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O. Libbey, D. P. Cilley, G. W.

Poetry.

THE SYRIAN MARTYRS.

BY V. BARRELL.

O'er Syria's hills the cry we hear,
Like wailing of the woe man,
Breaks on the ear, for Zion's foe
Hath risen in his might again!
A thousand sabres on that shore,
Are dripping now with human gore.

Amid those green and sunny hills,
To Christian martyrdom we lead,
Where spurs and swords are hurled,
And verdure gladdens all the year;
Grim persecution's gleaming blade
A thousand dreary homes has made.

Thy stately cedars, Lebanon,
Are weeping for the noble slain,
While terror, like a mighty flood,
Is sweeping o'er the spreading plain;
At morn and evening is heard
The clamor of the fiendish sword.

As drop the ethereal stars away
From the dimly lighted sky,
The desert deeps of darkness lay,
Or as the timid bird whose glow
The wary fowler hath invaded,
Seeks a secure retreat above.

By brighter, deeper foliage shrouded,
These souls, by gun and sabre driven,
Are hunted to the gates of heaven.

Hauman's fell hounds are pouring down
From every secret mountain path,
And Turkish emissaries around
Strew all their fearful way with death;

And loud and keen the wail of woe,
Which through those fertile valleys flows,
Of old these woody hills were filled
With sounds of merriment and joy.

Instead of blood, hot sweat distilled
Upon the arid, barren soil;
Strong hands the stately cedar bore
To deck fair Zion's courts of yore.

Long since, time's mighty hand hath wiped
Those footprints from the mountain side,
Where long and well that mighty host
The heavy ax and hammer plied;

And long in dust, those glided bones
Have mouldered by those dreary homes.

Where patriarchs dwelt, where prophet saw
The glory of Messiah's day,
And where Saviour's couch of straw
The infant Saviour sweetly lay;

Yes, by the Christian's feet the way was trod,
Where first the glorious martyr stood,
Where the "glad tidings" freely came
Fresh from the heraldry of God;

Amid those sacred hills and vales,
Another spirit ever dwelt,
Whose faithful heart for truth and love,
No throbs of mercy ever felt.

He heavy laden tramp of years,
Hath painted all his bloody spears,
But ever when a martyr dies,
By woe or fagot, gun or sword,

Alas! his dust there seem to rise,
A thousand forms to fear the Lord,
O may these Syrian martyrs form
Bright stars of the millennium morn.

Buffalo, N. Y.

HARVEST SONG.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOSD.

The sun that beamed on Adam's morn,
And brightened Eden's bowers,
The same that ripened the golden corn,
To-day has ripened ours.

We bless the Power that makes it so,
The ever-falling dew that greets
That feeds the fruit of the tree,
And holds the stars above.

And thus a glad and grateful throng,
Whose hearts are true and free,
We come with harvest joy and song,
Our witnesses to be.

We broke the glebe, and in the seeds,
And they sprung up and grew,
We know not how, but like the deeds,
A labor hand may do.

Nor could the Hebrew Patriarch dream
Of flocks and herds like ours,
Nor could the Roman conqueror boast
Of conquests and of towers.

But now the smiling autumn sun,
In concert with the stars,
Brings peace of plenty, as he sings
Bright manes of the trees.

While some that bat a springtime past,
Their robes of summer wear,
Branch forth their leafy boughs and sing,
Their fruits to swell her store;

Her golden corn and silver wheat,
And purple clusters of the vine,
Their best with Eden's to compete,
When Adam's long ago.

We bless the Power that cast our lot,
So peaceful and so free—
That giveth and taketh away,
Whate'er our fancies be.

Life, liberty and fair pursuit
Of happiness, are ours,
From Him who calls from earth her fruit,
And dwells with her flowers.

That thought our Chart may decrease
His light bears us,
The blood bought from the cross to cultivate,
Which our fathers won.

Then, to prune buds to their ears,
Their words to ploughshares—turned,
They sheathed their swords, and died of their tears,
And slept in graves they earned.

Whilist thus our heritage we hold,
The valiant father's power,
Nor must we rest our hands on gold,
Nor fettered foot, nor gyred hand.

Bring forth our fruit, O virgin land!
Bring forth our fruit, O King,
Jehovah is our King.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Idleness a cause of disease.

The number of servants kept by families in this country is an evil more respects than one. It fosters idleness in wives and daughters, thus throwing heavier burdens upon husbands and fathers, and making the comfort of the household entirely dependent on a domestic establishment, always increasing in proportion to the number of servants employed. With one domestic a lady may get along quite pleasantly, and be really the mistress of her own house. She will find enough to keep the blood circulating freely in her veins, and her mind in that cheerful state which always accompanies a consciousness of having done some useful work. One servant in a moderate sized family, and a willing hand, outwards, in the mistress, will keep out the doctor, the blues, and the doleful countenance, which form the common theme of talk among most American housekeepers. But give Biddy a companion in the shape of nurse, water or chambermaid, and the day of home comfort has departed. At once a new interior is created, always increasing in size, and you may consider yourself a second Eve in the garden. Waste, disorder, and annoyance of various kinds appear, and you war against them in vain. The work that, with one servant, was easy, has become so hard, that sour faces and complaining meet you at every turn, and in the vain hope of relief you give strength to your enemies by adding a third to their number. Alas for you after that serious mistake of all! Two servants in a house are bad enough, but with three the case is hopeless. Four or five are sometimes resorted to after this, in the vain struggle for relief—of all unfortunate housekeepers these last are most to be pitied. The general of an and has a lighter task than the lady who attempts to manage four or five servants.

Pride, self-indulgence, and idleness, lie at the root of nearly all the troubles that afflict housekeepers. Verily, we are in the hands of Philistines, who despising wives and daughters of health, and husbands and fathers of their own, do not one man in twenty is new able to see his house, nor one man in

twenty sure of order and comfort in his home for three days in succession.

The remedy for all this lies only in one direction. Lady housekeepers must begin to work in an inverse order in the matter of servants, and disengage themselves of increasing number. In every house where there are two or more servants, let the experiment be tried of dismissing one, and dividing her duties, if need be, among the growing up girls of the household; a story are any such work will do them good in mind and body. If additional work falls on the mistress, it will in four cases out of five, be a useful change for her, and make her feel better, mentally and physically. Such a general dismissal of servants would help to bring Biddy to her senses, and teach her a few lessons that she greatly needs to learn.

As to the doing of household work by delicate and dainty hands, that now live for hours each day in fruitless idleness, the honor is all on the side of doing. Idleness is always creditable, and useful work always honorable.

—Arthur's Home Mag.

ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

Judge Russell, of Boston, addressed the children at the recent semi-centennial Sabbath school celebration at Beverly, Mass. We give an extract:

Remember how vast a difference in your life a little case at the outset will make. Two boys shall visit Boston on the same day, seeking for their high prizes. They shall come from the same town, and from under the same circumstances. Let one of them, as soon as he enters the city, visit the bar-room, and take to himself the associates of that place; but let the other visit the prayer meeting, the Sabbath school, and take to himself the associates of that place, and you will find that the difference in the character of these boys is not in the character of these boys, but in the character of the places they visit. You may think it is a small matter, the simple choosing between two places of resort; but I, in twenty years, my boys, what a wide difference there will be.

In the western part of New York State, I was once shown a spot where there are two little streams with their fountain heads close together, one running to the north, the other to the south. They are so near together that a passing gust of wind would decide whether the waters of the northern or the southern stream would flow. The one runs north through the Genesee river, and the other runs south through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence into the cold waters of the Northern Atlantic. The other running south falls into the Ohio, reaches the Mississippi, and at last empties into the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. And think of it, dear children, a passing breath of wind makes the difference! This is but a simple, feeble symbol of the vast difference in the ends of human life, shaped and directed by the first steps of youth. Let me illustrate by a story.

There lived some years ago, in the same country, born nearly at the same time, two boys, whose circumstances in life were at their birth quite similar. They afterwards lived some years together. There was a time, you know, in the history of both these boys, when every being that is born into the world, when neither of them had consciously or willfully done wrong. But as they grew older, both began to be beset with temptations. Their natural desires and appetites urged them to yield to temptation, but the child, on the other hand, the boys always resisted, and the other always yielded to temptation. One was a disobedient boy, turbulent, quarrelsome, always seeking his own dishonest, covetous, ambitious. The other was a dutiful, obedient, and honest boy, who sought the truth to his own cost even. He sought the right and loved it. He conquered his appetites. Well, they lived on. They became men—how widely different in character they were! One was a man of honor, the other was a man of dishonor. The one was a man of honor, the other was a man of dishonor. The one was a man of honor, the other was a man of dishonor.

There is no branch of manufactures, no mechanical process, into which more or less of his handiwork does not enter, and the more permanent as well as the most perishable of artificial products are alike the result of his discoveries. The manures which fertilize our fields, and the oils, sugars, alcoholic products, flour and meal which are made from our crops, all owe something to his production, to his research and investigation. How wonderful that almost six thousand years should have passed since this wonderful science had attained to any degree of perfection; and how greatly does it, at the present day, facilitate the general prevalence of civilization, and that intellectual progress which has marked a characteristic of the present age.

Now remember, these two boys started together, on the same path, and they were both tempted to do wrong. One resisted; the other yielded. O my dear children, see how wide the difference the choice made in all their future course.

I will tell you a story of two boys whose lives differed yet more than that of Arnold and Washington. These boys lived many centuries ago, and many miles away from us. The one was dishonest, covetous, and wrong his neighbors. He was disobedient to his mother, and quarrelsome, in all things yielding to the dictates of his evil passions. The other boy, born with all the appetites and desires that belong to all sinful men, when exposed to temptation, resisted it. He was obedient to his mother, and his neighbors, a peace-maker among them, and loving and obedient to his parents. They grew up. They lived for many years in each other's company. One of them constantly conquered temptation; the other was constantly conquered by it. They were both tempted to do wrong. One resisted; the other yielded. O my dear children, see how wide the difference the choice made in all their future course.

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name like thine own, and you find written on every step in life that single, gone!

But let it be a soft voice, ringing clear above the tempest's wail,
Spoken in the silence of the night,
When lifted is the veil;
The veil that hides from mortal sight,
The path that leads to life and light,
And pearls that are lifted high,
Will find no unfilled—
A glory that the enraptured soul
Will find forever new,
When loosened from its prison-house,
It bids the world adieu.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM OF A CHILD.

The young daughter of Lady —, in England, had a complaint in her knee, and the surgeon decided that the limb must be taken off. Her mother told her all the facts, and asked whether she would submit to the operation, or take the risk of death.

"O! mamma," the child at once replied, "I would much rather die, because I should then be so happy; but then God does not call for my life, but for my limb; and if I were to choose to die rather than to have it taken off, it would be doing my will, and not God's will."

"O! mamma," the child at once replied, "I would much rather die, because I should then be so happy; but then God does not call for my life, but for my limb; and if I were to choose to die rather than to have it taken off, it would be doing my will, and not God's will."

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