Daily Appeal.

ALL HONOR TO THE OLD FLAY GROUND.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I met an hour today, John,
Beside the old high-street
Where we were wont to meet, John,
When manhood was a treat.
The brook in shade of willow trees,
The pool in dried sedge,
Where you first gave me kisses
Made to-day.

I knew a place, John,
The river side,
The orchard-lands in May,
Where we used to ride
The white-faced mare to water,
Hungry as the wolf,
Nibbling the green grass
Near the door.

Dear John, I know not, John,
Whether it be well
That we should meet and talk
Of old times, as we walk
Down the long years of life,
As we have done of late,
Recalling the days
Long gone by.

Remember the old school, John,
Where we used to be
Boys under the master's rule
Fifty years and three
Fifty years! John, it seems
Longer than that
Since you and I were side
By side.

The playground, time to play, John,
And when school was out,
The whole long day—alas! John,
Was not long in doubt
Hunting in the meadows
Or fishing in the brook,
Anywhere, John, with you
For my book.

Do you remember, John,
The old spelling-book
Which we used to pore over
Side by side?
And how we used to love
The master, too,
Who taught us to read
Or to write?

Then we were young, John,
Life was before us
And we were young
Hearts were light
Hopes were high
Life was before us
Then we were young
Young in years
Young in hope
Young in love
Young in all
Life was before us
Then we were young.

Some changes have
Come to us, John,
Some of us have
Met with misfortune
Some of us have
Met with success
Some of us have
Met with neither
Success nor misfortune
Life has
Been life to us
Life has been life
To us, John.

Life has been life
To us, John,
Life has been life
To us.

Some Charity Needed.

When such instances of suffering, want and desperation occur, as is thus depicted by the Chicago Times, is it not almost time that our humanitarians should direct their charitable attentions from Turkey, Timbuctoo and the isles of the seas, to the poor and unfortunate at home? The Times thus relates the case:

A fair young girl was found by the police night before last in a vacant lot, where she had lain down on the ice with the design of freezing herself to death! Her story is a sad one of poverty and want. She is a native of Scotland, now about twenty, very intelligent, and evidently possessing a good education. She came from Scotland with her parents to Toronto, where their recently died. She then went to New York city, where she worked for a while as a sewing girl, but the hers pittance of wages that she received went not supporter, and she came more northward to Toronto and lived with her brothers and sisters. She says they were very kind to her, but from some cause about five days ago she left them and came to this city. When she arrived here the conductor detained her baggage, consisting of a single trunk. She stayed at a hotel on Sunday night, but she had no money to pay or clothes to leave on the following day. She then wandered about the city, but could find no employment. She was in a strange city, friendless, penniless and starving, and of course soon became discouraged.

Monday night she went to the depot and tried to obtain her trunk, but it was in the custody of the baggage-master, and he refused to give it up. Disheartened she left the depot, and resolved to kill herself. Wandering along the railroad track, she laid herself down between the rails, and fell asleep, but was awakened by some one, and again wandered on until she came to a large sheet of ice, near of her grove and homes, and laid down, intending to freeze herself to death. The night was cold, and her ice bed soon chilled her through, and she gradually became benumbed, and finally fell into a deep sleep. She knew no further until she found herself in the watch-house. A policeman had found her and brought her in.

French Life—A Romance.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia North American relates a romantic story of Baron Delmar, an old aat captain who had accumulated wealth by extortioning through the revolution, and settling in Paris, built him a splendid hotel, rivaling the Imperial establishment. The Baron, it is said, refused to inherit, or to have anything to do with the extravagant, high living of