

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over the Post Office.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

2 Transcription from the Greek.

—A. W. VALE DELL.

Once in the middle hours of night,
When Aetna, from her northern height,
Urged by his master's command,
Is turning back the sun;

With a loud roar, the earth trembled,
With fear and awe, it shuddered,

Wrote on the sky a gloomy page;

Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her,

Last night she was massacred.

Great is her power!—
Child-mother, tell, believe,

Listen at the Master's knee,

"Under it I come to."

The sun is rising, and the sky is clear,

Lighting all the solemn river,

And the blessing of the poor

Waiting on the heavenly shore.

LITTLE EVA.—Una Torna ottomanus Amoris.
All who have read "Unde Tu es Galina," will not soon forget the beautiful, holy character of little Eva. We find upon our table, through the politeness of the publisher, John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, a copy of a song recently published by them bearing the above title. The words are by one of best poets, John G. Whittier, and the music, by Mr. M. L. Hillman. The air is beautiful, as well as the words, which are simple, and the song will become a general favorite. The following are the words of the song—*Motion Pictures.*

Dry the tears of gentle Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her,

For the golden locks of Eva,

Let the sunny south land give her

Flowers, and the ringing rose.

All is light and peace with Eva,

There the darkness & death never,

Team are wiped and terrors fall,

And the love of God is present.

Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her,

Care and pain and weariness

Last night she was massacred.

Great is her power!—
Child-mother, tell, believe,

Listen at the Master's knee,

"Under it I come to."

The sun is rising, and the sky is clear,

Lighting all the solemn river,

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GIVE IT UP! NO, NEVER!

An account of John Brook, who "never gave it up."

In judging of the characters of other people who seem to be wavering and undecided, allowance should be made for unavoidable infirmity and natural timidity. A cheerful, hopeful, resolved and persevering spirit in going through the world is not very common, but it is of great value. If your object is a good one; if you are pursuing it by lawful means; if you are looking upwards for strength to attain it; let the question, "Will you give it up?" come from what quarter it may, have this answer, "Give it up? No, never!"

John Brook could easily have replied to these remarks; but seeing the temper the farmer was in, he wisely refrained, well knowing it would only provoke him.

"I suppose we must give it up," said the two teachers, on their return.

"Give it up?" replied John Brook, "no, never!" Solomon says, "There is a time to get, and a time to lose;" but our time to get anything from farmer Bolton is not yet come. We must wait a little, and try again; but as to giving it up, that is altogether out of the question."

They had, however, to wait but a very short time, for a fire broke out in the farmer's out-building, which, most likely, would have destroyed the whole homestead, had it not been for the spirited and courageous conduct of John Brook, who, when the men had all despaired of putting out the fire, encouraged them never to give it up, and led them on with so much steadiness and perseverance that the fire was subdued and but little damage sustained. After it was over, the farmer came to him, and shaking him heartily by the hand said, "Whenever John Brooks comes again to farmer Bolton, whether it be for the Sunday-school or for anything else, he shall not go away without his errand."

John was indeed as a sunbeam to young and old, scattering away their shadows and shedding the gleam of gladness in their hearts. His words put life into them, and his deeds reprobated the backwardness of many in doing good. By perseverance he drained the marsh over by the wood, and rendered it productive, when it had been given up by others. By perseverance he cured the school-master's smoky chimney, which had so long annoyed him; obtained an annuity for blind Parkinson; and found out, by writing to the War Office, where poor widow Wadham's son was, who, I am sorry to say, was so foolish and wicked as to leave his old and dependent mother without her consent, to go off to Mexico with the army; and she got a letter from him, to the joy of the widow's heart. And, by his cheerful, grateful spirit, he put to silence the gloomy forebodings of old Nauny Adkins, who was always croaking out, "Something will happen, and there is a dark day coming."

"Something will happen!" said he; "something has happened, and it ought to make us rejoice all day, and sing in the night. A ransom has been found for such worthless sinners as you and I are. Jesus, the despised Galilean, the Son of God, the Lord of life and glory, has bowed his head upon the cross, and died a death of cruelty and shame, that all, and you and John Brook among them, who trust in him, and by his grace are enabled to live a life of faith in him, may not perish, but have eternal life. If nothing else had happened, this itself ought to fill our mouths and our hearts with hallelujahs. Our language should ever be, 'O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.' Think what glorious harvest we have had. How good has been to us; truly, 'He crowneth the year with his goodness, and his paths drop fatness.'

When John Brook went to call on Aaron Fuller, whose bodily infirmities had greatly increased upon him, he spoke to him after the following fashion. "I am come to get food from you, for you know it is not with us as with the outward creation; the earth puts forth its blossoms and its fruit in the spring and summer, but a Christian man should show his Christian graces in winter. It is an easy thing to be quiet when we have nothing to try us, and to be thankful when we have all that we can wish for; but you must set us an example how to behave ourselves in the time of trial. God in his wisdom has taken away your health and your strength. This is your time, then, to do us good. The prophet Habakkuk said, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from

the darkest day.'

I once knew one who was lower down in the world than you are, for he worked at the bottom of a sawpit, but he did not long remain there, not he! He first worked at the bottom, then at the top; then bought the log of wood that he stood on, then turned wheelwright; afterwards

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1852.

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A Golden Sentiment.

(The following extract is from Longfellow's new work, "The Golden Legend.")

"There are two angels that attend us men. Each one of us, and in great books record lights on to sing, the history of our unbelief, So my memory blithed and stirred: I only knew she came and went."

As clasps some ladies, by guests invited,

So love the blue dove, and spreads with it

Some moments of that moment's sweet:

I only knew she came and went.

As at one bound, our soft spring heaps

The orchards full of bloom and scowl,

So love her May her winter sleeps:

I only knew she came and went.

An angel stood, and with my pray,

He said, "Thou art too heavy for thy tent;

The tent is struck, the vision stars:

I only knew she came and went."

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