

from their lethargy and mental indolence to a knowledge of divine truth, and shedding the blessings of civilization and religion over their homes, forcing it, by constant visitation, and untiring exhortation, into their hearts.

Autumn Leaves.

"Oh, how splendidly that tree looks," said little Fanny the other day, as she looked from her window. "It is so red and bright;—and look, Aunt, there is one yellow as gold, next to the green one. Are they not very beautiful? What makes them so?"

"It is produced by the frost, my dear," I replied, "which has come before the leaves are dead, and changes them thus into this variety of colors. In many countries the trees do not assume these gorgeous colors in the Autumn, because the frost does not come until the leaves are dead. In England the beautiful colors of our forest leaves in the Fall, are a great curiosity, and are so much admired that ladies often send to their friends, in this country, to procure them. I recollect seeing a description of the dress of some great lady, at a ball one evening, and it said, her hair was dressed with a wreath of the natural Autumn leaves of the American forest, of the most brilliant colors."

"Why, it must have looked very strangely, I should think," said Fanny. "I should think she would have preferred gold or precious stones."

"She preferred them," I replied, "because they were the most rare ornament she could procure, and they were greatly admired. I was once among the Catskill Mountains in the Autumn, and I can never forget their gorgeous appearance. They are thickly wooded to their very summit; and they exhibited for two or three weeks, every variety of rich shade and color that one can imagine, commencing with light shades and each day deepening until the cold destroyed the vitality of the leaves, and they became brown and died."

"Oh, how beautiful the Autumn is," said Fanny.

"Yes, my dear, every season is beautiful and good; and from each we can derive lessons of wisdom. Were the earth suddenly to be deprived of the Summer's heat, without the gradation of Autumn, all plants would perish, and disease and death would be the result. Observe the wisdom and love of our Creator towards us, in thus adapting every thing for our good. And

that we may not mourn too much for the departing loveliness of Summer, he has clothed the Autumn with such beauty, that we admire and enjoy its parting splendor. Thus like a tender parent, he provides for the pleasure of his creatures, as well as for their support."

Little reader, when you gaze upon the glories of Autumn, adore your beneficent Creator. When you gaze upon the dying flower, and the withered leaf, remember how short your own life is; that the Bible says, "we all do fade as a leaf;" and strive to lay up, by faith and love, and deeds of mercy, *unfading* treasures in that land where all glory and beauty are immortal.—*Well Spring.*

The Young Tobacco Chewer.

Captain Marryatt, in one of his sea stories, called Peter Simple, tells a capital anecdote, about a boy who was just learning to chew tobacco.

I was amused the last morning watch I kept. We were stowing away the hammocks in the quarter deck nettings, when one of the boys came with a hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there, my good lad, a gum boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there is nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be; perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco leaf.

"I see, I see," said the lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with the tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance the boy was compelled to open his mouth, while the tobacco was extracted with the rough instrument.

Disobedience.

A WARNING TO BOYS.

During the last winter, while the snow was on the ground, in one of our large western cities, a widow sent her son with a two dollar bill to purchase groceries; he left home, and on his way met a compan-