singing, saying evermore,  
Jesus the crucified.

City of the Cape, Jan. 1841.

OR LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

What does my beloved do with them?  
He transplants them, for he has another garden,  
to which this is but a nursery. And shall he  
not to whom the will with his own? Is it not  
well with the child? It is well. It was a  
transplantation from him to him was almost a  
heaven—his mother's fond smiles and tender  
care—to that which is truly so, the presence  
and enjoyment of his Saviour. A dew drop  
just sprinkled for a moment, and then it is  
away to the skies. It is not lost; it has only  
gone up.

The lovely bud so young and fair,  
Called thence by early dawn,  
Just came to show how sweet a flower  
In Paradise would bloom.

What spectacle then more beautiful, more  
suggestive of blessed realities, than that of an  
extinguished infant? You bear the dear limb in  
your arms to the gate of the fold, and is not  
the Great Shepherd there to receive the same  
and carry it in his bosom? Do you ever  
seem so near passing within the door your-  
self? Is not your soul enlarged as never be-  
fore in prayer? A beautiful child, between  
two and three years of age, the only child of  
a missionary in the East Indies, was attacked  
by the jungle fever, and in a few days her  
case became hopeless. Having been taught  
from early infancy, to repeat a prayer every  
morning and evening, as her strength ebbed  
rapidly away, and her sight became dim,  
she naturally supposed that the hour of rest  
nigh. Clasp her tiny hands, in a faint,  
earnest voice she began,

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take—

and before quite finishing the last word, she  
passed into the presence of Him who said,  
Suffer little children to come unto me, and  
forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom  
of heaven. Are such flowers destroyed, or  
are they only transplanted?

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,  
If chance a violet near its parent's head,  
The careful gardener never erases it,  
Such was this fair, dear child.

Tiny opening shew,  
Pre-announced every bloom was shown,  
For earth, too good, perhaps,  
And loved too much.

Heaven saw and early marked them for its own!  
Children in heaven—what a goodly throng!  
What congregated beauty! What thy glen  
beneath the tree of life, and along the banks  
of the river of the water of life! What ho-  
sanndos do they sing by the wayside there,  
and in the temple, to the Son of David!

Around the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand—  
Children whose names are all forgiven—  
A holy, happy band.

Singing, Glory, glory?  
What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy, and love?  
How came the children there,  
Singing, Glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Behold them white and clean,  
Singing, Glory, glory!

Gentles, the sixth king of Navarre, in the  
eleventh century, established an Order of the  
Lily. And has not our Beloved, the King  
of kings, established an Order of the Lily,  
a favorite one, without which heaven would  
want its chief population and some of its  
happiest charms!

Children in heaven! They are children,  
no cherubs or angels. They are as un-  
derstandably of human mold as those who die at three

score and ten. Poetic theology may invest  
them with wings, and bring them back to our  
firesides, as unsexed spectators and guardians,  
but there is no ground for such a fancy.  
They are elsewhere, and otherwise employed.  
Angels proper, are indeed ministering spirits,  
sent forth to minister unto them that shall be  
heirs of salvation; but they constitute a sepa-  
rate order of beings. There is no transmuta-  
tion of species. The Creator never does,  
and no culture ever can convert a lily into a  
rose.

## A Boy not afraid of a Dog.

The following account of a brave boy—  
one truly brave—we take from the Sunday  
School Advocate. It imparts a good lesson;  
for though none of our young readers may  
be placed in such circumstances as are here  
described, yet all of them, both boys and girls,  
will often be tempted to waver from the  
true, the right course, by fear, or by hope of  
profit. Remember this story, and let it be  
your fixed principle to do right, without re-  
gard to circumstances.

Two wicked men told a boy that he must  
swear, or they would let a savage dog loose  
upon him.

"I can't swear," said the boy, "it would  
be wicked."

"You shall, or the dog shall tear you to  
pieces!"

"No," said the boy, "I won't swear! God  
forbids it!"

"At him then!" said one of the men to  
the dog.

New these men did not mean to let the  
dog bite the boy. They only meant to  
frighten him into his swearing. But the  
dog, being set on, sprung suddenly from  
the man who held him, and fastened his sharp  
teeth into the noble little fellow's arm.

Before the wicked men could make the sa-  
vage dog let go his hold, the boy's arm was  
badly mangled—fainting with fright and  
loss of blood, he was taken into the house of  
his master (who was a farmer's servant), and  
put to bed. A fever set in, and after some  
days the boy died, forgiving his cruel perse-  
cutors.

I admire the conduct of that brave boy.  
He could not be made to do wrong. He had  
the stuff in him of which martyrs are made,  
and I doubt not that he wears a martyr's  
crown in heaven. Glorious boy!

Children, cherish that boy's spirit.  
Settle in your hearts at once and forever that  
you will always do right, cost what it may!  
Resolve, by the help of God, that neither  
money, honor, office, nor any other thing shall  
ever induce you to do wrong, and that you  
will die doing right, rather than live doing  
wrong. Let your motto be, Duty with po-  
verty and death is better than wickedness  
with wealth and life.

## The Persevering Child.

A little girl, ten years old, went to Sunday  
School in opposition to her parents. She per-  
sisted in continuing until she was actually  
frowned out, and told that if she continued to  
go, she would be turned away for good.

Her father said that he was going to be  
turned out, and that he would turn her out, and  
let her find a home for herself. Both her pa-  
rents and all the family besides this little girl,  
were exceedingly negligent of religion.

They attended a place of worship, and all  
were gathered together against this little girl.  
So on this Sabbath morning all were sitting  
together at breakfast, when she went up  
stairs and prepared herself for the Sunday  
school. On coming down, she told her fa-  
ther that she was going to the Sunday school,  
that she hoped he would not be offended, that  
it was God's word, and that God had com-  
manded her to keep the Sabbath day; that she  
could not keep it holy and say at home, and do  
as they all did; but when she went to the Sun-  
day school she felt sure she was doing right,  
and when she said away she felt sure she was  
doing wrong. So she had made up her mind  
to go, and in doing this she had an affection  
and plan to "good morning," she started  
for her school. The mother went to the win-  
dow and watched her on her way for some  
time. At length she said, "I think I will  
go after her." The mother said, "I think I will  
go with you." So they both went to the Sun-  
day school. There was a rule of the school  
that no one would receive visitors except on cer-  
tain occasions. When these parents came to  
the door, they were told what the rule was,  
and they went on to state the reasons of their  
coming, and begged hard to be admitted that  
they might see for themselves what the Sun-  
day school was. They were admitted, at-  
tended to the exercises of the school, were  
well pleased, spoke kindly to their little  
daughter after school, and invited her to go  
home.

She said, "Oh! no, not now, come in to the  
church, let us hear the sermon, then we will  
go home." They went into the church,  
heard, were awakened, and went home in a  
state of deep anxiety. Their religious con-  
viction deepened. They felt the need of  
pardon, sought and obtained it. That father,  
mother, and that little daughter all stood  
together in a little time, to make a public pro-  
fession of their faith in Christ.

## The Power of Forgiveness.

A missionary at Burdwan, addressing a  
crowd of Hindus, was reproached by a fur-  
ious idolater, who struck at him with a club,  
intending to destroy his life. He missed his  
aim, and the blow only struck the mission-  
ary's shoulder. When the crowd, who had  
lusted to the gospel, and who had manifest-  
ed great interest in the message, witnessed  
the act of cowardly ferocity, they seized the  
offender, who was endeavoring to escape,  
and brought him to the missionary. The mis-  
sionary asked what he had done to him. The  
crowd said "beat him, and we will hold him  
while you inflict the punishment." The mis-  
sionary answered, "The religion I profess  
teaches me to return good for evil, and I  
must not beat him." They then said, "I take  
him to the magistrate," and the missionary  
answered, "The master I serve teaches me  
to love my enemies; I must not do so." And  
turning to the man, he said, "Go to your  
home ashamed, and when you return to it,  
recollect that it was the command of thy  
blessed Saviour, hatred to whom prompted  
you to do me this injury, that he saved you  
from merited punishment. The man retired,  
and the whole crowd exclaimed, catching up  
the words of one of them, "Victory to Jesus!"

## GOOD HABITS LAST MORE THAN A DAY.

Soon after I was settled in the ministry, I  
was appointed a member of the school com-  
mittee of the place where I lived. In frequent  
visit to one of the schools, I took notice of a  
boy whose clothing was very coarse and  
showed many patches, but still was clean and  
neat throughout. His habits were remark-  
ably quiet and orderly, and his manners  
very correct. His disposition was evidently  
generous and kind, and his temper mild and  
cheerful, as he mingled with his school mates  
at play, or joined the company on the road.

When last I saw him in New England, he  
was on his way to school. His appearance  
still bespoke the condition of his poor and  
widowed mother, and his hat was but a poor  
protection against either sun or rain; but,  
as I passed him, he lifted it with an easy but  
respectful action, a pleasant smile, and  
cheerful "good morning," which, uncon-  
sciously to himself, made the noble boy a  
perfect model of genuine good manners.

This boy, his smile and his words all come  
straight from his true, kind heart. When  
last I saw him, thirty years had passed, and I  
was on a visit to the West. The boy had  
become a distinguished lawyer and statesman,  
but his bow and his smile and his kind  
greeting were just the same as those of the  
barefoot boy with the shocking bad hat.

## "I'M TOO BUSY."

A merchant sat at his office desk; various  
letters were spread before him; his whole  
being was absorbed in the intricacies of his  
business. A zealous old friend of mankind  
entered the office.

"Mr. — I want to interest you a little in  
a new effort for a benevolent cause," said  
the good man.

The merchant cut him off by replying:  
"Sir, you must excuse me, but really I'm too  
busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm  
busy every day. Excuse me, sir. I wish  
you good morning."

Then bowing the intruder out of the office  
he resumed the study of his papers. The  
merchant had frequently repulsed the friends  
of humanity in this manner. No matter  
what was their object, he was always too  
busy to listen to their claims. He had even  
told his minister that he was too busy for  
anything but to make money.

But one morning a very disagreeable  
stranger stepped very softly to his side, lay-  
ing a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and  
saying: "Go home with me." The mer-  
chant laid down his pen; his head grew daz-  
zy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left  
the counting-room, went home, and retired  
to his bed-chamber. His new unwelcome  
visitor had followed him, and now took his  
place by the bedside, whispering ever and  
anon, "You must go with me." A cold  
chill settled on the merchant's heart, and  
specters of ships, notes, and lands flut-  
tered before his excited mind. Still, his pulse  
beat slower; his heart heaved heavily; thick  
films gathered over his eyes; his tongue re-  
fused to speak. Then the merchant knew  
that the name of his visitor was Death!

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Discontinue your use—Adults, one table spoonful per day;  
children under ten years of age, one spoonful; from  
ten to fifteen years, two spoonfuls. As no directions can  
be applicable to all constitutions, take moderate doses  
at first, and increase as you feel the effects of the medicine.  
The principal Office for the State of Maine, and the  
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ALL Persons having any legal demands against  
the Estate of JAMES L. SLIP, deceased, late of  
St. John, N. B., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested within three months from this  
date, and all persons who are indebted to the said  
estate, are hereby notified to make immediate pay-  
ment to JAMES WANNAMAKER, Executor.  
Norton, dec 17—24

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.  
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estate, are hereby notified to make immediate pay-  
ment to JAMES WANNAMAKER, Executor.  
Blissville, S. C. 17th Dec., 1855 3md.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.  
ALL persons having any legal demands against  
the Estate of SAMUEL R. SLIP, deceased, late of  
Blissville, N. B., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested within three months from this  
date, and all persons who are indebted to the said  
estate, are hereby notified to make immediate pay-  
ment to GEO. H. VANWART, Sole Executor.  
Queensbury, V. C. dec 3, 1855. 3md

Notice.  
ALL persons having any legal demands against  
the Estate of late James WIRE, of Hampton, N. C., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested to JOHN WIRE, within  
three months from this date. And all persons  
indebted to said Estate are requested to make im-  
mediate payment to JOHN WIRE,  
Administrator.  
Hampton, N. C., Oct 11, 1855. 3md

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Caps in Fashion, and Furs in Fashion.

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the Estate of JAMES L. SLIP, deceased, late of  
St. John, N. B., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested within three months from this  
date, and all persons who are indebted to the said  
estate, are hereby notified to make immediate pay-  
ment to JAMES WANNAMAKER, Executor.  
Norton, dec 17—24

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.  
ALL persons having any legal demands against  
the Estate of JAMES L. SLIP, deceased, late of  
St. John, N. B., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested within three months from this  
date, and all persons who are indebted to the said  
estate, are hereby notified to make immediate pay-  
ment to JAMES WANNAMAKER, Executor.  
Blissville, S. C. 17th Dec., 1855 3md.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.  
ALL persons having any legal demands against  
the Estate of SAMUEL R. SLIP, deceased, late of  
Blissville, N. B., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested within three months from this  
date, and all persons who are indebted to the said  
estate, are hereby notified to make immediate pay-  
ment to GEO. H. VANWART, Sole Executor.  
Queensbury, V. C. dec 3, 1855. 3md

Notice.  
ALL persons having any legal demands against  
the Estate of late James WIRE, of Hampton, N. C., are hereby notified to present the  
same duly attested to JOHN WIRE, within  
three months from this date. And all persons  
indebted to said Estate are requested to make im-  
mediate payment to JOHN WIRE,  
Administrator.  
Hampton, N. C., Oct 11, 1855. 3md