

## Susquehanna.

### The Sounds of Industry.

I love the banging hammer,  
The whining of the plane,  
The crashing of the saw,  
The cracking of the crane,  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The clattering of the turning-lathe,  
The whirling of the mill,  
The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The pulling of the engine,  
And the fan's continuous boom—  
The clipping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of the awl,  
The sounds of busy labor—  
I love, I love them all!

I love the ploughman's whistle,  
The water's cheerful song,

The driver's off-repeat shout,

As he spurs his stock along;

The bumble of the market-man,

As he lies him to the town;

The hallo from the tree-top,

At the ripened fruit comes down;

The tang sound of threshers,

As they clear the ripened grain,

And busher's joke, and mirth, and glee—

Neath the moonlight on the plain;

The kind voice of the dairyman;

The shepherd's gentle call—

These sounds of active industry,

I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit

Of the carelessness of life;

How much of all its happiness

Comes out of toil and strife.

Not that toil and strife that tantalize

And murrain all the way—

Not that toil and strife that groaneth

Beneath the tyrant's sway;

But the toil and strife that springeth

From a free and willing heart,

A strife that ever bringeth

To the striver all his part.

Oh, there is good in labor,

If we labor but aright,

That gives vigor to the day-time,

And a sweeter sleep at night.

A good that bringeth pleasure,

From the toiling hours—

For duty cheereth the spirit,

As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh say not that Jehovah

Doth us labor as a doom;

No, it is his richest mercy,

And will scatter half life's gloom!

Then let us still do

What'er we find to do—

With an earnest willing spirit,

And a strong hand FATE AND THOU.

How to draw the Sinners.—Several

years ago we were a resident of North-

western Louisiana, near the confines of Texas. The people there as a general thing, were not much given to religion.

A young itinerant preacher happened along in the neighboring district during this dearth of religion, and set about repairing the walls of Zion in good earnest, but his success was poor. Not over half a dozen could be got together at his Sunday meetings. Determined, however, to create an interest before leaving the neighborhood, he procured printed handbills and had them posted up in every conspicuous place in the district, which read to the following effect:

"Religious Notice.—The Rev. Mr. Bla-

nay will preach next Sunday in Dem-

sey's Grove, at ten o'clock, A. M., and at

four o'clock, P. M., Providence permitting.

Between the services, the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any

that can be trotted out in this region for a purse of five hundred dollars!"

This had the desired effect. People

flocked from all quarters, and the anxiety

to see the singular preacher was even

greater than the excitement following the challenge. He preached an elegant sermon in the morning, and after dinner he brought out his mare for the race.

The purse was made up by five or six of

the planters, and an opposing gag produced.

The preacher rode his little sorrel and won the day, amid the deafening

screams, and yells of the delighted people.

The congregation all remained to

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