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Poetry.

NOVEMBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Solemn yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
Pale summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are thy living raptures now?
I asked my spirit's wearied powers—
I asked my pale and fevered brow.

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweet tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West:
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened new they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which hope about her forehead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring,
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear;
And sleep in darkness side by side.

WALTER GORDON'S RESOLUTION.

BY THEODORE ALGER.

Six days succeed the removal. First, the physical discomfort of living in such a miserable shell was not small. It afforded scanty protection against the wind and rain, and this discomfort was increased by the deficiency of suitable furniture. All that was good had gone the same with the sofa. Not a carpet was left and but a single stove. So they were obliged to live during the cold season, in one room. Walter Gordon, however, was seldom at home. It had long since lost all its attractions for him, and he was generally to be found in the barroom, where the landlord was gracious, and his drunken hilarity and jests were applauded by the company. It was a requisite time for the landlord to break with him. That he would defer till victim was completely ruined, and there was no prospect of his squeezing any more money out of him.

One night, Walter Gordon had remained in the bar-room longer than usual. He remained until all his companions had slipped off one by one, and he was alone. He, too, would have gone, had he not fallen into a drunken stupor, which left him half insensible to what was going on. Half insensible, I say, for events proved that he was not wholly so.

At this time a stranger entered the room, and wished to speak with the landlord apart.

"I have no fire elsewhere," said the landlord. "You can speak freely here."

"But—" expostulated the stranger, pointing over his shoulder at Walter Gordon, who was reclining on the settee.

"Oh, that will make no difference. He's a poor drunken fellow, and is far enough over the bay not to comprehend anything that is going on."

"Laugh!" said the other, "I shouldn't think you would harbor such miserable fellows as he."

"I shan't much longer," said the landlord, carelessly. "I've most cleaned him out, and when I have, shall order him off."

With this they proceeded to business, which was of a character not to require our further attention.

The landlord supposed Walter Gordon was too far gone to hear what he said.—Perhaps it would not have troubled him much, if he had known that this was a mistake.

Walter Gordon did hear the last words that were spoken, being, as has been said, only half unconscious. He had still manhood enough to feel them acutely. He had never before felt the full measure of his degradation. Now it was presented to him in a way that was humiliating enough.

"So I'm a poor, drunken fellow!" thought he to himself. "That's what the landlord says, and he ought to know, for *he made me what I am!* And yet, no, I cannot say that—for if I had not given my consent, his efforts would have been powerless."

These thoughts ran through Walter's mind. Meanwhile the conversation went on, and he heard Glover express a determination to have done with him, after he had cleaned him out.

The declaration filled him with secret indignation, and yet it was only what he might have known before. But the landlord's manner had been so smooth and polite, that he never suspected the opinion which he entertained of him.

His first impulse was to leave the room, but something restrained him. Without appearing, therefore, to have heard what had been said, he continued to lie quiet for a few moments, then yawning naturally, he staggered slowly to his feet.

"Going?" inquired the landlord, in his usual smooth tone, and with his hypocritical smile.

"Yes, it's getting late," said Walter.

"You won't take another glass, for a night-cap, you know?"

"No I won't take anything more tonight," and Walter slowly walked out of the room. He did not hear the landlord's sneer.

"The first time I ever knew Gordon to decline drinking. He must have taken an over-dose to-night."

Out in the fresh air a new spirit seemed to possess Walter Gordon. Reflection had completely sobered him. He looked back at the building from which he had just emerged, and exclaimed, in a low, but resolute voice:

"I will never drink another glass of liquor in that room, nor in any other place, so help me, God!"

It did him good to make that resolution. He felt instantly, he knew not how, a conviction that God would help him; and, in spite of his ragged clothes, his destitute family, and miserable prospects, he was cheered by a hope of better things.

His wife was awaiting him, not with reproaches, for these she felt would only make matters worse; but with an air of depression which pained him to witness. He wanted to tell her of his new resolution, but decided not to do so, till he could give her some decisive proof that it would be carried out in practice. She, for her part, did not perceive much difference in his demeanor from that which she usually observed.

The next morning, early, Walter Gordon woke, and left the house, for the tavern, as his wife supposed.

She was mistaken. He bent his steps to the house of Deacon Holmes.

The deacon was considerably surprised to see him at this early hour.

"Deacon Holmes," said Walter Gordon, "I have heard that you are intending to build a barn."

"Yes," the deacon replied, "I am thinking of doing so."

"Have you engaged any one to build it?"

"No," said the deacon, hesitatingly.—He anticipated what was coming next, and it embarrassed him.

"I am in want of work, and will do it as cheap as any one."

The deacon looked down. He was evidently trying to frame a refusal.

"I would take care that the work was done well."

"Yes. I am aware that you are a good workman, but—"

"But my intemperance is an objection, I suppose you would say."

"Frankly, now that you have mentioned it, that is an objection—the only one I have—but as you will admit, I think, a weighty one?"

"It is. I freely acknowledge it. But Deacon Holmes, I made a resolution, last night, never to touch intoxicating liquors from henceforth."

"And do you think you shall have strength to abide by that resolution?" said the deacon, eagerly. "Are you willing to sign the temperance pledge.

"I am not desirous of doing so," said Walter Gordon.

"What, may I ask, led you to form this resolution?"

In answer to this question, Walter Gordon detailed to the deacon the particulars with which the reader is already familliar.

"And now, do you think," he said, in conclusion, "that you are willing to trust me with this job?"

"I will trust you," he said heartily, extending his hand to Walter Gordon. "God forbid that I should discourage you in your resolution by a refusal. Perhaps, however, it will be better for me to employ you by the day trusting to you to make the job a short one, since you might find it difficult to get trusted for the timber, if you attempted to procure it on your own responsibility."

"Thank you, deacon, for your consideration. I have, I am aware, destroyed my credit. I shall be glad to take it on your own terms. When shall I begin?"

"I will order the timber to-day, so that it may be on the ground to-morrow.—Meanwhile I have little jobs around the house sufficient to occupy you to-day."

That evening Walter Gordon came home at six o'clock, somewhat to his wife's surprise.

How much greater was her surprise, when he took from his vest pocket a two dollar bill, saying, kindly:

"Clara, you must need some money for household expense."

"Oh, Walter," she said, with tremulous hope at this unwonted action, "can it be that you—"

"That I have reformed? With Heaven's help, I think I have, Clara. I shall try to make you a better husband in future."

There was joy in the humble home of Walter Gordon that night—the joy of a wife who had found her husband, and of man who had found himself.

When John Glover heard of Walter Gordon's reformation, he laughed incredulously, and said: "I shall have him again before the week is out."

He was not mistaken. Walter Gordon did call on him before the week was out; but his errand was to say that he was about to vacate his present house and move into a better one, owned by Deacon Holmes.

Three years passed by. At the end of that time Walter Gordon was well, happy and prosperous, while the landlord had himself sunk into the drunkard's grave which he had prepared for so many others.

Christian Temperance.

A few years ago, two men were caught in the rapids above Niagara Falls. They were being hurled on to destruction. The end of a rope was thrown out. One of them seized it, but the other caught hold of a floating log. The first was drawn to the shore; the other, in a few moments, passed with the log over the falls.

So we look at two men endeavoring to save themselves from the rapids of a terrible appetite. One of them seizes upon the rope of a christian faith, that is fastened in heaven, and is saved. The other depends merely upon the uncertain purposes and resolutions that he has made, and appetite sweeps him on to ruin.

He who would successfully struggle with temptation and appetite, and he who would work successfully as the savior of the degraded, must not only add patience to his temperance, but also godliness to his patience.

The madness of appetite is like the demoniac of the Gadarenes. You may bind it with the fetters of laws, and pledges, and resolutions, and they may all be broken. You cannot bind intemperance, "no, not with chains." You cannot tame it with constant watching. Christ must come near and bid the fiend "Come out of him," changing his heart with divine love, ere he can be seen "clothed, and in his right mind."—*Caline Fisk.*

An intoxicated man in New York saw two street cars passing him in the evening with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His fuddled brain comprehended the colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself, "Must be pretty sick—sickly in New York now, they are running drug stores round on, on the whe—wheels."

...rrible Test of Friendship.

...wing beautiful story is old, b...
...and was first pu... Miller.

...Yo...
...self at
...Utic...
...amo...
...onl...
...old...
...us...
...dom.

...Jud...
...good ter...
...he took ...
...of his ...
...good w...
...came t...
...But th...
...an age...
...of great...
...of a do...
...him, no...
...feelings...
...tlement in...
...a message, a...
...chief would...
...to his appoi...
...Judge——re...
...spect and int...
...and little boy...
...was convinced t...
...pend, and he w...
...anxious to make...
...upon the distingu...
...sed his desire to so...
...live on terms of ami...
...with the Indians, an...
...by introducing ar...
...civilization.

The chief heard ...
"Brother, you ask m...
What pledge can you...
The white man's word...
white man, yet it is b...
to the Indian!"

I have put my life i...
the Judge; "is not tha...
good intentions? I hav...
in the Indian, and will ...
will abuse or betray the trust ... is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief, the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust him he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer,"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother she could not have felt a deeper pang that went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with the Judge. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said.—"Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment and then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore away slowly—and the third day came.—How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away; noon arrived; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. The Judge walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest to the sachem's bode.

At last as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around the eagle feathers of the chief was seen dancing about the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honor, that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe. "T... white man has conquerred," said the ... chem, "herafter let us be friends. Y... have trusted an Indian, he will repay ... with cofidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word, and Ju... W——lived for many years at peace ... the Indian tribes, and succeeded ... the foundation of a flourishing ... rous community.

Why is love like a c... it is an eternal tra...

Overboard.

BY J. P. HUTCHINSON.

...verboard! A man overboard! The ...ple near the shore run to the water's ..., and the dirty looking women, with ...r unwashed children in their arms, find ...heir way out of the deep cellars, the dingy ...ms, and from their neighbors' houses, ...e they have been gossiping, to know ...d of it. The public houses are emptied ...ir customers, and even the barmaid ...tures from behind her enclosure, to see ...ssible without being seen, the issue of ...ll. A man overboard! What excite...ent there is! Some brave fellow throws ...his cap, jumps into a boat, springs from ...gunwale into deep water, and strikes out ...ong, brawny arms, cleaving his way ... the depths till he reaches the spot ...e head is seen bobbing for a moment ... stream. What anxiety is felt on ... Every one is still, or preparing in...ely to render what help they may ... the two reach the strand. And when ...ero delivers his burthen to the people ..., and staggers away exhausted, to have ...thes changed, how he is cheered! A ...s been saved? A life has been res... The waters have been battled with, ...ave up their prey!

"...thousands are lost annually in ...of intemperance! How many ...thers, and sons sink to rise no ...re are brave men and true trying ...he danger, and to rescue those ...; but still the victims sink by ... The worst feature of the fact is, ...e interest of vast numbers that ...ould persistently and persever... ...in these waters. Though they ...panions perpetually got out of ...s and disappear, still incitements ...nd inducements offered to effect ...ter, and death. The publican ...ath. He thrives on ruin. His ...ly furnished house means the poor man's bare cellar and his wretched garret. His son's education and his daughter's accomplishments are acquired at the expense of the poor, wretched laborer, whose boys, in many instances, have but the prospect of the prison, and his girls the alternative of the streets. The wide acres purchased by the publican who retires into the charming country is purchased with the blood-money wrung from the deluded victims of the crowded town.

Whenever we see a poor woman, with a babe in her arms, reeling out of a gin palace, we should think that a woman is overboard. Whenever we see a young man with a pipe in his mouth to make him thirsty, and a pot of beer before him to make him thirstier still, we should consider that a young man is overboard. When we look upon a poor fellow throwing his money into the landlord's till for stuff that is physically and morally poisonous, we should consider that a fellow creature with an immortal soul is overboard. If we so considered, what would we do? We should do, in this instance, what we would impulsively perform were we to see a brother or a sister struggling in the river or the sea; we should consider no effort to great, no sacrifice too considerable, to snatch the victim from the awful consequences which seem inevitable.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.—A gentleman lecturing in the neighborhood of London, said:

"Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"That's true," cried the man.

At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said:

"'Don't go, father!"

"'Hold your tongue, child!"

"'Please, father, don't go!"

"'Hold your tongue,' I said.

"Presently a big tear fell on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public house since—thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you ... that even she has influence ... could not help saying, "That's true sir! All have influence."

MARRIAGE.—Leigh Hunt concludes an essay on marriage as follows:—"There is no one thing so lovely in this life, more full of the ... courage than a young maiden from ... past life, from her happy childhood, when ... rambled over every field and moor ... her home; when a mother anticipated ... wants and soothed her little cares, when ... others and sisters grew from merry pla... to loving trusting friends; from Ch... gatherings and romps, the summ... in bower or ...fied by the ... back... rlhood, ... he dark ... all ...

A Present ...

All renewed life, be... of the ... whether ... spread its ... or less happy—whet... spent in heaven above, or upon earth below. And to speak of our present and our future life in Christ as being in any way seperate from each other, is to draw a distinction which our Lord himself is most careful to avoid. "He that believeth on me shall have everlasting life."—On this point as you long ago observed to me, the very wording of Scripture is guarded; there is no future employed; it is not "shall have" but "hath"—hath now everlasting life—a life began in Christ; and over a life so begun, it is evident that no outward accident, such as the dissolution of the bodily organs, can exert any empire; when the breath of a man goeth forth, he turns again to his dust. As the touch of death the flower and grass of our natural life fall away and perish, but the word of God, and that which is born of it, endureth forever. Our spiritual life lies in a region far removed from the influence of any natural event or change; it is hid in Christ: and St. Paul proves how much our future life in him is but the continuation and expansion of that which, even in the flesh, we live by the faith of the Son of God, when he says. "When Christ who is our life, we shall appear with him in glory."

The real life will then also be the visible and apparent one; and in dwelling upon this, the manifestation of the Son of God, for which St. Paul represents the faithful as waiting in earnest expectation we learn in what the true blessedness of death consists. Though it cannot, according to the popular phrase, admit us to a better life, it will give those who have already attained to the one life—the life which is in Christ Jesus—a better world wherein to live; it will immeasurably extend and glorify the outward condition under which the development of that life will proceed. Our present life in Christ may be compraed to that of the seed—a hidden life, contending under ground against cold, and darkness, and abstractions, yet bearing within its breast the indestructable germ of vitality. Death lifts the soul into the sunshine for which a hidden invisible work has prepared it. Heaven is the life of the flower.

Pure Water the Best Drink.

There is no axiom of health more just than that "men never have a true appetite till they eat with relish any ordinary food." It is told of John Bailes, who lived to the age of one hundred and twenty-eight, that his food, for the most part, consisted of brown bread and cheese, and his drink of water and milk. He had buried the town of Northampton twenty times over, excepting three or four; and it is said strong drink killed them all. Water manifestly is the natural beverage of all animals; whole nations, as the Mohammedans and the Hindoos, use it alone as a beverage, and, unlike other drink, it will not sate the appetite, but the contrary; indeed, it was observed by Hypocrates, above two thousand years ago, the water drinkers have usually keen appetites. It is a fluid that requires no digestion, for it is not necessary that it should undergo any changes; it is the natural menstruum that holds in solution both what is essential for the healthy functions of the body, and what has become a refuse, after serving its destined office and intention in the animal kingdom. Water, therefore, from itt congenial qualities, can never much disturb the system; and when it does, it is speedily expelled by its natural outlets the skin and kidneys. It is told of Lord Healthfield, so well known for his habits of strict military discipline and watchfulness, that his food was vegetables, and his drink water, never indulging himself in animal food or wine. And Sir John Sinclair, in his work on longevity, says, in his account of Mary Campbell, then aged one hundred and five, that she preferred pure water to any other drink.

Ingratitude.

It is an old saying that if you do a man nineteen favors, and for any reason decline to do him the twentieth, he will forget the nineteen requests that you have granted, and only remember the one that you have refused—and for that refusal he will hate you ever afterward.

And this is true of some men; it is true of men of mean and narrow natures; but it is not true of all. It is as natural for a noble soul to cherish a lively recollection of kindness received, as it is to breathe. And while we are often shocked to see acts of friendship towards others, which have cost us a good deal of time and of labor, entirely overlooked and forgotten, we not frequently, on the other hand, are surprised by the grateful reciprocation of some favor long since rendered, and the very performance of which had passed from our own recollection, until reminded of it by the recipient.

...recorded ...tude as ...le o... on ... in ...

Answer to a Challenge.

The eccentric H. H. Breckinbridge, o... of the Judges of the Supreme Court ... Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel by an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter—the one is lest I should hurt you, and the other lest you should hurt me. I do not see what good it would be to put a ball through your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any ordinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal, to feed on the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creathre, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat; for, though your flesh might be young and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which take and retain salt. At any rate it would not do for a long sea voyage.

"You might make a good barbacue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbacueing anything that is human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old calf.

"So much for you. As for myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtful. I am under the impression that you might hurt me. This being the case, I think it the most advisable to stay at a distance. If you meant to try your pistols, take a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I will acknowledge that, if I had been in the same place, you might have hit me."

A LITTLE girl, six years old, was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine. "Only think, grandpa, what uncle Robert says." "What does he say, my dear?" "Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself." "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your Bible, and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Bgein at the beginning." The child sat down to read the Bible. When she had read about half through the second chapter of Genesis she came back to her grandfather, eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?

"O, I is a carp'ner and joner."

"He! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?"

"What department? Why, I does the circular work."

"What's dat?"

"Why, I turns de grindstone."

"G'wak."

A MINI... who was ... he