

AUTUMNAL DREAM.

WHEN the maple turns to crimson,  
And the sassafras to gold;  
When the gentian's in the meadow,  
And the aster on the wold;  
When the moon is lapped in vapor,  
And the night is frosty-cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened,  
And the acorns drop like hail,  
And the drowsy air is startled  
With the thumping of the flail—  
With the drumming of the partridge,  
And the whistle of the quail,

Through the rustling woods I wander,  
Through the jewels of the year,  
From the yellow uplands calling,  
Seeking her who is still dear;  
She is near me in the autumn,  
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,  
When the weary winds are still,  
I can see her in the valley,  
I can hear her on the hill,  
In the splendour of the woodlands,  
In the whisper of the rill;

For the shores of earth and heaven  
Meet and mingle in the blue;  
She can wander down the glory  
To the places that she knew,  
Where the happy lovers wandered  
In the days when life was true.

So I think, when days are sweetest,  
And the world is wholly fair,  
She may sometimes steal upon me  
Through the dimness of the air,  
With the cross upon her bosom,  
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, Ah! to meet her,  
And to hold her gently fast  
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—  
That were happiness at last;  
That were bliss beyond our meetings  
In the autumns of the past!

—Bayard Taylor.

THE STORY OF A GOLD EAGLE.

A GOOD many years ago a merchant missed from his cash-drawer a gold eagle, which is worth twenty dollars. No one had been to the drawer, it was proved, except a young clerk whose name was Weston. The merchant had sent him there change for a customer, and the next time the drawer was opened the gold eagle had disappeared. Naturally, Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and more especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes. Being asked where he had bought the clothes, he gave the name of the tailor without hesitation; and the merchant, going privately to make inquiries, discovered that Weston had paid for the suit with a twenty-dollar gold-piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room and charged with the theft. "It is useless to deny it," the merchant said. "You have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest, he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago. The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof.

"Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded. "It was a lady," answered Weston,

"and I can't produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name"

Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer. "I never told any one about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent with the money, and in which she speaks of it."

"I daresay you have lost it," the merchant sneered. "When you have found it, sir, you can bring it to me, and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was the only means of proving his innocence. Unless he could produce it, his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed, were sadly against him. He went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing, but pray again for help and guidance and strength to endure whatever trouble God might choose to send upon him.

Sceptics may sneer at such prayers as this, but Weston (who is a middle-aged man now, prosperous, respected by all men, and deserving of respect) would smile and say, "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me the story years afterwards, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet, because it was always curling at the edges. The nail at the corner had come out, and, stooping down to straighten the rug, I saw a bit of paper peeping out. I pulled it from its hiding-place, and it was the letter."

"How it got there I don't know. The fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I hadn't gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance, I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought that letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterwards the gold-piece was found in Mr. Finche's overcoat pocket. He had never put it in the cash-drawer at all, though he thought he had. He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—*Young Reaper.*

BE THOROUGH.

"NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote

her essay, and practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot that truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent efforts obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough.

FAMOUS DUNCES.

IT is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can only do by hard study the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work. Sir Isaac Newton was pronounced a dunce in his early school-days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain.

The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule. A school-dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her school, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous.

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh he went by the name of "the great blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and in pursuing a study that he loved he was persevering and methodical.

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a fool.

MAN will not be forced to enjoy a happiness for which he has chosen to render himself incapable. In our life here begins our Paradise or our Inferno. —*Annie L. King.*

THAT BOY.

HE has come. He cries, he blows his whistle, he hangs around your table and chair when you are tired and thoughtful and nervous. He teases the other children in the family. He upsets the chairs and spreads confusion generally among cats and dogs and poultry.

You are tempted to send him to the woods, to see a neighbour boy, to school, or somewhere to get rid of him.

But remember, should he die, you would give more to hear that cry, that whistle, the falling of those chairs, and the confusion in the yard at his hands than all the gold of California. Fathers, mothers, quiet your nerves and think before you send him hastily away.

He will be a man presently. As you treat him he will be inclined to treat his children. Your influence through many generations will meet you at the judgment.

He needs employment. He is compelled to do something. He cannot be still. He does not know what is best to do. He does not care. He is thoughtless. There is a pressure on him like steam pent up in an engine. He wants to move and he will move in some direction. To send him away, to turn him loose, is as foolish as to put an engine on track with a full head of steam and no one to guide it. As you know that flying engine will wreck other trains and finally be wrecked itself, so you ought to know, in the case of your boy, he will injure others and finally destroy himself.

He needs employment suited to his taste. He wants a knife, a whip, a hammer and some nails. Better get these things and put him to work under your eye at home. His disposition and his well-being demand employment, and these or something similar will give it.

It is economy for you to spend a little money in buying tools, and a little time in showing him how to use them. If you will educate him a little in this way, in a few years he will gladly do you some work in the place of a hired mechanic. Besides, in after years, he will bless the day that you taught him how to use the hammer, axe and saw. Buy tools, nails and lumber, and keep him at home. When he is fatigued out-doors he will be quiet in the house, reading a book suited to his years and comprehension.

Put all the responsibility on him he can bear. Never do anything yourself that you can get him to do. Let him drive the vehicle you ride in, as soon as you can risk him, under your nose. You hold the plank and let him drive the nail. Pursuing this course, pretty soon you can risk him to mend the fence, hang the gate and drive the team alone. Our boys need independence of thought and action, under parental authority and encouragement.

THERE are queer corners and nooks left in England yet. A country parson lately went to preach in an old and remote parish one Sunday. The old sexton in taking him to the chapel, deprecatingly said: "I hope your reverence won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, chapel's a quiet place, an' I've got a duck settin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."