

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The Reverend Cecil Varian's study was, in its way, as attractive and elegantly decorated as a lady's boudoir.

There is something essentially refined and feminine in the nature of a cultivated man, and Mr. Varian liked to surround himself with beautiful things.

In this occupation, fortune and destiny seemed to aid him. Mr. Varian was rich, single and handsome, and, moreover, was the spiritual pastor of a church which boasted a goodly proportion of young ladies. These two combined facts might well account for the embroidered screens, the braided slippers, the cigar-cases and the point lace ties which surrounded our young pastor in his learned solitude.

A low, clear coal fire burned on the hearth; a carpet was of deep purple velvet, and the silken window hangings matched it exactly in color. A marble statue of Psyche in the oriel-window was half hidden by the creeping vines which grew about its pedestal and grasped with green, clinging tendrils at every salient point; and a rare old painting of the beautiful "Madonna and Child" hung above the carved black-walnut mantle. A banner of tarnished blue silk, brought from a Jerusalem convent, was festooned over the doorway, and an Eastern chibouk, relic of Reverend Cecil's Oriental travels, occupied a stand beside the book-shelves. As for these latter they were filled with scarce editions, scented Russia bindings and illuminated folios, and the very inkstand on the desk was of costly bronze, simulating a Vesuvian incense cup. A Swiss vase of violets diffused a soft odor through the room, and the young pastor himself looked singularly handsome in his black velvet dressing gown, with a book in his lap.

"But this won't do," said Mr. Varian, flinging aside the volume of Tennyson over which he had been dreaming. "I must call on Miss Applewood, and read to little Charlie Cower yet, this afternoon."

Miss Applewood was the only daughter of Mr. Hugh Applewood, the rich tea merchant; Miss Applewood, albeit she had been only a dashing society belle, up to the time of the Reverend Cecil's dawning on the social horizon, had suddenly become anxious about her soul.

"I have been so giddy, so unreflecting, all my life," Miss Applewood said, with clasped hands and down-drooping lids. And Mr. Varian could not help thinking how lovely she was, although it never once occurred to him that Miss Valencia Applewood was in love with him.

Miss Applewood was a spoiled child. All her life she had had just what she wanted, and it did not seem among the possibilities that anything could be beyond her reach, even the favor of Mr. Varian.

"It would be so thoughtful to be the mistress of that lovely little gothic rectory," she thought. "And I could be perfectly happy if he loved me."

Miss Applewood made herself especially agreeable to her pastor when he called that afternoon—agreeable in that soft, beseeching sort of way which always appeals directly to the sympathies of the stronger sex. She knew that Mr. Varian was fond of music, and she sang him a new Easter hymn which was just out. She was well aware that he was a finished biblical scholar and she begged him to explain a knotty passage in the Old Testament which she declared had always puzzled her. She volunteered to visit any of the sick poor on Mr. Varian's list, to whom she could be useful, and she gently hinted that she did not intend to forget Mr. Varian's birthday, which was only a few days off.

"Only a bit of simple embroidery," said Valencia, blushing delightfully, under the dark light of Mr. Varian's handsome eyes, but it is the work of my own fingers, and I should like to do a little something for one who has done so much for me."

Valencia Applewood had never looked prettier in her life; and if the Reverend Cecil Varian had been a man of impulse, he would have been tempted to propose for her then and there.

"What a minister's wife she would make," thought he. "So artless and ingenuous—so anxious to help in the cause—so amiable and innocent."

And Mr. Varian went away, thinking that he would seriously consider the question of offering himself to Miss Applewood, as soon as he reached the sanctum of his study. "It is not good for a man to be alone," pondered the young divine. "and Miss Applewood is certainly a pattern of loveliness and piety!"

But the next place at which he called soon dissipated these reflections. Cecil Varian was quite in earnest in his work, and when he knelt by Little Bobby Elliott's sick-bed, in the dreary back room of the tenement house, his whole soul was in the pious words that he poured out from a full heart.

Bobby was dying of hip disease—dying slowly, and in agony—and Bobby's mother and sisters were forced to toil hard to keep bread in their mouths. Mrs. Elliott was a skillful confectioner, and superintended one of the departments of a fashionable restaurant—it is hardly necessary to add, at starvation recompense. Mr. Bruttini was engaged in making his own fortune, and accordingly ground down every one of his subordinates to the lowest possible point of wages. What was it to him, whether they lived or died, so long as he drove his carriage in the park, and boasted of the price of his high stepping horses!

And Polly, the eldest sister—little Polly, with the cheeks and velvet-blue eyes, stayed at home to take care of Bobby, and eked out their slender livelihood between whiles by taking in fancy-work at any remuneration she could get.

"But where is Polly, to-day?" said Mr. Varian, looking kindly around when he had comforted Bobby with a few kind words and timely suggestions.

"Please, sir," said Bobby, in whose eyes the young pastor was neither more nor less than an angel of flight. "She's a-cryin' in the back bed-room!"

"Crying! What for?"

"Polly is in a deal of trouble, she is, sir," answered Bobby, wistfully.

"But crying never mended any trouble yet. Call her, my lad."

And Bobby, lifting his weak, piping voice to its highest treble, squeaked out, "Polly! I say Polly, Mr. Varian wants you! He says it's no good cryin', and no more it ain't!"

In obedience to this summons, Polly crept in, with heavy eyelids and pale face; a dimpled sixteen-year-old child, just blossoming out into the rich promise of womanly beauty.

The pastor laid his hand kindly on her head.

"What is it, Polly? Tell me," said he.

"Please, sir," faltered Polly, I got a job of work to do—braiding on velvet, sir, with a gold braid, a gentleman's slipper case, sir—and I was to have five shillings for it. It was a rich lady gave it to me, sir, through mother, she helped her out with the salaries and pasties and things for a grand party. But—I don't know how it happened—but a drop of Bobby's bitter medicine got on the gold braid and discoloured a bit of the pattern. We've tried our best, sir, to take it out; and, indeed, I don't think anybody as doesn't know of it before hand would notice it; but the young lady is awful put out, and has made me pay for the material, besides losing all my work."

"Let me see it, Polly," said Mr. Varian, kindly.

Polly brought her work—a slipper case of black velvet, braided in complicated pattern of ivy leaves and gilt berries, with long gold tassels drooping on the side. Mr. Varian had to look twice before he discovered on one of the leaves a tiny tarnished spot.

"That's nothing to signify, Polly," said he. "Look here, I'll take it, and pay you for it!"

"Oh, but you can't, sir," said Polly. "The lady is to call for it to-night."

"Why, she has no right to it, after you have paid for the material!" cried Mr. Varian.

"I don't think she has, sir," answered Polly. "But, all the same, she insists she'll have it, and said something about the police when I made bold to ask if I couldn't keep it."

Varian's brow darkened; he did not like to view human nature in this aspect.

"I am sorry for you, Polly," he said. "Here is some money for you. Get Bobby some oranges and a glass of jelly. And I'll speak to the landlord about waiting a little for the rent, when I go down-stairs."

So Mr. Varian went away, thinking moodily about the velvet slipper-case, and the greed and rapacity of its owner.

Just three days subsequently to the events above described, a little scented package arrived for the Reverend Cecil Varian—a package wrapped in silver paper, tied with white ribbon, and accompanied by a card.

"With the best wishes and birthday congratulations of Miss Valencia Applewood."

He opened it, his calm pulses moving with a quicker thrill, perhaps, than before, and there lay the velvet slipper-case, with its intricate pattern of ivy leaves and gold berries, its long, drooping tassels, and the very tarnished spot over which Polly Elliott had shed so many unavailing tears.

Cecil Varian frowned and set his lips. Then sat down and wrote a brief and scathing letter:

"My dear Miss Applewood: I chanced to be a visitor at the house of Mrs. Elliott last Monday, where I saw the enclosed article, and heard its whole history. Permit me to decline accepting a gift marred with tears, smirched by the stain of injustice and rapacity, and coming hither under false pretence of being your own work, when it was in reality embroidered by Mary Elliott."

"Yours very truly, 'CECIL VARIAN.'"

Valencia Applewood burst into tears of anger and futile mortification when she read this by no means reassuring note.

"Was ever poor creature so unfortunate!" sobbed she. "How was I to know he would find out it wasn't my own work!"

And so the handsome young pastor escaped the Scylla and Charybdis of Miss Applewood's lovely eyes, and the young lady herself discovered that there was one thing in the world which her money and her beauty could not buy—the love of an honest man's heart.

A Natural Advantage.

Parent—"I'm afraid you are not studying your typewriting as diligently as you ought. There's Jane Penworthy, who started in at the same time you did and has a \$60 situation already."

Daughter—"But, papa, she has so much advantage. She's cross-eyed and can watch her copy and the machine both at once."

He Wanted No Mother-in-Law in His.

Larynx—"I hear you are married."

Thudd—"Yes, been married a month."

Larynx—"Well, excuse me, but it is true, as I hear, that your wife is considerably older than you?"

Thudd—"Well, yes; I am thirty-two and my wife is seventy-eight."

Larynx—"Why did you marry a woman so much older than yourself?"

Thudd—"Well, you see, I've heard and read so much about mothers-in-law that I thought I'd marry a girl that wouldn't be likely to have a mother."

Genius and Individualism.

Dr. Handfield Jones, in his eloquent address before the St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, London, says the *New York Medical Times*, defines genius as the highest product of individualism, and says that, while few human beings reach genius, no human unit is without his share of individualism, and it need only that he be true to himself to develop it. Every man, whatever his station in life, is endowed with a personal equation of thought. He can either simply store the raw material of facts and ideas as they are presented to him by others, or he can digest and reproduce them stamped with the seal of his own individuality. It rests with ourselves either to be mere echoes of knowledge or living voices, recording our own gleanings of truth for the help of coming generations. A man has made a tremendous stride when he has learned to have the courage of his own convictions, and although he may have all due respect and reverence for great names, still he has not reached the first stage of progress until he has subordinated that reverence to a profound respect for his own individual opinion. Think, weigh, analyze rather than repeat, parrot like, the unsupported assertions of others.

It is announced that the Agriculture and Arts Association propose to give a two days' horse show in the drill shed in the spring, and that besides prizes for Clydesdales there will be premiums, medals and diplomas for all other important breeds, such as thoroughbreds, carriage and coach horses, roadsters, Hackneys, Shires, Suffolk Punches and Percherons. So laudable an undertaking hardly needs commendation.

First Chappie—"I say, ole chappie, the doctah says I must-a-take more exercise or I'll be sick, don't you know?" Second Chappie—"Do as the doctah says, me boy."

First Chappie—"Ya-as, I'm going to discharge me vally and tie me own necks!"

The Wealth of the World.

The German Government treasure amounts to \$30,000,000 in gold. The associated banks of New York City hold \$78,200,000 in gold. Other American banks hold \$11,000,000 in silver, and \$9,800,000 in gold. The Bank of Holland contains \$30,400,000 in silver, and \$25,600,000 in gold. The banks of France \$309,400,000 in silver, and \$254,600,000 in gold. The Italian Government treasure amounts to \$2,400,000 in silver and \$20,600,000 in gold. The Russian Government treasure amounts to \$2,400,000 in silver and \$20,600,000 in gold. The American (United States) treasure amounts to \$318,000,000 in silver and \$325,600,000 in gold. The Bank of Spain holds \$23,600,000 in silver and \$20,400,000 in gold, and the Bank of Norway holds \$13,400,000 in gold. The German Imperial Bank holds \$68,000,000 in silver and \$27,000,000 in gold, and the German note-banks contain \$1,000,000 in silver and \$19,000,000 in gold. The Bank of Portugal holds \$5,600,000 in gold; the Bank of Sweden holds \$1,000,000 in silver and \$4,800,000 in gold, and the Swedish national banks hold \$4,800,000 in silver and \$11,800,000 in gold. The Bank of England contains \$89,000,000 in gold; the Scottish Banks of issue, \$25,000,000 in gold; the Irish banks of issue, \$16,600,000 in gold, and other banks in Great Britain hold \$40,000,000 in gold. The Italian note-banks hold \$6,600,000 in silver and \$33,500,000 in gold; the Italian National Bank holds \$6,200,000 in silver and \$35,600,000 in gold; and the Belgian National Bank holds \$7,000,000 in silver and \$13,000,000 in gold. The Swiss banks of issue contain \$4,800,000 in silver and \$11,800,000 in gold; the Grecian National Bank contains \$600,000 in gold; the Bank of Algiers contains \$3,200,000 in silver and \$3,400,000 in gold; and the Bank of Roumania holds \$6,400,000 in silver. The Bank of Denmark holds \$15,000,000 in gold; the Bank of Russia \$800,000 in silver and \$168,200,000 in gold, and the Austro-Hungarian Bank \$4,800,000 in silver and \$28,800,000 in gold. The total in silver dollars amounts to \$791,260,000, and in gold to \$1,468,400,000.—[New York Independent.]

A Very Strong Man.

Recently Louis Cyr, the strongest man in Canada, to whom we have several times referred before, was presented with a magnificent championship belt at the Queen's Hall, Montreal, by appreciative citizens. Cyr is a French Canadian. He was born in St. Johns, Quebec, twenty-seven years ago. He is a large man, lacking but an inch and a half of six feet, and weighing 318 pounds. His last and biggest lift was 3,993 pounds.

"My first lift," he told a reporter, "was in this way: There was a load of bricks—over a ton, I guess—stuck in a hole in the road and the horse couldn't pull it out. I was only seventeen, but was a big fellow, weighed 240 pounds, and I got underneath the cart and lifted it off the ground and got it out."

"Then I tried to see what I could do, and have never had any difficulty in lifting 2,500 pounds since then. My mother was very strong. She could always carry a barrel of flour up to the second floor. She weighed 265 pounds. My father weighed 220, but could not lift more than any other men. None of my brothers are stronger than other men. My temperance principles! I abstained two years ago from liquor and tobacco; before that, used to take them regularly. I am three times better off since then. I gained in strength enough to lift 700 pounds more in these two years. Liquor is a bad habit, anyway. Tobacco, too much of it is bad. I am three times better off since I gave them both up."

"I eat five or six pounds of meat a day; eat as much as three woodchoppers. It would make you hungry, perhaps, to see me at dinner. They charge me double board; never mind, I pay it. I am always gaining in strength—I guess I was born that way—and I guess I will lift 4,500 before I get through. The record for lifting? Well, you know, I lift everything without a harness; that is, just with my hands, and not with a strap slung over my back. The record for lifting with harness is 3,239 pounds, made by W. B. Curtis, of New York in 1862. You see I got ahead of that even without harness. I have lifted 535 pounds with my forefinger, and have put a barrel of cement, over 300 pounds on my shoulder with one hand."

The champion wears his hair long. It is yellow and curly. Asked whether he believed as much in the value of hair as the ancient Samson, he replied, "No, but it is attractive when exhibiting. When not on show Mr. Cyr makes a neat Psyche knot of the hair, using hairpins liberally, and with his hat over it he looks exactly like the ordinary, innocent fat man."

"You say you truly love me," began the young girl; "how much, sir?" But Alfred T. Cassimer (a dry goods clerk) was too happy for rational conversation. "A dollar eighty-four, please," he exclaimed. "Shall I wrap it up?" he murmured mechanically.

"Misery likes company" says the proverb. If this be true then there is considerable comfort for the municipalities which find their load of debt a serious burden in the reflection that the world's ancient capital is at present struggling in a slough of the like which is seldom found. The cable announces that "The Synore of Rome, with the other municipal authorities, has asked the Communal Council to raise for the city 1,000,000 lire, proposing at the same time to retrench in all municipal departments sufficiently to make up another million lire. They propose these measures to meet a serious civic deficit, and they declare that if their request be refused they will resign in a body. The syndicate has had several interviews with the Mayor of the municipality, with Signor Grimaldi, who will endeavor to induce the Government to issue a loan of 20,000,000 lire to re-establish the civic finances on a firm basis to one."

When the present attorney-general for England was at Cambridge he took part in a four-mile race, in which Mr. C. B. Lawes, now well known as a sculptor, but in those days celebrated as an oarsman and athlete, was one of the competitors. According to *Life*, the two had the finish to themselves, and just after entering the straight they came into collision, and Webster fell. Meeting with such an accident at so late a period of the struggle, most men would have resigned the contest. Sir Richard Webster, however, picked himself up, and going on in hot pursuit of his opponent, caught him in the last stride, and won by a few inches. "That man will make a name for himself," was the remark of a bystander, now the governor of an important British colony, and it has been amply verified.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Show Your Colors.

Come, children, and listen; I'll tell you in rhyme a story of something that happened one time: There was war in the land, and each brave heart beat high, And many went forth for their country to die; But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay Which swept the small village of W— one day.

When the enemy's army marched into the street, And their own valiant soldiers were forced to retreat, Such hiding, surrendering and trembling with fear!

When, what in the midst of it all should appear! But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old, Coming out from her cottage, courageous and bold.

She faced the intruders who marched through the land, Shaking at them the poker she held in her hand.

"How foolish!" her friends cried, provoked it was true; "Why grandmother, what did you think you could do?"

"Not much," answered grandma, "but ere they were gone I wanted to show them which side I am on."

Now, children, I've told this queer story to you To remind you of something the weakest can do— There is always a fight 'twixt the right and the wrong, And the heat of the battle is borne by the strong.

But no matter how small or unfit for the field, Or how feeble or graceless the weapons you wield, O, fail not until the last enemy's gone, To stand up and show them which side you are on.

The White Fawn.

One night, little Prince Henry had a very strange dream. He thought that the door of his room opened softly, and the rich curtains hanging about his bed were parted by a beautiful little girl, dressed as a princess; but her face was sad, and her large blue eyes were filled with tears. Without waiting for the Prince to speak, the figure began in the sweetest voice, to sing, soft and low. When her song was ended she disappeared and the boy awoke with the melody of the song ringing in his ears; but of the words he could remember only these: "And now in the form of a pure white fawn, the enchanted maiden wanders."

For many days in his walks and rides, and even at his studies, the Prince whistled or hummed the air which the beautiful vision in his dreams had sung; and of every person whom he met, he asked: "Do you know the song about the white fawn and the enchanted maiden?"

But none of the courtiers nor the musicians in the palace had heard the song; and all must answer "no" to the boy's earnest question.

Prince Henry became so anxious to know the other words, that he sent to distant countries for other musicians, who, he thought, would surely be able to gratify his desire. But, although many sweet-voiced singers from every land assembled at the court of the King, the Prince could learn nothing further of the enchanted maiden and the white fawn.

He then traveled into foreign realms, thinking that there he might gain the information he desired. But all to no purpose, and the King's son returned to his native land no wiser than when he left it. One sultry summer day the Prince wandered alone into the great forest surrounding his father's palace. Having become tired and drowsy by the heat he lay down under a wide-spreading oak, and was soon fast asleep.

He did not see the great storm clouds mounting into the sky and throwing a dark gloom over the forest, nor did he hear the heavy roll of thunder, always growing louder; much less did he heed a rustle among the bushes, where a white fawn stepped cautiously, as if fearing to rouse the sleeper. But just before the rain began to fall in torrents from the heavens the beautiful animal drew near and licked the Prince's hand. The boy awoke with a start, and caught a glimpse as the fawn of it bounded through the bushes.

"That is the white fawn of my song," cried Prince Henry; and, in spite of the rain and storm, he sought diligently through the forest; but was unable to find the object of his search.

Now the Prince became more uneasy than before. He called together the hunters of the kingdom, but none of them had seen the white fawn, and they were of the opinion that their king's son was surely mad, while the Prince pronounced the hunters "stupid old men who cared for nothing but fat venison." Even the king himself now became interested in his son's desire to hear the strange song and see the white fawn. One day having returned from a journey through his realm he said:

"My son, near the palace is a large meadow, where every day a small boy comes to tend the sheep. As I passed him to-day I heard him singing your song."

These words delighted the Prince, and he at once sent to the meadow for the boy. But when the poor shepherd lad arrived he was so abashed in the presence of so much splendor that his memory failed him, and he could remember only that part of the song which Prince Henry already knew. Then the young Prince exclaimed:

"I shall have no more beggars coming to the palace. Take this fellow away; and every day I shall go myself into the forest, and watch for the fawn, which will surely come again to me."

And the next morning, having dressed himself in the garb of a peasant, the Prince went into the forest, and sought again the old oak tree, where first he had seen the fawn. There he whistled the air which was always running through his mind. An old woman, bent with age and bearing upon her shoulders a heavy burden, passed. As she heard the voice of the Prince, she said: "That is a strange song you sing. I thought that I and my grandson, who tends sheep in the meadow, were the only ones who knew it."

"Do you know that song?" cried the Prince excitedly. "Sing it for me, and I shall pay you any sum you ask."

The woman, mistaking the Prince for a peasant boy, replied: "What great sum can a poor lad like you give? But if your desire to hear the song is so great, bear my burden to my cottage, and your wish shall be gratified."

The Prince willingly complied with this request, and with the heavy burden on his strong, young shoulders, he accompanied the old woman to her humble home, and then heard the song which for so many days he had been longing to hear. The verses told the sorrowful history of a beautiful princess who had been taken from her father's palace by a wicked enchanter, and had

been chained to a great rock, in one of the many mountain caves, from which she was permitted to wander in the form of a white fawn, for a few hours each day. When the old woman had ended the song the Prince asked:

"Is this story true, and is there no way to rescue the Princess?"

"Yes," replied the old woman, "the story is true, and happened many, many years ago. The old king is long since dead; but his beautiful daughter, who never grows older, still sits in the dreary cave. Whoever sees the white fawn, and follows it to the cave can rescue the Princess. But the way is long and dangerous. My two brave brothers lost their lives in such an attempt."

While she was still speaking, the white fawn bounded through the forest, paused a moment before the cottage door, and then hastened on its way. The Prince, without heeding the old woman's warning cry, sprang out into the path and after the fawn. Now it ran up steep mountain sides, and again through shady dells; sometimes it sped as the wind, and again, walked slowly, as if waiting for the Prince.

The old woman's words proved true; for the way was, indeed, long and dangerous, often leading over stony paths and through thorny bushes. Once the Prince thought that he would no longer be able to endure the fatigue. But the thought of the beautiful Princess and her dreary life gave him new courage and seemed to renew his failing strength. After following the fawn up a rough mountain path, the Prince saw before him a shady grove, under whose great trees stood a table, around which sat a company of happy people, enjoying the cool, refreshing air, and partaking of rich viands. A tall, fair maiden, carrying a glass of cold, sparkling water, left her place and approached the Prince. In gentle tones, she said: "You are tired and thirsty, drink of this."

The parched lips of the Prince craved the cooling draught; but at that moment the fawn turned with such an appealing look, as if to say:

"Taste it not, taste it not. Follow me."

Prince Henry dashed the cup to the ground and hastened on his way. Again when the fawn entered a dense forest, the roaring of wild beasts was heard, and as a hideous poisonous serpent glided across the path, the Prince shrank back in terror. But once more the fawn glanced backward, and a sweet voice was heard to say: "Advance, noble Prince, and fear not."

The youth, ashamed of his lack of courage, now boldly pressed forward. At once the roaring of the beasts ceased, the forest rang with the songs of birds and the ground was covered with rare flowers. The fawn, too, disappeared, and a beautiful maiden, with long, golden hair and large blue eyes stood before the Prince and said: "At last I am released from the dreary, dreary life which I have endured so long. How can I thank you for your great kindness to me?"

But the Prince did not wish for thanks. He hurried with the Princess to his father's palace, which, to his great surprise, was but a short distance away.

Long years afterwards, when the Prince took his father's place as King of the country, the fair Princess, whom he had rescued from the evil enchanter, ruled with him and was beloved by all who knew her. And now the song of the White Fawn and the Enchanted Maiden is often sung by one and all of the courtiers of King Henry.

A Working Boy.

As I write a coal cart has driven up to the house opposite, in charge of a boy perhaps seventeen years old. On the sidewalk a man with grey hair was leaning on his shovel waiting for the coal to be dumped. The boy backed his cart, went in to have the ticket signed, hurried out and drew the pins from the back-board of the cart. He tugged and pulled to dump the cart, at last being assisted by the older man, who did not exert any degree of strength in his effort. At last the cart was dumped, and the man began to shovel the coal. While waiting for the man to get the coal out of the way so that the balance of the coal would run out on the sidewalk, the boy drew from the pocket of his coat a woollen cloth, and began to polish and rub the heavy harness on the horse. On the blinders were some ornaments of brass, and for this he used polish that he evidently kept in his pocket for that purpose. He braided the horse's mane after combing it with his fingers, and straightened and arranged the harness with evident pride and enjoyment. As I watched, I thought, "I do not believe that that boy will shovel coal when his head is grey. He uses his time to the advantage of his employer and the improvement of his employer's property. Somebody who needs service that demands devotion and industry will find this boy out, and give him employment that his character fits him for."

The Farmer's Boy.

The poetry of farming exists chiefly in the mind of him who looks on, rather than in the toil itself. There is poetry in the summer scene where the clean-shaven meadows are thickly studded with green cones of hay and the ox-wagon creaks under the weight of its fragrant load; but it is prose of the baldest sort to the perspiring farmer who is straining every muscle to get in his crop before the shower comes up over the hill. It is the dollars in the hay, and not its fragrance, that he is thinking about; no; it is any discredit to his common sense that he should be more occupied with the money value involved than with the picturesque of the situation. We must not expect a poem on the golden rod from the man who spends hours of hard work in attempting to exterminate it; nor can we look for from him any expression of admiration for the daisy, when its presence in his grass means pecuniary loss. To him the shrill cry of the hen hawk conveys but one message, and that is that the chickens are in danger. The half-articulated guttural of the young crow is merely a reminder of the corn-pulling propensities of that bird. The staccato whistle of the woodchuck has no charms for him, for it is a promise that his young apple trees shall be gnawed and a threat that his clover shall be trodden down to make paths for this lumbering freebooter to travel home in. He loves the cuckoo only in times of drouth, and sees beauty in the rainbow only when his parched fields have quenched their thirst. His love for the robins does not peck at his cherries and steal his peas? The waving of the ripening grain and the rustle of the corn would be pleasanter to see and sweeter to hear were it not for his apprehension that the rust would get into his wheat or early frosts cut short his crop.