

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Poetry.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

BY KIRKLENS.

Since o'er thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strown,
O! what magnificence must glow,
My God, about thy throne;
So brilliant here those drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!
If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought.
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine most dowl!

The dazzling sun at noon tide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till pale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
What, then, the day where thou dost shine?
Ah! how shall these dire eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how my spirit so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT HE HEARD.

"Have you heard the news?"
"No; what is it now?"
"Squire Dunham is gone; was found dead in his bed this morning; was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy."

"He was one of our prominent citizens. He will be greatly missed."

"I'm not at all certain about the last remark. In my opinion there'll be but very few mourners at Squire Dunham's funeral. He was a hard old customer, from first to last; and all he thought of or cared for, was to make money. He was shrewd enough at a bargain, and always got the best of it; but I think you'd have to go a long way to find the man, woman, or child that's any the worse off 'cause Squire Dunham has finished his days."

"It's a great pity he couldn't take any of his bank stock or real estate with him. I tell you, my friend, after all, it's a losing operation to have all one's property in what goes for nothing on the other side. They want a different kind of coin there."

"That's a fact. I reckon 'Squire Dunham has learned some new truths by this time."

The above conversation took place in a city car, just as the night was falling, so that the passengers could scarcely discern one another in the dim twilight. The speakers were two plain talking men; but Harry was not long in ushering into the room an old gentleman, who inquired if Mrs. Carpenter resided there.

His glance took in the room and its three occupants, and after taking the seat which Harry Carpenter brought him, said:

"I am 'Squire Dunham, and I called here to say, Mrs. Carpenter, that I would not press the matter about the rent; that if you could not meet it, you might stay here, and I would not trouble you."

A flash of joy went over the three faces, but the mother broke down into a sob. "O, sir, God in heaven will bless you for this!" and they were the sweetest words which Stephen Dunham had heard for many a day.

But before he could answer, his gaze was attracted to a small, wistful, upturned face in the corner; and its sweet blue eyes, and the golden gleam in its brown hair, were like that, which shone away off in the morning of his boyhood, the face of his sister Hetty.

As his gaze met the little girl's, she rose up and came toward him.

"You won't send mamma, and Harry, and me, into the street, will you?" she said, in her sweet pleading voice; "cause we can't live there when the wind blows, and the rain comes, and the great carriages will go over us; and mamma's sick, and I am a little girl, you know; and Harry isn't big enough to do anything but sell papers."

"My child," said 'Squire Dunham, "you shall never go into the street!" And his voice was not quite steady, and there was a strange moisture about his eyes. He took the little girl on his knee, and she nestled her bright young head on his shoulder, chattering away to him, and thinking what a good kind man 'Squire Dunham was!

The landlord remained some time with his tenants. Many kind words and promises cheered them, for that little head rested softly against his heart, and warmed and gladdened it; and before he left 'Squire Dunham bent down and kissed the little girl, and left two ten-dollar gold pieces in her chubby hand.

He went home that night a happier man than he had been for years, sure that three hearts beat lighter because he was in the world.

And the lesson that Stephen Dunham learned that night going home in the car took deep root in his heart, and brought forth much fruit.

All this 'Squire Dunham thought of, as he sat alone by his table, with the bright light of the chandeliers gilding the gray head that rested on his hands; and he thought, rich man that he was, that his money didn't pay; that after all, the great object of life had been, as the man said, a "losing operation," and he longed to feel that in the wide world there was one human being who would be sorry to hear that he was dead—one human being, man, woman, or child, who would say, "I am happier this night because you are on earth."

And in the midst of want and yearning, a sudden declaration flashed across the mind of 'Squire Dunham. He rose up and walked again to and fro with his hands behind him, and his forehead knit with perplexing thought, and a variety of emotions floating over his face. But suddenly he stopped, and set down his foot resolutely. "I'll do it—I will do it this very night!" and he went into the hall and took up his cane, and passed out into the street, contrary to his usual habit—for the night was dark and cold.

* * * * *

"Did you see Mr. Minor, Henry?" It was a faint, mournful voice which asked this question, and the speaker was a pale, sad-faced woman, whose sunken eyes and hollow cheeks at once told you she was an invalid. The chamber where she sat was very poorly furnished, but everything was neat. A small fire was burning in the grate, and a solitary candle on the stand.

"No, mother; Mr. Minor won't be at home for a week," answered the boy, slowly, as though he disliked to communicate the news. He was a slender, delicate looking boy, apparently in his twelfth year.

"It is my last hope," said the mother, looking sparingly on the thin hands which lay in her lap. "There is no way to pay the rent, and the agent said if I wasn't ready when he called to-morrow, we must go into the street. What will become of us, my poor children? I'd hang on to Mr. Minor's getting back, he was so kind to your father before he died; but my last hope is gone now. I could have earned the money, if it hadn't been for this sickness, brought on by steady sewing, but—tomorrow we must go into the street." She said the words with great tears slowly clasping themselves down her pale cheeks.

"Don't cry, mother; I earned a shilling this afternoon, selling papers, and bought you and Mary each a nice orange," interposed the boy, trying to speak in a bright, hopeful voice.

And now a small hand was thrust out for the fruit, and a little voice said, earnestly, "O! mother, don't let us feel bad, now we've got the oranges."

At that moment there was a loud rap at the chamber door, which startled the little family; but Harry was not long in ushering into the room an old gentleman, who inquired if Mrs. Carpenter resided there.

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THE GIRL WHO WISHED HERSELF A CAT.
A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"I do not see, mother, why you wish me to work every day," said little Fanny. "You know I do not like to read and sew always."

"I think it right for you to learn to sew," said Fanny's mother, "so that it may be of use to you when you grow up. You do not wish to live an idle girl, I hope?"

"No, mother; but I love to play so well now, and I do not see why I cannot learn to sew when I am older. I do wish I was a cat!" she said, as puss ran before the door; "then I might play always."

"Well, Fanny," said her mother, "if you wish, I will let you be a cat for one week."

Fanny gave a laugh. "O, how funny that will be!"

You really mean what you say, mother?"

"Yes," said she; "not that you can be turned into a cat, but you may set as if you were one, and I will try to trust you as if you were one."

Fanny put down her work. "What fun I shall have! Let me see; what shall I do first? I think I will take my ball and have a nice play in the yard. When the bell rang for tea she came in, and was going to take her seat at the table.

"No," said her mother; "pussy does not eat with us. You may go out to the cook, and she will give you some bread and milk."

Fanny did not like this very well; still she did as she was told, and when Betty had given her the bread and milk she went to bed.

When Fanny went to bed, her mother used to go to her, to ask God to bless her, and to see that she was nice and warm in bed; but this night Fanny went to bed all alone, with no kind mother to pray for her, or to cover her up. "Cats do not need to pray," said Fanny to herself. "That must be why mother did not come up to me. I don't know, after all, that I shall like to be a cat."

The next day, while busy at play, she saw a baby, of whom she was very fond, come up the walk. "I must go in and see dear Mrs. Bell," she said; "she has come to take me home with her." But as she came to the door she heard her mother say, "I am sorry I cannot let Fanny; as she wants to be a cat this week, I cannot let her come in to see you."

Fanny went away, for she knew her mother would do as she had said. It made her feel very cross to go shut out of the room. Still she did not like to go to her mother and say that she was tired of being a cat, as it had been but two days since had made the wish.

He was still a young man when he came to the city, but he brought with him the title of "Squire," which he had borne for three years. He had risen step by step in his native town, and he saw at last that greed of money had taken possession of him, until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

Stephen Dunham's mother was a poor widow, and he had his own way to work in the world. He had risen step by step in his native town, and he saw at last that greed of money had taken possession of him, until every other wish and purpose of his life had been swallowed up in the pursuit of riches.

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The next day was Sunday. She had been used to go to Sunday school to meet her class, and the kind teacher which took care of it.

Fanny saw that her mother was not going to do as she had always done; that is, wash and dress her, and then get her book for her, and help her to learn her lesson. So she went up to her, and put her arms around her neck, while the tears ran down her face.

"Mother! dear mother!" she said, "do not treat me as a cat any more. I want to be your own child again, and have you talk to me and pray with me as you used to do. And now, mother, I see that I was not made to be idle, and play always; and I shall be glad to see whenever you tell me."

"It makes me glad," said her mother, to hear you speak in this way; and now that you are tired of being a cat, I will be your own dear daughter Fanny again."—*The Children's Paper, London.*

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5 " 12 " 5 " 24 " 12 " 26 " 28 "

5 " 15 " 15 " 27 " 15 " 29 " 32 "

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