

Not many lives, but only one have we,
 Frail, fleeting man :
 How sacred should that one life ever be,
 That narrow span.
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Year after year still bringing in new spoil.

ADDED POINTS.

1. The first principle of true religion is

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

2. Is your spirit stirred within you on seeing sin, to do all you can to overcome it?

3. What is your pursuit in life?—Happiness or Heaven—or Heaven and happiness?

4 Which would you rather be, Mockery or Martyr?

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS.

Greece ! hear that joyful sound,
 A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill ;
 Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations
 round

Wake with convulsive thrill.
 Athenians ! gather there ; he brings you words
 Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
 Above Olympian Jove ; One in whose light
 Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
 On your bewildered night, [dream,
 That unknown God, of whom ye darkly
 In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
 From your dark worship at that idol shrine ;
 He points to Him who reared your starry
 And bade your Phœbus shine. [skies,
 Lift up your souls, from where in dust you
 bow ;
 That God of gods commands your homage
 now.

But brighter tidings still !
 He tells of One whose precious blood was spilt
 In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
 A ransom for your guilt [chain ;
 Who triumphed o'er the grave and broke its
 Who conquered death and hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece ! come near—
 Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
 Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
 Mysteries before untold !
 Immortal life revealed ! light for which ye
 Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause [One,
 'Midst doubt and darkness—lo ! he points to
 Where all your vaunted reason, lost, must
 And faint to think upon— [pause,
 That was from everlasting, that shall be
 To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
 Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity !
 Your fancies fade, your master's dreams grow
 To this reality. [dim.
 Stoic ! unbend that brow, drink in that sound !
 Sceptic ! dispel those doubts, the Truth is
 found.

Greece ! though thy sculptured walls
 Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
 And through thy temples and thy pillared
 Immortal poets sung, [halls
 No sounds like these have rent your startled
 air ;
 They open realms of light, and bid you enter
 there.
 —Annie C. Lynch.

