

THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

(Concluded.)

In the sky of every life twinkles a guiding star of destiny, that marks the spirit's path,—a path over which passes, but one traveler, and whose dim crooked outline none can trace. How often have joyous eyes looked out from the golden portals of twenty smiling years wreathed with grateful memories, and garlanded with flowers. A strange, soft, fascinating light draped with trailing folds the mistiness of the future. Through the awakened outward ear, there fell upon the delicate inward ear of the soul the distant rumbling of the wheels of mammon. They hear the steady ceaseless tramp of fire-shod passion, and the clang of iron handed purpose, and the life current sweeps and surges through the heart with a wild impetuosity stirring up from their inmost depths the latent capabilities of desire, and bidding them to the service of executive will. Thus inspired and thus equipped, they burn to enter the busy haunts of men, dreaming not of "the storm of fate blowing wild," reckless of the threatening waves of strange unforeseen circumstances that dash about their feet. A mother's agonizing prayers, a father's priceless benediction have been given, and the cruel rending of fondly cherished ties, and other young lives are on the open sea. Deep in the bosom of many a cloud now tempering the glare of the sun, lurks the death-dealing tempest. Beneath that unruffled calmness sleeps the force of ten thousand, hundred handed giants. Like swords from their scabbards these potent though hidden foes may leap to smite and slay. The morn of life marshals about human souls elements quick to catch and retain the hue and form of the most swiftly passing circumstance. Like a thorn-brake the mind touches only to adhere. Susceptibility to all within the realm of our consciousness is a principle firmly embedded in the innermost depths of our nature. Like the vine the tendrils from our hearts go out for something round which to twine. The feelings, sympathies and love of the great God encircle and overreach the vastness of His domain, and we have the rich endowment of a like though limited capacity. How often has a trivial word burnt like molten lead. How often has a look smote with crushing power upon the interior inmost vital chord of sensibility. As with a moulding hand circumstances develop or repress these wondrous powers. They come with the speed and lightness of a sunbeam, and with the terrific might of a destroying angel. Now gently as the summer wave they lap the shores of human life, anon like giant billows they hurt themselves against the threshold of the heart. Now they murmur hope, and

sparkle with bright expectancy, anon they swallow up our splendid dreams, and a dead sea rolls its dark salt bitter flood upon once a beautiful prospect opened to the eye of ambition. Circumstances seem the warm friends of some, and the relentless foes of others. They have cherished and sheltered many an opening bud, but have nipped many more. They guarded with jealous eyes the Lake-side school, and breathed gently upon its fame. They snuffed the candle by which Dante Chatterton and DeMusset wrote and snuffed it out. They have placed a cooling hand upon the hot brow, and have sent warm glances through the dreariness of the dark clouds of discouragement. They have stagnated the deep strong flow of many an energetic nature. They have beset with deadly power the cherished purpose and have cruelly thundered upon the weary steps of many who slowly and mournfully but manfully struggled on toward the lofty light crowned summits of intellectual superiority. Tremendous is the force of circumstances to draw out to strengthen and enlarge every latent capacity of our being, and terrible the same force to cramp, to cripple, and to kill. But an iron will has often proved mightier still. The stern power that lies behind a courageous heart has driven many a man against the swift tide of circumstances. Just as steam forces the ship through the very teeth of the tempest. So steady will power often drives men safely through the treacherous stormy sea of hostile circumstances.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN is again upon us. The withering leaves and blighted meadows show that Summer has passed and gone. Decay and death seem to be everywhere at work, and the rich luxuriance of Spring fostered by the gentle rays of the sun, just returning from his Southern tour, has faded away. Yet Autumn is a beautiful season. All vegetable nature though fading away is still grand in its ruins. As we gaze out from our window upon the North Mountain rising its sylvan crested brow from behind the Cornwallis Valley, the view that thus meets our eye is beautiful beyond description. The blending together of colors in the variegated foliage which clothes the mountain, from classic Bloomfield as far to the Westward as the eye can reach, greets us with the true sensation of beauty.

The leaf whilst falling away and dying seems to array itself in its most gorgeous habiliments ere it drops to the earth to be resolved again to its native elements. Thus we think it should teach man a twofold lesson—that he is mortal, and that when his time comes to fade and expire he should be found enrobed in the sacred garb of salvation.

Poets have sung and rhapsodists have dilated upon the praise of Spring, in its removing the pale fleecy mantle of Winter from off the fields, and covering them with a rich carpet of verdure; and the theme is not yet exhausted. But whilst this is so, much might be and has been said in the praise of Autumn. 'Tis true at this season of the year everything wears somewhat of a sombre aspect, but what of that. The thoughts which depressing nature impress on the mind are far different from those which rise up within us as we behold the wintry waste transformed into the charming verdancy of Spring; and yet who will say that they are less important? We think they are not, but that they perform an important part in the discipline of life. The blithe, charming, joyous appearance of Spring teaches us that there is a time to be joyous—the downcast demure appearance of Autumn, on the other hand, teaches us that there is a time to be pensive.

"Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walk.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadder'd grove where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil."

But whilst Autumn is the season of withering and decay, it is also the season of maturity and plenty. The agriculturist, who in the time of Spring toiled through the long days, oft times

"Brushed with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

And laboring until at eve the retiring orb closes the eye of day, is now rewarded for his laborious though pleasing toil, as he gathers into his garner the golden products of the fields, or stores his cellar with the mellow fruits of his orchard—the gifts of industry. To him Autumn is by no means all sombre. The busy season is now past, the short nights are over, and have given place to long evenings during which he may, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, peruse the newspaper or his books, as he feels inclined, thus storing his mind with useful knowledge which will fit him to discharge the duties of a good citizen.

THE VOICES.

The world, both physical and mental, is full of voices calling upon man in many and varied tones. As he gazes into the blue heavens above, stretching far away into boundless space, filled with countless suns and their attendant systems, each pursuing its intricate course in silent grandeur there comes a convincing voice telling him of an all powerful God