

Autumn.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

The autumn winds are shrilly whistling round us,

While never ceasing falls the dreary rain,
The sky o'ercast, a cheerless dome above us,
As if the sun would ne'er shine out again.
Beneath the maple's shade, where late we sat,
To while away the lazy hours that seemed so long.

The fallen leaves lie withered now, and rustling,

Whisper to us, the summer's past and gone.

And now the fallen leaves are lying withered,
Or softly rushing o'er the barren field,
In mournful tones they tell us life is fleeting,
That days pass swift and are forever sealed;
Each one a page, a leaf of our life's story,
Till the brief summer of our lives has flitted by,

And autumn comes, to stay the angel's pinion
And tell to us that we too must droop and die.

Oh! let us live that when our days are numbered,

And closed the scene and record of our life,
We each may come with garnered sheaves rejoicing,

While every heart with lasting joy is rife.
Sow well the seed in spring-time, and in summer

Watch well the plants here given to our care;

When autumn comes, our life's work all accomplished,

We'll rest from labour in the glad home
"over there."

GRATTON, Sept. 11th.

Art.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Art is almost as useful as history or arithmetic, and we ought all to learn it, so that we can make beautiful things and elevate our minds. Art is done with mud in the first place. The art man takes a large chunk of mud and squeezes it until it is like a beautiful man or woman or wild bull; and then he takes a marble grave-stone and cuts it with a chisel until it is exactly like the piece of mud. If you want a solid photograph of yourself made out of marble, the art man covers your face with mud, and when it gets hard he takes it off, and the inside of it is just like a mould, so that he can fill it full of melted marble, which will be an exact photograph of you as soon as it gets cool.

This is what one of the men who belong to the course of lectures told us. He said he would have shown us exactly how to do art, and would have made a beautiful portrait of a friend of his, named Vee Nuss, right on the stage before our eyes, only he couldn't get the right kind of mud. I believed him then, but I don't believe him now. A man who will contrive to get an innocent boy into a terrible scrape isn't above telling what isn't true. He could have got mud if he'd wanted it, for there was mornamillion tons of it in the street; and it's my belief that he couldn't have made anything beautiful if he'd had mud a foot deep on the stage.

As I said, I believed everything the man said; and when the lecture was over, and father said, "I do hope, Jimmy, you have got some benefit

from the lecture this time," and Sue said, "A great deal of benefit that boy will ever get unless he gets it with a good big switch,—don't I wish I was his father, O I'd let him know." I made up my mind that I would do some art the very next day, and show people that I could get lots of benefit if I wanted to.

I have spoken about our baby a good many times. It's no good to anybody, and I call it a failure. It's a year and three months old now, and it can't talk or walk; and as for reading or writing, you might as well expect it to play base-ball. I always knew how to read and write, and there must be something the matter with this baby or it would know more.

Last Monday mother and Sue went out to make calls, and left me to take care of the baby. They had done that before, and the baby had got me into a scrape, so I didn't want to be exposed to its temptations; but the more I begged them not to leave me, the more they would do it; and mother said, "I know you'll stay and be a good boy while we go and make those horrid calls;" and Sue said, "I'd better, or I'd get what I wouldn't like."

After they'd gone I tried to think what I could do to please them and make everybody around me better and happier. After a while I thought it would be just the thing to do some art and make a marble photograph of the baby, for that would show everybody that I had got some benefit from the lectures, and the photograph of the baby would delight mother and Sue.

I took mother's fruit basket and filled it with mud out of the backyard. It was nice thick mud, and it would stay in any shape that you squeezed it into, so that it was just the thing to do art with. I laid the baby on its back on the bed, and covered its face all over with the mud about two inches thick. A fellow who didn't know anything about art might have killed the baby, for if you cover a baby's mouth and nose with mud it can't breathe, which is very unhealthy; but I left its nose so it could breathe, and intended to put an extra piece of mud over that part of the mould after it was dry. Of course the baby howled all it could, and it would have kicked dreadfully only I fastened its arms and legs with a shawl strap so that it couldn't do itself any harm.

The mud wasn't half dry when mother and Sue and father came in, for he met them at the front gate. They all came upstairs, and the moment they saw the baby they said the most dreadful things to me without waiting for me to explain. I did manage to explain a little through the closet door while father was looking for his rattan cane, but it didn't do the least good.

I don't want to hear any more about art or to see any more lectures. There is nothing so ungrateful as people, and

if I did do what wasn't just what people wanted, they might have remembered that I meant well, and only wanted to please them and elevate their minds.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Blind Man's Testimony.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The world poured its vast surprise;
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his now-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way;
For he was blind.

—And I am he;

For I was blind but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day,
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls but cannot shock
The hundred-fathomed-rooted rock,
Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint, but as for me
One thing I know, that I am he
That once was blind, but now I see.

They were doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their broad phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honour crowned their silver hairs.
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him
He knew and not the Sanhedrim.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Noble Girl.

SOME years ago there lived in Sweden, with her wealthy relatives, an orphan girl named Agnes Henderstrom. There seemed to be danger of her growing up a spoiled child, but when quite young she became a Christian, and began to work for others. She is now living in London, where she has a great influence for good among sailors. A brief sketch of her life is given in the *Pansy*:—

"One day she heard a Swedish minister preach, and soon after Agnes gave her heart to Jesus. Strangely enough, she began herself to preach to her people—now in school-houses, now in great halls. Often she would address, on the streets of London, great crowds of the worst sort of people. For years she thus toiled on among the wretched and wick'd and dangerous people who infested east London. Once she was speaking alone, in an awful place, to twenty drunken sailors, while they yelled and blas-

phemed. Still she continued, as best she could, to tell them the wondrous story of redeeming love. Think of the 'spoiled Agnes' coming to be such a brave, true woman! She still shudders to remember those awful moments when she did not know but those wretches would tear her to pieces. They did not: they became quiet and subdued. The next evening they came, bringing some of their comrades with them. Then came a small lecture-room by her efforts—then a large one. A few years ago Miss Agnes went among the good people of London and told them about the wretched people among whom she was labouring, especially the wicked sailors. They gave her money to build a home for sailors, when they came on shore without friends, and an army of saloons tempting them to drink, and waste all their earnings in riotous living. Well, after waiting some months for builders to finish the work, she clapped her hands—not on a guitar, as when a child, but together, as she walked through this home. She is solo manager of the sailors' boarding-house. There she sees that the beds are clean and the meals good. She has books and papers, and, best of all, her dear Master, Jesus, in this home. More than a thousand sailors are thought to have been saved from their wicked ways through this wonderful Agnes Henderstrom."

Boxwood.

Boxwood, on which the engravers make such fine wood-engravings for illustrated newspapers, is imported mostly from the Mediterranean shores of Spain and Turkey. It comes in small blocks of a roundish but irregular form, and perhaps an inch thick. This shape represents the outline of the tree-trunk or the main branch from which they were sawed off. The box tree, as a good many readers may not know, is a variety of the odorous dwarf box which, only two or three feet high, is cultivated in this country in gardens and used for forming edgings for flower-beds and gravel-walks; and even the tree from which the wood is cut for engravers' use never grows to any large size: twenty feet is about its usual height. It is, moreover, a slow-growing tree, as trees having very hard, dense wood usually are; and it need not be surprising, therefore, that the largest blocks imported for the engravers rarely exceed five inches in diameter. In making a picture large enough to cover a magazine page a good many separate bits of wood have to be used. Putting these together so that every part fits exactly, and no white lines show in the printed picture is a trade by itself.

Boxwood, being of such slow growth, is becoming scarce. The supply does not keep pace with the modern demand. Some substitute is anxiously looked for, and even celluloid is being tried in some experiments, but with no promising results.