

## Poetry.

(For the Religious Intelligencer.)

**THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.**

Hark! hark! the voice of autumn  
Is stealing on the breeze—  
See! see! the withered foliage  
Beneath the naked trees.

The autumn winds are blowing  
Where sunless zephyrs play'd;  
And crisp and faded verdure  
Where modest flow'rs a swayed.

The pleasant groves where songsters  
Poured forth their cheerful strains,  
Are silent; for their tenants  
Have gone to other plains.

The noble forests bending  
Beneath the howling blast,  
With cloathing scar and yellow,  
Proclaim the sunner past.

The withered leaves' dull rustles  
Autumn's sky all drear,  
Tell of that life is closing,  
And death is drawing near.

Ye soul thy summer  
Is flying swiftly on;  
Ere half thy work is finished,  
The harvest will be done.

Awake my soul and labour,  
Not lay thy weapons down,  
Till the holy war is finished,  
And thou hast won the CROWN.

Kingscraig 1859.

### FAITH.

Faith is the Christian's prop,  
Whereon his sorrows lean;  
t is the substance of his hope,  
His proof of things unseen.  
It is the anchor of his soul,  
Whom tempests rage and billows roll.

Faith is the polar star,  
That guides the Christian's way,  
Directs his wanderings from afar,  
To realms of endless day;  
It points the course where'er he roams,  
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form,  
Hung on the brow of heaven,  
The glory of the passing storm,  
The pledge of mercy given;  
It is the bright, triumphal arch,  
Through which the saints to glory march.

## Children's Department.

Written for the Religious Intelligencer.

### Autumn.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—If you will just open your Bibles to the sixty-fourth chapter of Isaiah you will find that a portion of the sixth verse reads thus "We all do fade as a leaf." You will also notice that the whole chapter is a continuation of a prayer of the very first converts from among the dispersed Jews, when Israel was about to be reinstated in the church. Now the true theological meaning of this little sentence, is, that persons who trust or confide in their own merits will fade as a leaf, and will be driven by the wrath of God against their iniquities into eternal misery!

O my dear little children, however good your parents and friends may tell you that you are always bear in mind that by nature you all have very wicked hearts, very unclean hearts, and you know that the Bible says of the heart, "It is a cage of unclean birds," that means savage, quarrelsome, and at enmity against every thing that is good, and consequently, at enmity against God, and against his law which is holy, and just, and good. O how wicked, how very wicked we all are by nature. "But thanks be unto God," infinite mercy has opened up a channel by which we may obtain favor, even through the redeeming blood of Christ, which is able to cleanse from the foulest, deepest, darkest stain that sin has made! ye, able to melt the hardest heart. O what a blessed thought! how consoling, that the sword of justice is for a time sheathed, and mercy! mercy! mercy! is the glad sound that salutes our ears; and it is surely of God's infinite mercy alone that you and I have not faded as the leaves, "for we all do fade as a leaf."

Now you all understand that before a leaf can be seen on the tree, that there must be a bud. Before the full or ripe corn, there must be the ear, and before the ear, there must be the blade. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. O how beautiful is the growth of everything! Just take a walk with me in the field for a few moments, children. What green plant is this we see, is the inquiry of some little girl. That is a stalk of corn my child. Corn! says the little one in astonishment, why, I don't see any corn sir! But you must remember Helen that this is the spring of the year and consequently, you see only the blade. Let us now take a walk into the forest yonder. See here children, what are these little round things like marbles lying beneath this tree? Nuts you all exclaim, yes, these are the nuts which the oak tree produces or bears, their proper name is Acorns, and this great tree under which we now stand was once a little Acorn like this one I now hold in my hand. First the blade, then the corn, then the full corn in the ear.

You will remember dear children, that all these things begin their growth in the Spring and the little oak bush only one year old shows only what it will be in each successive year, except in size. The acorn bursts its shell and while some of the little fibres go down in the ground and form the roots, one

or more stalks comes up above the ground, and the little buds appear upon that stalk, then the refreshing rains and cheering smiling beams of the sun causes those little buds to swell and expand, and bye and bye, out pops the beautiful, green silken leaf; then they grow through the summer season and cover that little bush all over with a splendid dress. But hark! what noise is that? what rustling sound, see, the trees and little bushes bow themselves and groan and scream as though they had feeling just like we have; ah my little friends, that noise, that moaning, sighing sound is the breath of "AUTUMN," how cold, oh how cold, just see the leaves shiver, look how pale they turn. The leaves upon the great oak and the leaves on the tall popular and beautiful willow and that little bush that we saw have all, all faded.

Now, my dear children, you are all in the spring time of life. Childhood represents spring. Let us go into the forest again for a few minutes. See, here is one of those acorns that has just sprung up, but something has opened it, an old dead branch, perhaps, has fallen from the parent-tree and crushed the little tender plant, (Oh how often is this done,) or perhaps there has been on the past night a heavy frost. Who knows. Something, however, has killed it. It is dead! Died before summer! Died before it grew to be a tree! Just exactly like some little children. O how many children die. Yes, they die in the spring. Some crushed to death and others nipped by the cold, cold frost of death! One poet has written.

"Happy the babe, who, priviledged by fate  
To shorten labour and a lighter weight,  
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,  
Ordered to-morrow to lie down in death."  
"We all do fade as a leaf." B. F. R.

### I am going to be an Angel.

Children have an instinctive dread of the grave, and though heaven may be associated with delightful thoughts, they shrink from a passage to it through the tomb. The following beautiful sketch, from one of our exchanges, teaches that this aversion may sometimes be overcome;

The last rays of the setting sun stole through the dancing leaves, and shed a golden radiance over a lovely garden, imparting an additional beauty to every bud and blossom. But the fairest flower upon which the sunbeams shone was a pale, spiritual child, who stood inhaling the perfumed air, and surveying with apparent delight the many-hued flowers. As she looked and admired, her blue eyes sparkled, and a faint colour just tinged her fair cheek, as if reflected from the roses, which, as she passed, scattered the blushing petals upon her head. Presently her attention was withdrawn from the flowers, and directed to the Western sky, which the sun's departing rays had dyed with gorgeous hues. The trees upon the mountain's brow seemed as if painted upon the glowing horizon, and clouds of silver white, tinted off with gold and crimson, floated above them.

As the child stood enraptured with the beauty of the sky, light fingers strayed through her sunny tresses, fond eyes were bent upon her, and a voice sweet and gentle, said, "Of what are you thinking, Lillie?"—The child pointed upward with her slender finger, saying, "O, mama, how beautiful! I should like to be away up there with the angels!" The mother looked up and answered, "Yes, darling, the clouds are very beautiful to-night." "But, mama, do you know what makes them beautiful? I do; it is just because the angels are in them, and I would look right down here, sometime, upon you, mama?" Say, don't you think I will?

The mother made no reply, for tears were in her eyes, and a shadow upon her head, and tenderly embracing the fragile little creature, and kissing her white brow, she tried to divert her thoughts.

But the child continued, "Mamma, I want to be an angel; but I don't want to die, as little Jessie did, and be put in cold ground. You won't let me die and be buried up, will you, mama?"

"When the Saviour calls my little lamb, I shall have to give her up. You would be willing to go to Jesus and never be sick any more, wouldn't you darling?"

The mother kissed the tearful eyes, and caressing the trembling form, said: "Don't you remember, darling, the little dark room which you saw me plant right here in the spring?"

"O yes, mama, I remember you dug a little hole in the ground and put it in, and then you covered it all up."

"Do you know what became of that little root, Lillie?"

"Yes, mama, I do, replied the child, with brightening eyes. "It came up with two lovely green leaves, and it grew into that tall shrub, which has so many beautiful flowers upon it."

"If I had not planted the root in the cold ground, would we have had these sweet flowers, which you love so well, Lillie?"

"No mama, we would not!"

"Listen to me, darling; we must die and be buried up in the cold ground, that our spirits may rise up—as these flowers do above the earth—in beauty and purity to heaven. If we do not die, my child, we can never go to heaven to live with Christ and the angels."

The child looked for an instant upon the flowers, then exclaimed, with her fair face and blue eyes radiant with hope, "O, mama, I do not feel afraid now to die and be buried up in the ground, because I shall rise up more beautiful than I am now, to live away up in the blue sky with Christ and the angels!"

And little Lillie never thought again of being afraid to die; but when at length she lay upon her little bed, and could not walk, or be carried out into the garden to look at the flowers and the sunset clouds, she thought of that beautiful home whither she was going,

and as her blue eyes closed in death, she murmured:

"Mamma, I am not afraid to be put into the ground, for I am going to be an angel."

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