

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS: OR, THE ORPHANS OF LONDON STREETS.

BY MRS. NEWELL.—SECOND PART.

(Continued.)

And soundly slept those little boys,
And dreamt about a far-off land,
With shining bowers, and lovely flowers,
And angels flying at command.

They'd never been beyond the town,
To see the beautiful works of God,
Nor even seen the daisies spring
By thousands on the level sod.

They had not seen a robin's nest,
Nor plucked a violet in the shade,
Nor stood beside a running brook,
And heard the pleasant sound it made.

They had not seen young lambs at play,
Nor gleamed among the autumn sheaves,
Nor listened to the pattering snow
Of falling rain upon the leaves.

The cuckoo's note was strange to them,
They'd never heard a wild bird sing,
Nor seen the yellow cowslips grow
About the meadows in the spring.

Nor had they run with rosy boys,
At early morning to the school,
Nor spent the pleasant holidays
In catching minnows in the pool.

Ah, no! and yet they were not left
With thought and death and darkness there,
A minister of love was sent,
In answer to their mother's prayer.

But little thought these orphan boys,
When to their wretched bed they crept,
That all the night, an angel bright,
Would watch beside them as they slept.

When dimly dawned the light they rose,
And Chris looked round with chattering teeth;
The sheet was spread from foot to head,
He knew his mother lay beneath.

"Let's go out to the pump and wash,
As she would always have us do;
We'd better mind about her words,
I think," said John; "Chris, what say you?"

"Let's go," said Chris, "besides, you know,
We've got our breakfast now to find."
They went out in the narrow street,
The shining angel went behind.

A woman at a chandler's shop,
Who knew the children of the dead,
Was touched with pity, as they passed,
And gave them each a slice of bread.

"Tis true," said little Christopher,
"You may be sure the Angel's come,
She never gave us bread before,
No, not the value of a crumb."

The next day, and the next to that,
The promise of the King was kept,
And every night that Angel bright
Stood by to guard them as they slept.

On Wednesday the people came,
And took the woman's corpse away;
Two little mourners walked behind,
And saw the grave wherein it lay.

Fast fell the tears upon their cheeks,
When little Chris raised his eyes,
And said, "Oh, mother! how I wish
I was with you above the skies."

'Twas but the thought passed through his mind,
When soft a whisper seemed to come—
"Be patient, little Christopher,
You are not very far from home."

The Minister said "Dust to dust,"
And then the poor boys left the place,
Two friendless boys in London town;
Oh! was not theirs a helpless case?

They wandered up and down the streets,
And then went home to sleep once more,
And in the morning left the room,
And took the key and locked the door.

They found the landlord at his house,
And said, "Please sir, our mother's dead;
She could not pay up all the rent,
And we have got to earn our bread."

"But please, Sir, we have brought the key,
And left some things upon the shelf,
And there's the blanket and the bed,
My mother thought you'd pay yourself."

"And so she's gone!" the landlord said,
"And you are left to face the strife;
Well, I will say, I never knew
A better woman in my life."

"Of course I'll take the things, my boy,
For right is right, and so I must;
But there's a sixpence for you both:
You'll find it hard to earn your crust."

They thanked the man, and left the house,
"I'll tell you what we'll do," said John,
"This sixpence here will buy a broom,
We'll sweep a crossing of our own."

"We won't go to the workhouse Chris,
But act like men, and do our best;
Our mother said, 'A crust well earned,
Was sweeter than a pauper's feast.'"

"Oh, yes! we'll work like honest boys,
And if our mother should look down,
She'd like to see us with a broom,
And with a crossing of our own."

Away they went with anxious hopes,
And long they hunted here and there,
Until they found a dirty place,
Not very far from Leicester Square.

And here at once they took their stand,
And swept a pathway clean and neat,
Where ladies, in their silken gowns,
Might cross, and hardly soil their feet.

The people hurried to and fro,
And amidst the jostle, jar, and noise,
And, thinking of their own affairs,
They hardly saw the little boys.

Not so with all, some caught a sight
Of little Chris's anxious eyes,
And put a penny in his cap;
And every penny was a prize.

At last the streets began to clear,
And people dropped off, one by one,
"Let's go," said little Christopher,
"My pocket is quite heavy, John."

They counted up their pence with glee,
And went away to buy some bread,
And had a little left to pay
For lodging in a decent bed.

Next day John kept his crossing clean,
Swept off the mud, and left it dry,
And little Chris held his cap,
But did not cease the passers-by.

And many a one, a penny gave,
Who marked the pale child's modest way,
And thus they'd sixpence left in hand,
When they went home on Saturday.

The woman at the chandler's shop,
In kind remembrance of the dead,
Had found the boys a lodging place,
Where they could have a decent bed.

"Let's go to Church," said Christopher,
"She'd be so glad to see us there;
You recollect she often said,
'Boys don't forget the house of prayer.'"

"We're very shabby," John replied,
"And hardly fit for such a place;
But I will do the best I can
To polish up my hands and face."

Clear rung the bells that Sabbath morn,
As they went briskly up the street;
And out of sight, the Angel bright,
Walked close behind with shining feet.

Some idle boys who played about,
Threw stones and mocked as they went in;
"Aye, let them mock away," said John,
"We need not care for them a pin."

A lady watched them as they sat,
And when the service all was done,
Said, "Do you go to Sunday-school?"
"No, ma'am, but we should like," said John.

She told them both the place and time,
They went that afternoon to school;
The boys were playing on the street,
And said to John, "you are a fool."

"To go to that old stupid place;
We know a trick worth two of that,"
Said John, "I mean to be a man,
And that's the trick I'm aiming at."

(To be Continued.)

WILL THERE BE FLOWERS IN HEAVEN?

—Where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?

MRS. HEWANS.

I sat alone in my school-room. The little busy
beings who had clustered around me all day, had
taken their dinner baskets upon their arms, and
journeyed off over the hills in the paths which led
to their several homes.

My desk was strewn over with withered wild
flowers. Some had been given me as tokens of
love from infantile hands, and others were brought
in by the botanical class for analysis. In the
recitation of this class I had dwelt for a longer
time that night, than I had dwelt for a longer
time of the vegetable world, and the wisdom and
goodness of its Creator.

I spread before them the beautifully tinted
coronal of the field lily, and showed them its
thread-like stamens crowned with golden knobs,
and its curious pistils. From another wild flower
I drew the delicate and nicely notched calyx, and
explained its various uses, and asked if man with
his boasted powers had ever planned or executed
anything one half so lovely.

I turned over the pages of the Sacred Volume,
and read a description of the riches of Solomon,
and yet, I continued, "in all his glory he was not
arrayed like one of these." It is out of our power
to form any thing as pretty as the little flower
which we tread under our feet at almost every
step. Should we not be meek? should we not be
lowly?

A breathless interest pervaded the little group,
and their voices were more subdued than usual
when they came to wish me 'good night.' After
their last steps had died away, and the house
became silent, I opened a book and began to read.
Soon my attention was arrested by a quick, light
step, and a little girl of five summers slid in be-
side me. Her little pale sweet face was turned up
towards me, and her sun-bonnet had fallen back,
leaving the dark curls to stray in rich profusion
around her face and neck.

"I thought Frances had gone home," said I, as
I lifted her to a seat beside me. "Is she not
afraid her mother will be anxious about her?"

"I thought Miss B— would tell me more
about God, and the sweet pretty flowers," said she,
"and I have come back to hear."

She had gathered a bunch of butter-cups, and I
took them and told her again of their curious
structure. I spoke to her of that most beautiful
of God's creation, the moss rose, and of the sensitive
mimosa, and said that God had placed the
magnolia upon our earth to make it more beau-
tiful—more like heaven.

She listened most earnestly. I spoke to her of
the stars—how they were worlds, peopled with
living beings, and perhaps decked with flowers as
light as our own.

She caught the idea with enthusiasm. "Will
there be flowers in heaven?" she asked.

"There will be every thing which is sweet and
pleasant there," I replied; "and if flowers can add
any thing to the beauty of the golden courts, we
shall surely find them there."

"Oh! I said, 'I hope angels will wear
wreaths of them; I shall love better to look at
them and hear them sing.'"

These were among her last words, as I parted
from her that night. The next day she was not
in her usual seat. I inquired for her, and they
said she was not well. I never saw her again.

A few days after, her coffin passed my window,
covered with a black pall, and followed by a train
of mourners.

I stood by the window until they disappeared
in the circuitous road which led to the village
grave-yard, and then I turned with a sigh away,
and said to myself, "Yes, Frances, there are flowers
in heaven, for you are there!"

PA, WHY DID YOU KISS ME?—More parents
than one have felt perplexed in not being able to
keep the little folks quiet during prayers. To
them the following bit of experience may not be
uninteresting. My little George, nearly six years
old, has perhaps as much mercury in his composition
as most lads of his age. Indeed he has
always been a noted character for restlessness.

And this he has frequently displayed, much to
my grief, at the family altar. He has been often
punished in various ways, but soon has forgot-
ten it.

A few weeks ago he had been about his best
during the entire service, and when we rose from
prayer, I kissed him. He looked astonished
(had his mother done that, that would have been
no surprise), and said, "Pa, why did you kiss me?"

"Because you were a good boy while we were
praying."

"Oh! well, I'm glad," and his eyes fairly spark-
led with satisfaction, and off he ran to play.

There has been no more trouble in that line,
because you were a good boy while we were
praying."

and every morning he comes for a kiss. A sim-
ilar trial may have a good effect in other cases.
A slight reward timeously bestowed may prevent
the necessity of a heavy punishment. In the
government of God over men he not only punishes
for evil but rewards for well doing. Surely it is
safe to copy after the great Original.—*Christian
Guardian.*

NAPET IN THE BURNING HUT.—Little Napet, an
African boy, heard of Jesus and loved him. One
day in early spring, he was sent to drive the
pigeons from a cornfield. There was a little straw
hut in the corner of the field, and there Napet sat
down to watch for the coming of the birds. Feel-
ing a little cold, he kindled a fire, just inside of
the hut. A spark set the hut in a blaze. The
fire spread so quickly that Napet was surrounded
by fire in a moment.

Some woman in the next field, seeing the fire,
ran to his help. They could not see him, only
from the burning hut his voice was heard saying:
"O my Saviour, I must die! I pray thee let
my body alone be burned, and save my soul from
everlasting fire. Take me to thy heaven for thy
great mercies' sake."

Napet's voice was heard no longer. The fire
burned on. The women stood trembling at the
fate of the burning child. Very soon, however,
the hut was burned to ashes. They were about
searching for the boy's bones, when to their sur-
prise Napet rose up, and rushed into their midst
unhurt!

"What saved you?" cried the astonished women.
"After my prayer," said Napet, "God put it
into my mind to lie upon the ground and cover
myself with the ox-hide that was in the hut. I
did so. The fire was not hot enough to burn
through the hide, and so I was saved."

"Had you any hope then of escaping death,"
Napet?" asked the missionary a day or two
afterward, when hearing his story.

"No, I believed that I must die," said the boy.
"Did you hope then that your soul would go
to heaven?"

Napet's face grew bright with joy as he replied,
"Yes! I was sure our Saviour heard my prayer,
and would take me to heaven because He died
for me."

Happy Napet! He was happy even in the
midst of the fire!—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*

FACTS! FACTS! FACTS!

I AM selling my Stock of Jewels at 20 per cent discount
from regular prices. Silver and Plated Goods, at 10 per
cent discount, these are facts and no humbugging about it.
I will, until the tenth of January, continue to sell at the
above rates, and further, I will sell the balance of Fancy
Boxes, Desks, &c., at cost, and all persons who do not
pay for articles delivered before the above date will be
charged in full, as the terms of this sale are Cash.

JAN 1.—WPI

BLACK SILKS Received, will be sold low, being late in the season.

JAN 1.—WPI

BARNES & CO., PRINTER, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

Paper Rulers, and Bookbinders, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. Having one of the most extensive Printing

Offices in this City (including every variety of type, and the fastest press), are prepared to do all kinds of Book and Job Work, in the neatest style, and at the shortest notice.—Blank Books Ruled, Printed, and bound in any pattern to order.

NOVA SCOTIA MONEY.—We have made arrange-

ments to take Nova Scotia Money at the face (four dollars to the pound) for Goods, until further notice.

Dec. 25.—WPI

SILVER GOODS!

A Tea, Dessert and Table Spoons, Forks, Napkin Rings, Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, Children's Knives, and Fruit

Spoons, in cases, Thimbles, Children's Mugs and Coffee Service, Kettles with or without Stands, Pitchers, Dinner and

Breakfast Crust Frames, Cake Baskets, Card Cases, Large Toast Racks, Sugar Basins, Cake Knives, Fish Carvers, Walters, Silver Sugar Basins, Cake Knives, Fish Carvers,

Children's Mugs, Egg Stands, Claret Jugs, Skewers, and Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large Knives, C. case Scoops, Children's Knives, in cases, and Large

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

PROFITS ALREADY DIVIDED:—

Age at entrance.	Sum Assured.	Amount paid Office.	Benefitted to the sum assured in ten years.	Total amount now payable at the death of the assured.
15	1000	165 16 8	132 6 0	1,132 6 0
20	1000	186 13 4	137 12 0	1,137 12 0
25	1000	212 15 4	144 12 0	1,144 12 0
30	1000	243 15 0	147 10 0	1,147 10 0
35	1000	279 11 8	156 3 4	1,156 3 4
40	1000	324 11 8	163 10 0	1,163 10 0
45	1000	377 1 8	177 10 0	1,177 10 0

The following are specimens of reductions in lieu of the Bonus, for five years ending 1859:—

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premiums.	Reduction.	Annual Premium now payable for the next 5 yrs.
25	1000	21 5 10	5 15 0	15 10 0
30	1000	24 7 6	6 13 0	17 14 6
35	1000	27 19 2	7 14 0	20 5 2
40	1000	32 9 2	8 19 0	23 10 2
45	1000	37 14 2	10 3 0	27 6 2
50	1000	43 10 10	12 12 8	32 13 0
55	1000	50 15 10	16 6 0	40 9 10
60	1000	57 7 6	21 2 0	51 5 6

An inspection of these Tables shows results which have but few equals in the history of Life Assurance; and a comparison of those obtained, during the same term, by any similar Institution, is invited.

O. D. WETMORE, Agent.

SUPERIOR FAMILY FLOUR.—Best quality imported

from London, by Messrs. HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

Dec. 27.

FLOUR LANDING.—Ex. *Perth*, 500 bbls. Naper

FLOUR, 500 bbls. Extra Ohio Flour; 500 bbls. Extra

Genera Flour; 200 bbls. Ontario Mills, Ex State do; 500

bbls. Premium Mills, do. do; 250 bbls. Superior FLOUR, in

Mess. For sale by HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

Dec. 20.

New Year's Presents.—29 Dock Street.—The sub-

scriber has received a supply of Valuable and other from

London, and a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-

scriber's call and get a "Pocket Calendar" at the sub-