Go on thou favoured man of God. Gain for thyself a rich reward; Ne'er tire in thy Master's field, Unwearied still the sceptre wield

In every place, to sinners, tell The joys of Heaven, the pains of Hell, The bleeding Cross of Calvary, A Saviour slain their souls to free.

Tell them about that glorious dress, The spotless robe of righteousness, The conqueror's palm the victors crown, The balm, to heal their every wound

Tell them the vilest of the vile, Whose lips are deeply stained with guile, Can find redemption through his blood, Enjoy his peace and sing his love.

Tell them the straight and narrow way, Is hard to keep and they must pray-And watch, and fight, and struggle on, Till the great victory is won.

Tell them there's room among the choir, For millions more to strike the lyre, There's room around the Father's throne; And Jesus sweetly bids them come.

Oh! may thy feet be ever found, In pleasant paths, on wisdoms ground Thine armour bright thy courage bold, Thy love for sinners ne'er be cold.

So shall a starry crown be given, When thou hast reached thy home in heaven. Radiant with many glittering gems, Fairer than all earth's diadems.

And in thine ear the joyful sound, Well done! thou hast been faithful found, Enter into my sacred rest,

Partake the bounties of the feast. Prepared for all who do my will,

Suffer reproaches and be still; Endure the Cross despise the shame,

'Tis these shall glory in my name. E. J. E.

Hillside, December 20th, 1857.

IN A MINUTE: OR, THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Lucy Lathrop was a little girl of mild temper and amiable disposition. These qualities secured her many friends; but she had one fault which caused herself, and her friends too, some trouble. If anything was to be done she was always too late. Her almost invariable reply was, "in a minute ;" but it so happened that her minutes were usually much longer then sixty seconds in length. This fault threw a shade over her good qualities. was not, it is true, the most serious fault of which nough to occasion much trouble. The shortest way, I think, to convince my young readers of this, will be to give them a history of the trouble which this one bad habit brought upon Lucy in a single She was weeding in her garden one morning,

when her mother called her to breakfast. "In a minute, mother," said she, as she continued her employments as soon on tads

But when at last she came in, and was ready for breakfast, the family had been seated at the table for some time. Her father told her that she must wait until they had finished their breakfast before she could sit down : for this habit she had of coming to the table after the rest of the family were seated must be broken up. Incv was much mortified about this, and one would think it would have cured her at least for that day, of waiting a minute. But, bad habits. when firmly fixed, are not so easily cured. For this reason children should be very caaeful not

When it was school time, her brother called to know if she was ready.

"In a minute," said Lucy. But Lucy's brother knew something about the length of her minutes, and being somewhat of a punctual boy, he did not choose to wait for her. After a time Lucy, teo, was ready, and started for school. The teacher had been much annoyed by the tardiness of some of his pupils. The night before he had told them he was resolved to break up this habit, and the next morning he should look the school room door at precisely five minutes past nine. If any of them came after that time, they would be obliged to return home again. Lucy knew this; but she thought as she always did, that she had plenty of time. When, however, she arrived at the school house, she found the door locked, and was obliged to return home.

In the afternoon Lucy's mothers placed her little infant sister in the cradle, and left the room, telling Lucy to sit beside the cradle and watch "In a minute," said Lucy, who was sitting by

the window reading. But before Lucy's minute expired, her little sister dropped her rattle box over the side of the cradle, and as she reache after it, the cradle rocked over. The loud cries of the baby, who was somewhat hurt and more frightened, soon brought Lucy's mother back again. She was much displeased when she found how inattentive her daughter had been. She told her that although she was naturally kindhearted and affectionate, yet she never could be trusted, because she was never ready to do any-

It was a long summer's day; and after tes a walk with them. Her mother gave her mission to go; and the party set off in high spi

one minute, or even more, but she tarried so long, that they parience was almost exhausted, and ano-ther of them called out.

that flower yonder", said Lucy.

At last when she was ready, as she came toward just one minute, and then place it back again .-But Lucy was a sprightly, active girl, and seeing now resolved to do so without any further delay.

themselves of it and the same

GARDENING FOR THE LADIES.

We wish to say a few words, this month, to our lady readers about gardening. As we have looked into your houses the past winter, we have noticed your attempts to make home cheerful by cultivating a few house plants. Some of you have had the skill and good fortune to make a fine show; others have succeeded but indifferently. The verbenas would dry up, or damp off; the geraniums would drop their yellow leaves and look scrawly; the roses were covered with in sects, and would not bloom. You have almost say nothing more at present on that point, except to refer you to some suggestions on the care of house plants, in another column. Spring is now opening, and you will undoubtedly succeed better in out door operations. Light, air, moisture and temperature are better regulated by nature than we can manage them.

Our little sermon to you, now, is suggested by the sight of the early bulbs just peeping up in the warm border on the south side of our dwelling. The snow-drop and crocus are beginning to show their blossom buds; and the daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips are coming up ready to flower in their turn. And yet, not far away, are snow banks. Why should not this sheltered spot be, as it is, one of our family pets! Here spring shows herself first, and here Autumn lingers latest. We therefore advise you to seek out a warm corner like this under a high tight fence or a wall, or the protected side of your house, aud make a bed there for early bulbs. In this neighbourhood, also, it might be well to put a few early shrubs, such as Mezereon, Jaban Quince, and flowering Almond; and these might be planted now. It is too late, however, to set your mind is upon it, secure the spot for planting in the fall. Such a spot as this is an excellent one, also, for setting out late flowering plants, which would be injured by the frosts of autumn if growing in the open garden. Last fall, we had Chinese Chrysanthemums flowering in our border after nearly every plant in other situations had been killed by the cold.

Now is the time, also, to prepare for improve-

ments, in your grounds at large. Have you a front yard? Trim up those lilaces, prune ou the dead branches of these rose bushes, and tie up the remainder to neat stakes. Persuade husband or brother to hoe out the weeds from the walks, and to dig up all thistles and foul stuff from the grass plat. A little pure grass seeds and white clover scattered over the ground will do no harm, especially if a light dressing of old compost is added, and the whole is raked off smooth and neat. Of course, you want some flowers in your front yard. But we would not advise you to set out herbacoous perennials there, or to sow annuals. The latter are a long while coming into bloom, add the former, as soon as they have flowered, begin to die down and to look shabby. Set these kind of flowers in a garden by themselves, a little aside from your front lawn. But prepare a border by the side of your walks, in the front of the house for such plants as bloom all the season, and whose fobage is always fresh. Or, in place of a formal border, cut out circular (or those of any fanciful shape) in the grass near the walks, and gill them with the plants last mentioned. Of these, the best are verbenas, petanias, scarlet geraniums, heliotropes, lahtanes, pyrethrum, &c. Any or all of these can be got at low rates, of the florists in your neighborhood Their perpetual bloom will repay well all their cost. You can exercise much skill and taste in arranging colors. Blue contrasts finely with white, orange with purple, white with pink, scarlet &c. &c. But why should we attempt to teach ladies anything about the arrangement of colors !-They will however, let us advise them to keep the grass of the lawn shaven smooth all summer in order to get the full beauty of this stile of garden-

ing .- American Agriculturist. WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO. On the west coast of New Zealand there is her alone. But good old Taranaki found out ike the rest of the world, that you do not always better your position by change, for instead of soil is owned by a tribe called the Ngati-s or Children of the River : and the un nother for two dreary years about a piece of One day in November, 1854, Rawiri gave notice that he should go upon the land and mark it out

"Well, I will come in a minute as soon as I get sist, to come armed. Next day Rawri, went unarmed, and began to mark out his land. Katatore, with his gun on his shoulder, met him the brook, one of the party playfully took up the drew a line across the path, and forbade him to board intending to make her, in her turn, to wait advance. Rawiri advanced a step; Katatore pointed his gun to heaven. Rawiri advanced another step; Katotore pointed his gun to the a large stone a little way from where she stood, earth. There were many ways of showing his she stepped on to it, thinking that from there she determination to resist Rawiri, and appealed to could jump over to the opposite side. But she heaven and earth to witness the justice of his failed in the attempt, and fell into the brook. It cause. Rawiri advanced a third step; Katatore was very shallow, and she was soon out again, but levelled his gun and shot him. Rawiri lingered she was thoroughly wet, and covered with mud. a day or two and his last words were " Don't While the rest of the party continued their walk, avenge my death." His request was not atten-Lucy was obliged to return. As she bent her ded to: for two years war to the knife had been steps towards home, she called to mind all the raging between the two parties: and there seemed trouble she had brought upon herself during the no prospect of an end. On one of the day by this habit of never being ready to do a last days of November, 1856, acouncil of war thing when it should be done. Her friends had was being held in the eamp of Rawiri's party, often reasoned with her about it, but she had ne-ver tried in earnest to break herself of it. She into their midst and said, "Fathers, we have had enough of war; now let us taste peace and good-If any of my young friends who read this sto- will." The men looked at the child; it was ry, have formed the same habit, I hope they will Rawiri's. The mother was living some miles off. not wait a minute before they begin to break The men asked the child who sent him; he said "no one." A friendly Englishman was there, and heard what the child had said, and saw that the men were touched with suprise, if not with deeper feelings, and thereupon he spoke out, " Friends, who sent this child here? It was not a man who sent him, it was God." Some one still said, " Perhaps his mother sent him." The Englishman rode off to his mother, and asked her where her son was. She said she did not know, he had been lost all day. He asked her if she had ever told him to go and bid her friends make peace? She said, "No." He told her what the child had done. She sat down and buried her face in her hands for awhile; then she rose begun to lose faith in gardening. But we will up, and said, "It is the word of God; let us go to the camp and make peace." So peace was made. - Monthly Packet.

> THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

"Uncle Bob" was a great scholar. He had taken degrees both of "physic "and" divinity." and was a student of many books besides those handled in Colleges. He could quote texts from the Scriptures, as well as from the infidel writers. I am sorry to say that he perferred reading the infidel. His little niece, Nettie, about twelve years of age, was a Christian, and she felt truly sorry for her uncle Bob, and for all the people vho do not love God.

"She said to him one day, "Uncle, why don't you love God.

"I do love my God." "Who is that, uncle?"

"It is the beautiful ; beutiful objects in nature nd art."

"Do you mean the Falls of Niagara and the Crystal Palace P" "Well yes."

"I don't know, Nettie." "If you could see the one that made the Falls.

"Who made the falls, uncle?"

ncle, would you love him ?" "If that could be, I should adore him."

"I love him, uncle," said the little girl' "just as well as if I could see him; I love all who love him. You must read about him in my Bible. "I know the Bible, Nettie. It is nothing but

piece of Jewish mythological history." "Are there any prophecies in other mytholo-

"Well, no." " All the world knows, uncle, that the Bible rophecies have been fulfilled, and I should like to know if any kind of mythology has ever been spread all over the world, and created love, and peace, and joy in people's hearts, like the history of our Saviour P"manine ve at

Uncle Bob made no reply.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER. "Don't speak so, my son! Don't speak in that

tone to your grandfather; it is not respectful," said Mrs. Hale to her son George, who was in the vard, talking in a loud voice. "I did not know that I was saying anything

rong, mother," said George.

"Perhaps the words were not wrong, but the tone was. You should speak to people older than yourself, in a respectful manner, as well as with proper words," replied Mrs. Hale. "I wish you to remember, George, that the text I have so often repeated, ' Honor thy father and thy mother,' is neant to apply to your grandparents, as well to your own parents." and the lo your iff

The evening after this conversation, George was sitting near his mother, looking very thoughtful. "What are you thinking about, my son?" asked

"About the text you spoke of this afternoon, other. I don't know as I understand it very

"Repeat me the whole verse, my son, and then

we will talk more about it." George repeated, very slowly and distinctly, Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days ay be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' Will God let people live longer who honor their parents?" asked George.

"That is God's promise," answered Mrs. Hale.
'We know that his promises are all true, and will all be fulfilled in the best time, and in the best way. He will surely bless those who obey his ommands. If long life will not be a blessing to any of his childern, he will take them to heaven before they are old; but if they can glorify him by living long upon the land, he will preserve them

Mother," said George, "you once told me that oner means to obey; but I know now, that is not

all it means, will you explain it to me more?"
"Honor means to obey first; and that is every way you can, to add to the comfort and happiness of your parents," said Mrs. Hale. "The that honor me, I will honor," is a promise of Go

with surveyor's pegs for sale. A cousin named delusion, a mere circumstance. Its career is of MOLASSES.—25 Puns. Katatore claimed a share in the land, and warned ten cut short in the midst of its glory. Its fate DEFOREST

battle. It is powerless too. It cannot relieve a A Superior and Gen single pain, nor sooth the troubled heart. Where now is the glory of many once renowned emires? Where the fame of the ing.

on? Yet the world are in pursuit of fame, as if it were the climax of human bliss. They toil for it, fight for it, and die for it. Thus proving the lit, fight for it, and die for it. Thus proving the collen nature.

The proving the voice freely. Its efficiency of the voice is truely astonishing the collenge of the

Mrs. Jackson's Compound Stimulat-ing Gold Liniment.

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I have used Mrs. Juckson's Compound Stimulating Gold Liniment, and have found it powerful in removing Rheumatism from my system, and I heartily recommend it, with the Rheumatic Tinoture, to others, believing persons so afflicted will find it well

(Signed,)

This is to certify, that I have been troubled with depriving me of sleep; and that by bathing with Mrs. Jackson's Compound Gold Liniment, twice I have been completely relieved, and have felt no Eastport, Nov. 1857.

This is to certify, that the use of Mrs. Jackson's Compound Gold Liniment has relieved me of a vio-lent pain in my side, caused by a lung fever, which had some months since, and I would recommend its use, agreeable to directions. My son was also taken with ague chills, pain in the stomach, cramp in the legs. The use of this Liniment had a power ful effect in removing the ails. I would recommend Eastport, Nov. 23, 1857.

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a good appetite, and bring about a regular state of the system, when this happens, of course the spirits will be enlivened, and there will be a pros-

spirits will be enlivened, pect of health and long life.

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