

## Poetry.

## THEY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not, All the way  
Is night. With thee alone is day.  
From out the torments of the drift,  
Above the storm—our prayer we lift—  
They will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
We see not, know not, All the way  
Is night. With thee alone is day.  
From out the torments of the drift,  
Above the storm—our prayer we lift—  
They will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less;  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,  
They will be done!

Though dim, as yet, in tint and line,  
We trace thy picture's wondrous sign,  
And thank thee that our eye supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice—  
They will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrifice we see;  
If from thy throne's heated bars  
Our feet are warmed with heavenly scars,  
They will be done!

Strike, then, the Master, we thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies!  
The minor of the loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain:  
They will be done!

—John G. Whittier.

## AUTUMN.

BY CHARLES A. MASON.

Oh, the lovely Autumn days,  
When the earth is all ablaze  
With a thousand kindling dyes,  
And a misty glory lies  
All about our common ways!  
When a hush is in the air  
Like an inarticulate prayer,  
Nature, underneath her breath,  
Gives thanks for life in death;  
Death, so beautiful and rare,  
Life itself were not so fair.

Spring is tardy, changeful, fleet;  
Summer comes with dust and heat  
Waiting on her flying feet;  
But the peaceful Autumn stays,  
Blest and blessing, all her days,  
Blest it is who mellow well  
Dainty, luscious fruits that swell  
From the laggard buds of Spring  
And the Summer's blossoming.

Oh, they need not wholesome touch,  
Let their ripen overmuch;  
So, with tempered breezes, cool  
All the fevered air, and schools  
Nature to her own wise rules;  
Then, her labor done, she pours  
Over her bountiful riches  
Lighting up, on every hill,  
After-dews, and kindling still  
Flames of sacrificial thanks  
Over all her viney banks.

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## The Fireside.

## THE USES OF DUFF.

Everybody in the town of Warren shook their  
heads when they talked of the Seafords.

Warren was a little village on the side of a Penn-  
sylvania mountain, peopled with the hardiest,  
thriftiest, sharpest-tongued folk that ever drew  
their living from that unwilling limestone soil. The  
villagers despised and quarrelled about everything  
but the Seafords. There was but one opinion of them.

"The Seafords never would 'get on,'"  
"They were hard-working, clever, pious folks  
enough, but they never could get on."  
To "get on" was the end of life in Warren.

The truth was, that the Seafords spent their spare  
money (and much that they could not spare) in  
helping everybody that needed help. The house  
was open to all their poor relations; half-a-dozen  
needy families came regularly for their supply of  
milk and vegetables; and even the stables were a  
hospital for many of the blind cats and lame dogs  
of the neighborhood; for old Isaac Seaford had taught  
his boys his own theory and practice of kindness.

Sometimes, even his hospitable soul felt that they  
carried both to extremes, as, for instance, when  
Andrew, the youngest boy, brought home Duff, a  
dead old negro, who had followed the business of  
town pauper for years, and had not found it profit-  
able.

"What can we do with this poor creature, Andy?"  
cried his father, who was smoking a pipe with  
Squire Morrow, on the porch, as Andy presented  
him triumphantly.

"Feed him, sir. Duff has been 'everybody's  
business' long enough; now I'll make him mine.  
Nine starved, Duff; eh?" clapping the old man on  
the back, and shouting in his ear.

"Ya, ya, Mass' Andy," chuckled Duff.  
"I'll make him a bed in the barn, or garret, or  
somewhere, sir, and it will not cost another potato  
in the pot," said Andy, cheerfully.

"The pot's not too full, now," muttered his father.  
"But 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the  
Lord.'"

"O, that's your idea of finance, eh?" said the  
Squire, with a grin. "Now I put my money in  
bank stock. It yields, at least, six per cent. If I  
don't it goes to the devil."

He shuffled off indignantly, to report this last sym-  
ptom of idleness in the Seafords, who were expected  
to "get on" worse than ever, after that.

However, a blessing seemed to come upon the  
hospitable roof, with the poor, the blind, and or-  
phan, that it sheltered.

The Seafords never were able to dress fashionably;  
they did not buy new furniture when the rage for  
decadent fell upon the village. But there was  
always enough to eat, and cheerfulness in the over-  
all house; and when the boys went out, one by  
one, into the world to seek their fortune, a friendly  
hand seemed to lead them to pleasant places.

The Warren bank, in the meanwhile, had broken,  
and Squire Morrow had lost his savings, and was  
more discontented and wretched than ever.

Poor Duff proved a dead weight on the Seaford  
household. He was a heavy, strong old fellow,  
with no ailment but deafness. He did nothing but  
eat, sleep, and lie in the sun.

Mrs. Seaford, by a series of eloquent dumb signs,  
would set before him the necessity of bringing chips  
or a pair of water; but Duff would point pathet-  
ically to his ears, and stretch himself to doze on the  
cellar door, with the face of a martyr.

"That bread thrown on the waters is a tolerably  
modest crust, Andy," his father used to say,  
jokingly.

"If you turn him off, he'll starve," Andy would  
answer. "Duff is a grateful old soul. He would  
do anything for me."

"Yes, I've seen him put your worms on the hook,  
after you had dug for them."

In August, his father sent Andy up by the train  
to Millville, on business.

Entering the car, Andy sat down by a man wrap-  
ped in a cloak, who held his face down on the back  
of the seat before him. Andy noticed that an un-  
pleasant odor, mixed with that of whiskey, came  
from the man. He was either drunk, or asleep,  
for he soon dropped to one side and leaned against  
him heavily, and Andy, with his habitual good  
nature, could not bear to push him off.

The train at last rolled up to the station at Mill-

vile, and stopped. The passengers hurried out.  
The man made a feeble effort to rise, and sank back.  
Andy gave him his arm, and helped him out.

"You're very kind," he said. "Now most folks  
shy of me, 'turning a firebrand red face on the  
lad.'"

Andy started back.  
"What is it? What ails you?"  
"Small-pox. But—"

But Andy was off like an arrow. He would have  
walked up to a cannon's mouth with less terror  
than when he had touched that man.

He remained in Millville for about ten days. At  
the end of that time he began to sicken.

"You are taking a heavy cold, Andy. Quar-  
antine this time of the year," people said, meeting  
him on the street. But he knew it was no cold.  
"It's time I was going," thought poor Andy.  
"I'll not give this plague to anybody else, please  
God."

But where should he go? In Millville he could  
not stay, if he would. He would have been turned  
out to the street out of any hotel. There was no  
hospital.

He hired a horse. "I'll not go in the train to  
scatter it, nor can I stop in any house between here  
and home."

Home!  
Why, there were his father and mother, and the  
boys, and Nelly was at home now, too, with her  
baby. He could not go and carry death to them all.

"Why, where shall I go?" cried the poor boy  
alone, stopping his horse in the middle of the road.  
If he went to old Dr. Scott he could probably find  
shelter for him somewhere, but he was, as certainly  
would tell his parents of his whereabouts.

"And mother shall not know—not if I die with-  
out seeing her!" said Andy, with a sob.

There was a ruined old house about three miles  
from Warren, quite out of sight of any road. Andy  
discovered it one day when nuzzling with  
Duff. He would go there. He dismounted, and  
turned his horse loose. It galloped homeward.  
Then he climbed the hill to the thick woods in  
which was the lonely house.

Andy intended to see the doctor, but after enter-  
ing the house he became too faint and for two days  
and nights he lay on his back to have energy to revive.  
Then he wept from his half stupor, his senses com-  
ing slowly to him. He was on a heap of straw.  
The broken roof let in the sunlight, and the shat-  
tered windows let in the fresh, damp wind. But  
it grew dark to the boy's eyes.

"This is death," he muttered.  
He must die like a dog, here, when they were all  
happy at home! Even yet, if he could creep to the  
roadside, some passer-by—

"No! I'll not carry this plague to them," said  
Andy, stoutly, and then cried out like a baby, "O  
mother, mother!"

Old Duff had a habit, when he was not asleep, of  
howling, of occasionally growling about the woods  
and lonely places in the vicinity of the village. It  
so happened that on this day, he was passing the  
old house in which Andy lay, and hearing a move-  
ment there and a voice, he first looked cautiously  
into the window, and notwithstanding the lad's  
swelled face, knew him by his voice and clothes.

"O Duff, be good to de child. Hyah an old  
Duff!"  
The old black face was close to his own. Andy  
threw up his arms with a cry of delight, then he  
heaved.

"It's the small-pox, Duff."  
Duff read what he said, as usual, by the motion  
of his lips.  
"Yah, small-pox. Un drefful bad too," with a  
grave face.

"Aren't you afraid?"  
"Orful afraid, Mass' Andy."  
"Go away, then," turning his face down.

"No, sah. If de Lord chucks ole Duff under  
his arm, it's kase He's got no better use for him.  
Aint much count, now. Now less see what he  
do. Duff was a first-rate nurse onst on an hour."

Duff was a first-rate nurse still. In an hour he  
brought back a bed, food, medicines, and a doctor  
who would keep his counsel. He mended the roof,  
the windows, by the help of the doctor got a cook-  
ing-stove made a fire, cooked, sat up all night,  
crowded as much work into every day as had sufficed  
him for years before.

"That is a most faithful, hard-working negro,"  
said the doctor one day, when weeks had passed  
and Andy was sitting up for the first time. "If it  
had not been for him you would have died."

"I know, but when can we go home? When  
will he be safe, doctor?"  
"In two more weeks. What does your mother  
think of your absence?"

"Duff tells me that they were terribly alarmed,  
but now that he is gone, they think that we have  
run away—to see the world."

Two weeks later the doctor's carriage stopped at  
the door of the old farmhouse. Mrs. Seaford  
caught sight of Andy's was, changed face, and came  
out trembling. She had actually grown gray and  
old in the last two months.

The doctor and Duff carried the boy up and put  
him in her arms.  
"O my boy, my boy," she cried. "Why did  
you leave me so?"

"I was fighting Death, mother," he said, trying  
to laugh. "But it was Duff that best him after  
the waters did come back to us."—*Youth's Com-  
panion.*

GETTING WHAT YOU LOOK FOR.  
"Willie! Willie! William Henry! Do you hear?"  
called Ruthie, standing on tiptoe, so that she could  
look through the top bar of the barnyard fence.

William Henry did hear, for he was sitting on  
the opposite gate-post, and not only heard, but saw  
his little sister. But he was in the middle of a  
whistle, and nothing under an earthquake or a  
deluge could have stopped him until it was properly  
concluded.

"Yes, I hear. What do you want?" he answered,  
when the last flourish had been triumphantly ef-  
fected.

"The people are moving in next door."  
"I don't care."  
"They're got lovely furniture and a doll's ca-  
riage, too."

"That is none of my business."  
"They've got a little boy."  
"How old is he?" inquired William Henry, be-  
coming slightly interested.

"He is littler than you are. But he has a velo-  
cipe." "Where is he?"  
"Standing at the front gate."

"Oh! Then, after a moment's reflection,  
Willie clambered into a standing position, and be-  
gan to walk around the fence, whistling as he went.  
"Are you going round, Willie?"

Willie nodded, and Ruthie bounded on before  
him, in order to get the best place on the front  
gate. When Willie reached that point, he put his  
hands in his pockets and began balancing himself  
first on one foot and then on the other, in a man-  
ner calculated and intended to fill the new-comer  
with admiration and envy; for this was a feat un-  
usually admired by the small boys who attended  
Miss Gregory's school.

The new neighbor watched him a moment, and  
then said:  
"Hello!"  
"Hello," replied Willie.

"Let me see you, though."  
The attempt proved a partial success.  
"I can hang on my pear-tree with my feet for five  
minutes. I bet you can't do that," said William  
Henry, anxious to recover something of his lost dig-  
nity.

"I never tried to do that,"

"It's awful hard to do. Come, and I'll show  
you how."

"What's your name?"  
"William Henry Bogart. What's yours?"  
"Jack Foster. I fell down out of an awful  
high tree once, and my head," remarked Jack,  
gravely.

"I cut myself with my axe right on the foot.  
And it bled and bled and bled! I thought I'd  
bled to death. You bet it hurt some. But I  
didn't cry one bit."

"It's a cry worse to fall out of a high tree than  
to be cutted, though."  
"Pshaw!" sneered Willie. "I fall out of trees  
every day, nearly. I don't mind it no more than  
nothing."

"You don't cut your head, though."  
Willie, not being able to assert that he did not  
be coming to Willie to confess that he didn't, re-  
marked, composedly: "I'm president of our club."  
"Are you, though?"

"Yes. And I'll go to you. I had the scarlet  
fever last winter," continued Willie.  
"I never had that," said Jack, in a tone of  
haughty.

"It's awful dreadful to have. I've had almost  
a million miles of sickness."  
"Willie, your Mar says you and your friend can  
take these two pigs and go pick strawberries for  
lunch," called Nancy, the housemaid, setting two  
little pails on the back steps.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't want to. It's a shame  
to make me do everything," grumbled Willie, go-  
ing slowly for the pails.

"He's jolly. I like to pick berries," cried  
Jack, seizing his pail, merrily.  
But Willie took his with an ugly pout and reluc-  
tantly led the way to the strawberry-bed. The  
truth was he always imagined that, instead of red,  
juicy berries under the leaves, there were spiders  
and bugs; and, although he was able to stand upon  
one foot on the picket fence, and was also president  
of the Striking Club, he was very much afraid of  
bugs and spiders.

So he feared to pick, and pouted, and  
timidly pulled aside the leaves, pretending to look  
for berries, but in reality looking for spiders.  
Jack's pail was heaving and running over by the  
time Nancy called the boys to lunch; but the bot-  
tom of Willie's pail was scarcely covered.

"Why, Willie!" said Mamma, "how is this?  
Your friend has filled his pail, and you have not  
gathered enough for yourself to eat."  
"I don't like to pick strawberries, mamma; there  
are so many bugs and spiders under the leaves."

"Ah, Willie, Willie! I am afraid you're  
searching for the spiders, instead of the berries. Your  
friend did not find any bugs or spiders, did he?"  
"No, mamma," answered Jack, quickly.  
"And did you see any, Willie?"

"No, mamma; not this time."  
"No, mamma; not this time."  
"No, mamma; not this time."

"Jack went in search of berries, and you went in  
search of spiders. Which of you sought the best  
thing, Willie?"

"Him," said Willie, in a low voice, and pointing  
to his new friend.  
"And it is just as all through life, Willie. Be-  
sides, remember this: Those who look for good  
will find good, and those who are ever fearful and  
watchful of evil are pretty sure to find evil. You  
will get what you look for, boys."

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of Shirts, 17000s of Shirts, 18000s of Shirts, 19000s  
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of Shirts, 44000s of Shirts, 45000s of Shirts, 46000s  
of Shirts, 47000s of Shirts, 48000s of Shirts, 49000s  
of Shirts, 50000s of Shirts, 51000s of Shirts, 52000s  
of Shirts, 53000s of Shirts, 54000s of Shirts, 55000s  
of Shirts, 56000s of Shirts, 57000s of Shirts, 58000s  
of Shirts, 59000s of Shirts, 60000s of Shirts, 61000s  
of Shirts, 62000s of Shirts, 63000s of Shirts, 64000s  
of Shirts, 65000s of Shirts, 66000s of Shirts, 67000s  
of Shirts, 68000s of Shirts, 69000s of Shirts, 70000s  
of Shirts, 71000s of Shirts, 72000s of Shirts, 73000s  
of Shirts, 74000s of Shirts, 75000s of Shirts, 76000s  
of Shirts, 77000s of Shirts, 78000s of Shirts, 79000s  
of Shirts, 80000s of Shirts, 81000s of Shirts, 82000s  
of Shirts, 83000s of Shirts, 84000s of Shirts, 85000s  
of Shirts, 86000s of Shirts, 87000s of Shirts, 88000s  
of Shirts, 89000s of Shirts, 90000s of