

Autumn Days.

A WEALTH of beauty meets my eye—

Yellow and green, and brown and white,
In one vast blaze of glory fill
My happy sight.

The rich-robed trees, the ripening corn,
Bright-coloured with September fire—
Fulfillment of the farmer's hope
And year's desire.

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of bird and bee and running brook;
And plenteous fruits hang ripening round,
Where'er I look.

The mellow splendour softly falls
On morning mists and evening dews,
And colours trees and flowers and clouds
With thousand hues.

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringed!
I watch ye gathering side by side,
Like armies in the solemn skies,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods,
Fast deepening down to russet glow,
When autumn, like a brunette queen,
Rules all below.

The soul of beauty haunts the heavens,
Nor leaves for long the warm-faced earth.
And, like a mother, the kind air
To life gives birth.

Buz death rides past upon the gale
And blows the rustling golden leaves;
They whirl and fall, and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O autumn days—farewell!
Ye go; but we shall meet again,
As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Do you remember the sea-cucumber? You know he looks like a real cucumber, and has no head, only an opening for a mouth with little fringes about it. The Chinese call these trepangs, and are fond of them to eat. Men dive down to the bottom of the sea and pick them up just as easily as if they were real cucumbers. The other day I saw a picture of one of these animals, but he looked queer, for out of the hole that he uses for a mouth was sticking a real head—the head of a fish. It seems some one had caught the trepang and put him in a jar of water. If you have ever tried to keep a water animal you very well know that the water must be changed very often or they will begin to gasp for breath. So, after a little time, the air that was in this jar began to get used up, and the fish thrust his head out to see what was the matter. It was a real fish, though small, with fins, gills, and every thing necessary to take care of himself. But he cannot seem to live alone and get along very well, for in a few minutes after coming out he drops down to the bottom and that seems to be the end of him. But how do you suppose the trepang likes it? Some say there is a place in his body fixed on purpose for this fish to live in, so he does not mind; indeed, he seems to be lonesome when his lodger is absent. It is said that if you hold one of them up to the light, you can see every thing that is going on inside him

almost as well as if he were a glass fish. May be this is because he lives down there out of the light; for you know how pale plants are when the sunshine does not reach them.

Here is another animal that is said to have one, two, or even three fishes with it; but instead of living in the body, the little fellows stay just below in the water. This animal belongs to the jelly fish family and is called the physalia, or Portuguese man-o-war. No doubt you have heard of him before. He lives on the top of the water, sailing about in a little boat shaped like a shoe with the toe turned up. It is a blue boat, dark near the water and lighter at the top, where is a little ruffled sail of white fringed with rose colour. Under the boat are long lines charged with poison streaming out to catch fish and other animals. When caught they cannot get away, for as soon as a line touches them they are dead. Now it is down here in this dangerous place that these little fish called blue-jacks live; but they suffer no harm. It is said that if the physalia be lifted out of the water the little fish will hurry about for a time, and then disappear. But put him in again and back they come and take their old place close underneath him.

Here is a branch of sea-coral, and lying across it is a stranger to us, although the little coral animals know him only too well. Looking closer we can see that it is only a worm, or caterpillar, about as long as a man's hand. He has the end of the branch in his mouth, and seems to be sucking it like a child sucks candy. And so he is, for on pulling the branch out, we find that about an inch on the end is just the bare coral with not a single living animal in it. But you had better not touch the coral worm, for all over his body are barbed bristles, or hairs, and if one of them should get into your fingers you would cry out, "O, how it hurts."

You remember the star-coral, do you not? It, too, has a worm living with it. He fastens himself to a rock right in the midst of the coral, letting his feelers, or tentacles, stick out till they make one think of a bright pompon. The corals keep on increasing and building till the worm would be covered up by them, if he, too, did not try to keep ahead of them by building higher and higher. They seem to be fast here, but it is said that if any thing gets after them they can run quite rapidly.

There are several kinds of this worm, and you may know which is which by just looking at the home he lives in. One kind makes his round hollow house out of sand, and the largest kind always have doors to their houses. These doors are large shells so set up that they will open and shut only from the inside. How do you suppose they manage when they want to go away from home for a while? Ah! but you see, they are a stay-at-home class of people—indeed, they never put some

of their feet out of doors, so, of course, the only time they want to shut up their houses is when they want to keep every one else out and have a good time all alone by themselves.

And now do not say that you are tired of ugly worms, but just shut your eyes and fancy, while I am telling you about it, that you can see this one lying down underneath the sea. First, his name. He is called the sea-mouse, and O, how bright and pretty he is. Not the most brilliant humming bird you ever saw can compare with him, for his sides are covered with bristles that sparkle and glisten and shine out with all sorts of colours; indeed, just one bristle with the sunshine falling upon it is a little rainbow. And yet the sea-mouse is not the least bit vain; for instead of trying to show off his fine appearance he gets out of sight under a stone or hides in the mud. Some sea-mice have two eyes and some have four, while all have feelers on their heads so they can know when any thing comes near them, even if they are not looking about. They are shaped something like an egg, only not so thick, and have two rows of scales going up and down the body. He is like a fish and breathes with gills. These scales are right over the gills, so every time he draws a breath they move up and down. And then there is still another covering over this, something very much like felt. This keeps the mud and sand out of the gills, but of course the water, which is the only thing he wants, can get through.

Arrived.

A FEARFUL gale was blowing from the westward up the English Channel, directly into the unsheltered port of Havre, and hundreds of people had come down on the long pier to watch the ships come in. Havre harbour is made by two stone piers stretching out, one a mile, and the other something less, westward into the sea. Along the shore outside these piers are shoals and sand-bars; and inside, between them, close to the city, is the excavated harbour, with its fine granite quays and storehouses and shipping. Upon these long piers swarm always at "tide time" vagrant old beggars who are ready to lend a hand in towing the coming vessels along up the piers and into the harbour, thus to earn a few sous now and then. But on this day all the world had come down and stood looking seaward, in spite of the wind that threatened to blow them off their feet, and of the spray that in the fury of the storm broke quite over the piers. Such of the Havre-bound ships as were well to windward were in no great danger, but came on before the gale with their storm sails set, like great white gulls. Now came a French merchantman, now a New York packet ship, and now a full-rigged man-of-war, all bearing on and bounding over the waves as though full of free life. One by one they came down skilfully guided

by pilot and holmsman. As they neared the port they reduced even their little canvas, and riding gracefully on the top of the huge billows, swept in by the pier-head, and then into the smooth and safe waters of the inner harbour. One might go the world over, and live a lifetime, and never see a fairer sight.

But presently, away to leeward, almost among the sand-banks, came a poor, crippled collier, most of her sails torn to shreds and her masts bending under force of the gale. Once upon a sand-bank, and her day was over. She fought gallantly for her life.

"She can't weather the shoals! She can never fetch the pier-head," cried the men, turning their eyes from the well-equipped windward vessels to this forlorn craft, struggling at such odds with the winds and waves.

Now she seemed to be making a little progress, and then the great brute forces of nature bore her away and away again, till she trembled and panted, breathless and baffled, like a living thing hunted and brought to bay. Now, in her efforts to gain the harbour she seemed blown down into the very edge of the breakers. Then, by skilful evolutions, her course has changed; or, as the sailors say, she "wore ship" and stood off. But again the wind sent her back, and again she neared the breakers, and had to tack once more. By and by the turn of the tide began to help the desperate will of the sailors. Then slowly she drew along toward the port; and as she approached the most dangerous point of the shoals the eyes of every looker-on followed each motion eagerly. One moment she seemed whelmed in the breakers, but the next she had passed toward the pier-head. When she reached it, both men and ship seemed exhausted. But ropes were thrown from the pier, and were secured by the sailors, and then, as five hundred pairs of hands seized them and drew the poor tempest-worn vessel into the harbour, five hundred voices shouted welcome.

"There was more rejoicing over the poor collier than over all the others," said the captain. And just so I expect it will be when we come to reach heaven. One may get there ever so hardly, he may be overthrown and scarred and stained, but if he perseveres to the end he will find the waiting multitude ready with outstretched hands and songs of victory. For so an entrance shall be ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A SMALL boy in one of our public schools was reading and came to the word "napkin" and hesitated. "Why do you stop there, Johnny?" said the teacher; "you know what a napkin is, don't you?" "Oh, yes!" said Johnny, his face brightening up; "that's something we use when we have company." —*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*