family Reading.

Tennyson's New Poem. EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And domes the red plough'd hills With loving blue; The blackbirds have their wills, The throatles too.

Opens a door in heaven; From skies of glass A Jacob's ladder falls On greening grass, And o'er the mountain walls Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower, And burst the buds, And shine the level lands, And flash the floods; The stars are from their hands Flung thro' the woods;

The woods by living airs How freshly fanned, Light airs from where the deep, All down the sand, Is breathing in his sleep, Heard by the land!

() follow, leaping blood, The season lure! O heart, look down and up, Serene, secure, Warm as the crocus-cup, Like the snow drops, pure.

Past, future, glimpse and fade Thro' some slight spell, Some gleam from yonder vale, Some far blue fell, And sympathies, how frail, In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note, Thou twinkling bird, The fairy fancies range, And, lightly stirr'd, Ring litue beils of change, From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And thaws the cold and fills The flower with dew: The black birds have their wills, The poets too.

Refu Seleck Serial.

A DEAGON'S DAUGHTER

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER II.

MARTHA'S TROUBLES ABOUT A BOOK

Martha went slowly up to the house, for she was sure of having a long lecture from her father, and she dreaded it. But the sooner it was begun, the sooner it would be over; so she went in looking as calm as possible.

Her mother was sitting at one end of the table, knitting. The deacon sat at the other, reading Saurin's Sermons.' He did not even look up at her as she entered; but, as she passed over to the corner where she bung her hat and shawl, he asked, abruptly:

What did Mis' Gleason say?'

Martha started; and it was well for her that her back was turned, and that the corner was dim, for the hot blood rushed up over her tace to the roots of as that, had not once occurred to her. Now, Martha had never told but one lie in her life, and that was when she was a very little girl-there was nothing she more thoroughly despised. So what should she do now? She made no answer; and the deacon presently repeated his question more sternly:

What did Mis' Gleason say?" Say?' repeated Martha.

'Did ye hear my question? What do ye want to repeat my words for? Why don't ye answer me properly?' demand-Miss Gleason said.'

"She didn't say anything,' replied Nancy?" Martha, still lingering in her corner. Didn't say anything? Did ye tell her what I said?'

'No. sir.'

didn't. I s'pose I'll have to remonstrate with her myself for allowin' sech books

Martha, greatly relieved, sat down as he commanded, in the chair directly in front of him.

"I want to know how many o' them his task. pisen books you've read in the last two years. Do you know?'

' No, sir,' was the answer.

'Can't ye give me any idea?' get; that's all I know about it.'

A reddish-purple spot on each of the deacon's cheeks showed how angry he

'Marthy Stirling, you're a wicked ungrateful child; and you'll bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave,' exclaimed the deacon.

Martha had expected, and which lasted more than an hour. It was full of quotations from the Old Testament, describing the wrath of God toward such sinners as Martha, and the terrible | hope so.' judgments pronounced upon those who did not 'keep his statutes to do them. bent forward, her hands folded tightly together in her lap, her lips set with an and read the gilt letters on the back. expression that ill became her fair young face, and with a strange light in her eyes, that gleamed out now and then from under her half-closed lids.

Ah, Deacon Stirling, Deacon Stirl- it of ye-no, I wouldn't!' ing! I fancy you would scarcely have been pleased, could you have read what was in your daughter's heart.

deacon, at last; 'and I hope ye'll see your wickedness in the right light. I could only get ye under conviction, I of hard work for the Stirlings. should have some hopes of ve. But bate mind.

the hall with one.

glancing nervou-ly up into her daughter's piece a little thick, red book. face. 'I'm dretful sorry to have your father talk to ye so; but I'm sure it's it, her face growing red, then pale, then the best thing for ye. You brought it red again, and finally settled into the long minutes in the cool, dark parlor, on yourself, ye know, by disobeyin' expression it had worn the night before him, an' he an' I are bound to do all we during her father's lecture. can for your good. I hope ye don't lay it up agin' me, Marthy-do ye?'

Martha laughed - a short, hard deacon, sternly. laugh, with no mirth in it-and said: father I'd been reading novels, did you?

Good-night.' seizing Martha's dress as she was start

back to Mis' Gleason's?' Martha's face; but without answering, she pulled her dress from her mother's them that lie, and disobey their parents? hand, rushed up the stairs, and shut her he asked.

door so hard that her candle went out. But she had often undressed in the dark; so she was soon in bed, and in went on; 'for I've told ye times enough. spite of her excitement, was fast asleep Now you'll take this book back to Mis' Sister Gleason,' and resumed his seat in a few minutes; for her hard morning's work, her long walk in the afternood, and the events of the evening, had do it yourself.' made her extremely tired.

Mrs. Stirling had gone back to the kitchen, and, after moving restlessly about the room for a few minutes, she said:

'Nathan, I don't b'lieve Marthy took that book back Mis' Gleason's at all. You didn't notice how queer she acted was no need for her to ask-her this afternoon, an' I regret it extraord- coming over the hillwhen you asked her what Mis' Gleason said, but I did. An' when I went into ly as words could have done, the part duty at any cost, as you're probably the hall, I asked her if she took it back, she had played in the matter. her hair. That her father would an' she just colored up as red as a beet, naturally ask her some such question an' ran up-stairs without saying a word, between two and three in the afternoon borryed a book o' your daughter,' holdhad it hid away up stairs in her room.'

The deacon sat and looked at his wife to Martha: in speechless amazement. At last he exclaimed:

'Nancy, what have we done that we should be so afflicted? I know I've knowing resistance would be useless. tried to do my duty by Marthy; an' I've labored in se son an' out o' season to bring her up to a sense o' her shortcomin's. But all I get for it is ungratefulness, an' deceit, an' impertinence, an' I don't know what more. I must say, go up to her roem an' look for the book,

But, Nathan, I don't want to. I

don't b'lieve she's asleep yet." the house, I'll find it,' said the deacon. Wall, mebbe it's just as well ye Taking up a candle, he started for the door. Mrs. Stirling followed,

out her hand for the candle.

'Well, I be; and don't ye come down till ye've sarched every corner, have forgotten everything, and have

ing her hand before the light, and look- lecture. ing at Martha with a half regretful expression on her worn, wrinkled face.

without looking, if I didn't know he'd come an' look himself,' thought she.

light would not fall on Martha's face. Then began the 'lecture' which she began her search. The upper examined: but no book appeared.

'Mebbe I was wrong, after all,' tiny hand. thought Mrs. Stirling. 'I'm sure I

hand among the neatly folded garments, Poor Martha sat motionless, her head it touched the little, thick book lying under the aprons. She drew it out,

> " The Children of the Abbey,' that's it,' she said to herself, glancing over her shoulder at unconscious Martha.

Martha did not waken till later than usual,next morning, and dressing hastily. ran down-stairs without thinking of she had compromised her honor. It was Saturday; and that meant a day answered.

'I don't want any such religion as always did when 'he had something on yours is,' muttered Martha, as she went his mind'-his back to the stove, his hastily out of the room, forgetting her hands clasped behind him, and his face candle. Her mother followed her into as hard as the flinty rock. As Martha came in he turned, stretched out his 'Here's your candle,' Marthy said she, long arm, and took from the mantel-

Martha stood motionless, staring at

Mis' Gleason's last night?' asked the manner, his hat resting on his knees.

Martha was dreadfully ashamed. 'Why should I? You didn't tell | She utterly despised herself just then. A few gentle, sorrowful words would have melted her now, and made her as 'Marthy!' exclaimed Mrs. Stirling, humble and penitent as could have been ing up-stairs, 'Did you take that book of those who dealt with offenders in The deacongave her a look before which Again the painful flush spread over only grew harder, and his tone sterner.

· Don't ye know that God has cursed

Martha made no answer.

'If ye don't, it aint my fault,' he Gleason's to-day, an' I'll go along to see if ye do it, since I can't trust ye to were flushed with her efforts at self-

work in almost total silence. Mrs. shake in her voice. With another still Stirling gave her a quick, nervous louder 'ahem,' the deacon began his glance, now and then, fearing she would errand : be asked about the finding of the book, But Martha said not a word. There unpleasant business that I've come on

Martha made herself ready at once,

Martha never forgot her ride to the Gleason's that afternoon. It was such a strange mingling of beauty and mother knowin' the sinfulness o' readmisery, to both of which she was pecu- in' sech books, told me; for she knew liary susceptible. The grass in the there wa'n't no kind of use in her fields and beside the roads was as talkin' with Marthy. As soon as I ed the deacon. 'I asked you what I'm e'en-a-most discouraged. Will ye green as in May, after the rain; stone- found it out, I told her to br ng it walls, stump-fences, tree-trunks, were straight back to you, for I wouldn't adorned with a drapery of climbing have no sech books in my house. I Nancy, afore we can bring her under,' vines, more beautiful in their brilliant | thought I could trust her to obey me; coloring than the richest of Oriental but it turned out I couldn't. She went 'Then I'll go myself, an' if it's in tapestry; the groups of trees in out, au' was gone long enough to walk Thompson's woods showed a blending here an' back; but she left the book and contrasting of hues that was hid away in her drawer, an'her mother beyond description; while every blade found it after Marthy was asleep. So 'I-I guess I'd better go, Nathan, if of grass, every spire of golden-rod, I told her she must sartinly come over in her house. Now come an' sit down you're set on knowin', said she, holding every leaf of tree and vine, was to your house to-day and I should come glistening and twinkling with rain-drops. with her, to see't she didn't deceive me

If she had been alone, Martha could this time.'

softly opened, and a small figure stepped her ears were tortured by the sound suddenly rose up, rushed out of the noiselessly in on shoeless feet. Mrs. of her father's voice, delivering a bouse, down the path and along the 'No, sir. 'I've read all I could Stirling stood still for a moment, hold- second edition of the last evening's road, towards home.

see us,' thought Martha, with a sigh, Martha's mind. As he had gone on 'I'd jest turn round an' go back as they reached the little, brown house. with sentence after sentence, coolly

Martha's face made her heart ache. tolly-of which she was already so Then, placing the candle so that the She guessed pretty nearly what it all heartily ashamed - the poor girl's loving soul. meant, and feeling very sorry for her indignation grew hotter and hotter, till unhappy sister, tried her best to drawer, and the second, were carefully administer comfort, by holding baby up no more, and she made her escape. to the window and making him kiss his

> The deacon employed the next errand. fifteen minutes of their ride in drawing Martha, which were extremely unfavorable to the latter. Martha listened in reply. silence, as she had done to the rest; when they came in sight of the Gleason's brick house; for anything

It would be difficult to describe just | it yourself. how Martha felt as she stood on the deacon's commanding knock to be

Julia, of whom Martha had borrowed admitted.

Julia, stepping aside to let then pass, and casting a curious glance at Martha. who tried to look as if nothing were wrong, and failed entirely.

Father and daughter spent several waiting for Mrs. Gleason. The deacon 'Is this the book you took back to arm-chair, his hands folded in a dignified ing, with a frown: Martha had dropped into one corner of the sofa, and sat there trying to prepare herself for what was to come.

Suddenly, the ludicrous side of the whole thing presented itself to her, and she startled herself and the deacon by any such temporizing way. His face a stouter heart than hers might have quailed, and said:

But Martha's risibles were beyond her control now, and she fa rly shook deacon rose, said 'Good alternoon, is!' with a loud 'ahem!' Martha's cheeks Martha did her share of the morning's Mrs. Gleason's greeting with a funny

mothers's look and manner told as plain- inarily. But parents must do their aware, bein' as ye're a parent yourself. surprise, and asked: It rained all the morning; but My daughter come here yisterday an' I shouldn't be surprised one mite if she the clouds began breaking away. The ing up 'The Children of the Abbey,' so deacon came in from the barn, and said that Mrs. Gleason could see it. 'Was it beknownst to you?"

room, I suppose,' replied Mrs. Gleason.

her; wastin' a hull hour in Thompson's woods a readin' on't too; an' she told her mother how't she had it, an' her

said the deacon, not unwilling to give up | yielded herself up to the enchantment | had been watching Martha's face as the | unlike either of them. Besides that, of it all; but while her eyes were deacon talked, pitying the poor girl neither the deacon nor his wife Martha was lying in a profound casting longing glances toward the with her whole heart. But before the possessed the faculty of reading char-

The idea that her tather would really at last her wounded pride would endure

The deacon, after recovering from

'Now you may go to bed,' said the taking a peep at the book for which Gleason's front porch, waiting for the till his fund of arguments was exhaust- a mind only just enlightened enough to ed. Then Mrs. Gleason said, rather make her conscious of lacking some-

sat up very straight in an old-fashioned | interupting his hostess' remarks by say- | studied Nature.

mortally offended him. But I felt so many of the peculiar forms of expreswith laughter. At this most unfortunate of it, I presume. She seems such a ment, too -seeming small in themselves.

She was thankful that Dobbin was so without glancing towards the house; but Huldah was in the kitchen, and 'Mis' Gleason, this 'ere's a very did not see her. Just as she opened

As she entered the kitchen, flushed and panting, Mrs. Stirling looked up in up your mind to stay to home an'

'Why, what on 'airth ails ye, look, Martha ran up stairs to her room. 'I'm ready to go to Mis' Gleason's 'No. The girls were up in Julia's against it, threw herself upon the bed thought, and worked all around her: · Wall, Marthy fetched it home with quenched the fire in her eyes and on her cheeks, with a shower of tears.

> Deacon Stirling and his wife had would tell. never understood this daughter of theirs. Huldah, naturally gentle and submissive, had given them but little trouble; with Martha they had kept up a constant struggle ever since she was a baby.

'We've got to break her the deacon would say, as the struggles grew more frequent and prolonged.

But Martha's will would not break, see.' in spite of severe and frequent applications of the rod, as well as the infliction of other punishments.

It was scarcely to be wondered that they did not understand her, for her character was a curious mixture of qualities which she had inherited from Mrs. Gleason made no answer. She both parents; but which made her slumber when the door of her room quiet nooks and the great, free hills, deacon could say any more, Martha acter. They were both anxious that Helps.

their daughter should become a useful, Christian woman. With this aim in view, they tried, as I have said, to 'break her will,' to make her obey 'Oh, dear! I hope Huldah won't tell the whole story, had not entered blindly every command, without questioning its justice or re sonableness; they hedged her about and hemmed her But Huldah did; and the sight of exposing the whole piece of childish in with rigid rules and regulations, that were utterly abhorrent to her liberty-

In Mrs. Stirling's estimation, there was not her husband's equal for wisdom and goodness in all the world; so whatever he con-idered necessary to the his surprise, hastened to complete his proper bringing-up of children, she did her best to act upon. She stood con-Do ye allow your daughter to read siderably in awe of him, too; and to But in the third drawer-passing her comparisons between Huldah and sech books, Mis' Gleason?' he asked. differ from him would have seemed to 'A few, yes, sir,' was the quiet her disloyalty. Her father had been a hard-working farmer, and she had 'The times is degenerating, amazin' known little of life, beside that very and she actually drew a sigh of relief fast, sighed the deacon, mournfully. prosaic phase of it to be found in a 'I feel it my duty, Mis' Gleason, bein, farmer's kitchen. She had attended as I'm a deacon o' the church, and the district school in the winter, from seemed preferable to what she was you're a member-I s'pose in good an' the time she was able to walk the two 'Oh! Marthy, I wouldn't have believed enduring now. She little guessed what reg'lar standin'-to labor with ye on miles, till she was fourteen, and had she was to endure within the next half | this pint, an' show ye the danger o' | been moderately fond of study. But your course, since ye don't seem to see out of school there was no time to read; and very few books to be read if Accordingly, he 'labored' with her she had had the time; so she grew up with thing-what, she never quite ander-'You are very kind, Deacon Stirl- stood. But she had determined that On opening the kitchen door, she the troublesome book, opened the door, ing; but my views on this point are her children should go to school as I'm afraid ye're 'given over to a repro- saw her father standing as he had done and very much surprised she looked entirely satisfactory to me, and I don't much and as long as their father would the night before—and so he almost when she saw who was waiting to be wish to change them. I read such let them. Huldah was never much of books as this with Julia, and show her a scholar; but Martha eagerly learned 'Is your mother to home?' inquired what is good in them and what is not. from every available source. She And I will frankly say to you that I wanted to know about everything; not 'Yes, sir, she is. Walk in,' replied believe Martha would care very little only in books, but about everything for books of this sort, if she were at around her. Her father and mother perfect liberty to read them. She has were seldom able to answer her quesa good mind, and would make a fine tions, so she finally ceased asking them; scholar, and a noble woman, too, I'm pondered over the fancies that puzzled sure, if she were judiciously trained. her brain; read every book she could lay her hands on, and wandered off Here the deacon rose, abruptly alone in the woods and fields, and

Up to her seventeenth year, the 'I come here to do good, an' speak | time our story begins, she had gone to a word in season. But as I see my the district school summer and winter. efforts is wasted, I'll bid ye good-day!' the deacon having no objection so long And he strode out of the room in high as her mother could do the work without hiring help. During the summer 'Dear me !' exclaimed Mrs. Gleason, just past, the teacher had been a really watching him from the window while good one, and had taken a deep interest desired. But the deacon had no opinion bursting into a hysterical little laugh. he untied his horse. I didn't mean to in Martha. The latter, under Miss say quite so much, and I suppose I've Harrison's careful teaching, dropped sorry for that poor child, that I couldn't sion to which she had always been 'Haint ye got any feelin' o' shame?' help saying just what I did. Those accustomed, and grew into tolerably brown eyes of hers were fairly blazing, correct habits of speaking. There she was so angry. She has a hard life | were several other points of improvemoment Mrs. Gleason entered. The nice, bright girl too. What a pity it but making a noticeable change in Martha, as well as a wide difference Meanwhile, Martha had walked between herself and her parents and rapidly down the road, never slacken- sister. She had ventured to hint to ing her pace till she reached home, not her father, at Miss Harrison's suggescontrol, and she managed to return caring to have her father overtake her. tion, that she should like to go away to school somewhere; but the deacon had old and slow. She passed Huldah's promptly quenched what little hope she may have had by saying:

> · Me an' your mother got our eddication at the district school. What the gate, Martha saw old Dobbin was enough for us is enough for you. It's time ye began to be some help to your mother; so ye may as well make

> This Martha had accordingly done, Marthy? And where's your father!' though growing every day more dissat-Without even giving her mother a isfi d with her life-more restless with longing to see something of the world, shut the door, set a stand and a chair and lot the people who lived, and -with her hat snd shawl still on-and | She longed to stretch out her hands to them, as it were, and ask them to give her some work to do-work that

'I know,' she would say to herself, 'I know there's something better for me to do than to stay here in this ugly old kitchen, going round in the same tracks day after day, and month after month, wearing out my shoes, and my heart too, in doing work that's always having to be done over again, that nobody thanks you for, and that don't make anybody one bit better, as I can

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, tall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long .- Cicero.

It is better in some respects to be admired by those with whom you live, than to be loved by them. And this not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love .- Arthur

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