

Autumn.

Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are strewing their earthly
bur;
And dreamy mist o'er the woodland swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs.

From bough to bough the squirrels run
At the noise of the hunter's echoing gun,
And the partridge flies where my footstep
heaves
The rustling drifts of the withered leaves.

The flocks pursue their Southern flight,
Some all the day and some all the night;
And up from the wooden marshes come
The sound of the pheasant's feathery drum.

On the highest bough the mourner crows
In his funeral suit of woe;
All nature mourns, and my spirit grieves
At the noise of my feet in the withered leaves.

I sigh for the days that have passed away,
When my life, like the years, had its season
of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beauty
and truth,
And the dews bathed my feet in the valley
of youth.

Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of
the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.
But youth is a fable, and beauty deceives,
And my footsteps are loud in the withering
leaves.

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at
morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the
horn;
Or when dragging the rake I followed them
out,
While they tossed the light sheaves with
their laughter about.

Through the field, with boy daring, bare-
footed I ran,
But the stubbles foreshadowed the pathway
of man.
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of
sheaves,
While my footsteps are loud in the withering
leaves.

—T. Buchanan Read.

A Shaggy Newsboy.

THE railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I of course answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the car. The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step of the car, holding on by his left. I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farm-house came into view away off across some open fields. Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad; and I saw a black, shaggy form leap quite over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mulleinstalk in an angle of the fence. It was a big black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him. Then he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields towards the farm-house. When we last saw him, he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows, and then the train rushed through a deep cleft in the hill-side, and the whole scene passed from our view.

"What will he do with the paper?"

I asked of the tall young conductor at my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded, "my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day, in the way you have seen."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is time for the train, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir! He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear that I should not get on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch of the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded."

The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of my young friends, of whom I have a great many, would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell time by the clock."—*Golden Days.*

Pen-Pictures.

A DAINTY, blue-eyed baby girl sitting for the first time in her high chair with the family at the stately dinner. The first-born daughter, the father's pride, the mother's joy; so bright, so winning; giving such fair promise of a sunny childhood, a true girlhood, and a brave womanhood. The wine is being poured, and, in childish wonder, the little one, attracted by its brilliant colour, begs to be allowed to taste it. Not a moment does the mother hesitate; no shadow of the future falls across that gaily-lighted table to warn her of the terrible result of that first fatal taste. The child crows and laughs and begs for more. More is given. By and by the little one grows sleepy, and is carried by the nurse to the couch which, years afterward, the guilty mother, remembering, wishes had been her last resting place.

Ten years later. A young girl, with nervous air and stealthy tread, creeping to the locked sideboard and looking for the missing keys. Vainly she searches. With angry frown she turns away and examines eagerly the contents of her pocket-book. The father, who used to be so generous with his little daughter, dare not give her spending money now. The purse is empty. Quietly, and to avoid suspicion, she arranges in the study all her materials for painting—for she is skilled, for one so young, in the use of water-colors. Then she creeps away to her room, and, hiding a jewel in her hand, goes secretly out the side door, and rushes to a pawnbroker's. She does not stay to argue with him though she knows he is cheating her, but hurries to the nearest liquor saloon and slips in the door above which is written "Family Entrance." A few hours afterward a carriage stops at her father's mansion, and she is borne unconscious and intoxicated to her daintily-furnished room.

Two years more have drifted by. Weary, sad, anxious years. Tears, entreaties, threats, and promises, alike have proved unavailing. The mansion blinds are always closed now. No laughter rings through the halls. Only the nearest of kin cross the threshold.

In a padded, darkened room, with chains upon the white wrists and chains upon the ankles, sits the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, not yet sixteen. The beauty is faded, the face is bloated and scarlet, the light of reason is gone.

Sometimes she raves wildly, and begs passionately for the poison which has ruined her, and then they go away and leave her alone with the misery which is too heart-breaking to witness.

Again rocking to and fro as her mother enters and sits beside her, she moans:

"Won't you call my mother? O, I've lost my mother! I want my mother!"

In vain the mother winds her arms around her daughter, seeking to soothe her. In vain she calls her all the pet names of her childhood. All in vain. She only moans more piteously:

"I've lost my mother! O, I want my mother!"

God pity her!
Fancy sketches, these? Nay, I wish they were. They are painted from life!

Unto the Desired Haven.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow
Or blow they east, or blow they west?
What reck I how the tides may flow
Since ebb or flood alike is best?
No Summer calm, no Winter gale
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I steadfast toward the haven sail
That lies perhaps not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie:
The nights when fierce the billows rolled
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach which seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret
Which through these years of doubt I bore;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
What ships gone down on Summer day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best;
God holds them in His hand, I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger nor delay,
As still I toward the haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away.
—A. D. F. Randolph.

It was admirable advice which Mr. Wesley records as having been given to a preacher by an old woman. "Preach," said she, "the law first, then the gospel, then the law again."

If once the Holy Ghost leave striving with thee, unhappy man, thou art lost for ever; thou liest like a ship cast by the waves upon some high rock, where the tide never comes to fetch it off.

A TAVERN KEEPER, who had abandoned traffic in alcohol after being engaged in the business a number of years, was asked the reason. He took down an account-book, and opening it, said: "Here are forty-four names upon this book. They were my customers. Of these, thirty-two are in drunkards' graves, ten are professional toppers, and I know not the whereabouts of the other two."

The God of the Buddha Lands.

BY J. K. LULLUM.

THE sound of a mighty tread is heard,
Shaking the earth from pole to pole,
Waking each slumbering, dormant soul
To the nations needing the Saviour's Word.

Hark! how the trembling echoes grow,
Till they roll o'er our land in a mighty flood
From Eastern lands where innocent blood
Cries for redress from wrongs and woe!

From the land of Buddha where idols stand
Crowned and throned in prominent place,
With marble, insurmountable eyes and face,
And ears that hear not, nor understand;

Where hideous reptiles on land and sea
Grow fat on inhuman sacrifice,
And the air is filled with humanity's cries
For a saving Saviour, if one there be.

The earth is shaken by ominous tread,
Stately as when a great king comes,
While a tumult of voices, and bells, and drums,
Heralds a coming both strange and dread.

The sound increases. The sunbeams glance
On dark-skinned faces and boughs of palms,
On gold and jewels, and broided arms,
On snake-skin drums and horned lance.

The royal king of the Buddha lands
Advances amid these offerings meet,
While now and again beneath his feet
He tramples a life out in the sands!

Ah! we who hold in our hands to-day
The written Word of a living God,
Who is neither unheeding, nor cold nor hard,
But long-suffering, patient—tell me, pray,

Are we not to work if ever we would
Stop this inhuman sacrifice,
Until the echoing, joyous cries
Are, *Alla il Alla*—"God is good?"

If the labourer desires to share more largely in the increasing product of industrial enterprise he must acquire capital, and to do this he must learn to save. Cairnes sets forth England's annual drink bill of 120,000,000 pounds sterling, one-half of which he thinks belongs indisputably to the labouring class, as an answer to the assertion that the labourer's income leaves no margin for saving. "The obstacles to saving," he says, "are not physical but moral obstacles, and, supposing labourers had the virtue to overcome them, the first step toward their industrial emancipation would have been accomplished."

"Thy Burden."

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.

No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.
Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form, and weight, and size.

Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.
The burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong,
Yet, let it press too heavily and long,
He says, Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hopes light up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain or sin or care,
It will grow lighter there.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,
But, borne with Him, the soul restored for-
given,
Sings out through all days
Her joy, and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farningham.