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TERMS.

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AUTUMN.

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun Amid the golden meadows, And little sun-tanned gleaners run To cool them in their shadows; The reaper binds the bearded ear, And gathers in the golden year; And where the sheaves are glancing, The farmer's heart is dang

There pours a glory on the land,
Flashed down from heaven's wide portals,
As Labor's hand grasps Beauty's hand
To yow good will to mortals;
The golden year brings Beauty down,
To bless her with a marriage orown. ess her with a marriage crown, While Labor rises, gleaning Her blessings and their meaning.

Beat, Heart, to flute and tabor For Beauty, wedded to the Year Completes herself from Labor; She dons her marriage gems, and then She casts them off as gifts to men, And, sun-beam-like, if dimmer, The fallen jewels glimmer. There is a hush of joy and love Now giving hands have crowned us;

The word is done, the end is near;

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, While with a thousand voices The perfect earth rejoices!

When to the Autumn heaven here Its sister is replying,
'Tis sweet to think our golden year Fulfils itself in dying; That we shall find, poor things of breath, Our own soul's loveliness in death, And leave, when God shall find us, Our gathered gems behind us.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun. At the cottage door the grandsire

Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair. A woman is kneeling beside him, A fair young hand is prest, In the first wild passion of sorrow Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper-"The end no man can see; ut we give him to his country. And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows, The rose-buds fringe the door,

And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still—
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman the cold hearth sits alone. By the cold hearth sits alone, And the old clock in the corner Ticks on with a steady drone

GATHERING AS IT GOES.

Uprising from the street. Where fall the passers' feet, With soft and muffled tread, Like watches by the dead,
In the yielding snows,
Comes a childish cheer Comes a childish cheer Sharply on the ear; As with gleeful shout and song, The snowball rolls along, Gathering as it goes.

'Want your door scraped, cook ?' cried a small voice down the area of a handsome house at the West End one cold wintry morning. I may as well be precise, and the little fellow, with a resolute air. inform my readers, who will doubtless take a deep interest in all that concerns the hero I have in reserve for them—that it was Christmas morning, a right old-fashioned Christmas morning-when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and innumerable feathery flakes fell softly on the brilliant white carpet with which the streets speak of, and I was nearly starved afore I were spread, as if in honor of the festive left him; then I took to a costermonger,

An extraordinary stillness had descended upon the usually noisy thoroughfare; cabs and omnibuses no longer rattled over the pavement, for their wheels ap- stale stuff, so I was forced to try winkles peared to run on velvet, and the horses, like those of Lear's troop, seemed to be shod with felt; even the stern policeman, whose 'slow and solemn tread' had an awful echo on the flags, moved like a dark phantom over the pale earth, without a sound to denote the march of his official boots. There were, however, in the absence of the din so familiar to a Londoner's ear, sounds thayaters; only the bobbies hunt us as if and street noises that in the sharp, frosty air struck the ear with more than ordinary distinctness. Here a group of gossiping I makes a tidy day's work by carrying a Joe Gimber's first introduction to polite servant girls and strong young fellows link afore old gentlemen who's afraid of society. That night he slept in a little servant girls and strong young fellows with water pails and cans were assembled losing their ways or gitting run over.— bed made up for him in the harness-room it is the good man who dispenses of his round a water plug which had been set running for public accommodation by the parish turncock; there a group of urchins coves, and them Ingen blacks in white parish turncock; there a group of urchins were lying in ambush round a corner or down a mews, snowballing the passers by, ones, and they won't give them up without and making the air ring with their pro- a tidy bit o' money.' voking laughter whenever a well-aimed missile took effect on the glossy hat or one of them? well-brushed coat of a staid elderly gentleman, whose withering look of surprise when there's a fall o' snow I have plenty rolled by the pretty sylphide over heaps of and indignation only increased the boisterous merriment of the voung delinquents. well paid for it, too.'

sixpences and sugar-plums, which stuck to lit. Thorough cultivation was the panatimon every side. Joe had made the first least and scarcely a dissenting voice was At another spot a juvenile party had, by cited the wonder of a numerous assemblage now watching, with such a serious face, of young spectators. The butcher's ap- the making of that large snowball in the solicitors, of Bedford Row, where his duties admiration of its size, and wholly regard-less of that sweetbread in the tray on his tity of snow?'

Joe turned his keen eye a moment upon eye of a philosopher, a man of the world eye-I say a man, for, though Joe Gimber London street boy, whose intellect had goes!' been matured by hunger and sharpened by necessity. He had obtained from 'cook,' scrape and clear away the snow from the door steps, and, having completed the job to his own satisfaction, was now, while waiting for the modest remuneration of his

as the boys rolled it to and fro on the

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. contemplatively on his broom. 'That's not a word but Maudeley perceived that

prised, but nothing daunted, Joe followed parlor, where he was told he would find himself with the members of the lower drawing-room. Mr. Maudsley. It would not be easy to imagine a more

unwashed, untended, half-naked, and near-

ject in the picture to which he was thus amongst the wandering tribes of London suddenly introduced. A tattered old fus- were immensely relished, and his imitations tian jacket, tied, for lack of buttons, of some of the street-showmen and balladround his waist with a piece of pack thread, singers were declared by the cook and partially concealed an inner garment of house-maid to be equal to a play. dingy hue and dubious material; loose corduroy trousers, made originally for a was a great affair; for a large party of refull grown person, but tucked up round lations on both sides of the house had asthe legs to accommodate the diminutive sembled to do honor to the festival. There stature of the actual wearer; a pair of were the three unmarried sisters of Mrs. thick-soled, worn-out bluchers, and a Maudsley, two rich maternal uncles-who, shapeless roll, something like black cloth, which served ordinarily for a cap, but was great respect by the family—a married now twisted up hard between his hands, brother of Mr. Maudsley, with his wife now twisted up hard between his hands, completed the costume of little Joe, as he and five children, Mrs. Maudsley's mother, stood, digging his hob-nailed boots into the and Mr. Maudsley's aunt, to say nothing Turkey carpet, in the centre of the room, of three or four cousins who had a standing facing the pleasant looking gentleman who engagement for Christmas day and Eastering the novelty of his situation, Joe resatisfied by the result of his investigation, he made a rapid but curious review of the room and its contents, commencing with the ornamental clock on the chimney-piece, and ending with the cold roast beef and rarest, that the holly sprigs with which it the game pie that adorned the side-board, tunate proprietor of all these good things, the port was not the oldest, and the an expression of expansive good-nature, the features of its original, while surveying the odd specimen of humanity before

'What is your name, my little fellow?' asked Mr. Maudsley, opening the proceed- entirely differ in opinion with them. ings in the strictly legal manner; -and this reminds me I have not yet informed eral demand for a dance amongst the my readers that he was a solicitor—an young people, and one of Mr. Mandslev's bonest and, indeed, excellent man, with a sisters, who 'didn't dance,' undertook to heart large enough for at least a dozen supply the music on the piano. Little ordinary attorneys.

'Joe Gimber, sir.' 'Who is your father?'

child.

'Your mother, then, where is she ?' 'Gone dead three years next Easter, sir. She had me and two sisters younger | than me to keep. She worked at stitching all day and all night often, but she couldn't get a living out of it, and so she died.'

What, then, became of your sisters? 'They was taken into the workhouse, and they told me that they died too.' 'Why did you not go into the workhouse with your sisters?'

Well, sir, I didn't much like it: I thought I'd rayther be independent, said 'Independent!' repeated Mr. Maudsley, looking incredulously at the child. 'What on earth could you do!'

O! please, sir, I could do lots o' things. First, I went into the noos line, and delivered papers for a nooswender to his customers; but he paid me nuffin' to and sold apples, oranges, and radishes, and wedgetables of all sorts; but my master was a bad lot, and knocked me about shockin' when I couldn't sell his on my own hook '

his puzzled interrogator. O, sir! don't you know winkles? pen-

iwinkles, some people calls 'em.' O! I understand—periwinkles!

'Peniwinkles and srimps, sir, and sometimes 'am sandwidges at the door of the sylphide who had been the cause of his we was thieves, which I never was. Now trated box of bonbons, with a smile that enough to say that prosperity has not ren- Blessed be sleep! for then they have and again, when there's a good thick fog, made the offering doubly sweet. This was Then there's money to be picked up by bedgowns, have got hold of all the good comfortable lodging, to produce his store

And you have not been able to purchase

Since you have told me so much of roll in life. their united exertions, formed a snowball yourself and your life, Joe, tell me what A few days after the events just narprentice stood with gaping mouth, lost in street; for you were thinking of something admiration of its size, and wholly regard- more than the mere collection of a quan-

specially ordered for his breakfast; the his questioner, and appeared to hesitate; the day. Mr. Maudsley did not, however, doctor's boy, too, who had been despatched he had freely related everything respect- stop here with his kindness; for he perventre a terre to distribute to his master's ing his way of life—his misery and his mitted Joe to attend an evening school, patients their morning draughts and eve- struggles he did not seek to conceal; but where, true to the maxim which he had ning pills, paused—mercifully paused—on when, for the first time, an attempt was made the rule of his life, he gathered his way, to examine and measure in his made to penetrate his mind, to unlock the learning with incredible rapidity. In the mind's eye that monstrous globe which he mystery of his thoughts, he felt embar house where he lodged, there also fesided mentally compared to a gigantic bolus .- rassed and surprised. His hesitation was, There was, however, one amongst the however, brief, and he replied, with some- a claim for a legacy which had been left crowd who gazed at the snowball with the thing like a knowing twinkle of the

had not yet seen his twelfth birth-day, he to get on in the world, ought to be like undertook to teach him the French tongue. was a perfect specimen of the precocious that snowball-always gathering as he This was what he ardently desired, and

'True, quite true,' said Mr. Mandsley, ficient in the language, that he could not only write it with ease, but converse fluentto whom his application had been made alone that maxim applies; the mind should ly in it. through the area railings, an order to be equally diligent in the acquisition of Three years had passed away, during knowledge and of virtue, without which the which time, Joe, by his assiduity and good possession of riches adds nothing to man's temper, had become a prime favorite in the happiness. If he would be truly great, he office; the elderly chief and the heads of must be truly good. Patience, industry the establishment liked him for his punctulabor, watching, with a combination of and perseverance are his handmaids- ality and integrity, and the young men for childish interest and cool calculation, the truth, justice and humanity lie in his path the readiness with which he always ex-—the wise man makes these his own, and ecuted their little commissions—but more, progress of accumulation in the snowball

certain whimsical drollery, which even the striking contrast than that which the poor serious' footman, who had a 'call' and regularly attended Mr. Wallay's chapel,

> The Christmas dinner at Mr. Maudsley's being bachelors, were looked up to with the plum-pudding was not the richest and was stuck over were not of the greenest, toasts were not the most cordially proto; that, in a word, the feast was not the most glorious, and the company not the happiest that had ever been known, then I must take the liberty of saying that I

Later in the evening, there was a gen-Joe, who heard in the kitchen the beating 'What is your name, my little fellow?' of the merry feet overhead, expressed a the contrivance of one of the servants was land; his heart beat violently, and his eyes dazzled with the light; he vainly tried to follow the waltzers in their mazy round; his head became giddy, and forgetting for the moment where he was, he clapped his hands in uncontrollable delight; and leaning forward with too little caution to get a nearer view of a pretty little sylthan any of the others attracted his admi-Joe Gimber falling with it, rolled suddengeneral scream greeted the unexpected appearance of this strange guest, who, hastily come forward and called him to remain. 'Winkles! what are winkles?' inquired The matter was shortly explained, and Joe, instead of being ignominiously expelled from the room, became an object of curimixed with a few bits of silver, the little mischance, bestowing upon him an illusby the jolly coachman and his cozy wife. While undressing, he had time to admire his improved appearance, to survey his of sweetmeats, and pick out the glittering coins from a heap of raisins and burnt almonds. Full of the most agreeable reflections, he fell asleep, to dream that he 'No. sir; but I work werry hard, and was transformed into a gigantic snow ball,

of Messrs. Maudsley and Witherspoon, consisted in sweeping out the offices, and a Frenchman, who had come to prosecute him in this country. With this person, Joe formed an intimacy, and for some acts of civility rendered to him by the boy, he few months' instruction made him so pro-

gathers peace and happiness as he goes.'
There was something in the manner in which these few words were spoken which
that their harmless 'larks,' and venial

clothes, shortly transformed him into a occupy in the office, he thought of the It was some months after Joe's eleva-

tion, that a case came into the office which required that a confidential agent should be sent to Paris; none of the second ly half-starved child effered to every ob- could not resist. His stories of life clerks, however, spoke French, and the business was on the point of being confided to a stranger, when it was recollected by the managing clerk that Joe Gimber was immediately questioned, and being found competent for the duty, he was sent to Paris, where he not only brought the affair to a satisfactory issue, but laid the foundation of a very lucrative business for partners giving him a considerable increase of salary, and an advance in his position in the establishment. Thus, by his roll to Paris, Joe Gimber, true to his rule of life, He was now a person of some

gathered much, and lost nothing. quence, and, being placed at the head of A space nearly as large as that covered one of the legal departments in the office, by the branches, should be left. had sought this interview. Notwithstand- Sunday. I will briefly pass over the de- was invited as a guest to Mr. Maudsley's tails of the dinner desert; but if any of house. The little sylphide in blue had tained his self-possession, and having, by a keen glance, examined the countenance was not of the largest and fattest that we beg his pardon—Mr. Joseph Gimber Maudsley, and being apparently Leadenhill market could supply, that the was by no means a bad looking fellow, it sirloin of beef was not the juiciest and was not surprising that Kate Maudsley primest that ever obtained a first-class should look with favoring eyes upon him. prize at the Smithfield Cattle Show, that An incident, which I am obliged to confess was singularly unromantic, led to what in affairs of the heart is called an interesting discovery. It happened in this way over which hung the portrait of the for- and the berries thereon the reddest, that | Kate was one evening busily engaged at a table near a window in the drawing room, smiling and looking down upon them with champagne, not the creamiest that the when Joseph entered. O, Mr. Gimber, she cried, I'm so glad you are come, for such as at that moment diffused itself over posed, and the most eloquently responded you can help me to string these beads;

they have nearly tired me out of patience. The young man was delighted, and immediately set about his task; but, whether from awkwardness, or his thoughts being otherwise occupied, he repeatedly pricked his fingers with the needle, and at length let the box containing the beads fall on the floor. Gimber, in great confusion, begged pardon for his awkwardness, and stooped to gather the beads which rolled about the carpet at the same instant that Kate had cheeks accidently touched in the attempt; 'Never had a father, sir-leastwise, I smuggled behind a large Indian screen both drew back, blushed, and mutually eyes that never heard I had one. I'm mother's that had been placed in front of a glass apologized; again they stooped, and again door at the upper end of the room com- the lady's curls lightly brushed the genbefore him in the dance, their cheeks from the lips of the fair Kate the rapturtions of a lovely girl.

My readers must now leap with me over several years, and imagine that we have reached the fifteenth anniversary of the Christmas on which Joe Gimber learnt his great lesson of life from the solling snowball. It is night; but a rich, ruddy radiphide in a pale blue frock, who had more ance streams from the crimson-curtained windows of Mr. Maudsley's house upon ration, the screen was thrown down, and the cold, white snow without. Let us enter, and see what changes time has ly into the midst of the dancers. A wrought beneath that roof. Mr. Maudsley, having run an honorable and prosperous career, has retired from active life, and has with which no stranger can intermeddle. picking himself up, would have made a transferred his interest in Bedford Row Another day may come indeed to each, precipitate retreat, had not Mr. Maudsley business to his son-in-law, Mr. Joseph (God knows); but meanwhile there is a Gimber, now second partner in the firm of is true, taken from the old man much of Soft, unseen fingers are laid gently on his elasticity of mind and body; but he aching brows and drooping lids. osity to the company, by whom his pockets were filled with sweetmeats and fruit, interistence, and mingle in the festivities of ed them over the still breast ourselves much genial hospitality by his children, in bours have we longed for the kindly pres-whom he lives again. Of my hero it is sure, but—only in sleep—to feel it. dered him unmindful of the claims of the charge to keep us.' Else why do we somepoor; for although, as he says, the wise times wake, if not happy, yet calm and abundance to those who need it.

Kind hearts can make December blithe as May, And in each morrow find a Christmas day.

PLOWING ORCHARDS. Much was written a few years ago, in

favor of keeping land on which orchards which, by its extraordinary magnitude, ex- were you thinking of when I saw you just rated, Joe was taken into the establishment to be practically true, followed the direc- streets, and yet turning—oh, so wearily tions given in the papers. Orchards were away from the first bright sun-ray. planted, and the land was highly cultivated. In a short time, complaints began dusting the desks hefore the arrival of the to be made that trees did not flourish well. clerks in the morning, and in carrying mes- Almost every winter some died; others sages and parcels for a few hours during were deprived of a limb, or had a few frostwhether so much plowing was not a cause of decay. This led to observation, which resulted in the conviction of many minds that too much cultivation was a primecause of the early decay of so many fruit

which were a few fine apple trees, some of ground had not been very well cultivated said the little fellow to himself, as he leant sunk into the child's heart. He uttered breaches of discipline would never be the human system, every one of which con- passages? was abandoned.

cases, yields no nourishment to plants, a rational view of the case, and I doubt in our presence forever. the office, which was recognized by the not that a vast amount of experience will

be found coincident with mine. That orchards need occasional plowing, and that the soil should be kept in good condition by the frequent application of manure, I do not doubt; but I would not recommend plowing very near the trees Thorough annual top-dressing will keep the soil sufficiently loose. If the soil around the body of the trees should become too stiff, it may be carefully removed, and its place supplied by coarse stable manure, or the scrapings of the chip-yard.

Let this process be adopted, and I believe our orchards would be more hardy, more thrifty and consequently more productive.-L. VARNEY, in N. E. Farmer

Home .- The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth, is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with 'wait-a-bit' thorns, and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the exercise of watchful care and circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than corduroy turnpike, the way-farer needs something more than rest. He requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life. and athirst for the poetry. Happy is the bent forward with same intention. I can't business man who can find that solace and strong desire to witness the dance, and by pretend to say how it occurred, but their poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright

'Mark our coming And look brighter when we come,'

municating with the conservatory. Mount- tleman's whiskers; this time, however, the the welcome shouts of children, the thoued on a flower-stand, and hiddden from observation by the screen, Joe Gimber smile was a preface to certain disclosures and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtpeeped through the evergreens with which I do not feel myself at liberty to ful and expectant love, the gentle ministrait was decorated, and beheld a scene that repeat. I may, however, state that, al- tions that disencumber us into an old and completely bewildered him. As the light though the beads remained scattered on easy seat before we are aware of it—these and graceful forms of the children flitted the carpet, Joe had succeeded in obtaining and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us glowing with health and happiness, and ous confession that he was not wholly in- to the prose of life. Think of this ye their eyes sparkling with enjoyment, he different to her. In this way did Mr. wives and daughters of business men .fancied himself transported to some fairy Joseph Gimber gather to himself the affect Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortifications and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own firesides.

NIGHT AND SLEEP.—Blessed be sleep How many thousands, heart-weary and body-weary, say this to the stars every night, as they close their eyes upon their brightness. Blessed be sleep! We often say so, as we look upon the care-worn faces threading their way through the streets at twilight, jostling each other at corners,each with their own heavy burden to bear, blessed season of forgetfulness when noth-Witherspoon, Gimber & Co. Age has, it has power to pain. Then angels minister! Christmas, which are still kept up with and oh, how yearningly in our waking man gathers like the snow-ball, as he goes, patient, like those unavoidably detained and crossed by the way, who will yet see the bright lights of 'home.' But for these blessed reprieves, how many tired feet would halt utterly on life's journey.

Alas for those from whom sleep flies though they woo it ever so earnestly! They who count each lagging hour, as it solemnly announces itself to a silent night. were set continually under the plow. If Upon whom every wave of trouble that your orchard did not bear well, plow it. If ever beat upon their life-shore, comes ever beat upon their life-shore, comes it showed signs of premature decay, plow surging and rolling, till they lie breathless under the dreadful spell, and yet so vitalcea, and scarcely a dissenting voice was ly conscious! Praying for the tardy mornheard. Many people, taking it for granted ing light to exercise the spirits, -listening that those who wrote knew what they said | to the gradual stir and hum of the waking

A KNOTTY TEXT.—There was once an

itinerant preacher in "West Tennessee," who, possessing considerable natural elobites on their bodies. At length, thought quence, had gradually become possessed of was awakened, and the query arose the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to speak it, and he would explain To aid in proving that this conclusion it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On cases that came under my notice. In the one occasion, in a large audience, he was spring of 1853, I purchased a village lot on particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do them six or eight inches in diameter. The so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity of showing "his learning." for a few years, yet the trees were healthy when a chap "back by the door"announced and productive. Wishing to make them | he had a Bible matter of great " concern." grow rapidly, and produce more abundant- which he desired to be enlightened upon. ly, I spaded the ground under them The preacher, quite animated, professed thoroughly and very carefully. They his willingness and ability, and the conbore well that year. The next spring I gregation was in great excitement. "What again tried spade culture, but I noticed I want to know," said the outsider, "is that the earth under the trees was literally whether Job's turkey was a hen or a bound together by fine rootlets, and a gobbler?" The "expounder" looked confugreat number of them were broken at sed, and the congregation tittered, as the every shovelful that I turned up. I began questioner capped the climax by exclaimto reflect on the utility of these fibrous ing, in a loud voice, "I fotched him down roots. I thought them analogous to the mi- on the first question!" From that time nute veins, absorbents, and capillaries of forward the practice of asking for "difficult

contemplatively on his broom. 'That's the way to git to be a great man!'

The attitude and something in the features of the young; speculator attracted the house, who was standing at his parlor window at the moment; and by his order, a servant intimated to the ragged sweeper that he was to come in to her master, who wished to speak to him. Somewhat sur prised, but nothing daunted, Joe followed severe winter hastened the decay, but in this region, the best cultivated orchards were most severely injured. I can mention many instances in further proof of my position, if necessary, but defer it for the present. Suffice it to say, that observation festival around the midnight throne, are proposed as the severe wantering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are proposed to the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are proposed to the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are proposed to the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are proposed to the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are proposed to the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to make the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave into from favorite loveliness. The rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave into from favorite loveliness. the servant into the hall, and having carefully deposited his shovel and broom on rendered presentable, he was introduced greater person than the evening he rolled tion many instances in further proof of my us to muse upon their favorite loveliness? the door mat, marched directly into the to the kitchen where he quickly ingratiated amongst the company in Mr. Mandsley's position, if necessary, but defer it for the Why is it that the stars, who hold their and experience have confirmed me in the set above the grasp of limited faculties, belief that orchards should not be con- forever mocking us their unapproachable tinually cultivated. The roots of trees glory? And, finally, why is it that bright naturally run near the surface, but plow- forms of human beauty are presented to ing either cuts them off or sends them our view, and then taken from us, leaving down into the subsoil, which, in most the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our and is generally too hard to be penetrated | hearts? We are born for a higher destiny had been seen reading a French book. He by the tender roots of an apple tree. — than that of earth; there is a realm where Hence the tree, being deprived of the re- the rainbow never fades-where stars will quisite amount of light and heat, and of be spread before us like island that the the proper nourishment to supply its wants | slumber on the ocean, and when the being languishes and dies. I believe this to be that pass before us like shadows, will stay

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