

Poetry

Charlie and the Robin's Song. One summer morning early, When the dew was bright to see, One dark-eyed little Charlie, Stood by his mother's knee.

"Mamma! the robin's prying, In the very tree-top there; Glory! glory! it is saying, And that is all its prayer."

"My little! God is no nearer To the robin on the tree, And does not hear him cheer."

"That is how you cheer me, For he hears the angels harp, In sun-bright glory dressed, And the little birdies chirp."

"Mamma, if you should like me Away down in the dark, And leave no lamp beside me, Would God then have to bark?"

"And if I whisper lowly, All covered in my bed, Do you think that Jesus hoo, Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little 'twas, God's light is never dim, The very light which I see, Always close to him."

Now the robin's song was filling The child's soul full of bliss; The very air was telling, When his mamma told him this.

And he wished, in childish raving, For the robin's wings, to fly, To sing on tree-tops waving, So very near the sky.

For the Fireside. Dark forebodings, The highest of all authority has said, Take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.

Who has not felt at times howed down under an oppressive weight on heart and spirit, when closely examined is found to consist not so much of the real present burdens of to-day, as the anticipated ones of to-morrow?

It is under the influence of feelings like these that I have described, that I set out on a country walk one summer morning. I knew by experience the reviving effects of fresh air and exercise, of the sweet sights and sounds of nature; but that day I could not find strength for those of to-morrow.

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The spell of despondency was broken, the clouds dissipated, as we walked home together; and often, since that day, has the remembrance of the ford on the Avon acted as a reproof and a charm, when fears and forebodings have again assailed my faithless heart.

Two Noble Boys. A correspondent of "The Independent" at St. Louis, Mo., communicates the following story as a striking example.

Two noble boys, about five years old, were walking together along one of the fashionable streets of our city. As they were passing a private residence they stopped, attracted by the roses and honeysuckles that filled the small front yard with fragrance and beauty.

After looking for some minutes silently and wistfully, the following dialogue took place: "Freddy, 'O how beautiful flowers!" "Willie, 'How I wish we had some of 'em!"

"There are so many of them, and they are so pretty. Do you think it would be wrong to take just one?" "Freddy, 'Yes; it would be very wicked!"

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bright glow of the changing trees into a rich mass of gentle colors, so varied and so equal in its variations, that it seemed like one grand arabesque of nature, a vast pasture, which covered the very mountains, and shone up through the soft blue mists that gathered in the valleys in gleams of color like jewels under water.

As the train of rainbow light was still brilliant in the West, shedding a fire-wreath over the hills, and gliding down the valleys in silent yellow beams, filling them with an atmosphere of gold.

On one side in the distance all was light and life, and gorgeous rays; while up in the clouds, the sun shone brightly on the brilliant woodland with a dull gray haze, and making the mountains loom heavily like clouds of a coming storm.

Close and sheer above the train rose a precipice, worried and riven into such fantastic ruins as might be deemed to have been stained with raw blotches, whose water course trickled down into old gray pinnacles, draped with a silent moss, and here and there long creepers dropping softly down from stone to stone in rills of vegetation, rustling and waving gently with the breeze.

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"Freddy, 'O how beautiful flowers!" "Willie, 'How I wish we had some of 'em!"

"There are so many of them, and they are so pretty. Do you think it would be wrong to take just one?"

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ers, and his estate in the county of Sligo, which was done by energy and perseverance. The surge of the Atlantic beat upon the shore and scalded the herbage; the wild winds, laden with saline particles, stunted the growth both of annual and perennial plants.

Annually the sand was thrown up, and was deposited in the hollows of the rocks, and the sea was continually encroaching upon the land. The planting of bent grass and sea-pine, and winning from the sea those acres which, as if already its own, the ocean had claimed, was the occasional whim of his Majesty's Government.

It is pleasant to meet Lord Palmerston, after all the trials of State are over, superintending the planting of bent grass and sea-pine, and winning from the sea those acres which, as if already its own, the ocean had claimed.

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Security of Food in Ireland. A letter from the North of Ireland, dated the 4th instant, states that there will be a great scarcity of food for the people. Potatoes are scarce, and in many districts daily, while oats, which rank next to potatoes as an article of food, sell for \$4.50 per barrel.

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