

Poetry.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

BY AND BY THE DAY WILL BREAK.

"Day will break by and by, and then we will get on better."

Cheer thee, Christian, on thy way,
Though the night lies thick around,
And through the gloom no struggling ray,
Lights up the vault of death around thee.
By and by the day will break;
The lifeless regions lying near thee
Soon with joyous songs shall wake,
And light and life and song shall cheer thee.
By and by the day will break;
The day will open by and by;
The gloomy darkness vanish all,
And mourning turn to songs of joy.

Cheer thee, Christian, on thy way,
Though set with thorns it be, and narrow;
And rugged steep, and woody fens,
Awaken fears thy soul to harrow.
Though pits and chasms round thy path
Are yawning deep thy life to swallow,
Thy Leader's "This way!" through the gloom
Shall bring thee safe if thou follow.
By and by the day will break;
The day will open by and by;
The gloomy darkness vanish all,
And mourning turn to songs of joy.

Cheer thee, Christian, on thy way,
Right forward, hark! all voices singing—
"Songs in the night!" Across the gloom
What joyous cheer those strains are bringing?
Others too walk through the night:
This dreary wild with paths is woven;
And frequent songs float through the gloom
And fill the night with hope and heaven.
By and by the day will break;
The day will open by and by;
The gloomy darkness vanish all,
And mourning turn to songs of joy.

Cheer thee, Christian, on thy way;
Let toil with care and prayer be blended;
For many pitfalls tell the bones
Where heedless souls their course have ended.
Not every pathway through this maze,
Leads out beyond the gloom to morning;
And dubious ways that lead to death
Are trod by those who heed no warning.
By and by the day will break;
The day will open by and by;
The gloomy darkness vanish all,
And mourning turn to songs of joy.

Cheer thee, Christian, on thy way;
Though fears and cares and foes beset thee,
Press onward where thy Leader calls;
He knows thy fears, he'll not forget thee.
The dreary night must at last close;
The bounds of day are near, nearing;
Its waking song thou yet shalt join;
With angels hymns thy heart be cheering.
By and by the day will break;
The day will open by and by;
The gloomy darkness vanish all,
And mourning turn to songs of joy.

Miscellaneous.

EBEN PRATT'S JOKE.

We see a low, weather stained farm house, shut in by mountains which rise behind, before, and on each side of it. Their western tips already glow in the rays of the setting sun, while black and awful shadows settle fast upon the forests which clothe their sides. It seems a lonely picture indeed, till down the winding comes a party of boys, talking very earnestly all together.

They stopped a while before the farm house, trying as it seemed to make arrangements for a nutting expedition. One made one proposition, and another; had the fate of a nation depended on their plans, they could not have been more earnest or excited. So engrossed were they that they did not perceive that an addition had been made to their number, until a question, three repeated in a low, hesitating voice, made them look around.

"Will you show me? I cannot find where Widow Potter lives."

The speaker was a man of middle age, decently clad, but with the wandering, vacant expression of contumacious, which at once told of the darkened mind, little able to control or guide the body in which it dwelt. He looked helplessly at the boys, not apparently recognizing them, though they knew him well as the imbecile son of a widow whose house was but a little way distant, hidden only by a turn in the road. But to the boys it seemed excessively dull that the poor fellow should be lost so near home. "Old Timothy's uncommonly cracked to-day," said one; and "Why, Timothy, how did you manage to get so far from home?" asked another solemnly; while the others chuckled at Timothy's increased dismay. "You see, Timothy," continued the last speaker, "if you want to get home to-night, you must just turn round and go right straight back the way you came, and if you keep on long enough you'll be sure to get there."

A sorrowful look came into the poor, foolish face, but the man turned away without any more words, and began feebly to retrace his steps. "That's a great joke, Eben," said one of the boys, with a laugh; then they finished their talk, and separated, Eben going into the farm house, and the others to their various homes along the road.

Eben Pratt was a bright, active boy, good natured to the main, though he could never resist the temptation to play a joke on another. To night, with the anticipated pleasures of the nutting party on his mind, he speedily forgot Timothy, ate a hasty supper, and began to make ready a bag for his next day's expedition.

Mrs. Pratt had cleared away the supper things, and was knitting drowsily in her own especial corner, the boys, Eben and Seth, were chatting over their strong bag, when it seemed as if in need of a new string, when the house-door opened softly, and a little girl, the grandchild of their neighbor Mrs. Potter, came into the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Pratt, oh Eben," she said hurriedly, "have you seen anything of Uncle Timothy? He went out for a little walk, and he hasn't come back; he never stays so late, and grandmother's dreadful worried."

Mrs. Pratt began to make inquiries of the child, as to whether her uncle had meant to go, but little Seth quickly said: "You told him, when he was most home, he must turn back and go the other way."

Eben's face was scarlet. To his mother's quick indignant questions he answered, "I only meant it in a joke. I didn't suppose he'd go, and then I forgot all about it."

"And how long ago was this?" asked his mother.

"Pretty near two hours," replied Eben, now thoroughly alarmed at his folly.

"Eben Pratt," said his mother, in slow, grave tones, "your joke may cost poor Timothy his life. Put the saddle on Whiteface, and ride after him as fast as you can; try to overtake him before he gets to the ford."

Eben's face was white enough as he hurried away to do his mother's bidding. It was quite dark without, for the night sets in early in these narrow valleys, and the moon had not yet risen. With trembling fingers Eben saddled the horse, while Seth stood by holding the lantern, and encouraging him with, "Oh! Eben, it's awful dark—don't you wish you hadn't said that? Do you s'pose Timothy knows about the fording place?"

Eben answered never a word, but took the lantern and rode away into the darkness. Poor Timothy's discouraged look, and weary, uncertain gait, came back to him vividly now, though he had not noticed them much at the time. He thought of him going on, at every step further from home; he wondered what he was doing now. Suppose he had strayed off into the woods; and there was the ford; suppose he was drowned! Eben's heart stood still at the thought, and there crept into his mind the awful words, as if some one beside him had spoken them, "If Timothy is dead, I am a murderer!"

But Timothy was so feeble, perhaps he would tire before he came to the river, and Eben looked carefully on each side of the road, by light of his lantern, hoping at every turn to see the poor man sitting there waiting. But he saw no one, and he knew that he was fast approaching the river.

Poor, miserable Eben! alone, in that dreary road, the black woods close on either side, and the long branches, which he stirred now and then as he passed by, rustling out the terrible words, "If Timothy is dead, I am a murderer!"

As he approached the river the forest grew less dense, and at last a slight turn of the road brought him to a steep hill which led down to the fording place. The moon had now risen, and her white beams shone down on the tops of the trees, and made a glittering path across the water. Here Eben stopped a moment, looking fearfully up and down the river. He tried to call the poor man's name, but his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural in the silence that he did not repeat the attempt. He was about to continue his course down the descent to the ford, when his eye fell on something by the river's edge, lying dark and still, half in the water. A moment he stood, paralyzed with horror; then came the wild desire to rush away, away from that awful thing, from that gleaming river and the accusing trees—away, if possible, out of the world! But this impulse was gone in a moment. Eben dismounted from his horse and fastened him to a tree, then with slow and trembling steps went down to the foot of the hill and along the bank, pushing aside the thick bushes as he walked. Very soon he came out into the moonlight again, and at last the object which he had seen from above lay in full sight; it was an old mossy log, nothing more.

Eben sank down on the ground, overwhelmed with relief and thankfulness. He had not found the poor old man, but there was still a chance that he might be living; and from the boy's heart went up his first true prayer, that his folly might be forgiven, and the old man be found in safety.

Then he arose to continue his search, when his attention was arrested by a low sound very near him, it seemed, yet not the plashing water nor the murmuring trees. Again pushing through the thicket, he heard more plainly, and soon with perfect distinctness, a feeble, plaintive voice which kept repeating the words—"Oh, don't forget old Timothy, Lord, don't forget old Timothy!"

In a moment Eben was by the old man's side with a heart full of joy that it had ever been in his life. Timothy looked up at him with the same helpless, appealing glance, which before had tempted Eben to play his cruel jest, but which now moved him to the tenderest pity and compassion. He tried to cheer and encourage the frightened, childish spirit, and the old man to rise, and almost carried him up the hill, helped him on his horse, and walked by his side, holding him more securely in his seat. Poor Timothy sat, bowed forward with weakness, but uttering no word of reproach, if indeed he was able to remember Eben's share in his misfortune. But the boy needed no approaches to deepen his sense of the wickedness of his thoughtless jest. Even the poor old mother herself seemed to feel this, for when at the sound of the horse's tread she opened the door, and received her son in safety, the gentle tones of her voice lifted a load from Eben's heart, for he felt that by her, to whom he had caused so much anxiety and sorrow, he was indeed forgiven.

Christian Union.

NEVER LATE.

"How is it that you are never late at Sabbath school, Edwin?"

His Sabbath school began at a quarter before nine in the morning, and I concluded many of the children found it hard to be prompt, as they came straggling in all through the beginning exercises. Edwin never; he was always on time.

"How is it, Edwin?"

"Oh! I always plan to come," said Edwin. "I put the shine on my boots over-night. I find my Bible, and question-book, and Library-book, and put them together in a safe place beforehand. I brush up and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after breakfast and prayers, I have nothing to do but to go to school, and I start in season to get there before the superintendent rings the school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"Never," said Edwin. "It is better to be five minutes too early than one minute too late."

Al! boys, see how it helps one along to have a plan.

NINE THOUSAND MILLION TIMES.

A microscope has recently been constructed in New York which magnifies objects 9,000,000,000 times. At this rate of enlargement, an ordinary fly could cover a space equal to New York city, below Wall Street; a man would appear more than a hundred miles high, and a hair of the ordinary length from a lady's head would reach half way from New York to New Haven. Yet under this enormous magnifying power, the creations of the Lord only display new beauties. A microscope, well called an *unpuzzler*, of which about one hundred and forty placed end to end, will reach an inch, and which, when examined under ordinary powerful microscopes, is simply marked with lines of the most exquisite delicacy, exhibits under the new instrument half globes of white silk, whose diameters appear to be an inch and three quarters, and of which only fifteen can be seen at once. In reality the point of a caudic needle is larger than the circle upon these fifteen half globes of white silk, and yet that circle appears like a desert-plate covered with lady-apples.

SEEDS.—1871.—SEEDS.—11 cases of Fresh Garden and Field Seeds, just received via Halifax, ex steamship City of Baltimore. This is the first instalment of our stock of English Seeds for the coming Spring, and the balance will arrive shortly. Our Stock of Seeds will be very large, well selected and warranted fresh.

To arrive—Choice sets Stone Ware, &c.

BLACK SEDAN CORD.—A new material for Early Spring Dress. Just received per Steamship Peruvian, via Portland.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, 155 Union Street, Boston.

Put the saddle on Whiteface, and ride after him as fast as you can.

NEW GOODS.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware.

PAGE BROTHERS.

HAVING COMPLETED THE ENLARGEMENT OF THEIR PREMISES.

NO. 41 KING STREET.

JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

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