

sor. As all reformers, whether of land or of something else, have difficulties to overcome, so had Tony a full share; but then one half of them would never occur again. It is only the beginners who really have the hard work. His smaller fruits were planted before the dwelling-house had been put up. Then followed his peach, and pear, and apple, and cherry trees. One crop of strawberries has already been marketed, and whoever drives by his peach-orchard about the last of any April, will discover it to be a wilderness of blossoms.

There are folks in this world who do not know what is a good thing, even when they see it. Tony was not one of these. He had seen, and tried, and proved the Chester County Whites, and knew them to be the best breed of swine that could be had. Hence he obtained from the Spanglers a very respectable number to begin with, and bought others elsewhere, so as to secure a proper mixture. Though his pens are far more capacious and stylish than the Spanglers; yet the latter feel no envy, nor do they look upon Tony as a rival; but these three young farmers continue in constant and intimate intercourse with each other. The Spanglers are never too weary to walk over of an evening to see Tony, and hear him tell of what he is doing, and what he intends to do next. His uncle is so indulgent that Tony is able to branch out in a way that far surpasses all the Spanglers could afford. But being principally in little things, the cost is moderate, while the comfort and gratification are very great. Bill Spangler was so struck with two or three little notions which Tony crowded on his attention, that he once declared he did not know whether it was not better for a boy to have only an uncle instead of a father.

Tony longs for nothing of the great city beyond its daily newspaper. He sighs after no brown-stone mansion, no city luxuries, no city fortune; and, coveting none of these, he is happily beyond the reach of those countless vicissitudes which make city life so wearing to the heart; of the temptations which are so prone to overcome the moral susceptibilities, and of those ups and downs of fortune from which no foresight seems able to protect the most acute observer. Thus, if not likely to become suddenly rich, he runs no hazard of becoming poor.

Uncle Benny's mission has been accomplished. As years accumulate upon him, his joints stiffen, and his activity diminishes. But even though thus disabled in body, he continues to be unto the boys their "guide, philosopher, and friend."

How vast a field there is among us for farming by the Men! But an equally extensive one exists for farming by the Boys. If it be generously and kindly thrown open to them, thousands will gladly enter, and grow up better and happier men than if reared in the hot-bed of a great city,

THE END.

Poetry.

FROM HIS PLAY.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

I read in the blotted letter
A sorrowful page to-day!
It tenderly told of a darling child
Suddenly caught from his play.
Climbing the moment and shouting,

The next—a slip and a fall;
They bore him home to his mother;
He died—and that was all!

All! It is said so often,
And yet I comprehend
Somewhat of your depth of darkness,
O sorely stricken friend!
As I think with a chill foreboding,
How blank this world would be
If the wing of the desolate angel
Should bear my boy from me.

Yet, sweet, let it soothe your sorrow,
That not by the bridge of pain
Your little one crossed the river,
And stood on the shining plain:
That you keep no moan of anguish
In your thought of the gleeful boy.
But the ring of his musical laughter,
A very peal of joy!

One quivering breath, and the eyelids
Drooped over the deep blue eyes,
That opened a moment later,
In a flash of sweet surprise!
For surely this was the city
With crystal walls of light,
And that was the sea of Jasper.
Where never falleth night.

His mother had told him often,
In the pauses of her song,
While over him in the evening light
Went soft dreams shadows throng
How the other side of sunset,
In wonderful light serene,
More beautiful than the morning,
There lay a world unseen,

Where the pilgrims, great or little,
Who walk this earth of ours,
Should rest them under the tree of light,
Amid unfading flowers;
Where waited the loving Jesus,
Who heard his sleeping prayer,
To gather the weanlings in his arms,
And bid them welcome there.

So it was not like a stranger,
Sure not of right nor of way,
The dear one felt when he found himself
At home on that sudden day;
For borne by a swift translation
To the Master's feet above,
The Master himself would teach him soon
The perfect lore of love.

As I linger over your letter,
Tear-stained, I seem to see
That house bereft, where a heartache
For many a month shall be!
Where the silence strains to listen
For a step that nevermore
Shall bound in thoughtless freedom
Across the desolate floor!

But I gaze beyond the waters
That ripple at my feet,
And far and far through the autumn sky,
So strangely still and sweet,
And I think how well it had been for some
Who wearily work away,
If heaven had stooped to lift them up
From their brief bright childhood's play!

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