

Poetry.

THE CRISIS.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told. Now brightens up the sky of time, the Christian Age of Gold.

Old might is right in yielding, battle blood to clerical pen. Earth's monarchs are her people, and her Bertha stand up as men.

In this, oh countrymen! mine a day for us to now. The soil of new-glazed empire with slavery's needs of woe.

To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's east of woe. Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the dread lap of Time!

To run away the wild race of the lost nations ran. And die, like them, of unbelief of God and wrong of man.

Great Heaven! is this our mission? Ends in this the prayer and feast. The toll, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better men.

So shall the Northern plowmen go joyful on his way. To wed Pennsylvania's waters to San Francisco's bay.

And bear with liberty and Law, the Bible in his train. The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answ'ring be.

Oh, ye people! oh, my brothers! let us choose the freest course! So shall the Northern plowmen go joyful on his way.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF AMOS LAWRENCE.

By Rev. Dr. Hopkins. Amos Lawrence, a native of New York, was born in 1792. He was educated at the University of the City of New York.

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VALLEY FORGE AND THE PRAYER OF WASHINGTON.

By Rev. Dr. Hopkins. Mr. Alexander, Clerk of the School, Visitor gives the following interesting account of a visit to Valley Forge in the last number of this journal.

This celebrated spot takes its name from an iron forge, located in the vicinity, which belonged to one Isaac Potts, a Friend, who called these lands the Valley Forge, and who was the first to drive the great water wheel of a large cotton factory which stands upon the site of the old forge, and adjacent to the junction of the two streams.

The residence of Isaac Potts, situated near the mouth of the Schuylkill, is a substantial, but old-fashioned building. It is a little sentimental, but a very true saying that "Hearts that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of love."

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