The Presbyterian Witness,

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY, AND STATUTE BOOK....Dr. Chalmers.

From the American Agriculturist.

The New Mown Hay.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Of odours breathed from tropic flowers;
Or spice-trees after rain;
But of those scents that freely flow
When June's fond breezes stir the low
Grass heaped upon the plain.

This morning stood the verdant grass,
All wet with diamond dews—the tears
By Night serenely shed;
This evening, like an army slain,
They cumber the pacific plain
With their fast fading dead.

And where they fell and all around
Such perfumes in the air abound,
As if long hidden vines
Or sudden richness were unsealed,
When on the freshly trodden field
They yielded up their lives.

In idle mood I love to pass
These ruins of the crowded grass;
Or listlessly to lie,
Inhaling the delicious scents,
Crushed from these downcast, verdurous tents,
Beneath a sunset sky.

It is a pure delight, which they
Who dwell in cities far away
From rural scenes ne'er feel,
Can never know in lighted rooms,
Pervaded by exotic blooms—
This taste of natural air!

This air, so softened by the breath
Exhaled and wafted from the death
Of herbs that simply bloom,
And, scarcely noted, like the best
Dear friend, with whom this world is blest,
Await the common doom—

And leave behind such sweet regret
As in our hearts if living yet,
Though heroes pass away—
Talk not to me of southern bowers,
Or odours breathed from tropic flowers,
But of the new mown hay!

The Cradle Hymn.

Converts at Amoy.

The Mormons.

(From the New York Herald.)

Papal Allocution on the Affairs of Piedmont.