

ments, and looking at his stubby pencil as if he had a question to ask, "that's all I've learned. And I suppose you bein' the kind o' man you are—that is, well born and well brought up, plenty o' money, and never done nothin' wrong that you know of, I s'pose that don't seem much to you—but I tell you, Mr. Bartram, it's a complete upset to my old life, an' it's such a big one that I've not been able to get any further since, and I don't mind talkin' honestly to any fellow-man that talks about it to me. I don't mind sayin' honestly that it's so much more than I'm equal to living up to yet that I haven't had any time to think about goin' any further along. See here, Mr. Bartram, can you tell me something I can do beside that?"

"Why, Sam," said the lawyer, "that's an odd question to ask me. I have seen you in church frequently since you were first a young man, ten years older than I. You have been told frequently what else you ought to do, and what I came in particular to ask you was as to how far you've done it, or been able to do it, or were trying to do it."

"You come to the wrong shop, then, Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler. "When a man's been livin' wrong all his life and has had something put into him to make him feel like turning round and livin' right, the change that's gone on in him is so big that it'll take him about half a lifetime to get where he can think about anything else."

"Pshaw!" said the lawyer. Then he left the room, and closed the door with a crash that caused the new cobbler to look up apprehensively.

THE THROSTLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,"
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
 Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 "New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
 That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
 Never a prophet so crazy;
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"
 O warble, unbidden, unbidden.
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.