

Poetry.

THE FARMER.

When the emerald hills are reddening in the sun's
 ray, and the
 And across the rolling prairies silvery shadows come
 and go,
 With a light step, wandering homeward, came a
 hoary son of toil,
 Tanned and browned, broad-shouldered arm, lord and
 monarch of the soil.
 Who can see him without longing for the roses in
 his cheek?
 Or his full, rich intonations, as we list to hear him
 speak?
 Hear him tell about his meadows, or his thirty
 field of corn—
 How his wheat, his oats or barley, must be cradled
 in the morn.
 How his pumpkins and his squashes have comple-
 ted the field,
 While his turnips and potatoes will turn out an
 awful yield;
 How his cattle and his horses fat and thrifty ap-
 pear,
 And his sheep—it beats all nature—really double
 every year.
 Mark the sparkling look of pleasure which these
 simple themes afford,
 And his pride of independence, as he draws around
 his board;
 How he thanks the generous Giver of all good and
 perfect things,
 For his health, and for the harvest, and the plenty
 that it brings.

Here you see him in his dwelling, which he has, by
 slow degrees,
 Wrought entirely and unaided from the giant forest
 trees.
 While within his humble mansion, built of logs in
 early days,
 Loudly strut his Cockerhens, wildly cackling o'er
 their lays.

All the food upon his table, bounteous, varied
 though it be,
 Is the fruit of his strong sinews—who so much a
 king as he?
 Pick me from mechanics, merchants, bankers, trad-
 ers, if you can,
 Such another independent, self-sustaining, happy
 man.

Banks may fall, prices vary, stocks and bonds go
 up and down,
 But he gaily laughs at panics, never reads a fam-
 ine's frowns;
 Bright and happy, whistling, singing, lightly glide
 his hours of toil;
 Tanned and browned, broad-shouldered farmer, lord
 and monarch of the soil.

Friends and neighbors, from this picture, let us
 glean a word of cheer;
 It will nerve us in our struggles, it will whisper,
 "persevere";
 It will fill our hearts with sweetness when we
 drain a bitter cup,
 Tell us of a golden future, bid us never give it up.

It will point us to the prairie—oh! what yields its
 bosom makes—
 To the timber hovering near it, to our lovely, lonely
 lake—
 To our meadows, thick with verdure, to our streams
 that never freeze—
 To our dry and healthy winters, and our cooling
 summer breeze.

Where has earth a finer Eden than before our very
 eyes?
 Up, then! rout the weeds and vermin! occupy this
 Paradise;
 Break, and fence, and sow the prairies, raise your
 stock with careful hand;
 Soon will comfort thick round; there'll be plenty
 in the land.

Then as years go hastening onward, as they surely
 surely will,
 And the cross-frown round the eye-lids gather thicker,
 thicker still,
 Oh! how peaceful is the feeling that the world we
 need not roam,
 Calmly, quietly enjoying each his own dear treas-
 ured home.

The Fireside.

APPRECIATION.

"Just what I have expected for about seven
 years," said Pauline Worthington, looking up from
 an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow.
 "Is it not your letter from Herbert, Lina?"
 questioned Mrs. Worthington, a silver-haired old
 lady with a gentle expression.
 "Yes, mother," said Lina, who was a lively
 and reserved, her voice a seldom heard, her smile
 seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former sum-
 mer brightness! Now she is broken down, and here
 have never seen her at home, but surely when she
 is here you see the change," but family care
 and—
 "Has Louis changed so? She has been twelve
 years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. "Louis was her
 oldest child, and presided over the home in which
 her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen
 years. She took all the household care, and had five
 children, and yet Louis had gained in beauty, and cer-
 tainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage,
 even if the gayety of girlhood was gone.
 "Henry appreciates Louis," said Lina. "There
 lies the difference between her happiness and Louis's
 dejection. If there is any domestic trouble, Henry
 and Louis share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon
 Esie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Esie is not as good a house-
 keeper as Louis. Herbert may have good cause to
 find fault."
 "Once in ten times he may. I never saw a fault-
 less house or housekeeper; but Esie and her house
 are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did
 see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina!"
 "Because Louis and I thought it best not to
 worry you with trouble beyond your help. But
 finally believing, as I do now, that Herbert is
 actually giving his wife into the grave, I intend
 to give him a lesson, that is if you can spare me
 to go."

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."
 So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage,
 Lina was quite ready for the fourteen mile drive to
 her brother's house. It was a house wherein an
 evil spirit of repining or fault-finding should never
 have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely fur-
 nished, with well-trained servants and all the com-
 fort wealth could furnish, it seemed a perfect para-
 dise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked
 there to poison all, and the demon Lina had come
 to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Lina devoted all her time
 and care to the gentle spirit hovering very near the
 portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too,
 six months old, and its waste filled all the spare
 moments. Herbert snarled and fretted over the
 domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily for-
 bade all mention of these in the sick-room, having
 the doctor's authority for saying that the patient's
 very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent
 Esie and the baby to visit Mr. Worthington,
 and took control of Herbert, the older children and
 the household, fully determined to show her brother
 how far he had carried his absurd habit of fault-
 finding.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson
 Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some
 of Herbert's absurdities. Herbert entered the
 dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by a
 frown.
 "Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover,
 "perfect dish water!"
 "Susan," said Lina, sharply, before Herbert
 could lift the ladle, "take that tureen to the kitchen
 and let Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed.
 Herbert looked rather ruefully at the vanishing
 dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the sav-
 ory fumes of the delicious dish were tantalizing.
 Esie would have had some gentle excuse—never
 whipped off his dinner in that way. All dinner
 time Lina kept up a ding-dong at Susan about that
 abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said
 nothing about it. But his imagination had detected
 a burnt flavor in the pudding, and before he
 could demonstrate that dish had followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some sort of order before
 I leave it," said Lina, emphatically.
 "Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply.
 "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper
 than Esie? Why, I have not a friend that does
 not envy me the exquisite order of my house and
 my dairy table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I
 heard you say you did wish there was ever any
 thing fit to eat on the table."
 "One don't mean every word is to be taken lit-
 erally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But an hour
 later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room,
 he declared, emphatically, "it was not fit for a pig
 to live in."

Coming into it the next morning he found the
 curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor
 littered with pails, soap and brushes, and Lina in a
 diamond dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing
 two women scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious! what are you doing?"
 "Cleaning the room," said Lina.
 "Why, Esie had the whole house cleaned till it
 shone, in the fall, and didn't make half the mess,"
 he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly, "I thought this room
 a marvel of neatness myself, when you remark-
 ed it was not fit for the pigs, I supposed you wanted
 it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply.
 "For my sake don't turn any more of the house
 upside down."

At breakfast a tiny tear in Louis's apron caught
 her father's eye, and by his own angry statement,
 "She never had a decent stitch of clothes, and did
 wish somebody would see to her."

Two days later a formidable dog goods bill was
 presented to the store, and Lina explained it in this
 wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louis hadn't a decent
 stitch and you wished somebody would see to her,
 so I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see
 any fault myself, but of course I got more expen-
 sive articles, as you did not like those already pro-
 vided. I am glad you called my attention to the
 poor neglected child!"

"Poor neglected child!" echoed astonished Her-
 bert.
 "Why, Lina, Esie fairly lashed herself out
 over those children. I am sure I never saw any
 better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month
 passed. Esie gained strength in the gentle atmos-
 phere surrounding Louis and her mother, while
 Lina ruled Herbert's home with a rod of iron. Her
 began to experience a sick longing for Esie's
 gentle presence, Lina took too very literally in
 all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for
 what he openly wished.

A chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared
 absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at
 a cost of eight dollars. A dozen new shirts—Esie's
 last labor of love—being said to "set like meal
 bags," were bestowed upon a gardener, and a new
 set sent from a furnishing store. Harry's books
 were burned at the kitchen fire when Herbert,
 stepping on one, said he "would not have such rub-
 bish in the house." Every window was opened
 after a petulant declaration that the "room was as
 hot as an oven," and an hour later the stove was
 fired up to smothering heat because he declared it
 to be "cold enough to freeze a pig's ear."

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt
 to correct all shortcomings and put the household
 upon a perfect basis, Lina, in one month, nearly
 doubled her brother's expenses, and drove him to
 the verge of distraction, keeping actual account of
 everything.

But Esie, well and strong again, was coming
 home. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina,
 with a solemn face, invited her brother into the
 sitting-room for a few minutes' private conversa-
 tion.

"Herbert," she said, very gently, "I have a
 proposition to make to you. You are my only brother,
 and I need not tell you I love you very dearly.
 It has really grieved me to the heart to see how
 much there is to find fault with in your beautiful
 home."

Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but
 Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent upon
 me, Louis has the house and children to care
 for, but I think she would sacrifice her own com-
 fort for yours. So, if you wish, Herbert, I will
 come here permanently to keep things in order for
 you."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and strangle a
 laugh at Herbert's expression of utter horror and
 dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, the instincts
 of a gentleman battling with the strong desire to
 tell Lina she would certainly drive him to the lunatic
 asylum by six months more of her model house-
 keeping.

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortu-
 nate marriage certainly needs aid and sympathy
 his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back.
 "You are entirely mistaken, Lina! I have not
 made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was
 blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert!" Lina cried in well-
 feigned astonishment.
 "I do not see why you should be surprised.
 Esie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model house-
 keeper, and a perfect home angel—God bless her!"
 "Herbert, is that true?"
 "Certainly it is true."
 "I cannot believe it," was the quick response.
 "Because"—and Lina drew imperatively on
 that word—"during the three years of your mar-
 ried life, though I visited here frequently, I never
 heard you speak one word of encouragement or
 praise to Esie. I never saw one look of approba-
 tion or appreciation of any effort she made for your
 comfort upon your face. Continual fault-finding,
 constant blame, have changed her from a happy
 woman to a pale, careworn woman. Even her
 last illness was but the unbroken despair of a
 heart crushed under a load of daily censure and
 constant striving for the approbation never given.
 And you tell me she has never failed in her
 duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thought, sent
 every word home to Herbert Worthington's heart.
 He spoke no word of defense as Lina slowly left
 the room. In the profound silence that followed,
 conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his
 sister had only spoken the truth. The habit of
 fault-finding, meeting no resistance in Esie's gen-
 erosity, had gained force till all its monstrosity

stood plainly revealed in the experience of the past
 month.

In the days when Esie lay dangerously ill, there
 had been no self-reproach like in her husband's
 sorrow. He had given his wife a fair home,
 an ample income, frequent social pleasure, many costly
 gifts, and loved her faithfully while poisoning her
 whole life.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this
 fault. Esie shall hear no more fault-finding, and
 if I see her drooping I will send her to mother and
 have Lina back again."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than
 greeted Esie. The children were uncheered in
 their loudest demonstrations of delight. But Lina
 had run into the hall to kiss her merry eyes
 when Herbert, kissing Esie, said:

"We must let mother have Lina now, dear. She
 has been very kind and worked hard for my com-
 fort; but there is no home fairly like my Esie."
 The quick glad look in his wife's eyes told
 Herbert that one step had been taken in the right
 direction. As the days glided by, and Esie found
 appreciation meeting every effort to add to home
 comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph
 of cookery or needle-work, her pale face grew bright
 with untold happiness. Gradually the careworn
 expression was obliterated by one of content, and
 Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheer-
 ful look, the sunny smile, and the bright eyes of
 the Esie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six months later, told
 her mother on her return:

"Herbert has learned his lesson by heart, mother.
 He appreciates Esie now at her value, and he lets
 her know it."

THE TWO GATES.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
 Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed way;
 On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
 On the left the path was dark and the sky;
 The path was rugged and his feet were bare;
 His faded cheek was seamed with pain and care;
 His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
 And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
 Rose sheer from earth to heaven as if to mock
 the pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way.
 But while his dim and weary eyes
 To find an outlet in the mountain side,
 A ponderous sculptured boulder rose and heaped,
 And tottering toward it with fast-falling breath,
 Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet that led thereto;
 It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
 He came into a world all bright and fair;
 Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
 And lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
 And he was clad in robes that held no stains.

He looked in his hand, and passing through,
 He came into a world all bright and fair;
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