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Poetry.

SONG FOR THE SEASON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our caves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild roses blow,
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm!
Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,
And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue!
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest through Autumn leaves.

Mournfully pours, as it sings and soars,
The West wind over the land and seas,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze!
So Music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while [illegible]
To think it was [illegible] one at rest;
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is man made to as perfectly fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts strewn thickly o'er
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed, where the branches are shed
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!

Select Tale.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

In September, 1852, I occupied a room in a two-story frame building on Stockton St. In the house were perhaps half a dozen lodgers—possibly more. As I seldom visited any room during the day, and invariably retired at 10 o'clock, I rarely met any of my neighbors—or if I did, it was without my knowing them. With two of my fellow lodgers I became partially acquainted. One was a middle aged man, occupying a room adjoining mine, and divided from it by a thin partition. Against that thin boundary stood our beds—the middle aged gentleman's and mine—not to exceed three inches apart. The middle-aged gentleman was wedded to the habit of snoring; and his was a peculiar snore; not a periodical murmur, accompanying every fourth or fifth respiration, but terrific and uninterrupted combination of snort, groans and snuffles, with the addition of teeth grinding, and occasional plunges of the extremities against the footboard. For a week I bore up against the clatter. At length, one night I knocked at his door. I was desperate. He rose, struck a light, and for the first time we met face to face. I had prepared myself to deluge him with sarcasm—to abuse him with billingsgate—to sink him with abuse. His face was so round and jovial, and his head so entirely destitute of hair, that I could not summon courage to utter a harsh word. For a moment we peered into each other's faces.

'Can I do anything for you, sir?' I inquired.

Smith, for that was his name, must have read my thoughts—must have known that he snored—must have been aware of the object of my visit—for he immediately replied—

'Yes, my friend, join me in a glass of brandy and water—I have a few drops of something genuine. Permit me to insist,' he continued, observing my hesitation; 'you will then all the better for it,' and he gave me a look swelling over with commiseration.

I meekly followed him to the side-board, and we pledged each other in a glass of ancient vintage. He then pressed me to smoke a cigar: I could scarcely do less. Sitting on the side of the bed, with his round visage peeping through a cloud of smoke, and his fat legs swinging good-naturedly, Smith was a picture. Together we would have afforded an amusing sketch for Punch. He talked incessantly, and before I left him, we resolved that he might snore night and day, for a year to come, and I would not disturb him. I wrung his hand in an ecstacy of friendship, and bade him an affectionate good night. I tumbled into my bed, but tried in vain to sleep. Smith's brandy was playing strange tricks with my fancy, and I felt as though something was whispering, as to Macbeth, 'Sleep no more!' I lit a candle, and found that it was two o'clock. Irritated at my wakefulness, I drew on my clothes and was soon in the street. The moon rode high in the heavens, and the night was beautiful as a poet's dream. Strolling along the street as far as Clay, I suddenly turned the corner, and encountered a crowd of half drunken rowdies, standing in front of a house they had either just left, or were about to enter. In the act of retracing my steps, I heard some one exclaim in a bavish tone:

'Not to-night, gentlemen; some other time, but not to-night; please excuse me.'

The speaker in passing along the street, had been stopped by the rowdies and invited to drink.

'Bah!' exclaimed a number of voices; 'you must come up to the scratch—either drink or fight.'

'But, gentlemen, I cannot,' insisted the stranger, struggling to free himself from the grasp of his persecutors. 'I can neither drink nor fight to-night; I am not well.'

'Gammon,' growled the party, attempting to force him into the house.'

I felt that as a conservator of the peace and champion of society, it was my duty to interfere. Smith's brandy told me so, and furnished the nerve, in addition, to carry out the resolution. Stalking quietly in upon the crowd, I laid my hand upon the boy's shoulder, and requested him to follow me. He turned to comply, when 'Give him one!' yelled one of the rowdies, and the next moment I received a blow on the back of the neck, and found myself leaning against the side of a house. I was not stunned, but exasperated beyond measure. The liquor of my bald fellow-lodger settled my nerves for action, and I threw myself into a position of defence. Not doubting my perefect ability to scatter that crowd over an acre of ground, I invited the unequal contest. The appearance of a policemen spared the impending slaughter, for the party suddenly left the field. My companion informed the policemen of what had occurred, and he started in pursuit of the retreating rowdies, enjoining us to find our way to our lodgings. Taking the arm of the lad, we proceeded toward our room. He was a pale faced, interesting looking young man, of perhaps eighteen or nineteen years, remarkably well bred and intelligent. He was dressed in good taste, without affecting any of the airs of maturer years, and I was quite taken with him. He told me his name was Richard Jansen; that he was alone in California, but not without means; that he lived on Stockton street, and, visiting a friend that evening, had been detained to that unusual hour. In a few moments we arrived at my lodgings, and observing he evinced little inclination to part with me, I invited him to accept a portion of my bed for that night. He smilingly declined, stating that he was quite near his own; and I then learned, for the first time, that he occupied a room in the same house and on the same floor with myself. Thus I became acquainted with two of my fellow-lodgers.

Jansen and myself met after that, but it was always in the street or on the stairway. He never invited me to his room, or accepted an invitation to mine. He visited me but once at my office, and then remained less than five minutes. How he spent his time I did not inquire. He was a mystery. I spoke of him to Smith one day. Strange to say, that gentlemen had never seen him, but from my description of him, ventured the opinion that he was either a gambler or a genteel pickpocket. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Smith was right, and after that I treated the young man with unusual coldness. He observed the change, and his look wore a reproach so sorrowful that I half repented having harbored the suspicion of my venerable looking friend, who was fearfully averse to all mysteries.

Occasion called me to my room one evening at an earlier hour than usual. I heard a soft rap at my door, and opening it, found Jansen standing in the entry. 'Come in, Jansen,' I exclaimed, throwing open the door.

'Would you not prefer taking a walk?' he inquired. 'The night is beautiful.'

'I believe not to-night,' I replied, 'some other time.' I was a little piqued that he should persist in remaining outside the door.

'I should be much pleased to have you,' he rejoined. 'I have a few words to say to you in justice to myself, and—'

'Enough,' I interrupted, 'I will go.' I felt assured he desired to tell me something of himself, and I was all anxiety to hear it. It was unpleasant to think him a pickpocket or sharper, and I hoped he might be able to prove to me that he was neither.

We left the house and proceeded along Stockton street to Happy Valley. For ten minutes not a word was spoken. Several times he was on the point of speaking, but as often checked himself.

'Unless I may call you one, I have not a friend in California,' he at length began, placing his hand upon my shoulder. I bowed, but made no reply.

'You do not speak,' he continued, observing my silence. 'I am to understand, I presume, that you are not to be made an exception,'

'To be frank with you, Jansen,' I replied, 'there is a certain mystery about your movements, calculated to give rise to suspicions anything but favorable.'

'O! what nature?' inquired my companion.

'That you are a gambler, or even worse,' I bluntly replied.

He smiled as he replied, 'Yes, yes, I see; yet the suspicion wrongs me.'

'Make it appear so,' I answered, 'and you shall not want a friend.'

'Promise that you will not divulge what I may tell you, or attempt by word or act to thwart me in the accomplishment of a purpose to which I have pledged my soul,' he said, looking me earnestly in the face, 'and you shall have the proof you require.'

'If your purpose is not criminal, I promise; if otherwise, keep your secret,' was my answer.

'Tis what you would do, or any other man worthy of the name.'

'Then I promise; here's my hand.'

'Listen,' he resumed, taking my arm, and walking slowly on. 'I have a twin sister. We were born in Georgia, and our parents were the possessors of a hundred slaves and a plantation large enough to give all employment. When we were fourteen our father died. At the age of sixteen my sister became a convert, during a religious revival, and six months after, in the face of the determined opposition of my mother, ran away with, and married, a young preacher, to whose eloquence the revival owed its origin. My sister did not love the man. Her feelings for him were a religious enthusiasm—a fancy wrought upon by an unnatural infatuation. Learning they were married, my good mother sent for them, and they returned to receive her blessing. The plantation was placed in charge of my sister's husband, and he relinquished the gospel. He frequently visited New Orleans and other large southern cities, during the first year of his marriage; but this circumstance excited no suspicion. To be brief, before two years elapsed, the large estate left us by our father was swept from us, and we were left bankrupt. He had induced my mother to mortgage the plantation, with the view, he said, of purchasing more negroes to work it; but the money was squandered, and the slaves we had were secretly sold by fives and tens until less than a dozen remained. When asked to explain by my mother, he had no excuse to offer. In the midst of this great grief, another wife of Mayhew—that was the villain's name—suddenly made her appearance at the plantation. Learning the residence of her husband, but knowing nothing of his second marriage, she left South Carolina to meet him. My poor sister was heart-broken. Mayhew, to escape prosecution, fled from the State. His first wife was sent to the madhouse, and in three months my poor old mother was laid in the churchyard. My grief-bowed sister—but I will not speak of her. Turning the wreck of our property into money, I started in pursuit of the scoundrel who had dealt such havoc with our peace. Through a dozen States I tracked him, and returned with my mission of vengeance unaccomplished. One year ago, by accident, I learned he was in California. As soon as I recovered from a serious illness under which I was laboring, I took passage for this State. I arrived six months ago. He is here, for I have seen him, and he cannot escape me now! He is even in this city, but little dreams that the pistol is shotted to send him to the great reckoning. I have made few acquaintances, having no wish to implicate others in this work of blood, which must be mine alone. Last night I followed him from the El Dorado, where he spends most of his time, to a house on Powell Street. He has visited it frequently of late, and to-day I understand that he is paying his addresses to a widow lady of wealth, residing there. But he will not marry her, for another week shall not see him alive! You now know all. Have I *one* friend in California?'

To see so much spirit, so much determination, so much manhood, exhibited by a beardless boy, surprised me beyond expression. I offered the brave little fellow my hand, and he felt that he was answered. In silence, we returned to our lodgings. Bidding Jansen good night, I stepped into Smith's room for a moment. I found the old gent somewhat agitated. He had lost a valuable diamond pin that day, and freely intimated that the 'sleek young cuss,' as he denominated Jansen, had stolen it. I so strenuously endeavored to dissipate the impression, that I verily believe he felt inclined to transfer the odium of the supposed theft on me. That night Smith snored louder than usual.

Three days after I met Jansen in the street, and learned that he had taken rooms on Powell street. I did not enquire the reason—I thought I knew it. The next day I again met him. His face was unusually pale, and he said he had not felt better for years. "There is to be a wedding on Powell street to-morrow; at least, so Mayhew says; but there will be no bridegroom. Do you understand,' He placed his finger significantly to his lips, and we separated.

At eight o'clock next morning, as Isaac Mayhew was mounting the steps of the house to which Jansen had traced him six days before, a pistol ball pierced his heart, and he dropped dead upon the pavement. Some unaccountable influence had drawn me to the neighborhood, and hearing the report of a pistol, Jansen's words flashed through my mind, and I started with a dozen others in the direction of the tragedy. Before I arrived on the spot quite a crowd had collected. The body of Mayhew was lying upon the sidewalk, and over it, in speechless agony, stood the widow who was to have been his bride.

'Who saw this?' inquired a policemen.

'I heard the report of a pistol,' said one of the crowd, 'and a minute after saw a man enter that house yonder,' and he pointed to a small frame building on the opposite side of the street.

In an instant the officer, followed by the excited spectators, started for the house. Springing through the crowd, I reached the side of the policeman, and as he knocked at the door I was at his elbow. I felt that Jansen was there. The door was quickly opened by a well dressed lady, and she calmly inquired the object of the visit.

'We are looking for a man who a few minutes ago committed a murder across the street,' said the officer.

'And do you expect to find him in my room, sir?' returned the lady.

'No, madam,' replied the policeman, rather politely, for one of his calling; 'but I will look through your apartments merely as a matter of form, before proceeding to the other portions of the house.'

The officer entered, I closely following. While the officer wes examining the room, I for the first time obtained a fair view of the lady's face. Involuntarily I threw up my hands in amazement, and quick as thought she placed her finger to her lips. In a moment I comprehended all. No—Richard no longer, now that she had slain the destroyer of her peace, but Martha Jansen, my former fellow-lodger. Heavens, what a discovery! And for me to have been so confoundedly blind, too—but no matter. The policeman searched the house, but did not find the murderer.

The next day I met Martha on Montgomery street. She smiled and bowed, and I confess I thought her an exceedingly pretty woman.

A week after she quietly left the State for Georgia, where she is now residing. After the sailing of the steamer, I received a note through the post office from Martha. She explained all, and thanked me for the assistance I had rendered her, and the kindness shown to her imaginary twin brother Richard.

When I informed Smith, as I did one evening, that the 'sleek young cuss,' whom he had viewed with so much suspicion, was a woman, he waited for me to repeat the assertion, and checked himself in the act of calling me a liar. The news excited Smith, and he went to bed drunk that night, and snored as he had never snored before.

She who was to have been the third wife of Mayhew, still lives in San Francisco. She was married in August last. I met her in the street a few days ago. How vividly the sight of her face brought to mind the incidents I have related! She will read this little story, perhaps, and learn, for the first time, why she did not become the wife of Mayhew, the bigamist.

CHAPTER ON QUARRELLING.—One of the most easy, the most common, and most perfectly foolish things in the world is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion. There is no kind of necessity in it, and no species of degree or benefit to be gained by it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, Theologians quarrel; Politicians, Lawyers, Doctors, and Princes, quarrel. The church quarrels; and the State quarrels; Nations, and Tribes, and Corporations; men, women, and children; dogs and cats; birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and upon all manner of occasions.

If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one—it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others—and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.

The reason people quarrel about religion is, because they really have so little of it, and the harder they quarrel the more abundantly so they prove it. A man has a right to stand fast by his religious faith—a right to insist upon it, a right to present it respectfully, on all proper occasions to the consideration of others, but he has no right to quarrel; and any man that will quarrel about those things in my opinion, has not much to [illegible]

From "Wild Sports of India."

A Fight with a Panther.

On the 28th of December, 1858, three of us, being on field service at Simiriah, in the district of Chindwarrah, and requiring some thing to improve our dinner, agreed to go out to shoot a pea-fowl; it being reported that there was nothing else in the neighborhood, I did not take my heavy rifle, nor my shikaree, who remained in camp, sore footed. I had with me a light-shot gun, loaded with shot, and a little revolver carbine. We had scarcely got to the ground, when the first thing that rushed out was a neelgai, or blue bull. We immediately started in pursuit, and after I had put a bullet into one of my barrels, we soon became separated from one another. I had crossed through the hilly jungle to the other side; and while on horseback, at the edge of the jungle, I suddenly came upon two panthers. One was an immense one: but before I could dismount, they had both entered the jungle and gone up the hill. Riding up to the top, I dismounted, and placing myself in about the position where I thought the panthers would come, I kept the village shikaree with me, and directed the three beaters—all I had with me—to throw stones into the bushes from the other side of where I was standing. Almost immediately the smaller panther of the two was roused, and putting her tail up in the air, she moved in my direction, when she stopped. I saw clearly the point of her left shoulder, but not her head, and fired the barrel loaded with ball. She was some twelve yards distant, and fell apparently dead. I then fired the barrel with shot at her backbone, to make sure. To my astonishment, she got up and went down the hill, every now and then falling forward. I saw her distinctly for sixty yards, and then loaded the gun again with one ball, and one shot charge; for I could find no other bullet.

Having warned the village shikaree to keep close behind me with the heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to follow the wounded panther; but had scarcely gone twenty-five yards, when one of the beaters, who was on high ground, beckoned to me, and pointed a little below him, and in front of me. There was the large panther sitting out, unconcealed, between two bushes, a dozen yards befor me. I could not, however, see his head; and, whilst I was thus delayed, he came out with a roar straight at me. I fired at his chest with a ball; and, as he sprang upon me, the shot barrel was aimed at his head. In the next moment he seized my left arm and the gun. Thus, not being able to use the gun as a club, I forced it, crosswise, into his mouth. He bit the stock through in one place; and whilst his upper fangs lacerated my arm and hand, the lower fangs went into the gun. His hind claws pierced my left thigh. He tried very hard to throw me over. In the mean while the shikaree, who, had he kept the spear before him, might have stopped the charge of the panther, had retreated some paces to the left. He now, instead of spearing the panther, shouted out and struck him, using the spear as a club. In a moment the animal was upon him, stripping him of my shikar bag, his turban, my revolving rifle, and the spear. The man passed by me, holding his wounded arm.

The panther crouched five paces in front of me. I knew my only chance was to keep my eye upon him. He sat with all my despoiled property, stripped from the shikaree, around and under him. The first step I moved backwards, keeping my eye on the panther, I fell on my back into a thorn bush, having slipped upon the rock. Here I was still within one spring of the animal, who appeared, as far as I could see, to be not at all disabled by the fight. Nothing could have saved me had he again attacked me; but "there's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," to look out for the life of the wild hunter. I retreated step by step, my face still toward the foe, till I got to my horse, and to the other beaters, who were all collected together some forty yards from the fight. I immediately loaded the gun with a charge of shot, and a bullet that I perchance found; and, taking my revolver pistol out of the holster, and sticking it into my belt, determined to carry on the affair to its issue, knowing how rarely men recover from such wounds as mine. I was bleeding profusely from large tooth wounds in the arm; the tendons of my left hand were torn open, and I had five claw wounds in the thigh. The poor shikaree's left arm was somewhat clawed up; and, if the panther was not killed, the superstition of the natives would go far to kill this man. Terribly frightened as he was, his wounds were not so bad as mine. I persuaded my horse-keeper to come with me; and taking the hog-spear he had in his hand, we went to the spot where lay the weapons stripped from the shikaree. A few yards beyond them there crouched the huge panther. Again, I could not see his head very distinctly, but fired deliberately behind his shoulder. In one moment he was again upon me. I gave him the charge of shot, as I supposed, in his face, but had no time to take aim. The horse-keeper, instead of spearing fell upon his back. In the next moment the panther got hold of my left foot in his teeth, and threw me on my back. I struck at him with the empty gun, and he seized the barrels in his mouth. This was his last effort. I sprang up, and seizing the spear from the horse-keeper, drove it with both hands through his side, and thus killed him. I immediately had my boot pulled off. My foot bled profusely. Fortunately, the wound was in the thin part of the foot, and not in the instep or ancle; but the teeth had met. It was now dark; and had I been unwounded, it would have been useless to attempt to search for the smaller wounded panther. This male measured eight feet two inches, and was one of the largest and most determined panthers I have ever seen. In examining his body, I found that my first bullet had struck him in the throat, and gone nearly through him: the shot charge had cut off one of his fore paws. In the second attack, the bullet had gone under his back-bone and through his body: the shot charge had cut his other fore paw almost to pieces.

I am writing this account eight days after the accident, and I thank God that my wounds are doing well.

"Are you prepared to pay me that bill?" said the landlord of one of the hotels at Ramsgate, the other day, to a guest of his who seemed to evince a decided and practical preference to the credit system. "Certainly, I'll pay it," was the reply, "as soon as I get a remittance from home. But why so uneasy? Am I not putting up with you?" "Yes," said Boniface, "I know you are putting up with me; but I'll [illegible]

What ought to be the Length of Human Life.

What ought to be the length of human life? The Psalmist says the days of our years are "three score and ten," but many of the patriarchs doubled nay, quadrupled, the given period; nay, at that time the sum of life on an average was longer as now it is much shorter; and we would further answer, that to make an average fall below is equally false with making it fall above the truth. If we fix the limit of life at seventy, old age must begin very much earlier than the time at which we have fixed it.

But is there a necessity that human life should end at seventy? History and experience say no.—There be many gay seniors as lively at seventy as others are at fifty; many there be stronger and better men. Is there any comparison to be drawn between the lives of the inferior animals and of men by which we may judge of the average length of our own? Buffon has told us that all the larger animals live about six or seven times the space in which they continue to grow. Others, and those more scientific, following after him, have reduced this to five times the length. But the true data are here found compared and arranged by other writers who have followed Buffon and Cuvier. The length of life is a multiple of the length of growth, thus—Man grows 20 years, lives 90 or 100; the camel grows 8 years, lives 40; the horse grows 5 years, lives 25; the lion grows 4 years, lives 15 to 20; the dog grows 2 years, lives 10 to 12; the cat grows 1½ years, lives 9 to 10; the hare grows 1 year, lives 8; and the guinea-pig grows 7 months, and lives 6 or 7 years. The multiple here is 5.

Thus, by physical analogy, we shall find that man grows for twenty years, and his natural term of life should never be less than one hundred. Great prudence in living, immense strength of constitution, and other circumstances, should secure for men even a longer period of existence. But then we go to bed late and rise late; we strain our faculties, misspend our youth, distress our minds, crib, cabin, and confine the body in the very narrowest limits, and then expect the body to endure all this, and when it suddenly grows old, or succumbs, we put down the fault at the wide door of Nature. Was there ever so so illogical an animal as man? There are those who doubt whether dogs cannot reason. When they do reason they will certainly do it better than we do.

The growth of man, or rather the termination of the growth, is very easily determined. The true sign of the term of animal growth is to be found in the reunion of the bones to their epiphyses. So long as this union does not take place, the animal grows. As soon as the bones are united to their epiphyses the animal ceases to grow. Any person of an inquiring spirit, when picking a chicken, can ascertain this truth. A certain substance like gristle, of very elastic nature, will be found at the end of each bone and in the very young is so far from being united that it comes away with the greatest possible ease. This is not thoroughly united to the bones of any animal till it has ceased to grow. In man this is when he has reached twenty years of age, and the law is therefore not very far wrong when it fixes the term of man attaining the rights and responsibilities of manhood at twenty-one years of age.

Poets have told us that a man may have lived a very long life in a very short space. The value of time is relative. With our increased means of speed, our method of thought, our manner of acquiring knowledge, there is no doubt but that a man of thirty who has at school, college, and business, well filled up his moments, has lived longer than the village partriarch who has passed his bucolic existence very quietly at home. 'It may be cries one hero of our modern writers, 'by the calender of years you are the older man, but 'tis the sun of knowledge on the man's dial, shining bright and chronicling thoughts and deeds, that makes true time.' 'Ay,' says another, 'we should count time by heart-beats; he lives longest who knows most, thinks the wisest, acts the best.'

Measured in this way, our poets and literateurs have lived long; but in duration of time, as we shall see, they have found that an active, earnest, and sad existence has not conduced to its length. When Jacob was brought before Pharaoh, that monarch, no doubt struck by his appearance, asked, 'How old art thou?' And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, 'The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained to the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.' On looking back, Jacob found one hundred and thirty years a short life; he lived seventeen years after that.

Compare with these years and with those attained by other patriarchs, whom it would be superfluous to quote, the short days of our great thinkers.—Spenser died aged 46; Thomson lived till he was 48; Milton till he was 66; Coleridge till 62; Shakspeare 52, Keats 24; Byron aged only 36; and Pope attained, with his poor, emaciated, crooked, little body, 56; while Gray lived just one year less; and the meditative, calm, and religious Wordsworth lingered on till he was 80. Yet he said—

> Oh, but the good die first,
> And we whose hearts are dry as summmer's dust,
> Burn to the socket.

With due deference, with every tender recollection for those gone before us, we deny this. It is a poet's thought, and that only. The really good, the hard-working in brain and heart, often live to the end. Often times the timid and tender-hearted turn to the wall and die, as the Frenchmen say, of chagrin when they, could they have lived on, would have been a blessing to all around them.

THE CABMAN OUTWITTED.—One Sunday morning as a London tract distributor was going to his district, with the bundle of tracts under his arm, he had to pass a cab-stand. One of the cab-men, thinking to have a little amusement at the tract-distributor's expense, called out to a comrade—"I say, Bill, it's half-a-crown a day they get for that job," pointing to the bundle of tracts, half-a-crown a day, Bill! A loud laugh followed the exclamation. The tract-distributor very calmly went up to the men, who were clustered together, and kindly said—"I find, my friends, you are not quite rightly informed on this subject. We do not get half a crown a day for this work, but when, as hirelinss, we have finished our day's work, our Master has promised, if we are faithful that he'll give us a whole crown." The tract distributor, with a friendly "good morning," went on his way, but he has a good reason for hoping that the few words affectionately spoken were not uttered in vain. The [illegible] have ever since [illegible]

AUTUMN SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.—The signs of merry, golden Autumn are multiplying around us. If we listen as evening twilight comes on we may hear the shrill music of the Fall crickets, now in full chorus. Their notes are sharp, yet plaintive to the ear attuned to nature's harmonies. No insect possesses a voice; the cricket accordingly produces its shrill notes by rubbing its wing cases together, and it is only the male who does this.

There is another Autumn sound, not so audible, but even more expressive. As you walk in the woods at this season a light rustling sound steals repeatedly upon the ear. *It is the falling leaf*—the stealthy footstep of approaching winter. The leaves fall like the generations of men, and the woods in Autumn are full of instruction to the contemplative mind.

But if the sounds of Autumn are low and plaintive its sights are gay enough. Already the fields are turning red, and brake and bramble are blooming with gold and crimson. Although the great body of the foliage yet retains the dark green tint of midsummer, yet here and there the maple shows a scarlet spot, the birch and yellow tassel, while occasionally a whole tree has burst into crimson. The foliage of the wood, as you look through a long vista is kaleidescopic, its tremulous leaves exhibiting a rich variety of beautiful colors and symmetrical forms. The summer wild flowers have gone to sleep—even the stately Golden Rod is nodding, only the Aster is open eyed.

The gorgeous colors of our Autumn foliage are commonly attributed to the action of the frost, but it is probable that they are quite as much due to the ripening of the leaf. As fruit and flowers the leaves blush into maturity, taking on the color which belongs to ripeness and which precedes their fall. Greenness in leaf, as flower and fruit, is the color of growth, and changes at maturity into richer hues. Autumn is the ripe and mellow season of the year, and so wears a gay color by right, though underneath them a plaintive strain tells that ripeness is but the prelude to de[illegible]

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of [illegible] for we [illegible] its grounds as with [illegible]

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