

MR. SMITH, of Dickleborough, in the county of Norfolk, was a fine old Methodist farmer, and a simple-minded, earnest Christian, who had lived through those times for the British farmer, when Napoleon turned all Europe into one vast battlefield, and wheat was selling at from fifteen shillings to £1 per bushel. He was a genius, too, in his way, and invented a plough which was a great improvement on the cumbrous implement then in common use. His invention came under the notice of Prince Albert, who took great interest in agriculture, and he sent for him to explain certain matters connected with the plough. The old farmer accordingly journeyed to Windsor—no light undertaking in those days, when the only public conveyances were the post-chaise, the stage coach, and the carrier's cart. He reached Windsor in the twilight of a summer's evening, and reported himself at the castle. A gentleman of the household—a colonel whose name we forget—told him that he would have to present himself at 10 o'clock on the following morning for his interview with the Prince.

"Yes, that's all right," said the farmer, "but what am I to do for a bed?"

"A bed!" said the colonel. "Oh! you'd better go to an inn," and he mentioned one where he would be made very comfortable for the night, but Mr. Smith did not take kindly to the suggestion.

"Why, here now, cunnel," he said, "that dew seem mighty quar, that raly dew. 'Go to an inn,' he says! That's very ill-convenient and costly. I didn't come here because I wanted to come I came because you axed me, and I had to come, and the laste you can do is to give me a bed. If you was to come to Dickleborough, my missus, she'd find you a bed. I know right well she would, 'specially if we'd axed you to come; and if you was as hungry as I be, I warrant she'd find you suffen to ate in the bargain."

Old Smith said this in his pleasant way, and the colonel was taken by storm. He brought him up to his own rooms, had a good supper put before him, and gave orders for his accommodation for the night.

"'Tworn't long afore I got sleepy; I 'was fair beat out by the jounce (jolting) of them stage cutches, and I wanted to go to bed. The cunnel, he say, 'I'll ring for your candle, Mr. Smith, and the man, he'll show you to your room.'

"'Thank you, cunnel,' I made reply; 'but there's one thing I allays do afore goin' to bed—I have family prayer. I know my missus is havin' it at Dickleborough, and it won't do for her master not to have it because he happens to be away from home. Will you let's have yar Bible, if you please?'

"The cunnel, he says, 'Oh, certainly, Mr. Smith!' and he put it on the table, and I say to him, 'Well, now, will you pray?' He made answer and say, 'I think I had better do the reading, Mr. Smith.' So he read a psalm, he did—a beautiful psalm that was, tow, but that was one of the shortest in the book, and arter he'd done we knelt down and I prayed and asked the Lord to bless him and the Queen and the Prince of Wales and the dear babies.

"Well, in the morning I had a rare good breakfast, and at 10 o'clock I was took to see the prince. He shook hands with me quite friendly; and we got to talkin' about my plow, and I showed him how that worked. Arter we'd bin talkin' for a bit, the door opened, and a big man with his hair powdered, and a uniform on, he say, 'Her Majesty,' in a loud voice, and in come the Queen. When I saw her come in I was right stammed (astounded). I thowt she'd have a gold scepter in her hand, and her gownd all a-trailin' a-hind, same as we see in the pictures. But there she was, a plain; simple woman; with a kind look on her face. She spoke to me quiet and friendly like, and said she was very glad to see me, and what a long way I had come to show them my plough, and she hadn't spoke only them words afore I was no more afraid of her than I am of my nighbour's wives—not half so