

Poetry.

AUTUMN.

The earth is turning brown, dear,
The earth is turning brown,
The birds, full grown, have already flown,
And the leaves are whirling down,
There's no green grass in the lane, child,
There are no red berries in the wood;
The world is no longer at Spring, child,
It has chosen another mood.

There's not a nest but hangs confessed
Empty and quite forlorn;
The frogs have forgotten the score of June,
The crickets have come and gone;
Rose-trees that bloomed in the summer moon
Have nothing left but a thorn.

Yet think you Nature loves not as well
Her season of dumb repose?
Think you she misses the bluebird's swell,
The robin's thrill, the thrush's throat,
Or even the fragrant rose?

I trow she smiles the drifting snows
Are good for the dreaming hours;
That Spring doth borrow a hint from the sorrow
Of these bare, brown autumn hours.

Whether the earth be brown, child,
Whether the sky be blue,
Whether the roses be plenty,
Or whether the lilies be few,
There's always work in the vineyard,
Waiting for me as you.

Thou art as true in the Autumn,
Let us be glad in the Spring,
Knowing the final rejoicing
Depends on the sheaves that we bring.

—Our Young Poet.

Miscellaneous.

HOW DEFAULTERS ARE MADE.

When George Raymond was quite a little boy, he used often to be sent by his mother on errands to the baker or the grocer. Mrs. Raymond would at such times give him just what money she supposed the article she wanted might cost; but she could not always tell exactly, and so it frequently happened that five cents or three cents would be left over.

This first time that this happened George brought home the pennies carefully, and gave them to his mother; but as she was never particular about it, and sometimes neglected to ask him at all whether he had any change, he soon began to listen to suggestions which began to whisper to him, that he might just as well have these few cents for candy or marbles.

The first time after he did this when his mother asked him if there was no change, George was a good deal startled, and thus surprised, he answered hurriedly that the eggs he had bought came to just what money he had. After this time he found it easier, and when his mother questioned him he always had some plausible excuse.

Now, if Mrs. Raymond had been a careful, good mother, this would not have happened, or at least she could have checked the evil habit in the beginning. But she was an easy sort of woman, who had trouble and contented herself with saying, "Well, it seems very strange, George, that you should never have any change," and that was all. Mothers should accustom their children to give a strict account of every penny entrusted to them, and always to return all the change. From neglect in this respect come loose habits in regard to money matters which last through life.

As George grew a little older, he began to borrow small sums from other boys, with a careless half promise to pay them "to-morrow," which he generally forgot to fulfil; until at last even the most generous of them, having lost considerable pocket-money in this way, not to speak of knives, marbles, &c., refused to lend him any longer.

Now I suppose no one would have been more indignant than George at being accused of stealing; but to my mind there is very little difference between such recklessness as to the rights and possessions of others, and the other sin.

As George grew up, of course this habit increased upon him. Though far from generous, he spent money very freely; and although his allowance was small, he seldom had much in his pocket, and was always waiting to borrow of his friends; but so well were his ways known, that for a group of young ones to see George Raymond coming, was the signal to button up their coats, and scatter as fast as possible.

At last, through his father's influence, he got a situation in a bank; and as he was a quick and accurate accountant, and behaved well as far as his business was concerned, he was after some time promoted to be cashier. Here he had large sums of money constantly passing through his hands, and as he had by this time a family, and his expenses were increasing, the temptation proved too strong for him. He heard of a promising speculation, and in an evil moment he "borrowed," as he called it in his own mind, twenty thousand dollars of his friends. He said to himself, "As soon as I realize the fifty thousand I expect to make, I will replace this money, and no one will be the wiser." In the meantime he continued to keep his books in such a way that the abstraction of the funds would not be discovered for a time.

But, as so often happens, the enterprise in which he had engaged proved a total failure; the money was utterly lost, and it became impossible any longer to conceal the fraud which had been committed. The wretched man attempted to flee from justice; he was followed, brought back, tried, and condemned to several years' imprisonment. Here was the culmination of a life of loose, careless habits in regard to money, and of an utter want of that strict integrity in respect to small obligations which is the only safeguard to honor and character.

A ruined character, a blasted name, a broken-hearted wife, and an inheritance of shame left to his children—such were the inevitable and terrible fruits of such a life. Unjust in the least, he was unjust to no man.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.—It is related in the life of William Hutton, that a countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, often passing his evenings from home, which made her feel very unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband.

The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile."

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsey, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

WHAT THE EGGS BOUGHT.

BY MISS J. E. MORGAN.

"I wish I had money enough to buy some oranges for poor little Charlie Wilson," said Roy Morris to her mother; "his mouth is so dry and hot, and he is so thirsty all the time. His poor mother sits beside him and cries most all the time, because she has no money to buy him things. I know how good oranges tasted to me when I was sick."

Dory was willing to contribute his two cents to the purpose; but that would not buy quite half an orange. The funds of the other children were still lower. A trip to town a few days before had quite exhausted their resources. Mother was appealed to, and she told the children they might go out on a hen-nesting excursion, and all the eggs they found should be theirs to buy oranges for the sick boy.

Oh, how joyfully the children sprang to their feet, catching up their hats and bounding off to the well-known nest! Five eggs were all they found here, but they had strong suspicions that the spotted hen, but they "stolen a nest." Maybe they could find her nest. So in and out among the weeds they searched, peeping under the broad green leaves of the bitter burdock, and among the tall stalks of elder, but no trace of an egg could they find. Little Dory was growing discouraged, but Roy's dear little heart was too much in her plan to give it up. "If you would just go up in the hay-loft, Alfred, I feel almost sure you would find eggs there." Mother lets you climb up now.

Cheerily Alfred mounted the ladder, and bounded over on to the high hay-mow. He searched in every little nook, and at last, in a shy corner, he espied old Speck herself. She was not "setting," as the children at first were afraid, but she had a fine nest full of eggs, and if they had not found her, she would have brought off a fine brood of chickens after a while.

Mother was pleased with their success, and added enough from her stores to make out two dozen. Then Dory and his little sister were permitted to take them down to the grocery and exchange them for sweet oranges. Mother packed the oranges up in a little painted basket, and added some delicious little farina biscuits, a cup of jelly, and a few other things which she thought would be nice for the sick boy.

Hand in hand the little brother and sister walked on to the poor old house where Charley lived. But before they reached it, they saw something that made them draw back in fear, and cross to the other side of the way. A man with a ragged coat and crushed hat pulled over his eyes, came muttering out of the door, and went shambling off down the walk.

"Oh! I do hope he won't see us," whispered little Roy; "he'd take away our basket, and eat up everything we have in it. He looks wicked enough to kill us, doesn't he, Dory?"

"Oh! he dare not touch us," said Dory, stoutly; "my pa could whip him in a minute, if he wished to." But papa isn't here," suggested Roy.

Roy kept close to her brave little brother; and, indeed, it would have shaken the courage of some other people to have passed that miserable drunken man on that lonesome road. Mother wondered afterward how she had dared to let them go. But they were doing a good deed, and God sent his angels to watch over them. You are always safe when you are doing God's will, no matter what dangers are around you.

"Old Wilson," as people called him, passed on, and though he grumbled and muttered to himself, he said nothing to them. Mr. Wilson was no older than Roy's papa; but his evil ways had bent his back, and made his limbs tremble, and his face looked wrinkled like a man of seventy. That is what strong drink does for the hearty, strong young men of the land.

The children watched and watched until they saw him turn the corner, and bend his steps towards a certain cellar; then they knew they might safely venture on their errand. It would be a long time before he came back.

Poor little Charley had been crying, and his mother's cheeks were wet too. His father had called him "a lazy, good-for-nothing little dog," and his mother "a fool for honoring him so much."

Oh, how it brightened his eyes when he saw the two children enter the low door-way! He knew the painted basket held something in store for him. It had been there before. How he feasted his eyes on the rich, golden oranges, as he gathered them up in his arms, and how eagerly he pressed his mother to join him in eating the good things the lady had sent!

Many a hen's nest of eggs had the children gathered and sold, but never one that gave them so much pleasure as this. Their hearts were as light as their tripping feet, when they sped away home to tell their mother how happy their gift had made the drunkard's poor, sick child.

So all the good comes back doubled into our own bosoms. Let us never be satisfied with a day's record unless we have done good to some one. And oh! be kind to the drunkard's poor little ones. In your happy home you can never even dream of the misery of their lives.

COMPENSATION.

The lovely violet smiles more sweetly sweet
After the rain;
More golden shines after the summer's heat
The waving grain.
And purer still, from the out of the furnace gloom,
Cometh the gold;
And brighter to the wanderer gleams his home
Through storm and cold.

How fair to watch the white ship seek the strand,
That left us once in tears;
How thrilling is the clasping of a hand
After long years.

How dearly prized the love that stays to light
Our lonely way;
While others—false ones—faded as the night
B-forged the day.

And sweeter yet are kisses when from lips
Not pressed for years;
And closer for the clasping of an arm
After long grief and tears.

So, looking backward o'er the weary road
Our feet have trod,
A hundred times more lovely seems at last
Eternal rest.

WHAT TRYING DID.—Children, I want each of you to bring a new scholar to the school with you next Sunday," said the super-tendent of a Sunday school to his scholars one day.

"I can't get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

L. & F. BURPEE & CO.

62 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
DER STAMPSHIPS "Pioneer" and "Panther," and ships
"Arctura" and "Java."—4 Casks FILES; 1 cask
PADLOCKS; 5 casks Table and Pocket KNIVES; 1 cask
COOKS' Pocket Knives; 1 cask Knives and Whips; 1 cask
Cooks' Gray's Hand Saws; 1 cask Cross-cut Saws; 1 cask
E. P. and Abate Spoons and Forks; 107 bbs. Tin Plates;
25 bundles Cast Steel; 256 bundles Rolled Iron; 145
bundles Sheet Iron; 1255 bars Reg'd Iron; 21 casks
Crates; 5 casks Tinware; 5 casks Bolts and Nuts; 5
Crates; 4 casks Wire; 15 bundles Iron Wire; 25 bundles
Spades; 5 casks Miner Shovels; 20 Blacksmith's Bel-
lows; 6 cases Anvils; 1 cask Hollow saw; 1 cask
Saws; 14 casks Shovels; 2 rolls Sheet Lead; 80 bales
Spikes; 5 cases Nixey's Lead; 255 boxes Window
Glass; and Retail.

5 AND 6 SOUTH WHARF.
FLOUR, MEAL, RICE, FISH, SALT, &c.—Now land-
ing, in Store and to arrive.—1400 bbls. Flour—How-
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