

Poetry.

AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

Through my window shows the stain
Of the oak, grown redly here;
Autumn frost and Autumn rain
Fall a month too soon this year—
Fall a month too soon, my dear.

Were you sitting near to me,
Oh my friend, this dreary day,
Brownest fields would seem to be
Sweet with speckled pinks and hay,
And the maples twice as gay.

In their yellow caps they stand,
Down the ridges, two by two,
Looking very proud and grand.
As if God had made them new,—
As I should be loved by you.

From its flower of biting thorns,
Will the sweetbriar break in May,
Like a thousand little morns
To one round and rosy day?
Never, with my love away.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still,
With soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnets from the thorn;
The skylarks warble in a tone less shrill.
Hail! light serene, hail! sacred Sabbath morn,
The rocks float silently by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forget to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

Select Tale.

WHICH WAS THE COWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Will you bear that?"

The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing another person about his own age, on whose flushed countenance was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was a time for response, Logan said sharply, and in a tone of stinging contempt:

"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—"

Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added, "You will resent the insult!"

Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word "coward" in that instant of time, would have more fittingly applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the indignant light from the eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him for the moment!

"We have been fast friends, James," said Wilson, calmly. "But, even if that were not so, I will not strike you."

"You're afraid."

"I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong."

"Pah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the other contemptuously.

"You know me better than that, James Logan; and I am sorry that in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me such mean vices. I reject the implied allegation as false."

There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson that he did not attempt to suppress.

"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he were about to strike the other in the face.

The eye of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow he assailed his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to provoke an assault. But Wilson was not thus to be driven from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

"If I am a coward, well," he said. "I would rather be a coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my friend."

At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of merry voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked away in the direction from which the voices came; while the other two remained where they had been standing.

"Why didn't you knock him down?" said the companion of Wilson.

The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale, shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed the other, impatiently; and, turning off, he went in the direction taken by Logan.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands, continued motionless for several minutes. How much he suffered in that little space of time we will not attempt to describe. The struggles with his indignant impulses had been very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.

The occasion of this misunderstanding is easily told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party from a neighbouring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat by the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and a half a dozen maidens; and, as it often happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some act of Logan that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with words of cutting insult: so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and moved slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavourable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word, "coward," from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise; and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial: and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out into the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of a milldam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were

stretching out their hands towards their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succour.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the milldam, and that nigh at hand, Logan and two other young men had loosened it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:

"Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost."

But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and, bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light skiff sprang forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time left ere the down-sweeping current would bear the frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not three feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current, held it poised a few yards from the point where the foamed waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go he could easily save himself. But, not once did such a thought enter his own heart.

"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.

And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight uninjured.

"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered, with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Far lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a little louder voice than she had intended.

"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted. "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"

Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said:

"I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live."

Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted

me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam."

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

Miscellaneous.

THE SABBATH QUESTION AND THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the Bath Chronicle:

SIR.—It may appear as if harping upon an old string to write or speak about Sabbath observance; but while we have an influence at work calculated to undermine that noble institution, which was the pride and glory of our forefathers, so long must every energy be put forth by the friends of the Sabbath, to counteract that influence. And when we take into consideration that there is a committee of influential men (who are at this moment busy at work) formed to carry on a warfare against Sabbatarianism, we ought, in good earnest, to gird ourselves for the fight, knowing full well that victory must be ours, because we have truth on our side.

A meeting has recently been held at St. Martin's Hall, London, by the National Sunday League, at which, we are told, 800 persons were present, the majority of whom were in favor of certain arguments advanced by the various speakers, and carried the resolution brought forward with an air of triumph. Now, it appears very obvious that the design of the Sabbath was totally lost sight of at that meeting; and there can be no doubt, if the subject had been brought before the public in its proper light, the resolution would have been thrown overboard. Because this was not done, I offer this as an apology for intruding upon your columns.

The advocates of the National Sunday League consider according to the statements of the chairman, that "innocent recreation on the Sunday was in accordance with the Scriptures." In order to find out if this statement be true, it will be necessary to ascertain the design of the Sabbath. I propose to do this in the most simple way, without quoting from any author for or against the subject.

The Sabbath was, undoubtedly, instituted for two important ends—1st, *rest from labor*; 2ndly, *spiritual edification*. There appears such a simplicity about the institution of the Sabbath, that the only wonder is, how some people are so blind upon the subject. The very first glimpse of light that the Scriptures shed upon Sabbath observance is, that God "rested the seventh day from all the work which he hath made." Not that God needed rest, but it was to show man that he was not made to toil always, but that an interval of rest would be necessary in order to refresh the body, and prepare it for another six days' toil. But we also find that, when God rested from labour, he sanctified the day, and made it holy; showing, also to man that the day of rest was not to be abused; that not merely the taking care of the body was needed, but that a greater work had to be performed—the preparing the mind to hold intercourse with the Creator. This, then, was the design of the Sabbath, *rest from toil and communion with the Deity*.

Passing over a period of 2,500 years, we come to the giving of the moral law upon Mount Sinai. Let it not be supposed, however, that we take it for granted that the Sabbath was abolished during that period; we might prove that it was not so, but our object now is to lay a stress upon the moral law, and to prove from thence that no work was to be done on the Sabbath, and that holiness was required. The command reads thus—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day." "In it thou shalt do no manner of work." What, I ask, could be more precise? What do words mean if they do not imply *do no work*, and *seek after holiness*. A death-like stillness ought then to prevail in the workshop and the factory, the ledger ought to be closed, with all its perplexities, for the day, and no business of any sort ought to be transacted. Such appears to be the meaning of the Fourth Commandment. How does this tally with the "innocent recreation" referred to? Before we give a just judgement, we must ascertain what this "innocent recreation" really is. Does it mean that, after a working-man has toiled in a confined workshop or factory all the week, he must take a little exercise in the green fields, and breathe an unadulterated atmosphere. The Sabbatarian have no objection to this. They value health just as much as those who are opposed to Sabbath observance. What we assert the Bible also affirms, that it is not lawful to seek pleasure on the Sabbath Day; and the man who does so, acts in direct opposition to the Fourth Commandment; for holiness is the thing to be sought, not pleasure. Thus we prove two things, 1st, that if the public