

DIVIDED LIVES.

Somewhere across the wild deep sea that rages,
Dashing against the rocks in clouds of foam,
Somewhere beyond my life, the latter pages
Of yours are written in a distant home.
Well, it is well I and yet I keep you solely,
Deep in my heart, a temple and a shrine,
No consecrated place of prayer more holy,
No love more pure than this great love of mine.

Sometimes I wonder if the scenes around you,
Are like the scenes we loved so to behold;
Sometimes I wonder if new ties have bound you,
And blotted out all record of the old,
And when the woods grow dark, and dreams descending,
Fall on the earth as softly as the dew,
And memories grow and gather, never ending,
The thought will rise, "Am I forgotten, too?"

Ah, how the breath of Spring is strong to waken
As from the dead, the thoughts of bygone hours;
The rustle in the leaves the winds have shaken,
The freshness and the odor of her flowers.
The music of the stream, the blackbird singing
Deep in the brake, the fleecy lambs at play—
All these have more than magic in them, bringing
Back to the heart some glory passed away.

And how, just when the world is green and pleasant,
Now in the golden promise of the year,
Strong, tender thoughts of you are ever present,
Your memory is more than ever dear.
Ah, if I could but hold your hand—be near you,
Look in your face and find it still the same,
Stand for a moment by your side, and hear you
Lend with your voice, new music to my name.

But that can never be—I think, forever;
Fate is more cruel than the seas that roll,
More pitiless than all the seas that sever
Two lives that were as one—one perfect whole;
And since all prayers are vain for that one favor
That might bring quiet to a long unrest,
What is there left on all the earth to pray for?
What is there left to say, but "God knows best."

HEART GROWTH.

In early days we passing fancies take,
Our love is changing, and our hearts untrue
As butterflies that flit from flower to flower,
For fickle childhood ever seeks the new.

But as the years go by we come to feel
That scenes and faces strange, and all the rest
Can never be the same as those we've known,
And that "old times are sweetest, old friends best."
—CONSUELVA REIDMOND in the *April Ladies' Home Journal*.

FARMER SPRIGGINS.

HIS IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO THE GREAT CITY.

"Dear, dear, what things one sees in a great city," remarked Farmer Spriggins to his family: "I went to the theater, and what do you folks think? There was some women came to see the play that was so poor they didn't have any bunnits on, an' they jes' sat there bareheaded an' took their deaths of cold. I never heard tell of such shif'lessness."

"That warn't all," continued the farmer, reaching for the buckwheat cake platter, "ther wuz a feller next to me that reached over and whispered, 'hev a glass?' 'I don't keer if I dew,' ses I—what you scowlin' at Melindy? an' he handed me a double-barrelled bottle, but Lord, I couldn't get a drop out of it. I tried both ends, but it wuz as dry as corn cake. I reckon he thought I looked green, but I fooled him, for I ses 'Thankee, it goes right to the spot,' and give it back to him."

"I reckon they have some powerful queer ways in the city. Every few minutes when that big rolling curt'n came down every man in the house would jump up, grab his hat an' get out. I stood it as long as I could, an' at las' I asked a woman, 'Where's the fire, ma'm?'"

"What fire?" says she, as peart an' uncivil as you please.

"Ain't the men all gone to a fire?" says I.

"Lord, she laughed as if I had said somethin' funny. I'd be shamed to de'th if you'd acted like her, Melindy."

"There wuz some fun in the show, but Lord, those city folks don't know how ter laff. There wuz a man what was a farmer, an' he talked about winnowin' hay an' thrashin' clover. I see he wuz a imposter an' didn't know hay from a han'saw, an' I up an' laffed cut jes the way I dew to home, an' a feller that looked as if he'd been paradin' touched me on the shoulder an' ses, 'you're disturbin' the peace.'"

"I ain't either," I ses, 'the pieco is disturbin' me, an' I laffed again, an' he said he would take me to the station."

"Not much," I ses, 'I'll go to the station when my train goes an' I'm good 'n' ready, not afore.'"

"Then he told me to keep quiet, an' I ses, 'you're makin' all the noise; keep quiet yourself,' an' with that he went off an' sto't disturbin' of the pieco."

"The way they do things in the city ain't right; there ain't no law nor justice in it. There was a girl in the play with big blue eyes an' yeller hair, an' thet girl jes had the hardest kind of a time an' didn't git no show at all. An ole woman was a pullin' her hair an' yankin' her roun' the room, an' then a man jined in abusin' her. Thet was more nor I cud stan', and I riz right up an' hollered, 'Let up! Haul off thar! Two to one ain't no fair

play!' An' you never see such a row as the folks made. They pulled me down an' sot on me jes for wantin' to see fair play. They most killed that girl in the show, but nobody seemed to be a mite sorry. They jes laffed.

"There ain't nobody as frien'ly in the city like they are to home in the country. I see a man when I was comin' out of the theater thet looked kinder nat'ral, like I'd seen him afore, I ketch'd hold of him kinder sociable, an' I ses to him like this: 'Ain't I seen you somewhere, some time, mister?'"

"I expect you have, as I've been there frequently," he ses, colder nor ice in January.

"I was dead sure of it," ses I, 'shake!' I was so glad to see someone I knew.

"Lord, he was as mad as a wet hen. Ses he:—'If you speak to me again I'll hev you arrested.' Think of that, Melindy, think of that for city manners! Down at the station there was a man sittin' next to me, an' I got so tired of actin' like a dumb critter that I asked him the time of day. An' with that he riz up an' ses he:—'No you don't, ole haysced; I can see thro' yer disguise—yer don't confydence me,' and with that he walked off. I tell you, folks, you can't get a anser to a civil question in the city. It's a hard place an' you're a heap better off on the ole farm.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A CUNNING ROGUE.

I had been at the little mountain hotel for a week, and every day had listened to a sweet tenor voice singing old hymns with so much melody that my ears were always hungering for more. But of the singer I never caught a glimpse.

"Who is he?" I enquired of the landlord one day.

"He? Oh, he does sing pretty, for a fact. There he comes now, stranger."

He was not singin' as he passed hurriedly without looking up—a choreboy, but very pleasing in appearance. I turned to the landlord.

"Is he in your employ?"

"I expect he is, stranger. The women folks keep him busy running errands, and they like to hear him sing—the scamp."

"What is wrong with him?"

"Steals everything he can lay his hands on."

He related numerous instances of Jimmy's dishonesty, the youth escaping punishment on each occasion through his innocent face and sweet voice.

"Send him up to my room," I said, "I want to hear that voice at close range."

"He will steal you blind."

"I'll risk it."

"But he took a gent's gold spectacles off his nose without being detected."

"He'll not steal from me."

"Don't be too sure, stranger!"

But I was sure—so sure that I secreted everything of value, and determined not to take my eyes off the young man while he was in the room.

He came, but when asked to sing he hesitated.

"I haven't any book," he said, "and I don't know the words—only the tune."

I was prepared for that and had taken out of my trunk a little hymn-book which I always carried with me, a choice collection of dear old hymns in a dainty binding.

Then Jimmy sang for me, and I never again expect to hear such singing this side of heaven. His voice was like a girl's soprano, fresh and pure and full of religious fervor. When I could hear it no longer—for its sweetness was akin to sadness—I dismissed him with a fee. I did not see him again. When about to leave in the morning I enquired for him.

"What did he get away with?" asked the landlord.

"Nothing," I answered quickly, "there was nothing for him to steal, except—by Jove!" as a sudden thought struck me, "he did steal it, right under my own eyes, too!"

"Your watch?"

"No, indeed. My hymn book."—*Detroit Free Press*.

BOOK GOSSIP.

WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE.—This publication has already won for itself a high place among the choice magazines of the day. The May number is the best yet issued and contains much that is interesting. "Some Women Artists of New York City" is the title of an illustrated paper by Lita Angelica Rice, which will be exceedingly interesting to artists. A second illustrated paper is "A Summer in Hoch Tyrol," a sketch of life in a typical Tyrolean village, written in a bright yet thoughtful and sympathetic vein by Mrs. Jean Porter Rudd. An article on "Charles Lamb and His Letters," some excellent short stories, and other good reading make up an excellent table of contents. Published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn. \$2.50 per year.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—The April number opens with a paper by the late Phillips Brooks on "Trinity Church, Boston," with photos of some of the Reverend gentlemen who have filled the position of rector of the church, with other illustrations. This is followed by a description of the church by H. H. Richardson, Architect. Benjamin Kimbal has a very interesting article, profusely illustrated, on "The Boston Camera Club." Raymond L. Bridgman writes of "Biennial elections and Legislative Sessions" and Lucy M. Salmon gives "Some Historical Aspects of Domestic Service." The stories are bright and well written and the poetry of the number excellent. Published by the New England Magazine Corporation Boston. \$3.00 per year.