

FROM "THOUGHTS ON THE MILLENIUM."

(BY J. R.) NO. VI.

Hidden laws, the powers of nature
Ope to man's research; and lo!
O'er the world, in rapid journeys,
Men are hastening to and fro.

Art and science,
As the seer foretelleth, grow.*

Shall the earth have vast upheavings?
Ancient landmarks be upturned?
Institutions time-worn, sacred,
From the angry people spurned?

Wars and rumours—
Shall men mourn, as ne'er they mourned?

Moslem's moon, once crescent, waneth,
Soon the thin, red streak shall die,
For the morning star is shining,
And the purple dawn is nigh
Other glories.

All but Christ's, must leave the sky.

The mystery of iniquity,
Of dire hate, deceit and might,
He, with signs, and lying wonders,
Who, in willing nation's sight—
Wrought with Satan,
That the truth's ennobling light
Radiate not the deep, strange darkness
Of the lie they loved so well.
Who, the blessed Gospel hating,
Bound their souls, in magic spell
To that wicked,
Cursed of God, and chosen of hell.

Perish shall the God-despising,
In the glorious coming day,
With the Lord's majestic brightness,
And His wind, consumed away.

Nought opposing
Can before the Lord's face stay.†
* Daniel XII. 4
† 2 Thess. II. 8 &c

[WRITTEN FOR THE SNOWFLAKE]
COLOUR.

(HEREBY HANGS A "TAIL."

The following circumstance is an instance of the rashness and folly of allowing the mind to brood too intently and too constantly upon one theme. A dear and admired friend of the writer wrote upon request the following graceful lines;

Not many books I often view,
In which the colour is so blue,
But, then, some other books are white,
May you like them be fair and bright.

The success and applause which greeted this elegant impromptu led my friend to make a second attempt which was, if possible, received with yet greater favour.

The book in which I write is pink,
A shade which often makes me think,
About the rose's lovely hue,
That thought applies, fair maid, to you.

My young friend began now to attribute his unprecedented popularity as a verse maker to his choice of a subject, which, you may observe, was the same in both efforts, and again essaying, presented an eager young lady with the following stanza for her Album;

A most angelic book I view
So blue
It's owner is as fair I think
But pink!

Praise now became less vociferous and it was gently hinted to my friend to try the inspiration of some other theme.

But in vain. He had become, as one might say, a man of colour and it only remains for me to relate the unfortunate results which ensued. In rapid succession he produced the three following verses, which were transferred to the pages of three Albums, and my friend was overpowered with the delighted gratitude of the fair creatures whose thoughts were all of filling their Albums by playing upon the weakness of this unfortunate man.

The book in which I write is gray,
And that alas will make me say,
I like it less than pink or blue,
Because it won't apply to you.

What charming tint is this I see
Within the book upon my knee?
'Tis green and blue and white and red
I see within it fair outspread.

Your book is red and blue,
A little streaked with yellor,
I hope my dear that you
Can get a worthy feller.

The evident decline of poetic power in the last production, together with the vulgarity of diction alarmed me so much that after an hour spent in fruitless remonstrances, I urged my friend to begin at once a perusal of the English poets, recommending especially those of a more remote date in the hope that their polished and stately measures might, at least, prevent a recurrence of the absurdities with which his once eloquent muse had degenerated. My dismay may be imagined when the only effect produced by this remedy was the following verses in which I could only too well detect an echo of Herbert, Pope, &c.

Sweet book so green, so red, so gray,
The union of the leaves and lid
The moon will weep aloud and say
Oh! let my face be hid.

Ye nymphs of M—a begin the song,
To Siran's book all rainbow tints belong,
Dark blue and green and all the medium shades.

To suit a maid whose beauty never fades.
My friend's popularity was now entirely gone. No more solicitations harassed him. A fickle public had wearied of this surfeit of colouring. They looked coldly on the unfortunate victim of their caprice. But, alas, too late! Debarred from the pages of the gayly tinted Albums which had been to him such a fatal allurements he found an encouragement to proceed in his checkered career, in the ready welcome accorded to his verses by the editor of a local paper, and, no longer trammelled by conventionalities became so offensive to his readers that I very soon apprehended the fate which awaited him. After several weeks of such verses as the following,

Oh yellow books, and books of green,
If I a maiden e'er had seen,
So gayly streaked in Black and Tan,
Methinks I'd been a different man—

and other doggerel lines, too numerous to mention, an incensed female headed a band who presented themselves before him and addressed him in the following words;

Oh if we had a hold of you,
We'd pound one poet black and blue,
We'd make him wish he had been dead,
Before he'd e'er admired red,
Or that he'd left before he'd seen,
A single shade or tint of green.

My appalled friend was then present-

ed with a large album bound and embellished in the Stuart tartan, which my readers well know is one of the most striking and intricate patterns, comprehending nearly all the colours of nature. He seized the volume, gloated, brooded over it, seized a pen and seemed entirely unconscious of the departure of his visitors, who left him literally rolling in agony as he tried in vain to obtain a rhyme for the simple gastic description of the binding, *Leth-gheal-ghorm-phreac*, it having occurred to the wretched man to interlard the stanzas of the tartan album with suitable gaelic epithets. Need I say that next morning my friend was found dead. The verdict was *death by strangulation*.

A neat tartan slab marks the spot where lie the remains of this victim of the fatal habit of giving up the whole powers of the soul to one theme.

LOTTA.

PERSEVERANCE.

[Continued from SNOWFLAKE for March.]

(2nd part.)

The term, "truth" is employed sometimes, objectively, that is, to denote the objects of knowledge; it is also used in a subjective sense, to denote the moral qualities of sincerity, and fidelity. The objects of knowledge are God, and nature and man. There is theological, physical, mathematical, scientific, moral, historical and other kinds of truth. Human life is so brief, and human faculties are so limited, that it is but a small part of the infinite field of truth which any can investigate, and with which they can become acquainted, however high may be the powers, and persevering the exertions. Sir Isaac Newton compared himself to one, of a number of children gathering pebbles, on the sea-shore, who had found a few more than the others.

We should be, especially, diligent in acquiring the knowledge of truth most beneficial for us to know, the tendency of which is to improve and elevate our natures. "The enquiry of truth" says Bacon, "which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth which is the presence of it and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." Of the various sources from which a knowledge of truth is derived, viz: the phenomena of the material universe, and man's mental operations, and the Bible, the last—like the common blessings, which are the best blessings of life, are the best and most important. Whilst undervaluing no department of useful knowledge, we should never forget that "the first, great condition of true knowledge is the Bible" "without this," says the author of "Theory of human progression" "man knows nothing, he neither knows what he is, now, what is his destiny; and though he may guess at some of the important truths in which the race is involved, he gropes in obscurity as to the most essential. Without the Bible, supersti-

tion and infidelity reign universally. But God never made man to be either superstitious or an infidel; and as soon as either of these forms is stamped upon a nation, every kind of error is let loose, and the erroneous credence, in the matter of religion extends to the temporal affairs of the state. There is but one truth; and if men go wrong in the most important item, we cannot wonder that they should err as to the moral principles by which they should be guided in their actions towards each other. If they know not their duties to their Creator, how can it be expected that they should fulfil these duties to their fellows? None are exempted from the obligation to seek for the knowledge that the word of God bestows, "as for silver, and to search for it as for hid treasures." But we ought, also, to perseveringly fulfil life's duties and responsibilities. Each one should be conscientious and unremitting in performing his duty in the business of life allotted to him. The condition of mind possessed by that man who is ready to betake himself to any employment that might seem to better his interests, as it is opposed to contentment and true enjoyment, generally fails to attain the success secured by those who are persevering in their calling of life, and who do not regard success to consist exclusively in the amount of worldly gain that may be obtained.

We should be unceasingly influenced in the different relations of life, personal, social and civil, by the law of God. However changeable we may be in our ideas of duty, the law of God which is the transcript of the Divine Will, and has come from Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, remains the unalterable rule of duty. The enjoyment of peace may be taken, in one sense, as the reflex light that the fulfilment of duty sheds upon the soul. "Great peace have they who love thy law." For the exercise of perseverance in all that is good, we have the example and the promised grace of Him who left Heaven's glories, and whose life on earth was one of toil and continued activity—the highest, noblest perseverance even unto death, in behalf of those whom He came to save.

Be in earnest! God who found thee,
And with might, and honor armed thee,
Ne'er designed that thou should'st squander
Life in vanity, or wander,
Childlike, after bursting bubbles
Made to buffet stormy troubles—
Made to breast the whelming bilow,
Made to rest on sleepless pillow,
Made to battle ill's the sternest,
Be in earnest!

Be in earnest! What thou doest,
What thou plannest, or pursuest,
Plan, pursue, and do with spirit,
Never care though thou inherit
Glory dimmer than thy brother's,
Power weaker than another's,
Use thy power, use it rightly
And in faith, nor prize it lightly
And where'er thy power be turned,
Be in earnest!"
April 1879.