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LITERATURE.

INSTINCT.

Away, away, to the woodlands gay,
And a truce to making money,
A mansion stands not made with hands
Where I'll find lots of honey.
And blackberries and hazel trees,
And the large speckled trout,
And streamlets flow and breezes blow,
Oh me-cy! let me out!

Oh, I'm indoors when nature pours
On me her sun and showers,
And I'm outside when home I bide,
And waste the wery hours,
And I'm at home when wild I roam
Amid the forest jungle,
And I'm at sea if home I be
With household things to bungle.

Then away, away, to the woodlands gay,
I hate this mouse-like living,
Mid household cats and sewer rats,
And fine folks make-believing;
Swift as a hare I'll seek the air,
And sleep on breezy mountains,
And see the fun beneath the sun,
And drink at Nature's fountains.

I can't stand here 'mid houses drear,
With red brick dust a-flying,
I have no heart in Trade's dull mart,
For Nature I am dying.
Lo! now I hear the trilling clear
Of myriad birds a-singing;
Away, away, to the woodlands gay
Where heaven's bells are ringing.

FOUND.

A trim New England kitchen, with its floor of knotty pine boards scoured to a snowy whiteness, the red brick hearth reflecting back the gleam of the crackling hickory logs, and the dresser full of glittering tin put mathematically straight, after the coming meal—this was the scene upon which the autumn glowed redly for an instant through the narrow window panes, ere it went down behind a bank of slate colored clouds in the west—and Miss Jemima Buxford, glancing up at the clock on a little wooden shelf between the windows, saw that it was half past five o'clock.

Bless me how the time does go on! said Miss Jemima. And it don't seem as if I had accomplished nothin', what with runnin' arter you everlastin' whims, Ebenezer!

Ebenezer Buxford, his autocratic sister's senior by twenty good years, looked deprecatingly up from his cushioned nook in the chimney corner—a weak, feeble kneed old man, with scanty gray hairs brushed into a neat little wisp on the top of his head, watery blue eyes and a complexion like well-cured parchment.

I know I'm a deal of trouble, Jemima, said the old man, apologetically, but I try not to make any more than I can help.

No, you don't, neither! snapped Jemima. I hain't no patience with your everlastin' smoking, till we all smell like an old bar-room, and there ain't one curtain in the house that don't tell its own story. I tell ye what Ebenezer Buxford, you've just got to leave off that miserable habit.

Ebenezer shrank instinctively at the hard, cruel tone.

But, Jemima—I am in earnest, Ebenezer.

But Ellen Dennison says—I don't care two snaps of my finger what Ellen Dennison says—a pert minx, just as full of airs and graces as her mother was before her, though she was my own sister. If Ellen chooses to make a fuss over you and indulge you in every whim, I don't—that's all there is to it! I aint going to have this smokin' going on. You've just got to quit it. I might as well quit livin', Jemima. For forty-seven years—

Miss Jemima, however, did not stay to hear the end of the speech, but burst out of the room muttering to herself sentences of which the import boded little good.

He'll be right down vexed, though, thought the spinster, when he knows I have sold them these packets of Virginy tobacco he brought home on his last sea voyage. Its odd a man can keep voyaging to furrin parts all his life and not lay up no money arter all. But Ebenezer was never savin' like the rest of the Buxfords.

And Jemima went up stairs to rummage in an old red chest, where she kept her treasures, for a hank of mixed yarn to finish a pair of socks she had on hand.

Old Ebenezer waited patiently by the kitchen fire until he heard a light footstep on the door-stone without; and his face brightened as Ellen Dennison came in. She was a tall, fresh complexioned girl, with a face which, if not absolutely pretty, was pleasing, and a slight, graceful figure.

Well, Uncle! she said cheerily. I've been waitin' for you, Ellen, the old man whispered, beckoning her to come close to him. She—she wont bring me no more baccy, and I havent had a whiff since four o'clock.

Ellen bit her lip. I'll bring you some at once Uncle Eben.

There ain't none left in the tin box, wept the old man, detaining her with a grip of her neat calico dress. You'll have to go to the packet o' blue paper in the corner cupboard up-stairs—the genuine stuff I brought from old Virginy years and years ago when I warnt' the old wreck I am now! Get the top package, Nell—remember!

Yes, uncle. Away tripped Ellen, carrying her lighted candle through the gloomy entries, like a rustic embodiment of Dawn bearing her herald star.

Miss Jemima met her at the head of the first flight of uncarpeted stairs.

Where are you going Ellen Dennison? To get some tobacco for Uncle Eben.

There ain't none left.

Yes there is; in the packet he brought from Norfolk.

But I tell you there ain't! reiterated Miss Jemima. I sold it to a peddler that came along. He gave me five dollars for it.

You sold it? Miss Jemima nodded her head defiantly.

Yes, I sold it; and you needn't stare at me as if I'd committed a State prison offence, miss. I mean to break up Ebenezer's miserable trick of smokin'. An old man that's dependent on his relatives for his daily bread, ain't no business with luxuries like tobacco—and he'll get no more in this house while I can prevent it.

Ellen Dennison answered nothing, but she turned and went down stairs with her cheeks flushed an indignant scarlet. Miss Jemima followed her.

Uncle, said the girl, calmly, as the old man raised his expectant eyes toward her, there is no tobacco there.

I've sold it! quoth Miss Jemima, putting her arms akimbo.

You've sold—my tobacco! My blue Virginia brand!

Yes, I have; and where's the harm, I would like to know? I was not going to have it cluttering up my cupboard no longer. I have sold it for five dollars.

Then, said Ebenezer, with a sort of stony calmness, you have sold for five dollars a pack of the best Virginia tobacco that was ever put into a pipe, and four hundred dollars in money that was in a tin box in one of the parcels. That is where I had stored my little savings. You have had your way, Jemima, and I hope you feel better.

Miss Jemima's lower jaw dropped. Sakes alive! Why did you not tell me of it, Ebenezer Buxford?

Because I did not choose, said the old man, bitterly. I am sorry on Ellen's account. I meant she should have a little money of her own, but as for you,

Jemima, I am free to say that I believe it serves you right.

Miss Jemima sank, rather than sat, down on a low chair by the table, letting her hands fall into her lap. To the gripping, avaricious, old woman, to whom a dollar seemed a bright idol to be worshipped and bowed down before, this loss was most disastrous, and none the less so, because it had been wrought through her own spiteful officiousness. The tears oozed one by one down her eyelids, and fell on the table. But alas, her repentance had come too late!

The autumn wore itself on, and when the first snowflakes drizzled through the dull gray air, they buried old Ebenezer Buxford under the leafless willows in the country graveyard. Aunt Jemima packed up her belongings and went with her niece to a distant State, where they could buy a little place and try to earn their living by means of a market garden; and so they dwelt for two or three years.

Jemima Buxford had laid her plans to keep her niece with her always. But love sprang into the scale opposite old Jemima, and love outweighed her. Ellen promised to marry George Stapleton, who had the largest farm and most substantial farmhouse in the neighborhood.

So you are from Millowfield? Queer old place that, said George, one evening, as he sat on Miss Jemima's doorstep. I came through there once in a peddler's cart.

You? echoed Ellen, much astonished. A peddler's cart.

Yes, that's the way I laid the foundation of my fortunes, such as they are. And the oddest thing happened to me there.

Aunt Jemima put on her spectacles and stared at Mr. Stapleton, while Ellen asked,—

What was it?

Well, I stopped at a strange little out-of-the-way-house under a hill to get a drink of water, and a little woman with her face tied up with the toothache, and a sun-bonnet tipped down over her nose, like an old witch—

Humph! interjected Aunt Jemima.

Came out, pursued the unconscious George, and wanted me to buy a lot of tobacco. Well tobacco wasn't exactly in my line, but the old woman was very anxious to be rid of it, so I closed the bargain at five dollars; cheap enough, but at the same time as much as I could afford to pay. And I never opened the packet until a month afterward, when I was going up into the lumber districts where I expected to find a good market for that sort of thing. And just here comes in the queer part of my story. When I was making up my pound packages of tobacco into small parcels, suitable to my trade, I found in one of them, tied and papered like the rest, a tin box with—

Four hundred dollars in bills in it! fairly screamed Aunt Jemima. Yes, I know. I sold you that ar tobacco!

And when you found you had got what was never intended for you why didn't you bring it back?

Gently, gently, Miss Buxford, said George Stapleton. I did bring it back the very next week, for although the temptation to keep it was very strong, yet it somehow lay heavy on my conscience. And when I got back the old house was shut up, and not a soul in the neighborhood could tell me where the family had moved to!

And that is true! assented Aunt Jemima, who had never lived on the best of terms with her old neighbors. Well, seeing the money is to come back to the family again—do not blush so, Ellen, I have not said no harm! But I kind of wish I had not sold the Blue Virginy. Not for the money's sake—but my poor old brother Ebenezer—

And Aunt Jemima got up and went into the house, while Ellen lifted her soft eyes to her lover's face, saying,—

I feel as if Uncle Ebenezer had put the money into my hands, for he always intended it to be mine, George!

And I, said George Stapleton, begin to believe in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction!

A pure heart, a generous disposition, and a habit of self-control are all conducive to clear ideas and true views. Free from the blinding clouds of passion or prejudice, vanity or ambition, selfishness or envy, the mind arises in its dignity and asserts its native power. It is then able to examine reasons, sift motive, foresee results, and arrive at sound conclusions. Unrammelled by the fetters of excessive hope or fear, it is free to discern the laws which govern human nature and which determine right-doing.

TWO METHODIST STORIES.

There is a very jolly member of one of the leading Methodist Episcopal churches in Detroit who loves a good joke next to the Lord. Over his after-dinner pipe yesterday he entertained a party of young friends with anecdotes and reminiscences as only he can entertain those whom he is fond of.

One of the best things I remember, said he, happened in our church a number of years ago. A favorite pastor (now a presiding elder in one of the districts in this conference) was and still is one of the most fervid lovers of the Lord that I ever met. On one occasion we had some Eastern bright light in our pulpit for the day. The church was packed and Dr. Blank, our pastor, democratically planked himself down on one of the steps of the altar. The visiting dignitary was a preacher of mighty eloquence and every little while Dr. Blank, who was filled to the brim with the Holy Spirit, would exclaim with characteristic fervor, Amen! In order to make the point of this story obvious it is necessary to explain that the doctor's mind, although eminently a sound one, moved, well, a little leisurely, we will say, so that he was a neck behind in the race with the nub of a story.

On this occasion it was evident that the preacher of the day had wrought him up to the concert pitch, and his hearty amens were heard pretty often. When the peroration was reached the dear good soul was fairly ecstatic, and we who knew him well were listening with all our ears to hear his final amen, at the instant of the climax. The preacher got a little away from him in spite of his rapt attention, and had just spoken the lead to the tag, so to say another word and I have done, when Dr. Blank shouted with extreme unction—Amen!

That, said the narrator, reminds me of another A few days or weeks, or months, or years ago one of our members, a wealthy manufacturer here in Detroit, was chairman at some kind of a church gathering. He is an admirable man for such duties and we were having a real treat in watching his clever way of conducting the meeting. Finally he broke off in what he was saying to explain his monopoly of the chair, and this is how he did it:—

Brethren and sisters, I expected that Brother So and So (mentioning the name of a minister high up in Methodist councils) would be here to address you this evening; but, providentially, he was detained elsewhere.—Unidentified.

You ought to join the church, said Deacon Pusher to another Board of Trade man the other day.

I know it, Deacon, and I have been feeling as though I would like to do it for a good spell back.

Then why the mischief don't you do it? said the Deacon, as he made a memo; random to crowd Mickum to the wall at the first favorable opportunity.

There is one serious obstacle in the way.

And what the Old Harry might that be?

Well, the fact is, I am not religious—I have no religion at all.

Well, that is not at all necessary, my dear sir—not necessary at all. Humph! The idea!

But Deacon, my convictions—

Convictions be hanged! What do we care for convictions? All we want is pew rent.

The member from Calalash was disgusted with the manner in which time had already been wasted without electing a senator; and rising slowly to his feet with majestic dignity, his piercing eye swept the assembly with a withering look, as he thrust one hand in the bosom of his coat, waved the other high in the air raised himself on tiptoe, and in tones of exalted pitch that startled every drowsy member, thundered out:—

In heaven's name, Mr. Speaker, what are we here for?

The little man from Blossom County, who was doubled up in his seat writing a letter to his wife, opened out like a spring jackknife, and stood on his pins in an instant, with both hands jabbed into his pockets to the elbows, as he answered the conundrum with his usual bluntness:—

Six dollars a day and mileage!

The same objects seen from three different points of view—the past, the present, and the future—often exhibit three different faces to us, like those sign boards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

St. Stephen; Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber.
Milltown St. Stephen; Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister.
Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell.
Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday A. Y. Paterson.
Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; J. S. B. DeVeber.
Gagetown; Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber.
Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart.
St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Thursday; Robt. Wills.
Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; J. J. Steeves.
Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday J. C. Harper.
Richibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines.
Kingston, Kent Co.; Kingston, 44; Tuesday; B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. McGruar.
Point de Bute, West. Co.; Westmorland, 50; Thursday; J. Amos Trueman.
Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51; Tuesday; L. R. Moore.
Pennfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 58; Saturday; W. N. Bucknam.
Cambridge, Queen's Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow.
Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R. Goodwin.
Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; W. Steeves.
Carleton, St. John; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; Henry Finch.
Derby, North. Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Betts.
Doughlastown, North. Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson.
Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead.
Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134 Saturday; James E. Coy.
Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. Teed.
St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164 Tuesday; Cudlip Miller.
Moncton; Moncton, 188; Monday; E. McCarthy.
Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191 Saturday; C. A. Beck.
South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207 Monday; Wm. Roxborough.
Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday John Waring.
Moncton; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Wallace Armour.
Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main.
Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; J. W. Mann.
Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wather.
Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler.
Butternut Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith.
Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. Jonah.
Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; R. Lewis.
Deer Island, King's Co.; Moss Rose, 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd.
Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday; C. W. Weyman.
Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256 Tuesday; A. F. Matheson.
Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts.
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.; Union, 258; D. W. Grierson.
River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith.
Steeves' Mountain, West. Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Jr.
Lawrence Station, Char. Co.; Lawrenceville, 261; Saturday; F. S. Richardson.
Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes.
Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton.
Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie.
Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Friday; Dr. J. G. Atkinson.
Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. S. Smith.
Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267 Friday; G. Johnston.
McAdam Junction, York Co.; Star Branch, 268; E. W. Brownell.
2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherwood.
St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; T. McGowan.
Penobscus, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Thursday; J. W. Foyd.
St. Nicholas River, Kent Co.; Milltown, 272; Friday; J. Murray.
Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; G. Flawelling.
Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore.
Good Templer Hall, St. John; Gordon, 275; Friday; H. P. Sandall.
Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Wednesday; G. A. Taylor.
Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; J. B. Henry.
Healthland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall.
Goshen Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Thursday; D. W. Goodall.
St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday W. Vincent.
Elgin, Albert Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; G. Smith, A. B.
Springfield, King's Co.; Springfield, 282; Friday; G. M. Wetmore.
Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake, 283; H. E. White.
Clifton, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division 284; Wednesday; N. R. Ritchie.
Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; Chas. J. Harris.
Port Elgin, West. Co.; Fort Moncton, 286; Friday; W. M. Spence.
Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; H. W. Falkins.
Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division 288; Monday; John W. DeForest.
Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Wm. V. Benn.
Forest Glen, West. Co.; Forest Glen 290; Thursday; Miss A. Hubley.
Bristol, Carleton Co.; Bristol Union, 291 Tuesday; Rev. John Gravinor.
East Florenceville, Carleton Co.; East Florenceville, 292; Saturday; Wm. Tompkins.
Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher.
Bath Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Herbert Gray.
Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale Tuesday; F. A. Steeves.