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**Poetry.**

**Tell Me Where.**

BY C. W. W.

Tell me where, ye summer breezes,
Are the friends that pass away,
While our living arms were round them,
And we, weeping, bade them stay?

Have they sent no whispered message
From their mystic spirit home?
Are these dews you see breathing
From their flowers of endless bloom?

**Miscellaneous.**

**THE GATE OF PARADISE.**

Earlier Eve was fast passing into the early dawn of Easter-day. For many nights I had been a watcher by the bed of a dear child, but on this night anxiety had given place to hope, and he had fallen into a deep sleep that foretold returning health.

At length, however, weariness overcame me and I fell asleep, and in my dreams outthought I heard the voice of Him, the Prince of Peace, calling unto me. Immediately all sorrow and earthly affections deserted me; all earthly cares were banished from my presence; the dark clouds that overhung the sky disappeared, and in their stead came a canopy of pure whiteness, beset with emeralds and brilliant snows.

We wandered on until we came to a bed of strangely fantastic creepers. "These," said my guide, "are the delight of the Prince when he comes among us. They are the prayers of little children. Strangely sweet are they, and full of faith, but often cease, as if granted, would bring no true joy to the little ones."

Just then a dove, whose soft silver gleamed like burnished silver, alighted on Gabrielle's shoulder. "Sing me thy song, bright one," she said, as she took it on her hand, and the bird looked its head acrossingly against her cheek and sang, and underneath the melody of his singing I seemed to hear the glad burden of the song of some rejoicing soul.

"We now perceive four lovely maidens approaching us, whom, from their resemblances, I took to be sisters. They were evidently full of some cause for gladness, and as they drew near we heard their joyous voices. Gabrielle, beloved, be glad with us," said one of them, "she is coming at last! Even now is the angel on his way to fetch her and we go to the gate to receive her. Think you, truly, she know us again?"

"You art then a mother?" I asked of my fair companion, whose earnest reply had struck me. "My husband and children are still upon earth," she answered. "When the master called me hither, I seemed to not how it was, when I heard His voice, my soul rose up hastily to meet Him, and now, she continued, 'I find it was to add to the joy and love of Paradise, to the love and gladness of earth. We are still one, though parted, and the time is short. And thou hast known them since that sad hour of parting?'"

"Yes," she replied, "for at length the Prince sent me to earth. He told me to save my little one from a sinful course through life, found her playing on the village school grounds with many others near the same age. 'Did they know you were there?' I asked Gabrielle. 'The children saw me in spirit, and when she spoke of me, they went forth to seek me, and know not that I stood beside them. And once again I visited earth. When in his loneliness, my husband's prayers came up saying, that since the Lord had set the cross of sinning on his path, henceforth life should be to him one continual service, and offering himself as one who would carry the name of Christ into perilsous and heathen lands; then on the night in which he had sailed, as he

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**JEHEMIAH CROUSE, Prop'r**
Terms of Subscription,
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these sounds uttered with a clearer, intenser cry than either of the other petitions: "O, God! if indeed thou art anywhere in space, teach me where to find Thee; teach me how to believe on Thee!"

She then told me that this jewel would be treasured up for the crown of the Suppliant at the day of Resurrection and at that moment an angel passed by who gathered it with other gems from among the flowers and bore it away in a golden casket.

Then I asked of my guide, "if sooner or later, all these prayers would receive an answer?" "Not so," she replied. "The prayer of faith is not always the prayer of knowledge; though being the prayer of faith and love, it is more dear to the King. Yet he is not discouraged. The continual intercession of the saints on earth ever receiveth acceptance and answer, though it may be after long waiting."

Then she took me aside to where other flowers grew, whose blossoms were of such marvellous and dazzling whiteness that I could scarcely look upon them; but it seemed to me they were marked with blood. "Touch them not," she said, "but kneel and listen, if perchance, thou mayest hear the voice of these." And I knelt upon the ground and heard, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

On hearing this Gabrielle bowed her head and worshipped. "So soon I heard her murmur, 'so soon I knelt a praying, eternal a reaction!' " "Fare!" said the angel, "yet I can bear witness that to him the time has seemed long. Twenty of the earth's years he has labored in the wilderness since then was taken from him; 'aye, he had fallen, 'rejoiced, 'labored and not fainted!'"

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"Do you see now?" replied the angel, "and the merciful guiding of the Most High be with thee! With these words he passed on, and Gabrielle in the glow of her beauty and joy sprang toward the gate. But I cried after her. 'O, Gabrielle! take me back to earth, for I am weak and the glory of Paradise lies like a weight upon my spirit!'"

Then I saw the shadow of a human agony pass into her glorious eyes; yet only for a moment. For looking up to Heaven, I heard her breath the words: "My Savior, I am but a weak spirit, but Thou art God." And in an instant, a soft light filled the room, and I saw on whom she called stood by his faithful servant. I saw Him lay a hand marked with the print of the nail on Anselm's brow, where the damps of death were fast gathering, and I saw that the dying man had returned to consciousness, for he murmured:

"Thanks to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" And then the light faded and I saw the Divine Master no more.

But I knew the end was come, for Gabrielle stood beside her husband and he knew her, and was stretching out his arms—and the joy of Paradise was in both their faces. And now, the wretched hump flickered for the last time and went out. In the darkness I heard a long drawn sigh, and when I looked again the moon was shining on the white features of the dead. For a moment Gabrielle and Anselm stood together by the cold corpse, then for the first time I marked how strangely alike they were. In the solemn hush of that moment the newly disembodied soul seemed to pause on the threshold of a mighty destiny. Faith, that was even then, light, that was even then, the light of them was the exalting voice of Gabrielle beneath the stars, singing "Home! Home! Sweet Home!" And I! I woke from my dream to find a small wasted hand placed in mine, and a weak voice singing in low tones of quiet content the last verse of the hymn, with which we had beguiled the weary night!

"O Paradise! O Paradise! I know 'twill not be long / Thy bliss / I almost think I bear"

And now Gabrielle led the way to an inner room where a fair girl lay asleep. So very fair was she, as she lay with her golden hair about the pillow, "like a saint's glory up in Heaven"—that I needed not to ask if it were Gabrielle's child.

His fingers rested on these words: "Beloved child, this is no place for thee; yet, if they need thee not, and thou hast so resolved, I dare not keep thee from the crown. The harvest is great and the laborers few—come!"

"Nay, my treasure," said Gabrielle, reading the words as she bent fondly over her child—"the Lord hath said of thee here, not in the heathen lands; and the Lord hath said of thy father, but not upon earth—'fare well!' In comforting others thou shalt be comforted, in loving thou shalt be loved, and in loving thou shalt be loved, Fare thee well!"

In another moment we were again in the night air, passing swiftly southward. At times I heard far below us the murmur of the sea, or saw glittering lights of strange cities, or caught the sounds of some heathen revel, or the howl of some unsatisfied beast of prey.

"This way," said Gabrielle and I longly "surely I heard him call me!" and she led me into a low hut. On a rude shelf in the wall, a lamp was burning with a dull fire, and the light fell on the dusky forms and white dresses of the two native servants. One sat on the ground, looking toward me, and I, in a despair that was sorrowful to behold, while the other stood ready to staunch a terrible spear toward his master's side, from which his life blood was slowly oozing.

On a rough table beneath the lamp lay Anselm, Gabrielle's husband. He was lying on his back, his arms stretched out, his hands open, and his eyes were fixed in a vacant stare. The Gabrielle knelt beside him, and I saw her throw her arms round him, and call him by every tender name, but he only gazed listlessly. And now, for the first time, I saw standing on the other side, an angel whose presence made me tremble—so terrible a light was in his eyes, so hard and preparing the curve of his lips and brow. With a low voice, which yet seemed to ring through my ears, he spoke: "Do you see now?"

In vain Gabrielle strove to interpose between her husband and the angel of darkness. The soft tones of her voice seemed to awake no response in the ear of the dying man. And the evil one with a mocking laugh rebuked his desecrated words.

Then I saw the shadow of a human agony pass into her glorious eyes; yet only for a moment. For looking up to Heaven, I heard her breath the words: "My Savior, I am but a weak spirit, but Thou art God." And in an instant, a soft light filled the room, and I saw on whom she called stood by his faithful servant. I saw Him lay a hand marked with the print of the nail on Anselm's brow, where the damps of death were fast gathering, and I saw that the dying man had returned to consciousness, for he murmured:

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Truly I longed that they might awake, if but for one moment, to behold their darling as she bent over them—the deep pure love of heaven shining in her steadfast gaze. But they lay in so majestic a repose, that I could almost fancy them the marble effigies of some ancient monarch.

"O Paradise! O Paradise! I know 'twill not be long / Thy bliss / I almost think I bear"

**The Runaway Girl.** Philadelphia Times: There is something wrong in the family from which the runaway girl makes her escape. Sometimes the wrong is one which, from nature, is difficult to set right, and which could not have been prevented. There may be a cruel step-mother, or a cross aunt, or a crooked father. With such company, life becomes such a burden to the thoughtless girl that she is ready in any way to escape. Generally the difficulty is a lack of just sympathy on the part of those who are responsible for her position.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but it strikes with hands of iron. If evil be knit of thee and it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth and an excuse to your error.

Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.

A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual repulse.

As soon as we begin to speak we are ready to talk our own story, and never bring to light those things which we are ready to think our valley will never be filled up.

Now a Church, made money. Notwithstanding the fact that the sea-green and strawberry festival season will soon be closed in a New Jersey church congregation at Elizabeth, the church has a new and rare looking scheme for raising funds.

Ten cents for kissing a girl between fifteen and twenty; five cents extra for hugging.

For kissing a young widow, twenty-five cents; hugging, ten cents extra.

The new plan worked like a charm. The revenues were large; the sisters made supremely happy, and although the young men in the town over-exerted themselves, yet they were satisfied.

In San Antonio, a queer-looking old town in Texas, the streets are narrow, winding around and lined with low, thick-walled stone houses, having earthen floors and flat roofs. On some of the roofs bright flowers and leafy grasses wave.

Birds sing sweetest in spring time, when they are choosing mates. Before fall they will be fighting over a worm and picking each other's eyes out. Such is life.

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**THE PHOENIX PECTORAL,** The present fluid is so peculiarly adapted to all cases of consumption, cough, asthma, etc., that it is highly recommended. It is a perfect remedy in all cases of pulmonary disease, and is especially useful in the treatment of the chronic form of the disease.

**THE GINGHAMAT!** WEEKLY STAR
In the interest of our BOLLAR is the country. The Ginghamat is a weekly paper published in Middleburg, Pa., containing news, local and foreign intelligence, and other interesting matter. It is published every week, except on Sundays and public holidays. The price is one cent per copy, and is paid in advance.