

Selected Articles.

POOR FARMER JOHN.

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

Old farmer John is sore perplexed - Nay, farmer John is really vexed -

The spring showers waste the winter's snow - The white, from dawn till close of day,

Acres on acres stretch away - Of woodland, corn, of wheat and hay:

Four sturdy sons, four daughters fair - Claimed at his hands a father's care

Yes, farmer John is growing poor! - You feel it as you pass his door.

No books - no pictures on the wall; - Carpetless rooms and dreary hall

Why think it strange his poor, old wife, - Who coined for him her very life,

Go where you will, search earth around, - The poorest man that can be found.

THE TWO LIVES.

Two travellers came together - Into the world so wide,

The one was little and feeble, - The other was straight and strong.

All over the level valley, - All over the lifted land,

And the feeble one grows stronger, - And ever as they walk,

But now it draws to evening, - And the feeble falls to go.

But, patient as aforesaid, - The strong one stays his speed,

And lo, I see one dying - Before the break of day;

O friend beside the cradle, - O friend beside the bier,

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.

One hundred and seventy years ago good Isaac Watts looked out from his window in Southampton across the Solent at the verdant shores of the Isle of Wight.

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

To-day they are as green and welcome to "tired eyes" as they were when Watts loved to gaze on them.

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.

little steamer to the pretty town of Ryde. Osborne house was in full view. Graceful yachts were skimming the waters like swans.

From Ryde we took a cosy little railway train to Brading, only four miles off. This was Legh Richmond's residence; but the house in which he wrote his famous tracts has been pulled down.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LITTLE JANE.

Who died on January 29, 1799, in the 15th year of her age.

Ye who the power of God delights to trace - And mark with joy each monument of grace,

A child reposes underneath this sod. - A child to memory dear, and dear to God.

While we were going about Brading, in search of some vehicle to carry us to Arreton, we spoke to several children in the street about "little Jane,"

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.

After riding five miles through the bewitching landscape, our lad said to us, "Yonder is the cottage." It looked precisely as I had expected.

I trembled lest some obtrusive showman might be there to exhibit the relics, and to sell us photographs and then wait for his fee.

The young girl said but little to us, and we were thankful. She showed us no relics, and we asked to see none.

We crossed from Portsmouth in a glorified spirit soared away to her Father's house in the heavens. We looked up at it until the tears came into our eyes.

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 Sabbath air.

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 years old, with a low tower.

IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH WALBRIDGE.

The "Dairyman's Daughter," Who died May 30th, 1801. Aged 31.

A few lines of respectable poetry follows this beautiful inscription. They might have been omitted. On the green sod were growing the cheerful white daisies.

CROMWELL'S DYING HOURS.

At the Royal Palace of Whitehall, on the 3rd of September, 1658, 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.

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 September he had fought the battle of Worcester.

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.

EDITORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

BY A DISGUSTED JOURNALIST.

The editor's letter box is not opened bona fide to the general public. There are many wrong impressions about it. One is that the amatory correspondence of which so much is made in print in different magazines is manufactured.

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

"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.

And here I might even add the fellows name, without committing any branch 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.

Side by side with this abusive letter, I will place one of a much pleasanter kind. There is a bonhomie about it 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 subscriber to your journal for a great many years, and I beg to express a hope that this omission is not due to ill-health on the part of \* \* \* \*

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

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

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

Because it's headquarters," replied the drummer.

Time appeared very short, eternity a great and great name either in or under life, if gathered with all earthly pleasures and profits in an empty bubble, a deluding dream. Drainard.