POOR FARMER JOHN.

BY MRS. M M. B. GOODWIN.

Old farings John is sore perploxed-Nav. farmer John is really vexed He tabors early, labors late, Let ever talks of adverse fate For all his toilings rearce suffee, Of longed-for lands to pay the price.

The summer come, the sammer go." The spring showers waste the winter's suor The white, from dawn till close of day, Receiving nought but frowns for pay. His good wife toils and anxions care Has faded lip and cheek and hair

ıſ

t.

 \mathbf{d}

16

ıe

d.

:d

у

.0

h

 \mathbf{n}

ıl

h

ıl

0

y

ıO

ō

ie

ıt

y, e

ιt

เร

y

ıe

ιt

เร

.s 1, d

n

4

it

1-1, 0

ıe

n

n

y e

g 9,

n,

:-

Acres on acres stretch away Of woodland, corn, of wheat and hay : His cattle roun o'er many a hill. The brookiet turns the greating mill.

Yet still be sighs, and longs for more, And grumbles e'er that he is poor

Four sturdy sons, four daughters fair Claimed at his hands a father's care Ife gave them labor without end,
And strove their souls, like his, to bend Into the narrowing groove of thought. Gold to be carned, land to be bought.

Yes, farmer John is growing poor! You feel it as you pass his door. His o'd brown house is small and mean, The rest is warped by crack and seam : The leaning bars, the half hinged, door, Proclaim old John is cory poor.

No books: no pictures on the wall; Carpetless moms and dreary hall Why think it strange such farmer's boys Should seck the city's pomp and noise? Should learn to loathe the sight of home, Where hought of joy or grace may come?

Why think it strange his poor, old wife, Who coined for him her very life, Should pause, at last, despite his frown And lay her weary burden down In joy, to walk the streets of Heaven, Where nought is sold, but all his given?

Go where you will, search earth around The poorest iran that can be found. Is he who toils, through life, to gain Widest extent of hill and plain Porgetting all his soul's best needs, In counting our bis title-deals.

THE TWO LIVES.

Two travellers came together Into the world so wide, In the new and suppy weather Of marvelous Easter-tide.

The one was little and feebla. The other was straight and strong And the strong one helped the feeble one Because the way was h n ;.

All over the level valley, All over the lifted land They go, with equal gladness, Each bolding the others hand. And the feeble one grows stronger.

And, ever as they walk, He plucks the wayside blossoms From twig and bending stalk But the strong one never falters, Nor ever turns aside

Because of the long, long journey. And because of the world so wide

But now it draws to evening, And the feeble falls to go. with any heart of joyousness, For his steps are weak and slow.

But, patient as aforetime, The strong on: stays his speed, And helps his weary comrade, Because of this his need.

And lo, I see one dying Before the break of day ; And the other, swiftly fying, With out-pread wings away.

O friend beside the cradle, Officed beside the bier, Thou only hast the story

Of what is hidden here! i-From the Aldine for October.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER

BY THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.

One hundred and seventy years ago good Isaac Wattslooked out from his window in Southampton across landscape suggested to him those two lines of his immortal hymn on a Christian's dying hours:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green.

To-day they are as green and wel-come to "tired eyes" as they were when Watts loved to gaze on them. At each previous visit to Europe I have failed to see this far-famed islo. So this morning I set off with my friend Wells, of Chicago, on a pilgrimage to the scenes of Leigh Richmond's labors.

The Queen has a summer place on the island at "Osborne," and Tennyson's home is a shady villa, called "Farringford," on the chalk cliffs of the western shore. But neither queen non poet has thrown such a charm over the Isle of Wight as a plain godly, parish minister, who lived there seventy years ago, and wrote two short stories about two poor, and

little steamer to the pretty town of Ryde. Osborne house was in full view. Graceful yachts were skimming the waters like swans. Up in into our eyes. Portsmouth harbour lies Lord Nelson's stout old buttle-ship, the " Victory." She is dear to Englishmen, as a bit of the "true cross" to a papist and Nelson is the ideal British hero, He was coarse, but plucky, and smelled of the "brine."

From Ryde we took a cosy little railway train to Brading, only four miles off. This was Legn Richmond's residence; but the house in which he wrote his famous tracts has been pulled down. The village is a quite drowsy one, with cheerful pots of geraniums and roses in almost every cottage window. The English surpass us in the universal culture of flowers especially among the poorer classes. For example, we went to the little thatched cottage in which "little Jane" lived and died—the very spot in which Richmond so often visited the gentle, pius child whose story he has written. It is in a bystreet, and was only a cabin covered with straw. But the profusion of flowers and creeping vines made it positively beautiful. From the cottage we went to the church in which Legh Richmond preached. It is a fine old Norman structure, built before America was discovered. In the quiet grave-yard, and close to the church wall is carved:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LITTLE JANE. Who died on Ganuary 30, 1709, in the 15th year of her age.
Ye who the power of God delights to trace

And mark with joy each monument of grace, Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore The short and simple annals of the poor.

A child reposes underneath this sod. A child to memory dear, and dear to God Rejoine, but who the sympathetic tear, Jane the "Young Cottager," lies buried h

While we were going about Brad ing, in search of some vehicle to carry us to Arreton, we spoke to several children in the street about "little Jane," and they all seemed familiar with her, as if sle had been their only sister. How strange that at the end of almost a century a poor child who died at fifteen in an obscure cottage should be the best remembered erson in a whole community. Noblemen have been buried with pomp and parade in that island many a time, but the peasant girl alone is unforgotten.

At length, after long search we succeeded in finding a basket-chaise and pony, and a very bright lad to drive us over to Arreton, which lies five miles away, in the heart of the island. O what a delicious ride was that ride in the basket-wagon! The sun was as bright as if it shone from an American sky. The June air was soft and balmy. The rich green hedgerows-pride and joy of the English landscape—were in the early bloom on the hawthorn. And pop pies and the golden broom (or 'whim') flamed brightly among the verdure. Occasionally we passed a pictureesque cottage; and occasionally, from a high ground, we caught a glimpse of the distant breezy blue sea. Over this delightful road Legh Richmond used trot with his pony, on his way to visit the Dairyman's Daughter. Richmond was lame, and an old man said to me, " I often used to help him get on his pony when I was a boy at Arreton,

After riding five miles through the bewitching landscape, our lad said to the Solent at the verdant shores of us, "Yonder is the cottage." It the Isle of Wight. The beautiful looked precisely as I had expected. By the roadside stand three elms, and under them, a few feet back from the road, is a lowly thatched cottage which is the perfect picture of rustic taste and neatness:

I trembled lest some obtrusive showman might be there to exhibit the relies, and to sell us photographs and then wait for his fee. How thankful I was to find one sacred spot in Europe into which this impertinent intermeddler has not thrust his ugly presence! Not a single creature was visible. We knocked at the cottage door and a young girl opened it. We entered a neatly furnished room—the room in which Richmond held his memorable conversations with Elizabeth when the sands of time were sinking, and the dawn of heaven broke.

The young girl said but little to us, and we were thankful. She showed us norrelice, and we asked to see none. The spot was too sacred. two short stories about two poor, and humble girls. Legh Richmond immortalized himself in imortalizing them. I would rather be the author of the "Dairyman's Daughter" than of all of the essays of Macaulay or all the romances of Walter Scott. It will weigh more at the day of judg ment, a win and the cost of the roman and the cost of the cost

glorified spirit soared away to her L'ather's house in the heavens. We looked up at it until the tears came

Getting into our wagon we rode on to Arreton, over the very road by which the funeral procession passed along, while the hymn was sung so sweetly on the Savbath air. How touchingly Legh Richmond describes that rural funeral I used to weep over it when I was a boy.

We found the village almost deserted; the people were off at their work. The church-yard gate stood open. The church is about five hundred greats old, with a low tower, Richmond's pulpit and the dairymans pew still are there. No living creature was to be seen as we entered the sweet, green burial-grounds. How glad we were! By a sort of instinct we found our way among the tomb-stones to one not far from the church st is a plain white marble stone, of The precise shape most common in our town country burying-grounds. On it are these words:

> ELIZABETH WALBRIDGE, The "Dairyman's Dangliter,"
> Who died May 30th, 1801. Aged 31. " She, being dead, yet speaketn."

A few lines of respectable poetry followsthis beautiful inscription. They might have been omitted. On the green sod were growing the cheerful white daisies. No costly monument no profusion of flowers; only pure white daisies over the ashes of this gentle Christain girl; whom we all love, and shall look for in heaven. Yes, it is true " she speaketh," and has spoken to millions in all tongues and nations. The 'dairyman's daughter will be speaking yet when the millenium dawns and her one endless theme is, Jesus Christ and him crufied,"-Independent,

CROMWELL'S DYING HOURS.

At the Royal Palace of Whitehall, on tha 3rd of September, 1558, a man lay dying. Eight days before he felt so confident of life that he told his wife not to think he should die, as he felt sure to the contrary. Now he was speechless, sinking; and the last thing about which he had seriously troubled himself was a curious, metaphysical one. "Tell me," he said to Sterry, a minister who stood by him, "is it possible to fall from grace?" "It is not possible," said the minister. "Then" exclaimed the dying man, "I am safe; for I know that I was once in grace." And then he prayed, " Lord, though a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through thy grace, and may and will come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service. Many of them set too high a value upon me, though others would be glad os my death. Lord however thou disposest of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Teach those who look too much upon thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself, and pardon dust a poor worm, for they are thy he has heard such horrible things people too." The attention of all England was rivited on the sick room at Whitehall, with keen and sincere interest. From the lips of throws him upon his shoulders and many went forth carnest prayers goes out with his prey; then returnthat Gou would be pleased to spare ing alone he announces that he has the invalid's life; in the hearts of many there were fears and misgivings as to what would come in the event of that prayer being rejected; in other hearts there were joy and exultation over the death of a sinner; while in others, that should have been kindly disposed, there was a certain kind of assurance that there is something in the misfortunes of our greatest friends which is not displeasing to us. A frightful wind storm ragued, rooting up trees in the park, and tearing of the roofs of houses in London. The friends of the dying argued that God giving warning of his intention to take to him. ing of his intention to take to himself the great soul of the sufferer; his enemies argued that " the princes of the powers of the air" were holding fearful revelsamid the stormdriven clouds in honor of the prospects of seizing on a great offender's soul. The dying man was Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England and Ireland, the man who for ten years had governed the kingdom in

overcame the Scot's army at Dunbar, when looking at the position of his army in a military point of view, he was committed to certain destruction at their hands; on a third of Siep-tember he had fought the battle of Worcester. "the Lord's crowning mercy to him," as he called it, when the Royalist cause was lost in Eng land, so long as Cromwell could move a regiment or man a ship. In this last sense surely the third of September was still Cromwell's fortunate day, for if ever a man was weary of life and anxious to be quit of the cares of 't, Cromwell must have been that man -Historiale Sketches.

SENSATION DRAMAS AT ROME.

A Roman correspondent writes -

The representations given for the last month at the summer theatres of Rome have acquired almost a political significance. Everywhere are performed, before an ardent and impassioned audience, plays in which monks are abused and ill-treated beyond all belief. At the Corea, the title gives an idea of the piece. The Mysteries of the Spanish Inquisition, with the 77,000 Victims of the Inquisitor Torquemada.' It is difficult to imagine the share that the pit and galleries take in the unfolding of the action of this drama. At the beginning all was good humour, and the public laughed heartily at the scene representing the terrible Torquemada conversing with a monk, the latter in such a state of intoxication that having let fall his beads it was impossible to pick them up again. But by degrees, and as the crimes of the wicked monks were revealed, the audience become excited, hissed, yelled, and shook their fists at the actors crying out- Puzzoni! Canaglia! Ammazza lo!' (kill him) Some even proposed to go to help in the slaughter. 'Aspetto che ammazo io l' In another scene Rachel appears; she is summoned to abjure her religion; she refuses, when suddenly shricks are heard, the curtain in the back ground opens, and her father Don Sebastiano, is seen dangling by his hands, and evidently suffering great agony from torture. This sight produces a general storm of in dignation from the compassionate public, cries of horror burst from every lip, and the exclamations above mentioned are repeated with still greater energy. The curtain drops, and the interlude is employed indrying the tears and stifling the subs of the overwrought spectators. When this is accomplished, the actors are called for, and are loudly applauded except the unhappy Torqumada, who, venturing on the stage among his colleagues, is hissed off it. In the next act the scene represents a stake surrounded by flames, upon which Rachel is to be burned alive. Fortunatetly for the equanimity of the spectators they are almost immediately informed that a plot has been laid to save her. The monk of the first act who has been punished by Torquemada (we suppose for his intemperance) now thirsts for revenge, He relates that such as desire to trample upon the while in the prisons of the inquisition pens to pass; he siezes upon him, thrown him into a deep well. Here it is impossible to describe the deep enthusiasm, the frantic delight of the audience; the women cry with joy! The drama is altogether an extraordinary composition. Phillip II. and dress, all correct. Torquemada are made to meet. Finally the inquisitor is seized upon and tied to the stake, instead of the lovely young Jewess. The actor Rossi, who plays the part of a Dominican Friars, is stout, he is fat, he is shining with grease; when he abuses the monastry as being bad in every respect, except the cooking, that is excellent, the spectators exclaim, Lo caedo io che sia mangia bene!' (I should think they did cat well.); 'e si beve bene amora; qidi un poco che pancia!' (and drink well too! look what a paunch!) 'la naglia ammazza lo!' &c. The curtain dropped slowly leaving Torquemada trying in vain to escape from the flames and half sufficiated. The cries of all the animals of the creation are mixed with the applause and the braves, and the

EDITORS AND CORRESPON. DENTS.

BY A DISGUSTED JOURNALIST.

The editor's letter box is not open

ed bona fide to the general public

There are many wrong impression

about it. One is that the amator, correspondence of which so much it made in print in different magazines is manufactured. Some of it is, but not for want of good supply of the real article. I have seen letters by the score from lads and lasses asking the most innocently amusing questions about sweethearts, and weddings, and "all that." "How soon after we first knew each other should I allow a gentleman to kiss me?"---'Is it proper to sit on a gentleman's knee after he has been paying his address for about three months?"-A gentleman whom I have only seen twice altogether took me to Rosherville, and while there kissed me several times by force, though very polite in his manners. Do you think I ought to inform my aunt with whom I am residing, having lost my mother? I have seen questions like these by the dozen in the editor's box. But I am now going to quote letters of a very different, and indeed, of a very miscellaneous character. which have at one time come into mp hands.

First, I will give the very roughest specimen that ever came under my notice-italics and all, just as it

"To the Editor of * * * Sir, it is a great pity you could not find anything but an abortion to review my book. Look at the * * * * paper on Sunday and you will see a favorable review worthy of my book. Out of more than a hundred notices, only five or six attacked the work. and they show'd they did not know what they were writing about. But your dirty soul'd rascal went further for he descended to the gross abuse, and personally insulted me. What a farce it is your pretending to edit a newspaper when you lend your col-umns to base malicious unprincipled scribblers. If you have a spark of manliness about you, you'll brin me face to face with the DOG wh has personally insulted me. Your

And here I might even add the fellows name, without committing any breach of [decorum; for he was soon afterwards sent to prison for obtaining money under false pretences through the medium of this very work of his. The review referred to in the letter contained nothing " personal," but it was a direct exposure of the character of the work. It was about the most stupid and impudent book l ever saw.

Side by side with this abusive letter. I will place one of a much pleasenter kind. There is a bonhomic about lit which provokes a smile innocent as itself :

"To the Editor of * * * My

Dear Sir—For some time past I have missed with much regret, the lucubrations of * which used to grace your columns. I have been a regular subsciber to your journal for a great many years, and I beg to express a hope that this ommission is not due to ill-health on the part of

If so I hope he will shortly be restored, so that he may again wield his powerful and interesting pen for the delight and instruction of of mankind, as fon former occasions I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully." Then followed name and ad-

The poor bashful contributor bes ged the editor to ask this correspondent to "draw it mild" next time. It is not often that editors get letters s. kindly, though sometimes they do. A. word of real appreciation from a competent person is, of course, very clicer-

In the letters of the incompetent critics, one may observe that an ar ticle is always a "lucubration;" a poem, au " effusion."

"Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'Who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" asked a clergyman of some children. For a while no one knawered: at list seeing a little drummer-boy who looked say if he could give an answer, the clergyman said—"Well, little soldier, what say you?"

Bechase it's lloadquarters," roplied [the

years had governed the kingdom in the appearse and the bravos, and one said way, and made it people return home delighted with stronger and more respected since this denoument.

It was the third of September, the day. Crromwell was went to of menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from their not knowing how action to the menspring from the menspr