

THE REGULAR BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hail that staid, I must have fled!"

That is what the Vison said.

In his chamber all alone,

Knocking on the door of dawn,

Travelling the Monk in due contrition

For his sin of indolence,

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WESTERLY, R. L. FIFTH DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1871.

"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

TERMS—\$2 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NO. 1493.

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canvases. A grand spectacle was

kindled before mortal eyes.

Along the river, and up and

down the sides of the hills,

and by the banks of the lakes, there

was an indescribable mingling of

gold, orange, and crimson, and saffron,

now sobering into drab and

maroon, now flaming up into

scarlet and violet. Here and there

the trees looked as if just their buds

had blossomed into fire. In their

light the forests seemed as if

they had been transfigured; and in

the evening hour they looked as if

the sunset had burst and dropped

upon them. In more secluded

spots, where the frosts had been

hidden in their work, we saw

the first kindling of the flames

of color in a lower spring; then they

rushed up from branch to branch,

until the 'glory of the Lord' sub-

merged the forest. Here you would

see a tree just as if it were a

column of change and there one looked

as if, wounded at every pore, it stood

bathed in carnage. Along the banks

of Lake Huron there were hills,

over which there seemed pouring

streams of fire, losing up and

down and every where the flames

rocks. Through some of the ravines

we saw occasionally a foaming

stream, as though it were rushing

to put out the conflagration. If at

any of the woods a commanding

height would rise up, the sun, un-

der the whole forest prepared to

follow. 'If God's sun of colors were

not infinite, one swamp that I saw

along the Maumee would have ex-

hausted its glory. It seemed as if

the sea of Divine glory had dashed

itself upon the shore, and the waves

of glory were rolling over the

glens, and then it had come drip-

ping down to lowest leaf and deepest

cavern.

Most persons preaching from this

text find only in it a vein of sadness.

I find that I have two strings to

play. One is the string of sad-

ness and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

First, like the foliage, we fade

gradually. The leaves which, week

before last, felt the frost, have, day

by day, been changing in tint, and

now for many days yet cling to the

twig, waiting for the fall of the

leaf. Now a rime of frost has

fallen, and the leaves are not only

lifted. Of all its million million

eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of

all its million million hearts, not one

pulsates. The living are in small

minority.

In the movement of time, some

great question between the living

and the dead should be put, and

God called up all the dead and all

the living to decide it, as we lifted

our hands, and from all the resting

places of the dead they lifted their

hands, and all is ended.

Why, the multitude of the dying

and the dead are as these autumnal

leaves drifting under our feet today.

We march on toward eternity, not

by companies of a hundred, or regiments

of thousands, or battalions of ten

thousands, but one thousand mil-

lion abreast! *Marching on!*

