

THE WAYWORN FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are
sarly
Are what the men give when the meals are
late.

Oh, glorious colours the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the chair-
ing.

Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in:
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary—
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and winds go cheery!
But she must get dinner, and make her
bread.

The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call her shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just "on time."

And after the sweeping, churning, and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draw
nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and
hose,

For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of their children's
clothes.

Her husband comes from the field of labour,
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than has her neighbour;
Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest,
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

—Selected

Boys and Girls' Corner.

IN order to encourage thoughtful reading and observation among young people, it is intended to offer prizes for the best work done on subjects announced by PARISH AND HOME from time to time through the year.

The conditions of competition will be as follows:—

- (1) Competitors must be under sixteen years of age.
- (2) Must be bona fide scholars in a Sunday school of a parish in which at least twenty-five copies of PARISH AND HOME are taken.
- (3) Must send in at each competition certificates from their clergymen as to age and Sunday school attendance.
- (4) Must perform the work without the aid of others.

In accordance with these conditions, short essays, of not more than 1,500 words are asked for, which must reach the editor before February 15th, 1891.

The subjects, and prizes offered, are as follows:—

- 1.—Biblical, "The Boy Samuel."
PRIZE—*St. Nicholas* for one year.
- 2.—General, "Why birds and their nests should be protected."
PRIZE—*Boy's Own* or *Girl's Own* for one year.

Essays, etc., to be addressed

THE EDITOR PARISH AND HOME,
58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

LITTLE THINGS

I CANNOT do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me,
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto thee,
Faithful in every little thing,
O Saviour, may I be!

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee,
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace,
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty great or small,
May I be faithful still.—*Observer.*

AN ANCIENT SCHOOLMASTER.

IN the buried city of Pompeii which is being gradually uncovered are found shop signs, which are so common a feature of our streets. Among these is a schoolmaster's sign. Perhaps some boy will say "Oh, I am sure it must be some hard Latin words." Not at all, my boy. There are no words in this sign. The sign consists of a picture, and the picture is that of a boy hoisted on the shoulders of another boy. This boy holds the arms which reach over his shoulder. Another boy

holds the feet of the victim, and the master who stands by is applying the birch to the boy's bare back. So in the old Roman days the schoolmaster was so proud of his flogging that he made it the sign of his business. Happily it is not so now. We have learned that love is stronger than brute force. No doubt some boys must be flogged at times, but the teacher who does not love much will not teach much.

ROBBIE'S FAITH.

By JEAN LAUDON. (From *Babyhood*).

GRANDMA on going out to find her little chickens one afternoon, was surprised to find five of them stretched out cold and dead. What could have caused their death? On examining them more closely she found they had been cut to pieces in various ways, some of them being split open and others with the legs and wings hacked off. It was clear they had been killed purposely.

Could it have been her dear little grandson, Robbie? She quickly called him, and he answered from the next yard: "Here I am g'an'ma." "Come over, I want to speak to you," she said. Crawling through an opening in the fence came three-year-old Robbie—a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, with a face which showed a great deal of character for such an infant.

"Robbie," said grandma, "did you kill my poor little chickens?"

"Yes g'an'ma, I cutted 'em open."

"Oh what a naughty, naughty boy! But why did you do it?"

"Why, g'an'ma, I only wanted to see how they were made, but I ain't a naughty boy; what makes you call me that?"

"Don't you know Robbie," said grandma, "that it is very wicked to kill anything? Only *very* naughty boys do such things."

"But, g'an'ma, I *saw* g'an'pa kill two chickens yesterday; he cutted their heads off with a hatchet, and they were big ones, too. Ain't it worses to kill big ones than 'ittle ones, and is g'an'pa a naughty boy?"

"But, my dear little boy, grandpa killed those fowls for us to eat, while the little chicks you have killed will never do any one a bit of good, and the poor mother-hen will feel very badly indeed to lose so many of her little ones."

Grandma said this because she felt