

FARMER JOHN.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To trot and bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!"

"The pigs get out, and the cows get in
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of my temper quite,
And well-nigh out of my head;
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man
Was he therefore mild and meek?

No, what with the pain and what with the
Trot—
Or sitting with nothing to do—
And the farm work botched by a shiftless
hand—
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And scolded at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and
Tumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And busier man than he,
A happier man or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Working the garden was first-rate fun,
And otto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
"I will last him his whole life through.
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I'll tell you what," said Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—for idle hands
Are the Devil's chosen tools."

ONLY ONE GLASS.



Be sure and come
home early, Rich-
ard, when you get
your wages, for I
am very poorly,
and shall want
you to go to mar-
ket."

So said Mary
Carter, a decent-looking woman, to her
husband, as he, after kissing her and
the children, went forth to his day's
labour.

"I will be sure," was his reply.

Now Richard had more than once
made such promises only to break
them; and yet the wife hoped that,
under the peculiar circumstances of
her condition, he would this time keep
his word. And so the day passed
away, amid hope and fear; but about
five o'clock Richard's steps were heard,
much to the joy of Mary, whose situa-
tion was even more critical than he
expected.

"I have kept my word, you see,"
said Richard, "this time, and right
glad I am, seeing how you are."

"I am so glad you are come," said
Mary.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"You must go and pay the weekly
bills at Harris," said Mary, "and
then he will put you up the things I

want for the coming week, and per-
haps you had better bring a little
extra tea and sugar, and also some
oatmeal, for we are quite out of every-
thing."

"Very well;" and off started Rich-
ard on his errand of housekeeping.

While he is on his way, we must
just remark that, owing to his rather
free disposition, as it was called, he
often spent in *sprees*, like many others
of his class, more than sufficient to
have kept his cupboards well supplied,
instead of which, however, the stock
was always low, while the credit at
the shop was only maintained by regu-
larly paying for one week's goods as
another was taken away.

With quick steps he was making
his way to the shop, when, just as he
was passing the "Lion," who should
he meet but an old shopmate, and
after the usual salutations were passed,
he was about to say, "I must go,"
when his companion said, "You'll not
go without having one glass, for old
acquaintance sake, will you?"

"I cannot really stay," said Richard,
"my wife is ill and will want me back
again, besides it is now getting dark."

"Well, but," said Jim, "it won't
take a minute, and I'll stand treat.
Come along."

After a deal of persuasion, and
much against his real wishes, Richard
went into (shall we say the jaws of)
the "Lion." Over the glass they
talked about matters of interest—the
state of trade, old times—from one
thing to another they passed on, for-
getting both the time and the wife.
Of course, Richard must return the
compliment to his companion, as he
would not for the world be thought
shabby, so another glass was ordered;
other persons in the meantime drop-
ped in to do the same; and, sad to
say, though it is repeating the old
story over again, other glasses quickly
followed; and thus the evening and
the money quickly passed away. All
at once Richard thought of home, and
looking up at the clock found it was
nearly midnight.

"I must go," he said, "or I shall be
too late for the shop, and have a row
in the bargain at my house."

"Don't go yet, said several voices;
"let's have another glass, and then
Harry Harper will sing us a song."

"I tell you, I must go," he said.
"Who would be a lady's maid?"
said one.

"Catch me turning housekeeper,"
said another.

"Oh, he is tied to apron strings,"
called out a third.

Stung by these remarks, he felt in-
clined to punish his taunters, but,
instead of doing so, he made a move-
ment to depart, when a ring of jeers
saluted him; this aroused his blood,
but pushing forward, he cleared a way
through them, and soon found himself
in the street. On the pathway he
stumbled against some one, and, sup-
posing it to be one of his late com-
panions, aimed a blow which felled
the person to the ground; while, owing
to the force of the movement, he also
himself staggered over, and lay beside
him in the road. The stranger arose
first, and after making a few inquiries,
passed on his way, leaving Richard
saying he wished he had hit him a
harder blow; after which he also
started on his journey again; but up-
on feeling in his pockets, and finding
all his money gone, he muttered to
himself something about he supposed

he had better go home, and bent his
steps in that direction.

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While Richard was thus spending
his time at the "Lion," another scene
was taking place at his home. His
delicate wife in her loneliness was
taken ill. As she lay there in her
weakness, she kept asking whether her
husband had come back; and as hour
after hour passed away, her heart was
ready to break, thinking that surely
some evil had befallen him; and when,
after midnight, he came in, swearing
and grumbling at everybody he met,
she hid her face and wept like a child.
They put him to bed, where he soon
fell asleep; and in the morning when
he awoke, and found himself at home,
he tried to recall the events of the
previous night. After a while he col-
lected his thoughts, and bitterly
lamented his weakness, but vowed
never again thus to be led astray.

How the Sunday was spent under
such circumstances can be better im-
agined than described. What with a
guilty conscience, empty cupboards,
and no money—who can wonder that
discord and misery reigned in that
home? As the day wore away, a
resolution was formed in Richard's
mind, that with the new morning a
new life should begin; and after an-
other night's rest, he started with a
determination to make a good week,
thus hoping to learn wisdom and
profit by the past. Just as he was
entering the place where the workshop
stood, he encountered a shopmate, who
said to him:

"Hallo, Dick, you are in for it."

"In for what?" said Richard.

"What, don't you know what you
did on Saturday at the 'Lion'?"

"Yes, but what of that; I only had
a drop too much; and am going to
make a good week, as my wife has
given me another child."

"Well, I hope you may, but I
doubt it; don't you know who you
knocked down outside the 'Lion'?"

"No; I don't recollect anything
about it."

"If you don't, somebody else does;
for it was our young master whom you
struck, and he has gone to the magis-
trates to take out a summons against
you; for he says he'll see whether he
cannot put an end to this sort of
thing."

This was quite an unexpected blow
to Richard's cherished plan; for a
moment he stood fixed to the spot,
afraid to move either one way or the
other. To advance would be to face
the magistrates, and then perhaps the
prison, as he had no money to pay
any fine; to go back he dare not, for
his guilty conscience told him of his
poor, neglected, starving wife and chil-
dren. With a feeling of desperation
coming over him, he resolved to fly
from both. In a moment he was gone,
no one ever could tell where.

If you would be free from a similar
danger, your only safe course is to
abstain from all appearance of evil.
The germ is hidden in the one glass;
if that be taken, who shall tell where
it may end?

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A few weeks after, if you had been
staying at the house of another work-
ing-man in that neighbourhood, on a
cold afternoon in March, you might
have seen Mary Carter, with the babe
in her arms, begging bread for herself
and five children—with no other pros-

pect than the workhouse before her fi-
the remainder of her days.

Would to God we could give to suc-
a woman, and all other ill-used wives
the power to enter an action against
the man who should thus tempt an-
ruin the families of our land.

Metinks I see the court and the
magistrate, with the publican and the
poor wife all face to face; the evidence
is conclusive, the verdict is given
and, amid the thanks of many a heart,
the magistrate shall say: "Mr. Land-
lord, as you have been the cause of
this woman losing her husband, and
the only means of supporting herself
and family, I shall make an order that
you keep them in food and home, until
the husband comes back again." And
all the people shall say, "Amen and
Amen."

AN ENIGMA.

Five men in conversation sat;
The first one said amidst their chat
"Were I to cease my lengthened toign
There never could be war again."
The second said, "If my breath cease
The world will never more have peace."
The third continued "Six would die
Were I amongst the dead to lie."
The fourth exclaimed "If I should go
The earth would no more sorrow know,"
While from the fifth the statement fell,
"If I among you cease to dwell,
Mankind will then forever be
From ANGUISH and from SUFFERING free."
Say, if you can, who are these men,
You've seen them oft, and will again.

ANSWER.

The five important men I mean,
That you and I so oft have seen,
Are all companions, good and true,
Their names are A. E. I. O. U.

WHAT WHISKEY WILL DO.

SOME years ago, in one of the
counties of New York, a
worthy man was tempted to
drink until drunk. In the
delirium of drunkenness he went home
and murdered his wife in the most
brutal manner. He was carried to
jail while drunk. Awakening in the
morning, and looking around upon the
bare walls, and seeing the bars upon
the windows, he exclaimed:

"Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered
some one.

"What am I here for?" was the
earnest inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" said some
one. "Why, it was your wife you
murdered."

On this announcement he dropped
suddenly, as if he had been struck
dead. Let it be remembered that the
constable who carried him to jail sold
the liquor which caused his drunken-
ness; the justice who issued the war-
rant was one of those who signed his
license; the sheriff who hanged him
also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin
alley.

A DELIVERER—People of Khartoum
have hailed General Gordon as their
deliverer. On his arrival thousands
crowded to kiss his hands and feet,
calling him "Sultan of the Soudan."
Addressing the people, Gen. Gordon
said:—"I came without soldiers, but
with God on my side, to redress your
evils. I will not fight with any
weapons, but will mete out justice."

A COQUETTE is a woman 'thout any
heart that makes a fool of a man that
ain't got any head.