

A Plea.

LONE in the open field, the old oak stands
 Tree of a century past ;
 Its bare limbs spreading o'er the grass lands,
 Braving the northern blast,
 Heedless of reverence for its strength and age,
 The farmer claims his own.
 And swings his axe, determined, war to wage,
 Against it, left alone.

He covets in his heart, the very ground
 Where its roots are entwined,
 And lines of beauty he has never found
 In all its stately kind.
 O spare this landmark of our father's day,
 The tree he loved so well,
 And count its value more than common clay,
 That men can buy and sell.

ANNIE L. JACK in *Farmer's Advocate*.

The Abigail Gold.

“HOW did the Abigail Gold save herself and crew,
 being a small old-fashioned craft of only 45 tons,
 with no modern equipments—no wheel—steered with a stick
 called a “tiller” when caught in that memorable storm of
 Oct. 1st. 1851, on which occasion so many fine large craft
 were cast ashore on the rocks and sands on the north shore
 of P. E. Island, and others were left without a sail or spar
 at sea ?” is a question which has often been put to me, and
 the only answer I could give is “God only knows.” I will
 give you in my own plain way the details of the adventure