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LIVING ON A FARM.

BY [illegible] PATTERSON.

How brightly, through the mist of years,
My quiet country home appears;
My father busy all the day
In plowing corn, or raking hay;
My mother moving with delight
Among her milk pans silver bright;
We children, just from school set free,
Filling the garden with our glee;
The blood of life was flowing warm
When I was living on a farm.

I hear the sweet church going bell
As over the fields its note fell;
I see the country neighbors round
Gathering neat the pleasant sound,
They stop awhile beside the door,
To talk their homely matters o'er;
The springing corn, the ripe ing grain,
and how we need a little rain;
"A little sun would do no harm,
We want good weather for the farm."

When autumn came, what joy to see
The golden ligh of the harvest high o's
To hear the voices, keeping tune
Of girls and boys beneath the moon;
To mark the golden corn ears bright,
Making then the cry for light!
Since I have learned the ways of men,
I often turn to those days again
And feel life were to a ghost than
When I was living on a farm.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, I keep drifting through life.
What was I born for? "For somebody's wife."
I am told by my mother. Well I at being true
"Somebody" keeps him a little strangely from view;
And if many a poor man prize will settle my fate
I believe he shall never in study see the state.
Yet, though I'm a nobody—pray, who I am is?—
You might not, perhaps, find a more beautiful phiz;
And here as for temper and manner, "tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain
Nay, in spite of those drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I shall not be I great ful, "for better or worse"
To take the first lordly who gracious ly come
And offer the offering me, his home and his name.
I think sometimes such ness for marriage are common;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let the try?
I know that for business I'm not adapted,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept
But—that is—I'm upon foot at puzzling mind—
Why am I not joined up to work of some kind?
Uselessly aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "somebody's wife?"

JOHN DANVILLE'S VOCATION.

BY NELLIE EMES.

"Severed your engagement, Lena! what for?" and there was a depth of sadness in the tones of Grandma Tracy's voice as she looked, or attempted to look, in the dark eyes of her young companion. But the heavily curtained lids faithfully guarded whatever of pride, petulence, or real feeling her affectionate relative sought to discover.

"I thought you loved John Danville, continued the old lady mildly; "and I really thought you both above what are called 'lovers' spats.'"

"We have had no quarrel, grandma!" And now Miss Lena played with the tassel of her dressing gown a little nervously.

"You see John has been unfortunate—made some ridiculous speculation—sunk several thousand dollars which his uncle left him. Well, his father heard of his misfortune, and offered to advance him any sum he desired. This John told me with his own lips; and what do you think, Grandma Tracy?" And now the fringed lids were lifted, and the brown eyes flashed the indignation with which her soul was filled. "He would not take a single dollar. He said he had lost one fortune *gambling—that's* what he called his stock-jobbing operation—and he would risk no more. Just think, and his father a millionaire! And to cap the climax, insists that he always had a taste for agricultural pursuits, civil engineering, or some other plebeian, outlandish trade, and the other evening had the impudence to inform me of his change of plan."

"Well"—and Grandma removed her glasses, and wiped them carefully with the hem of her white apron—"what then?"

"Why I told him—of course I did—that I considered myself extremely fortunate in having discovered the existence of such low qualities in the man I had selected for a companion before it was too late. To disgrace his own family, if he had a mind: that I should make it impossible for him to cast a shadow of reproach upon mine, by withdrawing from the engagement."

"Yes." said Grandma still calmly; "and what then?"

"Oh, nothing more," said Lena. "He simply remarked, 'As you please, Miss Tracy!' bowed very politely, and walked out."

There was a depth of bitterness in Grandma's voice, and a sarcastic curl to the well cut lips as she replied:

"Lena Travels, for the granddaughter of a bootmaker on one side of the house, and a carpenter on the other, and the daughter of a man who spent all the first years of his life type setting, you have made a most egregious fool of yourself! Have you not sense enough to see that it is the qualities; not the profession or the surroundings, that make the man? You will live to regret this, and I hope I shall live to see it."

"Why, Grandma!" and Lena opened her big brown eyes in amazement.

"Yes, I do!" continued the old lady, now thoroughly aroused—all the Spartan in her nature awakened by the injustice she had just heard described. "I expect it will take some pretty tough discipline to make you understand the difference between real and sham nobility; but the time *will* come—now mark my words!—when you will give more for the love of such a man as John Danville than all the style and position than the aristocracy and wealth of the world could produce."

Lena knew that early in life her father had learned the trade of compositor, but had never before been informed of the extremely "plebeian" business of her grandparents. Her thoughts were certainly not of the pleasantest description, as she went over the conversation of the morning; but she renewed her vow that never, under any circumstances, would she marry a man whose occupation did not harmonize with her ideas of caste and respectability.

"An architect!" she repeated bitterly. "The idea of my husband measuring blocks, and climbing ladders, and wearing old clothes! Grandma Tracy has gone to [illegible]

"Gracious! [illegible] sound in the parlor [illegible] Lena, [illegible] your wrappings, and [illegible] the door [illegible] Danville [illegible] Lena's face [illegible] the door [illegible] Grandma's voice [illegible]

"What has John Danville ever done to me that I should not recognize him?" replied grandma, in her matter of fact manner.

"Why John!" as the gentleman and his partner turned from the contemplation of the picture.

"This is a most delightful surprise!" and the gentleman, seating his companion without the least reserve apparent, greeted the old lady cordially, and shook hands pleasantly with her granddaughter. After a few commonplaces, grandma, the irrepressible, observed:

"Well, John, how do you like your new business? Turned *architect*, I hear, whith a sly glance at Lena, who could not, to have saved her live, told whether the picture she was so intent upon was a landscape or a potrait.

"Five years of my life, Mrs. Tracy," John answered with considerable dignity. "I was contrary to every dictate of conscience and taste, so far as my profession was concerned; and no man is an honest man, in my opinion, who continues in such a course. I am now content with my employment, because I recognize my perfect adaptability to all its details."

"I honor you, John, for your determination," said Grandma, "and you have my best wishes. A great many folks are foolish enough to make a distinction between a trade and a profession. Now, both of Lena's grandfathers were mechanics, and no better than ever lived and died. One hailed from Lynn, an out and gut shoemaker, and *my* husband when I married him, was a house carpenter; and Lena's father learned a compositor's trade."

If Lena didn't wish her grandmother at the Bay of Biscay, she did almost, but to save her life she could not keep from laughing, in which, strangely enough John was compelled to join. It was *too* ludicrous to observe how thoroughly determined the old lady was that her favorite should be informed of the Tracy pedigree.

"It is always best to know something about the root as well as the branches," said Grandmaa, a little astonished at the effect of her bomb. It had exploded, and Lena was uninjured. "Took it pretty cool," she murmured, as the Tracys went to their carriage. Lena, leaning on somebody's arm, came to the door, saying:

"Grandma, is there any room for John?" He's going to drive home with us."

"Room for *who?*" exclaimed grandma. "Room for *John Danville?* Good gracious! Yes; of course there is." And John with his arm around Lena's waist, listen to the store of her unhappiness and mortification, and promised to forgive her.

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