

Poetry.

AUTUMN.

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun
Amid the golden meadows,
And little sun-tanned gleaners run

There peeps a glory on the land,
Flash'd down from heavens wide portals,
As Labour's hand grasps Beauty's hand

The work is done, the end is near,
Beat heart, to flits and labor,
For Beauty wedded to the Year,

There is a hush of joy and love
Now giving heads have crowned us,
There is a heaven up above

And a heaven here around us
And Hope, her prophecies complete,
Creeps up to pray at Beauty's feet,

Our own souls' loveliness is death;
And leave, when God shall find us,
Our gathered gems behind us.

Literature.

AN ORIGINAL INDIAN TALE.

BY J. F. LASH.

(Continued from our last.)

After the obnoxious interview
with the Indian chief, and being
greatly fatigued by previous
exercise, and my heart sickened by fore-

'Come, come,' said she; 'the
Heron has returned to his place in
the marsh, and the wild Eagle is
screaming aloud for his prey;

'I replied, did you not engage to
secure me my return to my people;
but now I am the chief's (your
father) prisoner; and more, I am
to be his slave, or die.'

Looking me steadfastly in the face
she said, with much earnestness,
'Did the Indian ever forsake her
trust? Did she ever fail to accom-

Three days had elapsed, and I had
not heard or seen anything of the
mysterious Indian girl nor the chief;
nor could I gather the slightest
knowledge from any of the unso-

She advanced in the same quiet
order as at other times, and whis-
pering in my ear, said: 'Let the
white brother prepare for his rescue.
Watch your opportunity when the
moon strikes upon the white rock in
yonder cliff; when the two Indians
are sleeping—when their thoughts
are gathered from the world—then
carefully—I say carefully—leave
the wigwam. Let your tread be
noiseless, like the falling dew, for
the Indian's ear is quick to catch a
sound. You are watched from
without by the appointed sentinels;
but trust to me, I will pass you
under their very eyes, and they shall
not know it—holding up as she
spoke a large flask containing some
sparkling intoxicating beverage.—
Make your way quickly to the shady
pine grove, under the high hill, and
see that you follow the notes of the
whippoorwill.'

The York Herald,

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"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

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Whole No. 150.

Tedious did the hours drag by
that were to leave me with the
voice of liberty. Watchfully did I
goze upon the orb of night as it
slowly moved along the dark con-

'What dat you be looking at de
moon so much for, Capin? See
anything peticular in him?'
'Oh no,' I replied, 'only admir-

The two young Indians were
breathing close and heavy, while an
occasional muttering convinced me
that they were securely folded in
the arms of somnolence. Carefully I
raised myself, and cautiously pro-

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plains below, but much further from
the starting point. Having passed
a large mound that probably had
been raised by some volcanic erup-

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we never heard of her after.'
'Describe her,' she asked.
She was a pretty laughing child,
with sunny blue eyes and curling
hair, rather dark in its shade;—she
wore a little pink frock and a dark
belt; we called her name Ida.

'I did hear of such a maiden,'
she replied, 'who dwelt among a
neighboring tribe; she was the
pride of the nation—tall and com-

The giant of day had crossed the
meridian, when Wyanka came
bounding through the thicket, bear-
ing in her hand some blue grapes
and wild plums.

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stantial castles, they would soon find
the sacred truth of a pure religion
springing up in their hearts, and
sending out its wide and flowing
currents that would irrigate and
nourish the cold and sterile wastes
of their benighted souls.

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plants are cultivated in times of
drouth. Fruit trees flourish finely
over them.

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WHAT BECOMES OF PRECOCIOUS
CHILDREN.—Baillet mentions one
hundred and sixty-three children en-
dowed with extraordinary talents,
among whom few arrived at an ad-
vanced age. The two sons of Quin-

How to choose a farm
horse.
The farmer requires a horse that
can take him to market and around
his farm, on which he can occasion-
ally ride for pleasure, and which he
must sometimes use for the plow and
harrow.

Temperance societies in Ger-
many in the sixteenth century.—
The various laws which were fre-
quently enacted in the fifteenth and
sixteenth centuries, to check drunk-
ness, or at least immoderate drink-

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