VOLUME
THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.



ONE HOUR WITH THEE

 The weary paus
My thoughis pras
on blot
 Oin bour with Thee, OHoly Sprit! Night
Briugs calmues,


## teie hours.

The bours rere eiew.ess saugels
And still lyo bididing by

And some fly by on pinions
And somenely ou with droop
of sorrows darker hue.

The tale is wid in Heaven,
A A one by one doparts,
Think not hiat they are ho
Horeverer round our heart
Like summer bes shat hov
Around the idie flowers,
Around the ide foweres
They ather erey ant and though
These viewless augel hours,


4 The Penitent Malefacto

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| fitable reflection; and well it is for us, and a mark of a state of heart much to be desired, if we gather benefft from thisese smaller and less prominentfacts recorded in Holy Scripture. Fancy and frivolity in interpreting the Scripture are always to be shunned; but well is it for him who remembers that every sentence has its appropriate and important meaning, and that by every won-"byerery narration, as well as every doctrine-"by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." In our enumeration of the interesting circumstances connected whethe crucifixion of our Liord, we have omitted one, and that one of the most remarkable-the narrative of the two malefactors-the blasphemer and the penitent. A narratixe is this, of great simplicity aad great brevity, and yet are there shadtrines and deepest mysteries of the Gospel. In a certain degree I would consider the whole narra- |
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## AREVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

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Soliers and Countrymen: We have met this
evenig, perhaps for the last tine. We have shared the toil of the marcht the peril of the fight,
and the dimsmay of the ertrat alike, we have en-
dured the cold and hunger, and contumely of




| man she lored, (who stood by her with his arm around her,) she hid her face in his bosom, and gave wijs to all the agony of her grief, Then I thought what will woman not do when she loves wish all her Lleart? And what a treastre that man conld call hisiown, when he held that young girl in his arms, and knew that she suffered all that anguish for her love for him; and then thought wata a base heart his mast boit he could adence. Yes, base he must be, if he does iot tore her more than his own soul, and if he soond pot snacrafice every selfish joy he has on eartid to make |
| :---: |

> A. Gooo Repry- John Bunyan, while in Bed Ford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirona of making a conrert of him.
> a messang firom the Lord; :and am atere having searearch
If the Lord hes hast,
'you need not hase satken you,' returned Banyan
$\begin{aligned} & \text { yeu out, for the Lord knows I hase been ihere } \\ & \text { twelve jears. }\end{aligned}$
$\qquad$
 ngton's carpet bag:
"Diseasee is wery
various", suid Ms. Parting:
 that Poor old Mrra. Haze has got two buchles on
her lungs. It it dreadurut to thinin of, I declares
The disese is
$\qquad$

 clare I don't know how to subscribe for any dis dis.
ease now.alds. Nevo name nd new notrul
takes the place of the old, and I Imight as well

 Snipes ifI I were in your place Td Id and hang
myself: So would I, Snarl, if I were as big a
 husband" "sid Miss Crooks, "what shall I dof
Here Im hard upon my twenty-fith yeart and What shal $I$ dol Wom Won's wit it not to be
sneezed at by those who do ont take sunfif and

 it,", side she sily. The goung man never let
her go hom e lone afterwards He maried the
gold, with Misc Crooks thrown in.

A poem in a western paper begins, "Tve lired
upon thy memory" That is about an bad as Jerry bryant's boarding house feed where they
had nothing for dinner, and had it warmed over for supper, and what was left served up the next
micring for breakfist.
"Bobby, what is the highest latitude known?"
"The bighest latitud known is that which Bill
 by was immediately marched of to bed.
An Inisman being asked why he left his coun-
try for America, replice, "It wasu's for want I had plenty of that at home."
"Wife", said a man, looking for a bootiack,
"I have places where I keep my things, and fout

Do unto thers as you woold that others should
do unto oou, said a young buck, soliciting a Do unto you, saiad
young lady to kiss
him.
 vertisers to invalids. "Wals.
ooly onee," said the spider to the fy.
Obedial thinks "the "rree of knowledge" was
the birch tree, the twigso f which have done masa to make men nequaiuted with aritumetic than all
the other members of the vegetable kingdom

A married lady, who was in the habit of spend


