

and have followed each other upon the ruins of former empires and creeds; and still in the Creator himself there is no change; He is yet the only Eternal who existed in the times of the Son of Amram; and he, this happy mortal, this great Moses, rescued by Providence from the flood of the Nile, to become a prophet, the mouthpiece of his Master, is yet the teacher of the people for whom he was chosen the messenger. Whatever was true in morals then is true now, and no addition has since been made to our stock of moral ideas, nor to our knowledge of the ways of the Most High. Just, then, as we were instructed, so must we proceed, and by the same words by which our predecessors craved for themselves the acknowledged aid and assistance of God, must we continue to implore the blessing of the Lord. It is not that we are hostile to the world; for truth opposed to error is no hostility on the part of truth; but well does error always endeavour to stifle the voice of conviction, for fear of its empire falling, should heaven-born sincerity appeal to the hearts. But let us not heed the storm that ever and anon assails us; we are accustomed to the scorn of the world; and the same merciful Power who has so long sustained us, will farther lead us onward to victory, not by means of the arms of mortal combat, but with the praises of God which are in our mouth, and are that two edged sword which will not be returned to its scabbard, till all the earth be blessed of the Lord, and all the nations submit to the equitable kingdom of God, when his salvation will be made known to all, and his light will shine on all spirits. Amen.

Sivan 8th, June 9th, 5608.

A DESCRIPTION OF MY DREAMS.

OH, wake me not, my sisters dear,
 Nor call me when I sleep,
 And if no more I waken here,
 I pray you not to weep.

For oh! I have such happy dreams,
 So fraught with joy and love!

For to another world it seems
I nightly do remove.

So tranquilly, so silently,
I join that world of bliss,
That, were it not for so much joy,
I still might think it this.

I hear no voice, no single sound
Is borne upon the air,
But love and kindness all around,
Seem breathing everywhere.

They gently come and take my hand
To clasp within their own ;
They are not here, that shadowy band—
I wake—and they are flown.

I think that spirits when we sleep
Are watching from above,
And if they thus their vigils keep,
Their watchword must be love.

Oh, surely on the midnight wind
Pure spirits must be borne,
To pour down joy upon the mind,
Which vanishes with morn.

They are not words, or looks, or tones,
Which sink into my soul,
Yet, when I wake my spirit moans
To reach that happy goal.

There seems a sense of thrilling bliss,
Unearthly and refined,
A mingling of that world with this,
All heart—all soul—all mind !

Even the summer flowers I love
Are placed within my hand,
And calmly, silently, I rove
About that blessed land.

Then wake me not, my sisters dear,
 Whene'er I sleep again :
 My waking hours are cold and drear—
 In sleep I know not pain.

R. E. S.

שְׁבוּעַת THE PENTECOST.

BY MRS R. HYNEMAN.

How were they given, those pure and holy laws,
 That thus for centuries have sway'd mankind,
 And bound them unto Wisdom? Did they come
 In the soft twilight of a summer hour,
 Or in the hush'd and melancholy night,
 Without attesting witnesses to prove
 Their heavenly origin? When man might coin
 Such words as suited his ambitious mind,
 To bind the herd obedient to his will?

How were they given? See! on yon sacred mount
 How the sharp lightning flashes; its fork'd tongue
 Leaps like a fiery serpent,—now it twines
 Its sinuous form around each rugged peak,
 And now it spreads a liquid plain of fire.
 Hark! how that viewless trumpet cleaves the air,
 Loud, and still louder, till upon that vast
 And multitudinous plain there falls an awe,
 As if the archangel's mighty voice they heard,
 Summoning them unto their last account!
 The strong rock quivers, and the stately trees
 Moan with the weight of the dread tempest's wrath.
 Lightning and storm! Oh, ye were glorious!
 And suited well the words ye heralded,
 The rock on which Israel hath built her tower
 Of firm, enduring strength.

Though other creeds
 Have rais'd their altars where your own have stood,
 And triumph'd o'er the fallen Israelite,