

## ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON BEACONSFIELD.

I will mention but one more characteristic of this eminent man—it was, that even from childhood he aimed at nothing short of the highest power. Call it personal ambition, if you will, and admit that personal ambition, unless it be redeemed by pure motives, is an earthliness and infirmity. Yet, admit also that when a man does aspire it is well that he should aim at something loftier than the sluggish ease of the suburban villa, or the comfortable vulgarity of the selfish millionaire. Speaking to youths at Manchester, Lord Beaconsfield said: "I give to them that counsel that I have ever given to youth. I tell them to aspire. I believe that the youth who does not look up will look down, and that the spirit which does not dare to soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel."

But it was not a purely selfish ambition to which he urged them. "You will be called," he said, "to great duties. Remember what has been done for you. Remember that, when the inheritance devolves upon you, you are not only to enjoy it, but to improve. You will some day succeed to the high places of this great community. Recollect those who lighted the way for you; and when you have wealth, when you have authority, when you have power, let it not be said that you were deficient in public virtue or public spirit.—When the torch is delivered to you, do you also light the path of human progress to educated men."—*Princes, Authors and Statesmen.*

## Poetry.

## WILD FLOWERS.

How pure, how fair are the flowers,  
That like "stars in earth's firmament shine,"  
Those sweet wild blossoms of spring-tide,  
Straight from the hand divine.

Blooming in summer meadow,  
And in far-away shadowy glen;  
Starring the snow-crowned mountain path  
Or lighting darksome fen.

In fairer than royal vesture,  
With tints, no mortal need seek to know—  
Such purple and golden splendor,  
Or white of drifted snow.

Sweet as are Araby's perfumes,  
Entrancing and charming as they,  
The fragrance of fair spring flowers  
Blossoms of early May.

Bearing us back to childhood's days,  
When we wandered by flower-fringed stream,  
And present and future blended  
In one long happy dream.

Of a future filled with greatness,  
Of a life that should know naught of care,  
Has the future proved our vision?  
Does life with that dream compare?

EMILY A. SYKES.

## THE LOST CHILD.

My home was in the wilderness; I dwelt  
Far from the bustling toil of city life.  
Our neighbors were but few, yet they were kind,  
And ever ready to assist in all  
The little acts of sympathy which smoothe  
Life's rugged pathway. We had struggled hard  
To earn an honest livelihood; and God  
Had prospered our endeavors and our crops,  
Our flocks and herds increased abundantly.

One autumn morn I drove a noble herd  
Of fifty cattle to the nearest town,  
And sold them well. Then purchased all the goods  
We needed for awhile, and bade them bring  
The choicest doll they had in all the store,  
To please my darling Annie; who could talk  
Of nothing else, since I had promised her  
That she should have a doll with waxen face  
And sweet blue eyes that opened with a smile,  
And closed again, as if in peaceful sleep.  
And, as I came away, the little pet,  
Although but three years old, had followed me  
Down to the gate; and as I gallop'd off  
Called after me in her own prattling tones—  
"Bring me a big one, pa." I turn'd my head  
And kissed my hand, and said, "I will my lass."

'Twas sunset ere I started; oft I thought,  
Far better stay till morn; for ten long miles  
Of rough, wild road had I that stormy night  
To travel: but I wished to be at home,  
So hurried onward. Scarcely had I left  
The town a mile, when every twinkling star  
Became obscured, and not a ray of light  
Shone on my path. I threw my reins across  
My horse's neck, for well I knew that he  
Would find his way through all the blinding rain  
And beating storm far better than myself.  
When we had reach'd the little glen, through which  
The mountain brook was rushing furiously,  
Roaring and boiling in its wild career,  
Increased in volume by the heavy rain,  
We slack'd our speed. The night was pitchy dark,  
And little rivulets were rushing down  
The road, to join the gurgling stream below.

Just as we turned the corner of the wood,  
I heard a feeble cry, as of a child  
Weary and faint. I stopped and listened long,  
Then heard the cry again. Oh! how my heart  
Beat with emotion. I was never known  
To shrink from danger; superstitious fears  
Were strangers to my bosom; but a host  
Of people knew I carried gold and notes,  
The produce of my sale. Was this a trap  
To lure me to destruction? And the sweat  
Stood thickly on my brow, as once again  
I heard that cry, so low and pitiful.  
It seemed so utterly impossible,  
On such a stormy night, a living child  
Should be in such a place. And yet, once more  
Its plaintive tones fell on my listening ear.

Despite my fears I speedily got down  
And called aloud, "Whosoever child thou art  
I'm not the man to leave thee here to die."