

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Daniel xii. 4.

Where rolls the stormy billow,
Along the troubled deep;
Where verdant pastures pillow,
The weary pilgrim's sleep.

What hills with heavens are blending,
Where spreads the dreary waste;

Where terrors are descending;
The gospel herald hasten.

Where perfumed breeches blowes
Shed fragrance on the gales;
They sweep through many boweres,
C'sunny Rose's vale;

Where o'er the snow-clad mountaines
Sweete Chine's busy hum;

Where flow these golden fountaines,
The gleaming things come.

The forest fire is burning.
The summer of the blaze,
While molasses are gushing
Like molasses,

And swiftly, swiftly steaming
Upon the desert shore;

The subbot-bells are pealing,
To wake the voice of prayer.

Old Canaan temples burn,
Decayed with vanish'd time;
Spirits fam'd in song and story
Reverberate that chime;

And louder, louder swelling,
It sweeps o'er Africa's shore,

With gentle music quelling
The lion's angry roar.

Lord! in thy story swelling,
Thy chosen herald guide
That in triumph comes to bring
The world's great woe;

From every clime and nation
May gather them id one;

Till earth with admiration bows,
Hails the eternal Son:

Till in each mortal dwelling,
As in thy realms above,

High songs of praise are swelling
To hymn thy redeeming love;

Till every home's an altar,
Where saints set free,

In service never tire,

Unchanged in love to Thee.

THE STREAM AND THE BIRD.

A maid reclined beside a stream
At full of summer day,

And half awake and half a dream,

Saw meadow-larks call and leave,

The deepening shadows throng,

And heard, as darkened down the eve,

That river's bubbling song.

And thus it sung with tinkling tongue,

That rippling, shad-way river—

Youth's brightest day will fade away

Apparently forever!

The twilight past the moon at last

Rose brightly over the night,

Each rippling streamlet beam'd

As bright as silver light;

The heaving waters glide along,

But, mingling with their voice,

The nightingale now pour's his song,

And makes the shad-reve;

And thus it sung, with tuneful tongue,

The last bright day will fade away

Forever and forever.

—Dublin *Un. Magazine.*

HAN AND WOMAN. — I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is simple and ingenuous; though her feelings are so. I know very few instances of a very inferior woman ruling the mind of an superior woman, whereas I know twenty-fifty of a very inferior woman ruling the mind of a very superior man. If he loves her, she loves him. And when she admires, and to believe in him. An superior woman marries a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable; but he adores grecia's heart, and vulgarizes her nature, and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will cleave and return him.

The most dangerous man to a woman is a man of high intellectual endowments morally perverted; for in a woman's nature there is such a necessity to improve where she admires, and to believe where she loves—a devotion compounded of love and faith is so much a part of her being—that while the instincts remain true and the feelings unscripted, the conscience and the will may both be led astray. Thus tell our general mother-type of her sex—over-powered rather than deceived by the colossal intellect—half serpent, half angel.—Mrs. Johnson.

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