

Poetry.

THE PASSING YEAR.

From the old woods, dim and lonely
Comes a moan:
There the winds are sighing only—
Summer's gone!
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy leaves,
With the summer's latest flowers
Are faded now;
And the brown
Of the waning year:
Has been twined with dying leaves;
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tells us, Autumn's here.

Now the winds go loudly meaning,
Through the vales;
And the forest trees are groaning
Mourful tales
Of decay that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow, that like a feather
Soon will fall;
And the call
Of death is sighing,
Over all the rippling streams;
And the summer's lingering gleams
Are sadly dying.

'Tis the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That hovers now all strangely bright,
Round us here:
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an autumn day,
Adown the winter's dim highway,
To its tomb;
And the gloom
Of the silent land
Will rest on the bright years flown;
And the winds of time will moan
Over the dreamless land.

Select Tale.

From the Saturday Evening Mail.

HAROLD AND PHIL; Or,

"DARE TO DO RIGHT, AND TRUST THE REST TO GOD."

"Come, Harold, it is seldom that you require a second summons to the tea-table."

"No, I thank you, mamma, I do not want any supper this evening."

The neat, well spread table, looked most inviting, the lamp's soft light shone upon a cluster of joyous young faces around it. The mother had not at first noticed, amid the cheerful clamor of the young children, that Harold, her eldest son, whose laugh was generally the loudest, and whose appetite, sharpened by many a fine game with his school-mates, usually the most eager, now sat far in a shaded corner of the front parlor, his arms folded upon a table, and his head resting upon them.

"Are you quite well my son?" she enquired anxiously.

"Very well, mamma; but I don't want any thing to eat."

His mother waited until the wants of all the little ones were supplied, and then went quietly to Harold's side; her hand rested with a firm but gentle clasp upon his shoulder, his head still drooped.

"You have done nothing wrong, my son?"

Harold looked up into her face—it ever there were truth telling eyes, they were his.

"Nothing, mamma; my error in this case has been in doing my duty too strictly."

"Ah! then, all is right," said his mother, with a smile of relief, "and after those noisy little creatures there have gone to bed, we will have one of our talks, Harold, and mamma will hear all about it. There can be no trouble that we cannot see our way pretty clearly through, provided there can be no sin behind it. But come, now, there are a few of our favorite cream biscuits still left, after the foray that Tom and Julian have made upon the table, and I cannot eat myself with any satisfaction, unless I have my boy's bright face before me."

Harold's trouble, whatever it was, lost half its sting in the ready sympathy of his mother, and he was soon among the group around the tea-table, joining, with a good will, in the attack upon the biscuits, and taking Master Tom to task, for appropriating the largest share of the marmalade.

"Now Harold," said his mother, after the tea-things had been removed, and the last little straggler had put up his mouth for the good night kiss, and departed; "there is room for you in this large chair at my side; now let us have the confession."

"It's all because of Mr. Ward, mamma," exclaimed Harold, firing up suddenly; "I have to obey him, and he has no right to make such rules. The boys say that all school-masters are tyrants, and I am beginning to think so too."

"Harold," said his mother coldly, "what am I to understand by this outbreak? If you cannot keep your temper, you had better go to bed with your brothers."

"Oh, mamma, forgive my violence; but when I think of what happened to-day in school, I feel so angry, in spite of myself."

You know that Mr. Ward appoints monitors over the different classes, and requires of them a regular report after school is over, each day; of the conduct of the boys, their punctuality, diligence and so on. Often these monitors, for fear of being called mean, by the boys, will pass over their misdemeanors, and not mark them; but I cannot do that, mamma, when Mr. Ward tells me that he reposes a trust in me, and relies on my obedience, I must obey at all risks. You taught me that, mamma. Well, to-day it was my turn to be monitor; we were all on the play ground half an hour before school, and Phil Stanton came to me and said that he had left his ball at home—that he and the other boys had arranged to have a fine game at recess, and that he was going to make a desperate run home, and be back before school was called. I begged him not to try, as he could not be back in time, and I should have to mark him for being too late."

"That you will never do, Harry," said he, "when you know that I have been trying so hard for a prize this year, and if you give me a bad mark, I shall lose my chance."

"Then why go, Phil," said I; "I tell you I must report you, if you are too late."

"Oh! I must go; I promised the boys to have the ball here, and I will not disappoint them."

"But Phil," said I, "it is your duty to be at school in time, and it is my duty to mark you if you are not."

"Well, Mr. Particular," said he, "I tell you I am coming back in time; I'll be off like a flash, and I'll run all the way; but mind, I rely on your friendship, Harry, to get me out of the scrape, if any thing happens to detain me."

"He ran off, mamma, laughing and looking back, every now and then, till he was out of sight. You don't know how I love Phil—all the boys love him—he is so lively and so generous; he is very lazy to be sure, and has a high temper; but it is seldom roused, and though he is continually getting into scrapes, it is always on account of doing some kind thing for the other boys. He never has been able to get a prize during all the four years that we have been at school together, and at the last examination, he was so much mortified by his failure, that he has been really trying this year, and all boys are trying for him—they screen his faults, and I help him too, whenever I can, and you may know how I hated the idea of giving him a bad mark. I knew how it would be, and I went to Mr. Ward before school, and entrusted him to excuse me from being monitor to-day, and to appoint another boy. He insisted upon knowing why; of course I could not tell him, and he was very stern and refused my request. He would not, he said, gratify any idle caprice, besides, he depended on me, as his assistant was ill, and he would have to be a great deal in another room with the little boys."

"I rely on you, sir," said he, "to keep order in your class, and to bring me a full report; I have implicit confidence in you."

"Mamma, what right has Mr. Ward to make me a spy on the other boys? I don't want to stay at school where there are such odious regulations."

"You forget, in your excitement, my dear boy, that Mr. Ward paid you the highest compliment in his power, when he expressed such confidence in you. You forget, too, I think, all his unwearied pains in teaching you for so many years—his oft expressed pleasure at your progress, and the gratifying testimonials of his approbation that you have received at each succeeding examination.—Surely, Harold, Mr. Ward gives the boys a full chance to behave properly, and if they merit an ill report by their misconduct, they have no one to blame but themselves."

"Oh, mamma, boys don't think so; they will have their fun, and they think it very mean in the others to betray them. You do not know how much a boy hates to be called mean."

"But go on with your story, Harold," said his mother.

"Well, mamma, you can guess the rest.—Phil came in fifteen minutes too late; but Mr. Ward was not in the room and need never have known, if I had not marked him, and it was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life. He came in almost breathless—his cheeks perfectly crimson, and his hair all blown about by the wind—he was at my side in a moment, and whispered—"

"Indeed, Harry, I would have been here long ago, but just at the foot of the long hill, I met poor little Jack Ryan stumbling along on his crutch, and I had to bring him all the way upon my back, and just as I reached the top, the little fellow's hat fell off, and blew ever so far, and he set up such a cry, that I had to give chase to that; so here I am with all my imperfections; mark me if you dare."

"He was laughing now; but when I said I must report you, Phil, but I will tell Mr.

Ward, after school, all about your kindness to little Jack, and I am sure I can get you off, his face clouded with anger, and he said—

"Nonsense, Harry, don't you know that Mr. Ward will punish me for my first offence, for going home again after my ball?"

"I cannot help it, Phil," said I, sadly enough. "I think if he had not been so angry, he would have seen how sorry I really was, I must mark you, and besides, if you do not go to your seat at once, and stop talking, I must report you for misconduct also."

"His eyes fairly flashed when I said this, and he said he did not care now, as he was in for one bad mark, he might as well have two. He was perfectly uproarious after this and put the other boys up to all sorts of mischief, until I was forced to report him and two or three others, for misconduct. They could afford to get a few bad marks, but he could not, and now the examination comes on next week, and he has lost all chance of the prize that he had set his heart on, and all through me—how I wish I could give him mine."

Harold's face went down again into his hands.

"My son," said his mother, after a pause, "do you not feel that Phil has lost his prize through his own wilfulness, and not through you? With all his kind care for others, which I fully appreciate, I cannot approve of his headstrong opposition to what his conscience must tell him is the right course.—And though he may be angry now, he must acknowledge eventually, that you could not, in truth or honor, have acted in any other way than you have done."

"I hope he may, mamma," said Harold with a deep sigh. "As soon as the class was dismissed, this morning, the boys rushed out with Phil, and by the time that I reached the play ground, he had formed both sides of the game, on purpose to exclude me; to be sure I had little heart to play. Phil would not speak to me, and the other boys all cried out upon me for being so unkind to him. They say, mamma, that doing one's duty brings its own reward, but I have not found it so in this instance. The boys crowded round Phil as if he was a hero, and shunned me with looks of almost aversion. I know that none of them love Phil more than I do, or would do more for him. I hate the idea of going back to school to-morrow."

His mother's arm was around him, and she drew him to her side.

"Will you not trust to your mother's assurance, my dear boy, that all will come right in the end? Is it nothing to you, that your mamma fully approves your conduct, and would not have had you act otherwise for the world? Believe me, that after you have laid all your faults in humble confession before your Heavenly Father, and thanked Him for His kind care of you to-day, you will sleep sweetly, and go to school with a lighter heart to-morrow."

Harold knelt, as he often did, at his mother's knee. She followed him to his room, and bent over him after he was in bed. He clasped his arms around her neck.

"Oh mamma, how could I ever do without you?"

Although Harold's sleep was sweet and untroubled, his mother was pained to see that his bright face was still overcast as he prepared for school on the morrow. She knew that, in his sensitive nature, still rankled the remembrance of his companions' reproaches, in their first outbreak of sympathy with Phil. But the look of proud composure which Harold strove to assume, was quite thrown away as he entered the play-ground, and a dozen cordial voices hailed him, eager for his companionship at play; for Harold was as great a favorite among his schoolmates as Phil, and a night's sleep, and the cheering air of morning had driven far away the transient feeling of anger from their bosoms. Phil also retained his displeasure, and as Harold, after several times offering to aid him in his lessons, and as often meeting with a rude repulse, was beginning to wonder how it could ever be "all right" again, as his mother had predicted, between him and his friend, one of the larger boys observing his ineffectual efforts at reconciliation, called out,

"Let him alone, Harry, he will come round of himself after awhile; he feels, and so do we, that you did right, though there are few of us who would have had the courage to do like you."

"Speak for yourself," said Phil, bitterly. "I do not feel that it was right to inform upon a friend, to defeat his long cherished hopes of obtaining a prize, and all to gratify an overstrained idea of duty. But you are a fickle set, you boys; yesterday you were all for poor Phil—to-day as eager in your sympathy with the super-excellent Harold."

"Console yourself, Phil," said the first speaker; "tis the way of the world; greater heroes than you or Harry have to experience the ups and downs of popular favor.

It would have been well if in other cases, as in this, truth and integrity had triumphed in the end."

The examination day found Harold fully prepared; but the pang which he felt when Phil was passed by in the allotment of the prizes, completely overpowered the gratification he would otherwise have felt, at gaining the first one himself; and scarcely heard, as his preceptor publicly complimented him upon his progress in learning, and the excellence of his conduct. Phil passed close to him, with one of his ireful looks, when all was over.

"I wish you joy of your prize, Mr. Harold," said he, "you have defeated me, and from henceforth regard me as your enemy; I will never forgive you."

"Mamma," said Harold, when he joined her, "I could not have believed that Phil would be so vindictive—but for all, I love him still; and oh! I am so sorry for him."

The vacation was over, and the boys had assembled on Saturday afternoon for a game of ball, on their play ground, when Phil appeared among them, leading by the hand his sweet little sister Lillian. He had obtained permission at home to bring her with him to watch the sports of his companions. Harold was an old favorite with Lillian, and as he held out his hand to her with a smile, she would have sprung forward with an exclamation of joyful recognition; but Phil held her back, and whispered—

"If you go to Harold, Lillian, I will take you home at once; you shall have nothing to say to him."

"Lillian looked wonderingly into her brother's face."

"Why not, Phil? I love Harry."

But Harold ran off now with a disappointed look, and Phil was too busy finding a seat for his sister to gratify her curiosity.—He placed her nicely under the shade of a tree, and for a time sat by her; but unable to resist the entreaties of the boys he left her to join the game, charging her an hundred times, not to stray from the spot where he had placed her.

The play-ground occupied a broad strip of meadow land bordering upon a river; towards its farther extremity, the meadow rose into a kind of bluff round which the stream wound abruptly, and was lost to view. For a time the little girl amused herself with watching the boys at play, but after awhile they moved off to some distance from her, and becoming wearied, and attracted by some wild flowers which grew at intervals along the meadow, she ran about in quest of them, farther and farther still, until she finally disappeared.

The game was over, and Phil, in the full flush of victory, came running to join his sister, when, what was his dismay to find her gone. On every side his eye searched in vain, and his distracted cry of "Lillian!—Lillian!" was borne unheeded on the air. He raised his voice to attract the attention of his companions, but they had all dispersed, and none heard him save Harold, who ran forward to his assistance. Poor Phil's first thought was of the river, and in an agony of self-reproach, he ran down the bank followed by Harold.

There, imprinted in the soft sand were Lillian's footsteps, and both boys followed them up with mingled dread and hope, as they traced them, still continuing, even to the narrow path, that led over the bluff. They climbed the ascent together, silent with apprehension, until, on reaching the summit, and looking down, they beheld the object of their search. Close to the river, and bending over it was a large oak tree, a part of its roots bared by the constant washing of the clear waters. To the tree was fastened a small boat, and in the boat, on its very edge, was Lillian her dimpled hands grasping the bared roots, and by a motion of her feet, gently swaying the boat backwards and forwards, and laughing gleefully, in the enjoyment of her pastime.

The boys shuddered as they saw her peril. Phil was about to rush forward, when Harold seized his arm.

"Hold, Phil," said he, in a hushed voice, "make no noise for your life."

Phil shook him off, and cried passionately, "let me go, for the love of God I must save my sister."

"You must be quiet, Phil," whispered Harold again seizing him; "if you startle her she is lost."

"Let me go, I tell you," said Phil, now beside himself; "false friend! would you have her perish before my eyes?"

And he shrieked aloud—"Lillian!"

A quick start and the little hands slipped from the wet roots, the boat shot back into the stream, and, in an instant, the tiny form fell forwards, and was hid in the embrace of the water.

The boys dashed forward to the rescue, both

were good swimmers; but Phil in his distracted hurry fell, head foremost, down the bluff, and lay stunned for a moment by the fall, while Harold throwing off his shoes and jacket, plunged into the stream. It was a moment of agonizing suspense, until first an arm, and then the head, with its pale brown hair and upturned face, rose slowly to the surface—there was no struggle or motion to embarrass Harold, as he grasped the little figure with all the strength of one arm, while with the other he struck out for the shore.

Phil bewildered by his fright and fall, could yet extend his aid from the bank, and his outstretched arms received his sister's inanimate form, and Harold clambered up to his side.

What should they do? nearly a mile from home, and not a house in sight.

Phil clasped his treasure to his heart, and lamented over her as if all hope were vain, while Harold's quick eye discovered at some distance down the river, a woman washing on the bank, with a fire burning in the open air at her side. With cheering words and eager gestures Harold urged Phil towards the spot, and Phil, now passive under his directions, ran forward with all his might.

Harold's shouts aroused the attention of the woman, and in a few minutes more, the little form was stripped of its clinging garments, rapped in blankets that lay ready for the wash, and chafed and rubbed by the sympathizing woman before the genial fire.

The breath returned; first with quick sighs, then more gently, the eyes opened wonderingly, and at last the lips uttered,

"Why what's the matter, Phil?"

"Oh! it was ever music sweeter to Phil's ears? Still wrapped in the warm blankets, and borne now by the two boys, the dear little creature was carried home to her mother."

Such a scene! such clamor and confusion! such a rush at Lillian by mother, aunts, and sisters, such caresses, until the poor little thing ran the risk of being drowned over again in the floods of tears shed over her.

And Harold stood a hero in the midst of the group; wishing himself a thousand miles off, as one after another of the ladies of the family, after seeing Lillian warm in bed, came rushing back to embrace and thank her preserver, and feeling still more shy and restless when Phil insisted upon making a full confession, before them all, of his injustice, and long cherished anger towards his best friend.

"Now Harold," said Phil, in conclusion, "give me again your friendship, and never, I trust in God, shall I cease to try to deserve it."

"You have had it all the time, Phil," said Harold, returning the warm pressure of his hand; "but indeed I must go now, my mother will wonder what has become of me."

His mother might well wonder, as he entered her presence, with his dress all wet and disordered; but she had cause for deep thankfulness as he listened to the details of his adventure.

"I have my friend back again now, mamma," said Harold, "and all is right, once more as you said it would be."

A LADY HORSEBREAKER.—We learn from Galigni's Messenger, (published at Paris, France), that in consequence of the success obtained by Madam Isabel in breaking the horses for the army, the minister of war lately authorized her to proceed officially before a commission composed of general and superior officer of cavalry, with Gen. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely at their head, to a practical demonstration of her method on a certain number of young cavalry horses.—After twenty days' training the horses were so perfectly broken in, that the minister no longer hesitated to enter into an arrangement with Madame Isabelle to introduce her system into all the imperial schools of Cavalry, beginning with that of Saumur. The advantages of this system appear to be these: To train the horses without fatiguing them; to diminish greatly the number of restive horses; to lessen the number of accidents; to train any number of horses at the same time; and to lessen considerably the expense.

Sickness has a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them. All our crimes are committed by men overflowing with blood and robustness.

"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?"
"No—but she does a precious sight worse, though."

"What is that?"

"Why, she washes me every morning."

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.