## POETRY.

### A WEEK'S WORK.

SUNDAY—church doors enter in,
Rest from toil, repent of sin;
Strive a heavenly rest to win.

MONDAY—to your calling go;
Serve the Lord; love friend and foe;
To the tempter, answer, no.

TUESDAY—do what good you can;
Live in peace with God and man;
Remember, life is but a span.

WEDNESDAY—give away and earn;
Teach some truth, some good thing learn,
Joyfully good for ill return.

THURSDAY—build your house upon
Christ, the mighty Corner stone;
Whom God helps, his work is done.

FRIDAY—for the truth be strong;
Own your fault, if in the wrong;
Put a bridle on your tongue

SATURDAY—thank God and sing;
Tribute to his treasury bring;
Be prepared for Terror's king.

Thus—your hopes on Jesus cast—
Thus let all your weeks be past:
And you shall be saved at last.—*The Sun.*

### THE MISSIONARY

BY BELL.

He leaves again his pleasant home,
His summer's cool retreat,
To wander on the hills and dales,
Or through the city's street.

No crowds, entranced, hang on his tongue,
Or on his steps attend;
A faithful few alone an ear,
A willing ear can lend.

His footfall parts the grass that grows
Around the house of God;
While they who once had loved to be
In Zion's porch trod.

He speaks alone where once had knelt
The aged and the young;
And prays a prayer to God, that mocks
The efforts of his tongue.

And God will hear—no more, no more
Are solitary and wild
She'll be these scattered, frightened sheep—
Each is our Father's child.

And will return; and though alone—
To mortal eyes—in prayer,
'Tis not alone his voice is heard
In glad rejoicing there.—*Christian Chronicle.*

BETHANY, PA

*From Frasier's Magazine.*

### AN ANTEDILUVIAN ROMANCE.

Mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid air, angelic eyes.

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

In those far-away times, when the Mammoth shook the ground with mighty tread, and ere the solitary dove fluttered over the wastes of waters, vainly seeking rest and finding none, there dwelt upon the earth a fair woman, with two beautiful young daughters, whose names were Adah and Naamah. Their home nestled in the bosom of a fertile valley, where bright fountains leaped and sparkled in the undimmed sunshine—where floods of delicious roses wafted faint orders on the balmy air,—where cedars frowned in towering grandeur, and the dark funeral cypress scarce revealed the azure skies between. White tents glanced on the distanced plains; flocks, and herds pastured there; and the moon arose in calm radiance from behind the green swelling hills—those hills from whence celestial melodies were softly heard to float—from whence favored mortals often heard strange wild echoes, as of voices whispering to each other—beheld shining meteors dart—traced them dissolving away in the silvery light bounding the clear horizon or with mute awe watched their downward shooting to the transparent lake hidden amid mountain solitudes; deep, mysterious waters, on whose pure bosom repose innumerable lotus-lilies, dim and dream like flowers, over which angels loved to hover and disport in the holy moonlight. Gems of night; blessed and beautiful lotus-lilies!

In those days, noble young damsels brought water from the pellucid fountains, and rested pleasantly in the refreshing shade beneath spreading boughs, and thither came Adah and Naamah to fill their vases. Wreaths of fresh green leaves encircled their brows; light snowy drapery, looped up, revealed the rounded alabaster limbs and delicate feet, protected by richly embroidered sandals.

They were twin sisters, alike, yet dissimilar. Adah, seen alone, would have been pronounced one of earth's loveliest daughters; but Naamah, a wandering angel, with paradise airs yet breathing round her the tender halo of a subdued melancholy, as if she lamented absence from her starry home.

"What meaneth that ancient woman?" whispered Adah to her sister, as they rested their water vases on the emerald turf. "What meaneth she? I over heard her to-day, in converse with our mother, beneath the cedar dome, bewailing the doomed one, and methought thy name sweet Naamah, was murmured. Our mother smiled, and I flung myself into her dear arms, and asked the meaning of those words I had thus unwittingly given ear to. The woman of a hundred summers raised her head as if in prayer; our mother knelt beside her, and I cared not to press my questioning."

"Would I were like thee, my sister Adah!" responded Naamah, with a sigh—"would I were like thee, with earthly affections garnered within my throbbing heart? Thou alone knowest—yet but in part—how I have ever felt estranged from worldly sympathies. Hearken, Adah! and I will now confess that I divine the fate, and know the tale, *thou* in thy innocent simplicity dreamed not of. The woman of a hundred summers bewailed the doomed one, ye say? High and glorious doom!—oh, that it may be mine! Snatches of whispered communings, murmurings, wild melodies, and prophetic teachings, have revealed the mystery to me—wondrous and enthralling! Thou seest our mother, how beautiful she still is—how holy, pure, and noble; thou hast often marked the peculiar tenderness which floateth as a transparent veil around her. Her mother was far more beautiful; and they say, Adah—(thou knowest I have not vanity)—that I bear perfect resemblance to our ancestress."

"Dearest Naamah," exclaimed Adah, embracing her sister, "what human words may paint thy loveliness? Only let us cease not to remember whose hand fashioneth the clay. But continue thy speech, for I am impatient to hear thy revealment."

Naamah sighed, as if overwhelmed with the immensity of the theme; and in a low voice obeyed her companion.

"A shining meteor—otherwise, a paradise angel—wandering over the silent earth and starry night, folded his glittering wings, and rested beside our beloved waters in the mountain solitudes. On the banks of the moonlit lake also roved our ancestress—pure and beautiful as the lotus-lilies. The angel encountered this fair daughter men loved, wooed, and would have won, but that she was previously betrothed. Her marriage was hastened by her terrified sire, to avert the curse ever said to rest on angel love for mortal woman! But, alas Adah, an angel's kiss had been imprinted on that woman's lips—an angel's sparkling fires had flung around her and within her soul their unspeakable, pervading essence. Invisibly, the disappointed love born celestial one hovered about her path through life, received her departing spirit, and bore it to heaven's gate—not the ever watched our mother and watches over *us* Adah—our guardian spirit! Changeless are the sons of paradise—ever blooming ever young; years with us, but days with them—nay, moments of eternity! On me, Adah—On me, love angel's regards will once again be fixed. I am doomed to be his bride! Night after night, when thou art sleeping, I wander away to the mountain solitudes, beside the lonely lake.

"I feel the fanning wings of invisible spirits, I hear their dulcet songs of bliss, and I know that angel eyes are gazing; and I weary—oh! I weary for my spirit love to come and claim me as his own! For never, (mark me, Adah, my sister,) never shall mortal man call me bride!

Time glided on. Adah was married to one of the young nobles of the Lebanon; but in her distant happy home, her affectionate heart yearned towards her twin—sister, still Naamah wandered in search of her angel love; earthly suitors were dismissed; she turned coldly and disdainfully from them all.

It was on a night of singular beauty even in that favored clime, that Naamah, pale and languid, rested on the banks of the haunted lake, like a lanting moonbeam, white and pure: her rich voice poured forth strains of melody, such as cannot be imagined now, on this changed earth!

Suddenly there stood by her side a youth, apparently travel worn and fatigued with a long journeying; his voice was deep and thrilling; his demeanor was high, courteous, and noble; while the halo of grand and pre-eminent intellectual beauty shone in his dark eyes, and illuminated his thoughtful countenance.

"Long loved—long sought for—found at last!" he exclaimed, casting himself on his knees before the agitated Naamah, and pouring forth those ardent words she had so long pined to hear.

Could she doubt that her angel lover had thus sought her side at length, not in brightness and glory, indeed, but in plain earthly guise—in pity to her weak mortal senses?

Could she not discover the ineffable perfection—immortal essence? Could they be hidden from her? Ah! no; Naamah had not a doubt; and to her mothers dwelling she led the graceful youth, where the stranger and way-farer were sure to find a ready welcome.

The woman of a hundred summers exchanged mysterious glances with the tender mother, who silently watched the enamored pair.

When on the same spot where he had at first found her, at the same hour, the wanderer demanded of Naamah, in the trembling voice of true love, if she would leave her mother's side and her own people to follow him, what replied she?—"Long loved—long sought for found at last—I am thine."

To a distant brilliant home the beautiful Naamah was conducted by her husband. And where the precious gems of earth were sparkling—where all the untold glories of the ancient world shone around her, seated on a glorious throne; costly incense burning—peerless flowers strewed beneath her feet, and paradise opening before her in the dark eyes of whose light she lived in. Naamah learnt that to mortal love she had devoted her existence—plighted her faith. That the wandering spirit of the haunted lake, who had sought her by the lotus-lilies, was the brother of Adah's husband—Adah who had dwelt on her sister's loveliness, until, as the youthful prince listened to her description, he yearned to behold it for himself, and set forth on his adventurous expedition almost tempted to believe that he had discovered an angel beside the solitary mountain-lake when personating one.

An earthly throne Naamah gained—a mortal heart found devotion; but there was whisperers on the Lebanon to hint that she revered her early dreams, and cherished with somewhat of saddened memory, the illusions of the past.

## ARE THE STARS INHABITED

For one moment, let me glance at the nature of one question; of all the most interesting; that which concerns the probable existence of life through the spaces whose contents we have reached. The problem is, perhaps, equivalent to this: Are we, without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that forces, which enter so essentially into the constitution of our earth, are not confined within its conditions? Take, in illustration, the vast power of gravity. Before science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water; now we have followed it through the complex motion of the moon, and through the orders of the entire system. It pursues the comets through the abysses; it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars; it guides the sun in his path through the skies, aye, and even those stupendous evolutions of firmament, during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless the sphere of his force; & shall an energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a much more profound, be fancied so weak so feeble so dependent on circumstances, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful product? Look at its history in that very earth. In the chalk cliffs, caverns unseen by the sun, in marshes that to man are desolation and death, life yet teems and rejoices; its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long years ago, the old Trilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large eyed Ichthyosaur dashed through their waters. These are gone; but plastic nature, ever forming with ceaseless activity, has, by the most mysterious of her actions brought up new forms to their parts among her vast scene. Through space, as through time, she is doubtless working; and, with all their joys and sorrows, evolving far nightier results than dead, inorganic worlds. I see in the blush of the morning, which beams on all these globes, and there too awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil; but also of the living time of activities not fitted for the sun. I see it in their progress of the earth and in its course, through much conflict, towards perfection; for its rocks and stones tell not only of change, but of struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher. Yes! ye worlds, wonderous and innumerable, that shine aloft and shower around us your many mystic influences, ye, too, are the abodes of sentience suited to your conditions; aye, and of intelligence, different, far different from ours, and in state of approach to the divinity of all possible gradulation; but of which every constituent, every creature of whatever kind, is pressing outward, like the bud in spring and stretching with longings that are unutterable towards the infinite and the eternal.—*Professor Nichol.*

## A FACT WORTH NOTING

Many years ago, when Louisville was a petty village, consisting of a few houses and two stores, it was a great resort for gamblers and persons of dissipated habits. At this period a Colonel C., a wealthy, but a very wicked man, carried on a very extensive mercantile business. On a certain occasion he sent a confidential clerk to the East to lay in a supply of goods, furnishing him with the requisite amount of cash. An unexpected fall in prices left the clerk $3000 in hand after all his purchases were made. He did not wish to take it back with him, and was somewhat at a loss to know how to invest it. He was a religious young man, and it occurred to him that Bibles were more wanted than anything else in Louisville, and he finally resolved to invest it in Bibles, and accordingly sent home three hundred dollars' worth. Colonel C. thought the transaction rather unpromising, as it was an article never called for at his store. Cards he could sell in abundance, but not Bibles. At length, after sleeping, an idea struck him. Gamblers would have cards at any price and on any terms. Accordingly he made his arrangements, he put up a Bible to every pack of cards, charging $1.50 for the former, and 50 cents for the latter, telling each applicant that he could get no cards without a Bible. In one time the Bibles were all disposed of; but as the gamblers wanted only the cards, they usually presented the Bible to the first boy or girl they met in the street. In this way hundreds of Bibles were distributed in Louisville, and many houses were supplied with the word of God that never contained one before.

This is the first and only instance, perhaps, in which gamblers were made the instruments of circulating the Bible. Great good, we were informed, resulted from this singular proceeding. Louisville is greatly changed since that, not only in size and wealth, but in moral and religious character.—*Exchange Paper.*

## PRAYERLESS MINISTERS.

In spite of all that we have enumerated; in spite of personal ability, official order, pulpit accomplishments, grave and decorous public devotion, force of utterance, animated feeling, scriptural topics moral worth; in spite of these and of other excellencies, there is one evil in the habits of these men, which, hidden as it is from the human eye, is real and deadly, and eats, "as doth a canker," into all they utter and all they do. They "do not prosper," and their flocks are "scattered," "for they have become 'brutish,'" and "have not sought the Lord." This, then, is the defect that poisons every thing; they are not men of frequent and fervent private devotion. They have great zeal, but they do not pray. They are in earnest in Christ, according to outward order, but they do not pray. They are good, and perhaps even great preachers, but they do not pray. They are fervent, pungent, persuasive, convincing, but they do not pray. They may be zealous and even successful leaders in the movements of public activity, and first and foremost in popular excitement, frequent in their appeals, and bright in their hopes, working zealously in various modes and in various places, but they do not pray. They are men of integrity, purity, honor, benevolence, but they do not pray. And this one thing—"restraining prayer," their not "calling upon God," their not "seeking after" nor "stirring up themselves to take hold of" Him, has, like the want of love in the Christian character, "stained the glory" of every thing else; it renders worthless their genius, talents, and acquisitions; obstructs their own spiritual prosperity; impedes their usefulness and blasts their success. Though a minister were an apostle, and did not pray, his "speech and his preaching" would not be "with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." "Though he had the gift of prophecy, and understood all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though he had faith that could remove mountains," and did not pray, "he would be nothing." "Though he gave all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burnt," and did not pray, "it would profit him nothing." "Though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels," and did not pray, he would be but "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." He might be "like unto one that hath a pleasant voice and a lovely song, and that plays well upon an instrument," but the music of the lip and the hand only, will never charm away the evil spirit from Saul; nor can it have in it that Divine and life-giving harmony which "of stones can raise up children unto Abraham."—*The Closet and the Church, by Rev. T. Binney*

A cunning lawyer meeting with an old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him.

'Good morning, daddy—what makes your horse look so pale this morning?'

'Ah, my dear friend replied, the old man if thee had looked through a halter as long thee would look pale, too.'

Opinion, and the desire of lasting fame, spurs on the ingenious mind, and makes the greatest difficulties delightful.

There is a time when thou mayest say nothing and a time when thou mayest say something; but there never will be a time when thou shouldst say all things.

If some persons were to bestow one-half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out.—*Eliza Cook.*

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