

Poetical.

THE GUERRILLAS.

The following appeal for the cowardly, murderous guerrillas, and his belated occupation, is from the pen of a certain Marylander, now a prisoner in Fort Delaware. He was detected furnishing aid to the rebels:

Awake and to horse my brothers,
For the dawn is glimmering grey,
And back in the crackling brushwood,
There are foot-prints that tread this way.

"Who cometh?" "A friend," "What tidings?"
Oh God! I shiver to tell,
For the earth somewhat no longer,
And its sights are the sights of hell.

From far off conquered cities,
Come a voice of stifled wail,
And the shrieks and groans of the houseless,
Ring out like a dirge on the gale.

I've seen from the smoking village,
Our mothers and daughters fly,
I've seen where the little children
Lay down in the furrows to die.

On the banks of the battle-stained river,
I stood as the moonlight shone,
And I glared on the face of my brother,
As the waves swept him on.

Where my home was glad, are ashes,
And horrors and shame had been there,
For I found on the fallen helmet,
A tress of my wife's torn hair.

They are turning the slaves upon us,
And with more than fiend's worst art,
Have uncovered the fire of the war,
That slept in his unthought-of heart.

The ties to the heart that bound him,
They have rent with curses away,
And murdered him with their madness,
To be almost as brutal as they.

With halberd, and pike, and bill,
And by means of the sword of the drum,
They preach the Gospel of murder,
And pray for Jesus' kingdom to come.

To saddle, to saddle, my brothers,
Look up to the rising sun,
And ask the God who shines there,
Whether deeds like these shall be done.

Wherever the vandal cometh,
Press home to the heart with your steel,
And when at his bosom you cannot
Like the serpent go strike at his heel.

Through thicket and wood, go hunt him,
Creep on to his camp-fire side,
And let ten of his corpses blacken,
Where once our brothers bathed.

In his fainting foot see marches,
In his flight from the stricken fray,
And in the face of the lonely ambush,
The dots we owe him pay.

In God's hand alone is vengeance,
But he strikes with the hands of men,
And his might would smite our madhead,
If we smite not the smiter again.

By the graves where our fathers slumber,
By the shrines we hope our mothers prayed,
By our homes, and hopes, and freedom,
Let every man swear on his blade.

That he will not sheath or stay it,
Till from point to point it will glow,
With the dust of Almighty vengeance,
In the blood of the felon foe.

They store and the answering sunlight
Lest red from their lifted swords,
And the hate of their hearts make echo
To the wail in their burning words.

There's weeping in all New England,
And by Scary Hill's bank a knell,
And the widows there and the Orphans,
How the oath was kept can tell.

Miscellaneous.

FAUSTINE.

CONDENSED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADME REYHAUD.

In the south of France there is a little town, badly situated, ill built and exposed to that unaccountable north-west wind which the Provencals call the mistral. Industry has never flourished there. It has no theatre, museum, library, historical curiosity, or ruin. The houses upon both sides of the main street have a singularly retired and tranquil look, and one might think that the inhabitants had abandoned their hearths, except that here and there an open window reveals smoky ceilings, white flowered paper and draperies of ugly cotton, from which hang cotton tassels. At the extremity of the street, some dwellings diverging from the straight line from an irregular place. It is shaded by stunted horse-chestnuts and decorated by a fountain, always dry in the summer, but which is supposed to be supplied from the urn of a maid crowned with roses. This figure had suffered much injury from time but still more from the pupils of the primary school. These turbulent youth fired at its nose chestnuts, pebbles and other projectiles, with unparalleled ardor. At the corner of the place there is a cafe with the significant sign of a billiard sticks surmounted by three balls. Adjoining the cafe is a kind of a hotel, of which the public is informed by a picture, which at first sight appears to be intended for a pie-crust on a plate of blue porcelain, but which really represents a city with a ramparts rising out of the sea. Beneath one reads, "The City of Algiers, Gatevine, Inkeeper." Opposite these two establishments is the finest house in the town. Its double door is adorned with a brass knocker, the windows are furnished with green Venetian blinds, and an iron balcony runs along the first floor. The facade of this edifice which is called the Colonel's house, is also embellished with a sun-dial, by which all the watches in town are regulated.

One day in the month of January, a young man of fine face and figure, and apparently well born and well bred, sat smoking outside the cafe. It was M. Gaston de Giropey, son of the Baron de Giropey, who, having been educated in Paris, had been at home but once for five years. He was joined by a traveler who had lodged at the hotel, and who was as vulgar in looks dress and bearing, as the other was finished and elegant. He was a grocer in excellent business in Paris, and was journeying in the provinces to collect articles for his shop. He called himself M. Alexander, ignoring his coarse surname, Pompon. He appeared to be simply trying to kill time, but he was in reality seeking information respecting Faustine, the Colonel's daughter, who, an orphan, lived with her aunt, Mlle. Victoire, in the paternal mansion. He discovered that her mother was noble, but that her father had only his commission. As he talked, he watched the house with singular pertinacity, and was rewarded by seeing a little white hand set a pot of mignonette outside a window of the drawing-room, and lift the muslin cur-

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tain which intercepted the light. Then a charming profile became visible. It was that of a young girl who wrought steadily and rapidly upon an embroidered band. She wore a simple brown dress with a little kerchief of fine calico, her hair made into a heavy knot allowed one to see the pure oval of her face, and her cheek of a rosy whiteness. Presently the stranger returned to his chamber in the hotel and fixed his eyes upon Faustine, from whom he scarcely withdrew them until long past midnight. After this, taking advantage of an announcement upon a placard, "First floor to let," he called upon the ladies upon the pretense of inquiring terms. His visit was satisfactory, inasmuch as he was introduced to Mlle. de Gondoville, and received from her a package of embroidery to be delivered to a merchant at Marseilles.

The ladies of the great house were very poor, but Mlle. Victoire had a horror of being thought so. They dressed in old garments, kept no servant, scarcely allowed themselves any fire, raised silkworms, and spun silk, and embroidered the belief that she was prompted by avarice, and that there were fine linen, plate and jewels under lock and key, besides a magnificent dowry for Faustine invested in the funds.

Mlle. de Giropey was deceived like every body else, and therefore selected Faustine for a bride for her son. With womanly tact she furnished him with an excuse for recommending an acquaintance which had long been confined to occasions of ceremony, and when she found that his affections were firmly fixed upon the maiden, she went herself to demand her hand of her aunt. To her amazement that lady refused her permission and without assigning a reason, but her niece, who loved as fondly as she was beloved, confessed with tears that her great poverty had alone compelled her to this course.

Pecuniary considerations would have weighed lightly with Mlle. de Giropey but that she, also, was obliged to live scantily and anxiously. Her husband was entirely a man of the world. He had drunk hard and played deeply, and only paused in his ruinous career when paralytic had reduced him to a daily journey from the bed to the sofa and from the sofa back to the bed. If she had been richer she would have been satisfied with the rare loveliness both of person and character of her intended daughter-in-law; but, situated as she was, she thought it necessary for Gaston to marry a fortune. With much regret she withdrew her proposal, and without informing Gaston of it, she sent him to Marseilles, ostensibly upon immediate business, but with a letter of introduction to a wealthy gentleman, the father of a marriageable maiden. She hoped thus to divert his mind and to soften his regret when he should come to know the wife he had.

Soon afterward M. Alexander reappeared. He had, as he said, been detained by fever. Certainly he had suffered, but it was as much from his mind as his body. He had fallen passionately in love with Faustine, and he feared, not without reason, that she would reject his suit. Upon reaching his old apartment at the hotel, he ran to the window, and looked at the Colonel's house which appeared as silent and desolate as before, except at one casement, where a pot of mignonette still flourished, and where Mlle. sat working in her accustomed place.

"It is she, herself," he murmured, his heart palpating, his lips trembling. "Ah! what happiness! It is almost pain! It seems to me that I shall die! Oh, love is both sweet and terrible." He fell back in his chair a moment, then throwing aside the black silk cap which he had worn over his traveling cap for the sake of warmth, and the hideous socks which covered his leather shoes, he put on a hat, buttoned his frockcoat over his colored shirt, and presented himself at the great house in order to offer his hand to Mlle. Faustine. He was so overwhelmed with emotion that it was with the utmost difficulty he could introduce the subject but when did so, it was in a frank, straightforward manner. He spoke of his birth—it was low but without stain; of his business—it was so flourishing that he hoped in a few years to retire upon a fortune. He had lived to the age of thirty-four without any thought of marriage, having never before seen a woman whose society appeared to him particularly attractive. Now, existence would be a burden if unshared by Mlle. He would not, however, have had courage to address her, but for a single circumstance. He had been very jealous of a fine young man named Giropey, who he feared would marry Mlle, but he had met him in Marseilles, accompanying a very pretty young girl who was on the arm of an old gentleman with decorations, and he had so decidedly the air of a lover who sees no difficulties in the way, that his happiness gave him courage to return and seek a decision of his own fate. With sincere humility he said that he knew he had little to recommend him to her regard, yet he hoped that various considerations would induce her to weigh his proposal.

Mlle. Victoire had listened angrily and impatiently, and now haughtily repulsed the eager suitor, but Faustine said, "Monsieur, you perhaps expect in marrying to find a considerable dowry." "Not at all," he replied earnestly, "for I know that you labor. The merchant at Marseilles told me that you earned forty francs a month by your needle, and that it was all your income." "I will think of what you have just said," returned Faustine, "and we will see you again."

Some days afterward the marriage of this apparently ill-sorted couple was celebrated at the early mass. No one was present at the ceremony except Mlle. de Giropey and Mlle. Victoire, and the newly-wedded departed immediately, leaving for aidous hundred francs to be given to the poor.

About two years later, an elegant carriage passed down one of the avenues of the Champs Elysees. It contained a young woman, whose charming face was framed in a hat of pink crepe, and a fat man in a black coat and yellow gloves. "Look upon this side, Mlle. Alexander," said the fat man. "See that little woman. She has a very handsome shawl upon her shoulders. You must have a shawl like that, Mlle. Alexander."

"Thanks, thanks," returned the young woman, but it is too handsome, too expensive."

"Can anything be too beautiful for you, Mlle. Alexander?" replied the fat man, regarding her with intense admiration. "As to the price, I must judge, and he struck his hand upon his forehead, where the crown rattled with a metallic sound.

"The clear air has given me an appetite. My wife, where do you wish to dine to-day?" asked M. Alexander.

"I do not know—where you please." "No, choose yourself."

"Ah, well, at the English cafe." "We will go to the English cafe, and from thence to the Comic-Opera; will we not?"

"Very willingly, my friend." "That will be perfect. I do not care very much about the opera. If it were not for the dancing and the view of the boxes, I should not go to hear the uproar. But what am I saying? I should go all the same, my puss, because you love music?"

"What signifies it? I renounce the Opera from to-day. Do not thank me. I make this little sacrifice very willingly."

"I know you do," exclaimed M. Alexander, with transport. "I know you are an incomparable woman. I thought this morning when I was dressing, have now been married two years and my wife has contradicted me in nothing. Truly, I should be monster not to render her happy."

"There are many better women than I am," murmured Mlle.

"I do not believe it," said M. Alexander, with energy. "You have but a single fault, that of being naturally a little sad, but I do not reproach you with it, my puss. I only think how to cheer you."

"At present, unfortunately, I can only take you to drive and to the theatre on Sunday, but when we shall have retired from trade, when I shall have time to amuse you, every day shall be a festival day for you. We will have a carriage of our own. We will go into the country, we will take a journey to Italy, we will lead a happy life together—you believe it, do you not?"

"Yes, my friend," replied Faustine, with a sigh of gratitude and resignation. Then she looked from the window and her eyes encountered those of Gaston de Giropey. She concealed with an effort the mingled joy and sorrow which this glance gave her, but the kind of tranquillity in which she had hitherto lived was gone. Her husband inspired her at the same time with the most opposite emotions; a lively gratitude and an unconquerable aversion, a high respect for the honesty of his character and a deep disdain for his narrow mind and vulgar manners. The marks of tenderness and confidence which he heaped upon her filled her with remorse. Still her self-control and her extreme sweetness of disposition prevented any suspicion of her sufferings, until one day when a letter, bearing the customary marks of mourning, was laid on the counter. M. Alexander broke the seal and exclaimed, "Hold! hold! wife, that poor M. Giropey is dead. What a misfortune! He was such an amiable young man!"

At these words Faustine cast upon her husband a look of despair, and then fled to her chamber. Then she threw herself upon her knees, extended her hands for a moment toward heaven with suppressed sobs, and she sank down shedding a torrent of tears. Her husband had followed her, and when this paroxysm of grief was partially over, she saw him standing beside her. He regarded her with a quiet fury, and said, "I am not jealous of a dead man, so you can tell me the truth and clear your conscience. Did you love this young man?"

She held down her head and remained silent.

"Ah, do you not dare to tell me that you have been his mistress?" cried Mr. Alexander.

"I loved him, but he has never been my lover," haughtily replied Faustine.

She took the letter with a trembling hand, but scarcely had her eyes fallen upon the first lines that a faint color returned to her cheeks, and she breathed more deeply and easily.

M. Alexander observed her with amazement. He then again looked at the unfortunate mistress, and muttered through his shut teeth, "Ah! I was deceived. It is another Giropey who is dead."

There was a long silence; then the husband turned toward his wife a countenance as impassible as marble, and said with cold authority "descend to the counter."

After that, M. Alexander avoided all allusion to this scene. One might have thought that he had forgotten it all together, but that he was so changed in manner and disposition. He labored with the feverish activity of one who hopes for repose only from excessive fatigue.

He treated Faustine with cold respect and watched her so closely that she had

not a moment of liberty. He relinquished all out-of-door business and never left the shop except on Sunday, when as formerly, he took her out for a drive and finished the day at the theatre.

While they were thus estranged, the revolution of 1848 broke out. M. Alexander was at first distinguished by the grand commotion, and when a national guard was reorganized he revolted from the idea of serving the republic. At first roll of the drum he shut up his shop and contented himself with looking out from behind the venetian blinds. All at once, he became sombre, silent and indifferent to every thing. The livid pallor of his face gave him a sinister aspect, and for the first time Faustine trembled in his presence.

The dreadful days of June arrived, M. Alexander did not open his shop, but remained in his chamber observing all that passed. Suddenly he cried, "There is one whom I know, and whom I have watched," and he seized his musket.

"Where are you going?" asked Faustine in fright.

"To fight," he replied, "behind the barricades, for he will be before them."

He hastened from the house, and was already at a distance when his wife had reached the lower steps of the staircase.

The moments passed heavily. By and by a trumpet was heard, and a crowd brought the unfortunate grocer on a litter, bathed in blood and giving no signs of life. He was removed to his bed, and a physician examined his wound while Faustine, standing by his pillow, would willingly have given her life to recall that of her husband.

"My wife," said M. Alexander in a feeble voice.

"I am here, my friend," she answered, bending over him.

"Do not grieve, my poor wife—it is not your fault that I die thus. Pardon me I have given you many sad days, and you have given me two years of happiness. I die without regret because I believe you will yet be happy. You may marry him whom you love. It was not he who wounded me. I am dying—Embrace me, my wife."

She bent down with tears, and put her arms about him with an indelible movement of pity, regret, and tenderness.

"Ah," murmured he, "it is the first time."

He breathed with difficulty, but found strength to say, "My wife, I am naturally a little sad, but I do not reproach you with it, my puss. I only think how to cheer you."

At present, unfortunately, I can only take you to drive and to the theatre on Sunday, but when we shall have retired from trade, when I shall have time to amuse you, every day shall be a festival day for you. We will have a carriage of our own. We will go into the country, we will take a journey to Italy, we will lead a happy life together—you believe it, do you not?"

Soon Gaston appeared. "You have not gone, mother?" said he, surprised.

"No, my dear boy," she replied, taking his arm. "The mourning of the young widow is over; and you will accompany me to her house to-day."

"Will she permit me?" cried the young man with an expression of troubled joy. "Ah, mother, I no longer hope. Your silence, this pertinacity with which she has made her retirement absolute, has made me fear a resolution which all my love cannot change. Alas, who knows if she will not cast me into the sea by a refusal?"

"When I tell you to come!" replied Mlle. de Giropey smiling. "She would not see you during her widowhood; but was I not there every day? Go, Faustine already calls me mother."

READING.—Reading is one of the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

RECREATION (says Bishop Hall) is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, but otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing—his grass may grow and his steed may starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting—laboring much to little purpose.

What is called the keeping up of appearances is oftentimes a moral, or rather immoral, uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen.

An hotel and livery-stable keeper at a fashionable watering place, advertised, among other inducements to visitors, "sociables for young ladies and gentlemen, and suitcases for married folks."

A YOUNG SAGE.—First boy: "I say, Bill, then you're getting a crown a week now?" Second boy: "Well, you might a know that, by seeing all the fellers come soapin' around me that wouldn't a noticed me when I was poor."

A certain Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark that "no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

A servant being sent to match a china plate returned with one of an entirely different pattern. After scolding for some time, the mistress said, "Stupid! I do you not see that the two are entirely different?" "No ma'am," was the reply; "only one of them is different."

LOVE ON THE ICE.

Mother is asleep—
Father will be late;
See the night is deep,
Let us have a skate.

O! such jolly fun—
O! but sure slow—
Just from nine till one
Flinging on the ice.

Dashing from the land
With the swallows speed,
You can squeeze my hand
If there's any need;

No one here can see—
Even if they do,
What is it to me?
What is it to you?

There, Sir, in your haste
You have caught my gown—
Clasp me round the waist,
Or I'll sure lose you—
Well, I do declare,
Such a fervid grip;
Maybe next you'll dare
Just to touch my lip.

My ankle isn't strong—
Down and fit the strap;
Why so precious long?
Such an awkward grasp.
Love me! what's such talk
Of I love you? No,
Home you'd better walk,
I'll find another bean.

AN AFFECTING PICTURE.

The following is the most beautiful and affecting incident we know associated with a shipwreck. The Grosvenor East Indian, a homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffaria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot across the trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope.

With the forlorn object before them, they will separate into two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little child seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who had been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a litter, across broad rivers by the swimming sailors, they carry him by turns through the deep and long grass (he is presently walking at all times); they share with him such patrid fish as wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, bids behind—Blest by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!

Forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful cox-wain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but as they go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, laps his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sun-burnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, un-proud of his own prechard and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companies alone in the wilderness—and then time comes when both are ill and begin their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by one another day. They waited by them one day, they waited by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying—the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on a few days, lies down in the desert and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it?—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

ACCOMPANYING A Noah's ark from Germany, and on sale in our toy-shops, is a catalogue of the inmates thereof in German, French, and English. Amongst them we find "two mice, three chickens, but, best of all, 'eight men, viz.: four men and four wives.'"

The Troy Why says:—"A gentleman of this city who took the occasion on last Sabbath to doctor some cider; so as to keep it sweet was taken to task by his good wife, for laboring on the Sabbath. His reply was, that no good Christian ought to find fault with his work on that day, as he had been doing his best to prevent his cider from working."

An Unpoetical Simile: Adolphus Scatterdash remarks that "the parting glory of a summer's eve" would be a very fine and enjoyable, only that it always unpleasantly reminds "a fellow" of expiring bills, being so closely allied to falling dew.

EDUCATED ORIFICES.—Owls sitting in judgement on the light.

MIND.

The school, the college, the press and the pulpit, all address themselves to the mind, and while they are so doing, they admit the superiority of the invisible over the visible—of the immaterial over the material—of mind over matter. The Senators have to deal with it. The courts and the Judges consider it. The laws are made for its guidance and control.

It directs commerce. It tunnels mountains and fills the valleys. It has soared on a silken thread to the clouds of heaven, and taken the lightning captive, and brought it as a harmless element to the earth. It sends it, as a courier, with messages of love to friends far distant.

It has made the "iron-horse," and driven him on his journey of a thousand miles, carrying in his train a community of people and of goods. It has fashioned the ships, and drawn the winds into the white sails of commerce, and wrought an interchange of the blessings of God's bounty in all climes and regions. By its aid, steam has set at naught the unfavorable currents and the contrary winds. It has made machinery to take the place of muscle and of bone, and now it clothes, and feeds, and lodges the lowest mortal, in a more bountiful and comfortable manner than kings in former times could command.

The music of the poet, the pathos of the writer, the eloquence of the orator, and the spirit of the divine, are but illustrations of the influence, the power, the activity, and the immense superiority of mind over matter. The attributes of God—those attributes which we perceive by a perception higher than that of the senses—such as power, wisdom, love, like the life which they have endowed us, are fixed and unchangeable—the same at the creation of the world, as they will be through the never-ending ages of eternity. These attributes are infinitely above the perception of the comprehension of man. As it was said of old, mortal organs cannot come in contact with these—material senses cannot be impressed with their undivided splendor and glory, and continue to exist.

The universe owes its origin and its continuance to the power, wisdom and love of God. All the material objects which surround us from the tiniest grain of sand, or the floating atom that is only discovered by the highest convexity of the lens, to the bright orb of heaven, floating around their central sphere; all present traces of these Divine attributes are impressed with their undivided splendor and glory, and continue to exist.

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