

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AUTUMN, thy rushing blast
Sweeps in wild eddies by,
Whirling the sear leaves past,
Beneath my feet to die.
Nature her requiem sings
In many a plaintive tone,
As to the wind she flings
Sad music, all her own.

The murmur of the rill
Is hoarse and sullen now,
And the voice of joy is still
In grove and leafy bough.
There's not a single wreath,
Of all spring's thousand flowers,
To strew her bier in death,
Or deck her faded bowers.

I hear a spirit sigh
Where the meeting pines resound,
Which tells me all must die,
As the leaf dies on the ground.
The brightest hopes we cherish,
Which own a mortal trust,
But bloom awhile to perish
And moulder in the dust.

Sweep on, thou rushing wind,
Thou art music to mine ear,
Awakening in my mind
A voice I love to hear.
The branches o'er my head
Send forth a tender moan;
Like the wail above the dead
Is that sad and solemn tone.

Though all things perish here,
The spirit cannot die,
It owns a brighter sphere,
A home in yon fair sky.
The soul will flee away,
And when the silent clod
Enfolds my mouldering clay,
Shall live again with God;

Where Autumn's chilly blast
Shall never strip the bowers,
Or icy Winter cast
A blight upon the flowers;
But Spring, in all her bloom,
For ever flourish there,
And the children of the tomb
Forget this world of care.

The children who have passed
Deaths tideless ocean o'er,
And Hope's blest anchor cast
On that bright eternal shore;

Who sought, through him who bled
Their erring race to save,
A Sun, whose beams shall shed
A light upon the grave!

AN ITALIAN ROBBER.

AT Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the facetious Grimaldi with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers. Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing at nightfall through a wood; here he drew up his forces, which literally consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen of well stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages well suited to inspire the travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postillion to stop; he then made the conductor and the passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointing to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers: "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear." This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labour for life in the gallees. It appeared on the trial, that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers who appeared determined to stand their ground: they summoned them to surrender, and on receiving no reply, fired a volley, and then attacked the *manikins* sword in hand: of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.—*Goldsmith's Statistics of France.*

CHILDREN.

WHAT are children? Habit makes us indifferent to these spiritual creatures whom we can call by no sweet enough name: flowers, dewdrops, butterflies, stars. If we had never seen any children before, we should think them messengers from another world, strangers to our language and our atmosphere, regarding us with silent but intelligent mildness, like Raphael's infant Christ.

GOOD BEGINNING IN EDUCATION.

THE first steps are all important. Give any direction to the infant mind, and it will keep on almost of itself. It requires much fire to make water boil, but when it is thoroughly heated, a lamp will keep it from cooling.