

Poetry.

THE AE LAMB O' THE FAULD.

In yon rude lanely sheilin'
Near nae ither house nor hauld,
There dwells a hillside shepherd,
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.
A grey-haired ragged carle was he,
Wi' broo' fu' stern an' bauld,
Who said his sweet wee Janet
Was the ae lamb o' his fauld.

O blithe an' bonny was the bairn,
A gleesome thing was she,
As wi' her flock she strayed among
The hills where rises Dee.
Her weel-loe'd mother de'd when she
Was scarce six summers auld,
An' left the shepherd lanely
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.

He took her in the simmer where
A boothy he had made,
Whene'er she tired he carried her,
An' wrapped her in his plaid;
An' he sang wild Border ballads,
An' fairy tales he tauld,
While restin' on the hillside
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.

In winter she would trim the fire
When daylight wore awa',
An' in the window set the lamp,
To guide him through the snaw;
Then, laid aside the droppin' plaid,
Her arms wad him enfauld,
When he came back weat an' weary
To the ae lamb o' his fauld.

The mountain blasts are bleak an' chill,
An' she grow thin an' weak;
There came a wild licht to her e'e,
A strange red to her cheek;
An' oh! sae fast she faded, till
Ae winter mornin' cauld,
Dead on her father's bosom,
Lay the ae lamb o' his fauld.

He stood uncovered in the drift,
An' saw the wee grave made,
None dared to comfort, when awa'
He tearless turned, and said:
"There's nae licht in the sheilin' noo;
My heart will aye be cauld;
I've nocht on earth to care for,
Sin' my ae lamb's i' the fauld."

Select Tale.

THE CLERGYMAN'S ADVENTURE.

A CAPITAL PRUSSIAN STORY.

On a dreary autumn-day in the reign of Frederick William, a heavy travelling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the travelling; but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A chilly November evening was closing in, and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a 'weeping' darkness was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier, at least so it would have seemed to a foot traveller who was ploughing his way through its mire; and so doubtless it did seem to the carriage horses, who floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach, the occupant of which, looking out of the window, and seeing the stranger, called out in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hullo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting-place before I get there, to that I am bound, for I am weary."

"I should think you must have two hours walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said—

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few moments you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name."

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; "one of those who wisely never refuses the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained."

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was—

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner looked amused and astonished, and he said—

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," returned Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood. I have no relative to help me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows! Many of my fellow students have got good appointments, and, whenever I asked them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was, 'a cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives at Berlin.' Now as I find none of these useful cousins lives in the country, I must get on without their help, or else I must hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper and began to write upon it. When he had finished he turned to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Heinrich Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. The evening was damp—so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if you're cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavours.

"Nil desperandum is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage step; and, leaning through the window, eagerly thrust the tinder in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurrah, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way—

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me, and perhaps in an humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Grumkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and, as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

"DEAR MARSHAL,—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend. Let me know the result of the interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and foot-sore since receiving the paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and quickening his pace, he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he had some little difficulty in making his way to an inn. He found one at last, and after a frugal supper he retired to rest. After breakfast he spent some time in searching for the residence of Grumkow. The house, however, was at last gained, and, having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich waited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in a most respectful manner, to follow him

to the Marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the Marshal made many enquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the town or village in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, &c. But still no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the Marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the Marshal arrived. His reception was again most favourable. The Marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were.

Heinrich answered, that to the best of his belief, one was that of Herr Medell, his former school-master; and another that of Doctor Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the Marshal; "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the Marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed; he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the Marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favourable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a house."

The Marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that this idea was not a mere trick of the imagination, became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at a moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last, as he found himself following Grumkow even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake."

No answer was vouchsafed as the Marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the Marshal's knock at the door, was answered by a short "come in." It needed but one glance, as the door opened, to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and the king were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William, and began faltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the King; "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognized."

After re-assuring Heinrich, the King told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen.

"But first," said he, "I must hear you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the King. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about preparing his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of the day he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ear the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the Marshal, but the latter could give him no further information. All he could do was to promise that, if the King sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible despatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either King or Marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the Chapel Royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporise in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away from Berlin, and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided by the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour.

Sunday morning arrived, but no text. Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted

to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text. The prayers were ended, and, whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His Majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and it was blank; not a word was written on it. What was to be done! Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and, after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying,

"His Majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon the sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall, therefore, take the creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the King's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy, receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the King, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the Provinces, if he had not known that such vagaries were quite common to his Majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made on the King, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the King's room, when his Majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurrah, sir, puff away, take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make, or what to do; but, just as he had got as far as "Your Majesty," the King interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of your paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the Royal preachers.—*Household Words.*

Agricultural.

BAKING BEETS AND TURNIPS.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says:—"I have seen it recommended in your paper to bake beets instead of boiling them. I wish to add my testimony in favor of the method. Being washed with as little of the skin cut as possible, we bake them till done, when the outer skin is removed, and the beets served up according to taste. The sweet juices which inevitably escape while boiling, are retained and concentrated, and one who has never eaten them would be surprised at the superior flavor."

"The ruta бага or sweet turnips is equally improved by the same method of cooking. Not being fond of, and therefore not eating the latter vegetable, I cannot speak in its favor from personal experience, but the unanimous testimony of the turnip loving members of the household is that boiled turnips should be eschewed by all good cooks and housekeepers."

POTATOES.—*Butt Ends vs. Seed Ends.*—John Brown of D. L., communicates the following to the *Granite Farmer*. "Last spring I planted four rows of equal length, side by side, with two varieties of potatoes. In one row I planted none but the seed ends, so called, including about one third of the potatoes, and in the next row I planted the butt end of the same potatoes. I had one row of seed ends and one row of butt ends of a variety called Peach Blows. The yield of these four rows was as follows: Pink Eyes, butt ends, 217 pounds;