

BISHOP PERRY, of Iowa, whose death took place at Dubuque, Friday, April 13th, was well known as one of the most learned of the American Bishops, especially in the department of American history. William Stevens Perry, was born in Providence, R. I., in 1832. He graduated from Harvard College in 1854, and was ordained in 1857. After holding cures in New England in several places, he became rector of Trinity, Geneva, N. Y., in 1869, was there consecrated Bishop of Iowa in 1876, his uncle Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, being chief consecrator. Meanwhile, Dr. Perry had already attained a reputation throughout the church for scholarship in his own chosen lines. In 1868 he was chosen secretary of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies in the General Convention, and also appointed the historiographer of the American Church, in which position he did good service in publishing the historical collections and records of the colonial days of the church.



Seven Times One.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven tunes" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

2.

I am old! so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always; they know no better;
They are only one times one.

3.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing but a bow.

4.

You moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven;
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

5.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold;
O brave Marsh Mary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold.

6.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away.
I am an old, you may trust me. Linnet, Linnet, —
I am seven times one, today.

JEAN INGELOW.

The Early Bird.

Swish! Something soft, silent and white comes across the hedge almost in our eyes and settles in that oak, without a sound. It is a barn-owl. After him a wood-pigeon, the whistling swoop of whose wings you can hear half a mile. The owl is just going to bed. The pigeon is only just astir. He is going to have the first turn at Farmer Macmillan's green corn, which is now getting nicely sweet and milky. The owl has still an open mouthed family in the cleft of the oak and it is only by a strict attention to business that he can support his offspring. He has been carrying fieldmice and beetles to them all night, and he has just paused for a moment to take a snatch for himself, the first he has had since the gloaming.

But the dawn is coming now very swiftly. The first blackbird is pulling at the early worm on the green slope of the wood-side, for all the world like a sailor at a rope. The early worm wishes he had never been advised to rise soon in order to get the dew on the grass. He resolves that if any reasonable portion of him gets off this time, he will speak his mind to the patriarch of his tribe who is always so full of advice how to get "healthy, wealthy, and wise". 'Tis a good tug-of-war. The worm has his tail tangled up with the centre of the earth. The black-bird has not a very good hold. He slackens a moment to get a better, but it is too late. He ought to have made the best of what purchase he had. Like a coiled spring returning to its set, the worm, released, vanished into its hole; and the yellow bill flies up into the branches of a thorn with an angry chuckle, which says as plainly as a boy who has chased an enemy to the fortress of home, "Wait till I catch you out again".

S. R. CROCKETT.