VARIOUS

HAPPY DAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Содержание

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THE ORCHARD'S GRANDMOTHER

I MUST ask you to go back more than two hundred years, and watch two people in a quiet old English garden.

One is an old lady reading. In her young days she was a famous beauty. That was very long ago, to be sure; but I think she is a beauty still – do not you?

She has such a lovely face, and her eyes are so sweet and bright! and better than that, they are the kind which see pleasant things in everybody, and something to like and be interested in. I hope with all my heart yours are that kind, too.

The other person is a little child. She was christened Mary Brenton, like her grandmother; but she was called Polly all her days, for short; and we will call her so.

She is sitting on the grass with a little cat in her arms, which she is trying to put to sleep. But the kitten is not so accommodating as a doll would be, and just as Polly does not

dare to move for fear of waking her, she makes up her mind that a run after a leaf and a play with any chance caterpillar which may be so unlucky as to cross her path, will be very preferable, and tries to get away.

It is one of the most delightful days that ever was. September, and almost too warm, if it were not for the breeze that brings cooler air from the sea. Once in a while some fruit falls from the heavily-laden trees, and the first dead leaves rustle a little on the ground. The bees are busy, making the most of the bright day; for they know of the stormy weather coming. The sky is very blue, and the flowers very bright. Two swallows are playing hide-and-seek through the orchard, and chasing each other in great races, now so close to the ground that it seems as if their feet might catch in the green grass, and now away up in the air over the high walls out towards the hills; and just as one loses sight of them, and turns away, here they are again. And in the kitchen the girls are clattering the dishes and laughing; and do you hear some one singing a doleful tune in a cheery, happy voice?

That is Dorothy, Polly's dear Dorothy, who waits upon grandmother, with whom she has been to France, and Holland, and Scotland, and who can tell almost as charming stories as grandmother herself.

The house is large and old, with queer-shaped windows, all sizes and all heights from the ground, and a great many of them hidden by the ivy. That is the outside; and if you were to go in, you would find large, low rooms, filled with furniture that you

would think queer and uncomfortable. And there are portraits in some of them, one of Polly, probably painted not very long before, in which she is attired after the fashion of those days, and looks nearly as old as she would now if she were living!

Now let us go back to the garden. The kitten has escaped, and Polly is wishing for something to do.

"Where's Dolly?" says grandmother. "Find her, and then gather some apples and plums, and have a tea drinking."

The doll had been very ill all day; it was strange in grandmother to forget it. She had fallen asleep just before dinner, and been put carefully in her bed; it would never do to wake her so soon. And besides, a tea party was not amusing when there was no one to sit at the other end of the table. This referred to Tom, Polly's dearest cousin, who had just left her after a long visit; and she missed him sadly.

"And," says Polly, "I do not think I should care for it if he were here, if I could have nothing but apples. I'm tired of them. I have eaten one of every kind in the garden to-day, even the great yellow ones by the lower gate. I think they're disagreeable; but I left them till the very last, and then I was afraid they would feel sorry to be left out. I think I will eat another, though; and I will not have a party – it's a trouble. Which kind would you take, grandmother?"

"One of the very smallest," says the old lady, laughing; "but stop a moment. I have one I'll give you;" and she took a beauty from her pocket, and threw it on the grass by Polly.

"That's the very prettiest apple I ever saw," says the child. "Where did you get it? Not off our trees. 'Father gave it to you?' and where did he find it?"

Grandmother did not know.

After admiring her apple a little more, Polly eats it in a most deliberate manner, enjoying every bite as if it were the first she had eaten that day, and when she has finished it, gives a contented little sigh, and sits looking at the fine brown seeds which she holds in her hand. Presently she says, earnestly, —

"Grandmother!"

"What now, Polly?"

"I wish I had that dear little apple's two brothers and two sisters, and I would put them in the doll's chest until to-morrow; I wouldn't eat them to-day, you know."

"I will tell you what you can do," says grandmother. "Are those seeds in your hand? Go find Dorothy, and ask her to give you the empty flower-pot from the high shelf at my window; and then you can fill it with dark earth from one of the flower-beds, and plant them; then by and by you will have a tree, and can have plenty of your apple's children."

That was a happy thought. And Polly puts the seeds carefully on a leaf, and runs to find Dorothy. Now she comes back with a queer little Dutch china flower-pot, and sits down on the grass again, and makes a hole in the soft brown earth with her finger, and drops the fine seeds in.

For days she watered them, and carried them to sunny places;

but at last she grew very impatient, and one morning, when she was all alone in the garden, very much provoked that they had not made their appearance, took a twig and explored; and the first poke brought to light the little seeds, as shiny and brown as when they left the apple. It was a great disappointment, and Polly caught them up, and threw them as far away as she could, and with tears in her eyes ran in to tell grandmother.

"Ah," said the dear old lady, "it was not time! Thou hast not learned thy lesson of waiting; and no wonder, when there are few so hard, and thou art still so young."

Then she sent Polly back to the garden, and the pot was put in its place, again. And a week or two after, as grandmother was just going to make room in the earth for a new plant, she saw growing there a little green sprig, which was not a weed. She listened a moment, and heard the child's voice outside.

"Polly, my dear, are you sure you scattered all the seeds of your pretty apple the day you were so provoked at their not having begun to grow for you?"

The child reddened a little, and turned away.

"I don't know, grandmother. I think so; I wished to then."

How delighted she was when the old lady showed her the treasure, and how carefully it was watched and tended! For one little seed had been buried deeper than the rest, and now in the sunshine of grandmother's wide window it had come up. Every pleasant day it was placed somewhere in the sun, and at night it was always carried to Polly's own room. Her dolls and other

old play-house friends, formerly much honored, and of great consequence, were quite neglected for "the apple tree," as she always called the tiny thing with its few bits of leaves.

And now we must leave the Brentons' old stone house and the garden. All this happened in the days of King Charles I., when there was a great war, and the country in a highly discordant state. Polly's father was on the king's side, and one day he did something which was considered particularly unpardonable by his enemies, and at night he came riding from Oxford in the greatest hurry he had ever been in; and riding after him were some of Cromwell's men. It was bright moonlight, and as he rode in the paved yard the great dogs in their kennels began to bark, and that waked Polly's mother, in a terrible fright at hearing her husband's voice, and sure something undesirable had happened.

Squire Brenton hurried in to tell her, in as few words as possible, what he had done, and that he was followed, and had just time to say good by, and take another horse, and rush on to the sea, where he hoped to find a fishing-boat, by means of which he could escape.

"And you," said he, "had better take Polly and one of the men, and ride to your cousin Matthew's; for in their rage at my escape, they may mean to burn my house. I little thought a month ago, – when he offered you 'a safe home,' and I laughed in his face, and said, 'Give your good wife the same message; for she may not find your house so safe as mine by and by,' – that you would need to accept so soon."

"But I cannot go there now," said Mistress Brenton; "for cousin Matthew is away with the Roundhead army, and his wife and sister have gone to the north. I'll go with you. Listen: I heard one of the maids say to-day that a ship sails to-morrow at daybreak from the bay by Dunner's with a company of Puritans for Holland, on their way to one of the American colonies. We will go for a time to our friends in Amsterdam, and be quite safe."

Anything was better than staying where he was; and Squire Brenton, bidding her hurry, went to the stables with his tired horse, and waking one of his men whom he could trust, told him why he was there, and to say, when the men came, that he was in Oxford yesterday, when they had a letter, and that Mistress Brenton had gone north to some friends. He gave him some messages for his brother, and then, sending him out to a field with the horse he had been riding, which would certainly have betrayed him, he went back to the yard, trying to keep the two fresh horses still, while he listened, fearing every moment to hear his pursuers coming down the road.

Presently out came Mistress Brenton, carrying some bundles of clothing, and a few little things besides, and wrapped in a great riding cloak; and at her side walked Polly, very sleepy, and looking wonderingly in the faces of the others, and asking all manner of childish questions.

Suddenly she ran back to the house, just as her father was going to lift her on his horse; and when she came back, what do you think she had? Together in a little bag were her doll and

kitten, and one arm held tightly her little apple tree, wrapped in some garment of her own which she had found lying near it.

And then they rode away. The poor child, after begging them to go to her uncle's, so she might say good by to grandmother, fell asleep, holding fast her treasures all the while.

There was a faint glimmer of light over the sea as they neared the shore, and they saw anchored at a little distance a small ship, and could see the men moving about her deck; for the wind had risen. Mr. Brenton found a man whom he knew, in whose charge he left the horses, and then a fisherman rowed them to the vessel.

The captain was nowhere to be seen, and the sailors paid no attention to them as they came on deck in the chilly morning twilight; and they went immediately below, and hid themselves in a dark corner, thinking they might have to go ashore if discovered, and that it was best to keep out of sight until it was too late to turn back. In the darkness they fell asleep. This may seem very strange; but remembering the long ride, and the fright they had been in, and that now they felt safe, we can hardly wonder. At any rate, it was the middle of the afternoon before Colonel Brenton – I think I have never given him his title before – made his appearance on deck, to the great astonishment of the captain and all the other people, who knew him more or less. He told the captain what had happened, saying at the end he would pay him double the usual passage money to Holland, where he meant to stay for a while; and at this the rough man really turned pale.

"Holland, *Holland*!" said he; "do you not see we're going down

the Channel? We are bound direct for America."

The story says that Colonel Brenton was almost beside himself, and offered large sums of money to be taken back, or to France; but the captain would not consent, saying that they had made good progress, and it was late in the year. The ship would come back in the spring, and he must content himself.

Those of the ship's company who knew our friends had great wonderings at their having turned Puritans, until they knew the true state of affairs. Must not it have been dreadful news to Mistress Brenton, and was it not really a dreary prospect – a dreary journey in that frail ship, and at the end a cold, forlorn country? and all the stories of the Indians' cruelties to the settlers came to her mind. They could not, in all probability, return for many months. No one whom she cared particularly for would be there to welcome them. Polly did not take it very much to heart, though she cried a little because she was not to go to Holland, which she had heard so much of from her grandmother and Dorothy. It was a great many days before they gave up their hope of falling in with some vessel to which they might be transferred; and the first two weeks were sunshiny and pleasant, with a good wind. But soon it grew bleaker and colder, and they suffered greatly. All through the pleasant days, Polly had been having a very enjoyable time. There were several children on board, and they had games around the deck and in the cabin.

It was delightful to have the kitten, who had a cord tied around her neck; and when she was not in Polly's arms, she was

generally anchored for safety in the cabin. Every day she had part of her little mistress's dinner; and though she missed the garden, and the dead leaves that nestled about the walks, and made such nice playthings, and the sedate old family cat, her mother, and her mother's numerous poor relations who lived in the stables, she was by no means unhappy. And the doll's expression was as complacent as ever, though she had worn one gown an astonishing length of time. But if you could have seen the care the little tree received! It was carefully wrapped in the same little cloak Polly put round it the night they left home, and only on the warmest days it was taken on deck to have the sunshine; and every day it had part of Polly's small allowance of water; and when the kitten had had its share, there would often be very little left.

The weary days went slowly by. The ship was slow at the best, and the winds were contrary. The provisions grew less and less, and the water was almost exhausted. Two people – a man, and a child Polly had grown very fond of – died, and were buried in the sea. The sky was cold and gray, and it snowed and rained, and every one looked sad and disheartened. It was terribly desolate. Polly could not often go on deck, for the frozen spray and rain made it very slippery and dangerous there; and her mother told story after story, and did her best to shorten the longest December days she had ever known. And soon there came a terrible bereavement. One night there was a great storm, and the dearly-beloved kitten, frightened to death by the things

rolling about, and the pitching of the ship, broke the cord and rushed out in the darkness, and never was seen any more. I think a little cat has never been so mourned since the world began. That night, the Dutch flower-pot, with its leafless twig, went rolling about the cabin floor, and half the earth was scattered in the folds of its wrappings, and carefully replaced next morning.

But at last the voyage was ended; they saw land, and finally came close to it and went ashore, Polly with her dear doll and something else rolled up in a little gray cloak. The ship was to stay until spring; and there seemed no hope of getting back to England until then. It was hard to decide what to do; but at last Colonel Brenton heard of some men whom he had known, who had been made prisoners in some of the battles in the north of England and sent to the Massachusetts colony by Cromwell, who had feared to imprison them. They had been sent to the settlement in York.

So the Brentons joined a party going there, or to places beyond. It was the last of January that they came to York, and were warmly welcomed at the great garrison, where they lived till spring. Polly found a very nice child to play with. There had been a good harvest, and the Indians were uncommonly peaceable. They had great log fires in the wide fireplace in the east room; and for a winter in those times, it was very comfortable. The flower-pot was deposited in a chink of the great chimney. Polly had insisted upon bringing it with her; and though "the tree" at that time was a slender little straight stick, she had firm faith that spring time would give it leaves again. And strange to say, she

was not disappointed; for all the exposure had not destroyed it. The first of June came, and they were still living in the garrison-house, looking every day for a messenger to tell them the ship was ready to go back. Some people on their way to one of the eastern settlements, early in April, had told them there were no signs of her sailing; and since then they had heard nothing. How dismayed they were, early in June, to find the ship had sailed nearly two months before! It seemed as if everything was against them; and they could live no longer in the garrison. So the Brentons had a little log house near by, and "the squire" worked every day in the great field down towards the river. It must have been such a strange life for them! and I suppose their thoughts often went back to the dear English home. When Mistress Brenton looked from the small window in her log house out over half-cleared fields, and saw the garrison-house, and her husband working among the hills of corn with his gun close by, every now and then looking anxiously about him, she would remember the wide window, with its cushioned seat, in her own room at home, and the sunny garden, with the flowers and bees, and the maids and men singing and chattering in the distance, and the dear voice of grandmother singing the old church hymns. It was a great change; but days much more forlorn than these were yet to come.

The Indians came around the settlement in large numbers, and no one dared to be out alone. At night the people waked in fear at the slightest noise; and in the daytime it was after the same fashion. News came of whole settlements having been

murdered or made captives, and some of their own neighbors disappeared finally; and then the suspense was terrible. At last, one day Mrs. Brenton had gone up to the garrison to see one of the women, who was ill, and most of the men were in the field. Polly went with her mother; but the women were talking over something about the king and Parliament, which she found very uninteresting, and soon she unfastened the great outer door, and unwisely ran out with her doll in her arms, and went down to the field to see the men at work. But on her way, she bethought herself of a charming stump she had seen out at one side of the path, and went to visit it. None of the men happened to see her. She talked to the doll, and made a throne for her of the soft moss growing around her, and had been playing there some time, when suddenly she heard shouts, and thought they must be killing a snake, and looked up to see all the men running up the hill to the garrison, with a great many Indians chasing them; and she heard a gun fired, and saw one of the men who had petted and been very kind to her, and told her stories, fall to the ground. Ah, how frightened she was!

The doll was snatched from her throne, and the poor little girl ran towards the garrison, too, right towards the Indians. It was weary work running over the rough ground, – and the tall grass was not much better, – and then on, up the hill. By this time the men had succeeded in getting in; and the wicked-looking Indians, after a yell of disappointment, turned to go back to the one who lay dead on the hill-side, and to escape the bullets which would

come in a moment from the loopholes. O, if she could only get by them!

Up the hill she hurried as fast as the poor tired little feet could carry her, hugging the doll, almost breathless, with the great tears falling very fast, and still crying, "Wait, father!"

I am glad I know one kind thing the Indians of those days did. As they turned, they saw her coming, and some hurried forward a little to seize her; and it would have been so easy. But one spoke, and they all stopped, and laughed, and shouted, and the child got safely in.

Then the Indians went to the Brentons' house, and some others, and burned them; but luckily the apple tree was at the play-house, by a large rock, at a little distance, and the wind was not in that direction; and after they disappeared, it was brought up to the fort, safe and sound.

It soon grew tall and strong, and in a little while was entirely too large for its pot; and finally Polly was forced to put it in the ground. It was hard to do it; for she had cared for it, and loved it so long, and this was giving it up, in a measure. And I think if she had understood that now it must be left behind, it would have been almost impossible to have persuaded her. Her father comforted her by telling her he could get quantities of the apples not very far from home, and she could plant more seeds as soon as she liked, or, far better than that, he would graft a tree.

In September, news came that a ship was going to the east coast of England; and they were all heartily glad, in spite of the

long, dangerous voyage; and leaving the York friends, who had been so kind, and whom they would probably never see any more, Polly gave the little tree to a Masterson child, her great friend, who promised to wrap it in straw for winter, and to be very kind to it and fond of it. And I think she must have been faithful to her charge. Mistress Brenton laid some of the leaves in the little book she had had in her pocket that night, almost a year ago, when they left home. So they went to Boston, and sailed for the old country.

I know nothing more of them; but we will hope their voyage was a short and easy one, and that they reached home on a pleasant, sunny day, and grandmother was there, and Dorothy, and all the people, and Polly had stories to tell as wonderful as Dorothy's, and all true, and that they were all happy forever after.

A while ago I stood on the hill with an old farmer, eating one of a pocketful of apples he had given me, and said how very nice it was, and that I had never seen any like it.

"There are none of my apples sell half so well," said he. "I've forty young trees that have been bearing a few years; and over to the right you see some old ones. Mine were grafted from those and my father took his grafts from an old tree I'd like to show you;" and as we walked towards it, he said, "It looks, and I guess it is, as old as any around here. My father always said it was brought from England in a flower-pot by some of the first settlers. Perhaps you have heard the story. It's very shaky. The high winds last fall were pretty hard on it. It will never bear again,

I am afraid. I set a good deal by the old thing. The very first thing I can remember is my father's lifting me up to one of the lower limbs, and I was frightened and cried. I believe I think more of that tree than of anything on my farm. My wife always laughs at me about it. Well, it has lasted my time. I'm old and shaky, too; and I suppose my sons won't miss this much, and will like the young orchard best."

"And you and I like your orchard's grandmother," said I.

S. O. J.

ROUGH

HE was a donkey, and we called him Rough. He belonged to Gerald and me. We didn't keep him for his useful qualities, and we certainly didn't keep him for his moral qualities; and I don't know what we did keep him for, unless, for the best reason in the world, that we loved him.

He was always getting us into scrapes, the most renowned of which was one Rough's enemies were fond of alluding to.

We were bidden to a christening one fair spring morning; and we not only accepted the invitation, but promised to bring apple-blossoms, to fill the font and make the church look gay. We had an old apple orchard, that bore beautiful blossoms, but worthless fruit; and of these blossoms we had leave to pick as many as we chose.

So we filled the donkey-cart with them, and set forth for the christening, which was to be at a little church about a mile or more distant from our farm. Rough's enemies will tell how we arrived when the christening was all over, and our apple blossoms faded.

We were never so happy as when we had a whole leisure afternoon to go off with Rough in the donkey-cart, and our little sister Daisy by Gerald's side, on the board that served as seat, and I lying on my back on the bottom of the cart, with my heels dangling out of it. So I would lie for hours, whistling and looking

up at the drifting clouds, or with my hat over my eyes to keep out the sun.

One afternoon, early in March, when the roads were almost knee deep in mud, and the last of the melting snow made a running stream on either side of the road, we were slowly travelling along after the manner I have described. We were going to take a longing look at the skating pond, two miles from our farm. We were forbidden to try the dangerous ice, but meant only to look upon the scene of our winter's delight.

"Some one's in the pond!" cried Daisy.

"How do ye know?" said I, not removing my hat from my face.

You see Daisy was only six years old, and I hadn't much faith in her observation.

"Cos I sees 'em with my own eyes."

I jumped up and looked. It was only a hat I saw. Gerald meanwhile said nothing, but had pulled up Rough (who not only stopped, but lay down in the mud), and looked. I watched him, to see what he thought, or proposed to do.

People had a way of trusting to Gerald's judgment rather than their own, and were generally better off for it.

"It *is* some one in the pond," said Gerald; and then followed a short discussion as to whether we should leave Daisy alone to the mercies of Rough, which resulted in our leaving Rough, and taking Daisy along with us down to the pond.

We could see a boy, apparently about Gerald's age, swimming and striving to keep up, and catching at the ice, which broke as

he clung to it. He swam feebly, as if benumbed and wearied.

"Keep a brave heart!" roared Gerald; "we'll save you!" and then began to take off his boots and coat. The boy sank – under the ice, this time. We could see it bobbing up and down as he swam beneath it.

"Stay here till I call you," said Gerald to me, as he stepped from the shore on to the ice, and walked out towards where the swimmer was hidden by the ice. I stood breathless, with my eye on Gerald.

The ice began to crack under him. He lay down on his stomach, and pulled himself forward with his hands. Up came the swimmer not far from him.

"Keep up! Gerald will save you!" cried Daisy.

The poor fellow cast one despairing look at Gerald, and sank again. Gerald had gone as far as was practicable on the ice. I could hear it cracking all over, and see the white cracks darting suddenly over ice that had looked safe.

Up came the boy again.

"Keep up! keep up!" cried Daisy, in an excited treble. "Gerald will save you!"

But the boy could hear nothing. He had his eyes closed, and seemed to have fainted. Gerald reached out, and clutched him by the arm. How the ice cracked all about him! My heart was in my mouth; I thought he was in. I began to take my coat off.

"A scarf!" said Gerald, speaking for the first time.

I took off my own, and picked up Gerald's from the ground,

and tied them firmly together. I saw that they were too short. Daisy offered hers. I took it, with an inward fear, if the child should catch cold; it seemed paltry to think of it at such a moment. I stepped out on the ice, and went a few steps, when Gerald cried, —

"Stop!"

I obeyed like a soldier.

"Throw it now!"

I threw the long string of scarfs. Gerald dexterously caught it, and upholding the poor boy with one hand, with the other passed the string under his arms, and tied the ends of it to his own arm. Then he paused a moment before attempting the hazardous work of coming ashore, and looked at me speculatively. I knew what he meant. There was a shadow of trouble in his face that had nothing to do with his own danger. He was weighing the possibility of his falling in, and my doing the same in trying to save him, and Daisy alone on the shore. I gave a cheering "Go ahead, old fellow!" and he began to push himself back again, dragging his senseless burden after him by the scarf tied to his arm.

Crack! crack! crack! went the ice all about him, and little tides of water flooded it. At last it seemed a little firmer. Gerald rose to his feet, and dragging the boy still in the water after him, began to walk slowly towards the shore, not seeming to notice how the sharp edges of the ice cut the face and forehead of the poor half-drowned boy.

Again the ice began to crack and undulate. Gerald stood still

for a moment, and the piece on which he stood broke away from the rest, and began to float out. He jumped to the next, which broke, and so to the next, and the next, till he neared the shore. Then he paused a moment, and looked at me.

"Go ashore!" he roared like a sea captain.

Then I noticed that I stood on a detached piece of ice, but nearer land than Gerald. I found no difficulty in gaining the shore.

"Now stand firm and give a hand!" said Gerald.

I grasped his hand, and he jumped ashore, and together we lifted the boy out of the water. Daisy burst into tears, crying, —

"O, Gerald, Gerald, I thought you'd be drowned!"

Gerald very gently put her clinging arms away from him, saying, firmly, —

"Don't cry, Daisy. We have our hands full with this poor fellow."

I got the skates off the "poor fellow," and gave them to Daisy to hold. She, brave little woman, gulped down her tears, and only gave vent to her emotion, now and then, by a little suppressed sob. Gerald began beating the hands and breathing into the mouth and nostrils of the seeming lifeless form before us.

"Is he dead, Gery?" said I.

"No!" said Gerald, fiercely. It was evident that he wouldn't believe he had gone through so much trouble to bring a dead man ashore. "Look for his handkerchief, and see if there's a mark on it."

I fished a wet rag out of the wet trousers pocket, and found in one corner of it the name "Stevens."

"There's a farmer of that name two miles farther on. I don't know any one else of that name. Must be his son. We'll take him home;" and he began wrapping his coat about the poor boy; but I insisted on mine being used for the purpose, as Gerald was half wet, and his teeth were already chattering. "We must get him off this wet ground as soon as possible," said Gerald; and together we lifted him, and slowly and laboriously bore him to the donkey-cart in the road.

By this time Gerald had only strength enough to hold the reins, and we set out forthwith for the Stevens farm, I, with what help Daisy could give, trying to bring some show of life back to the stranger. Perhaps the jolting of the cart helped, – I don't know, – but by and by he began to revive, and at last we propped him up in one corner of the cart, with his head supported by Daisy's knee.

I shall not soon forget how long the road seemed, and how I got out and walked in deep mud, and how, when poor Rough seemed straining every muscle to make the little cart move at all, Gerald insisted on getting out, too, and leading Rough; how the sun set as we were wading through a long road, where willow trees grew thick on either side, and Daisy said, "See; all the little pussies are out!" how, at last, we reached the Stevens farm, and restored the half-drowned boy to his parents. I remember, too, how they were so utterly absorbed, very naturally, in the welfare of their boy, as to forget all about us, and offer us no quicker

means of return home than our donkey-cart.

They came to call on us the next day, and to thank us, and specially Gerald, with tears of gratitude. And Gerald was a hero in the village from that day forth.

I remember well how dark it grew as we waded slowly and silently home, and how poor little Rough did his very best, and never stopped once.

I think he understood the importance of the occasion; but those who were not Rough's friends, believe it was a recollection, and expectation of supper, that made him acquit himself so honorably.

As we neared our home, we saw a tall figure looming up in the dark, and soon, by the voice, we knew it was Michael, one of the farm hands, sent to seek us.

"Bluder an nouns," he exclaimed, "it is you, Mister Gery! An' yer muther, poor leddy, destroyed wid the fright. An' kapin' the chilt out to this hair. Hadn't ye moor sense?"

We explained briefly; and Daisy begged to be carried, as the cart was all wet.

With many Irish expressions of sympathy, Michael took the child in his arms; and so we arrived at home, and found father and mother half distracted with anxiety, and the farm hands sent in all directions to look for us. We were at once, all three of us, put to bed, and made to drink hot lemonade, and have hot stones at our feet, and not till then tell all our experiences, which were listened to eagerly.

Daisy escaped unhurt, I with a slight cold, but Gerald and poor little Rough were the ones who suffered. Gerald had a severe attack of pneumonia, from which we had much ado to bring him back to health, and Rough was ill. They brought us the news from the stable on the next morning. We couldn't tell what was the matter; perhaps he had strained himself, perhaps had caught cold. We could not tell, nor could the veterinary surgeon we brought to see him. Poor Rough lay ill for weeks, and one bright spring morning he died.

They told us early in the morning, before we were out of bed, how, an hour ago, Rough had died.

THE MUSIC LESSON

TOUCH the keys *lightly*,
Nellie, my dear:
The noise makes Johnnie
Impatient, I fear.

He looks very cross,
I am sorry to see —
Not looking at all
As a brother should be.

Whatever you're doing,
Bear this always in mind:
In all *little things*
Be both *thoughtful* and *kind*.

THE FROST

THE frost looked forth one still clear night,
And whispered, “Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I’ll take my way:
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I’ll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;

There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
“Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three,
And the glass of water they’ve left for me
Shall ‘tchick!’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

MY PICTURE

I HAVE a little picture;
Perchance you have one too.
Mine is not set in frame of gold;
'Tis first a bit of blue,
And then a background of dark hills —
A river just below,
Along whose broad, green meadow banks
The wreathing elm trees grow.

Upon an overhanging ridge
A little farm-house stands,
Whose owner, like the man of old,
Has builded "on the sands;"
And yet, defying storms and wind,
It stands there all alone,
And brightens up the landscape
With a beauty of its own.

Fairy-like my picture changes
As the seasons come and go.
Now it glows 'neath summer's kisses;
Now it sleeps 'mid winter's snow.
I can see the breath of spring-time
In the river's deeper blue,

And autumn seems to crown it
With her very brightest hue.

Ah. I'd not exchange my picture
For the choicest gem of art;
Yet I must not claim it wholly;
It is only mine in part;
For 'tis one of nature's sketches —
A waif from that Great Hand
Which hath filled our earth with models
Of the beautiful and grand.

WHY?

WHY are the blossoms
Such different hues?
And the waves of the sea
Such a number of blues?
So many soft greens
Flit over the trees?
And little gray shadows
Fly out on the breeze?

Why are the insects
So wondrously fair;
Illumining grasses
And painting the air?
You dear little shells,
O, why do you shine?
And feathery sea-weed
Grow fragile and fine?

Why are the meadows
Such gardens of grace,
With infinite beauty
In definite space?
Each separate grass
A world of delight?

O, food for the cattle,
Why are you so bright?

Why are our faces
Such lovable things,
With lips made for kisses,
And laughter that sings?
With eyes full of love,
That sparkle and gleam,
Through beautiful colors,
That change like a dream?

Think for a moment —
Look up to the sky;
Question your heart; it
Will answer the Why!
Bright is the glitter
Of beauty unfurled —
Boundless the love that
Has fashioned the world!

BIRDS

THE wisdom of God is seen in every part of creation, and especially in the different kinds of birds. The beauty displayed in their graceful forms and varied colors strikes every beholder, while the adaptation of their organs for the purposes of flight, their peculiar habits and modes of living, are a constant source of admiration to the student of nature.

Almost everything about the shape of a bird fits it for moving rapidly in the air, and all parts of its body are arranged so as to give it lightness along with strength. The soft and delicate plumage of birds protects them from cold or moisture; their wings, though so delicate, are furnished with muscles of such power as to strike the air with great force, whilst their tails act like the rudder of a ship, so that they can direct their course at pleasure with the utmost ease.

The internal structure of a bird also is such as to help it to sustain itself in, and to fly quickly through, the air. Its lungs are pierced with large holes, which allow air to pass into cavities in the breast, and even into the interior of the bones. It is thus not only rendered buoyant, but is enabled to breathe even while in rapid motion. Two sparrows, it is said, require as much air to maintain their breathing properly as a guinea pig.

In many other ways the skill and goodness of God are seen in the “fowl of the air.” Their necks and beaks are long, and very

movable, so that they may readily pick up food and other objects from the ground. The muscles of their toes are so arranged that the simple weight of the body closes them, and they are able, in consequence, to sit on a perch a long time without fatigue. Even in a violent wind a bird easily retains its hold of the branch or twig on which it is sitting. Their bills are of almost all forms: in some kinds they are straight; in others curved, sometimes upwards and sometimes downwards; in others they are flat; in some they are in the form of a cone, wedge-shaped, or hooked. The bill enables a bird to take hold of its food, to strip or divide it. It is useful also in carrying materials for its nest, or food to its young; and in the birds of prey, such as the owl, the hawk, the falcon, eagle, etc., the beak is a formidable weapon of attack.

The nostrils of birds are usually of an oval form, and are placed near the base of the beak. Their eyes are so constructed that they can see near and distant objects equally well, and their sight is very acute. The sparrow-hawk discerns the small birds which are its prey at an incredible distance. No tribe of birds possesses an outward ear, except those which seek their food by night; these have one in the form of a thin, leathery piece of flesh. The inside ear, however, is very large, and their hearing is very quick.

Another admirable feature in the structure of birds consists in their feathers. These are well adapted for security, warmth, and freedom of motion. The larger feathers of the body are placed over each other like the slates on the roof of a house, so that water

is permitted to run off, and cold is kept out. The down, which is placed under the feathers, is a further protection against the cold; and hence it is most abundant in those species that are found in northern climates. The feathery covering of birds forms their peculiar beauty: on this, in the warm climates, Nature bestows her most delicate and brightest colors.

Another point which sets forth the resources of Infinite Wisdom is the structure and uses of the wings of birds. The size of the wings is not always in proportion to the bulk of their bodies, but is accommodated to their habits of living. Accordingly, birds of prey, swallows, and such birds as are intended to hover long in the air, have much longer wings, in proportion to their size, than hens, ducks, quails, etc. In some, such as the ostrich, the cassiowary, and the penguin, the largest quill-feathers of the wing are entirely wanting.

Then, again, how varied is the flight of birds! The falcon soars above the clouds, and remains in the air for many hours without any sign of exertion. The swallow, the lark, and other species, sail long distances with little effort. Others, like the sparrow and the humming-bird, have a fluttering flight. Some, as the owl, fly without any noise; and some, like the partridge, with a loud whir.

"Around the head
Of wandering swain the white-winged plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest."

How graceful are the motions of the hawk, sweeping higher and higher in circles, as he surveys far and wide the expanse of fields and meadows below, in which he hopes to espy his prey. Our paper would be too long were we to say even a little about the roosting, the swimming, or running, the migration, the habits and instincts, the varied notes and pleasant songs, of the endless species of birds.

All these subjects are well worthy of being carefully studied; for they all show the design of their Creator. The extraordinary creature represented in the engraving is the "Apteryx," or "wingless bird" of New Zealand. It was not known to European naturalists till of late years, and for a long time the accounts which the natives of New Zealand gave of it were discredited. A specimen of it, preserved in brine, was, however, brought to this country, and a full description of the bird given.

The kirvi-kirvi, as the New Zealanders call it, stands about two feet high. Its wings are so small that they can scarcely be called wings, and are not easy to find under the general plumage of the body. Its nostrils, strange to say, are at the tip of the beak. The toes are strong, and well adapted for digging, the hind one being a thick, horny spur. To add to the singularity of this creature, it has no tail whatever. The kirvi-kirvi conceals itself among the extensive beds of fern which abound in the middle island of New Zealand, and it makes a nest of fern for its eggs in deep holes, which it hollows out of the ground. It feeds on

insects, and particularly worms, which it disturbs by stamping on the ground, and seizes the instant they make their appearance. Night is the season when it is most active; and the natives hunt it by torchlight. When pursued, it elevates its head, like an ostrich, and runs with great swiftness. It defends itself, when overtaken, with much spirit, inflicting dangerous blows with its strong spur-armed feet.

In this instance, as in all others, God has wisely adapted the very shape and limbs of the creature to the habits by which it was intended to be distinguished.

F. F. E.

KINDNESS REWARDED

WHEN Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused, by one of his servants, of having spoken injuriously of Tiberius, and was condemned by that emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather was very hot, and Agrippa became excessively thirsty. Seeing Thaumastus, a servant of Caligula, pass by him with a pitcher of water, he called to him, and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy; and Agrippa, having allayed his thirst, said to him, —

"Assure thyself, Thaumastus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will one day pay thee well for this draught of water."

Tiberius dying, his successor, Caligula, soon after not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him king of Judea. In this high situation Agrippa was not unmindful of the glass of water given to him when a captive.

He immediately sent for Thaumastus, and made him controller of his household.

A DREAM OF SUMMER

WEST wind and sunshine
Braided together,
What is the one sign
But pleasant weather?

Birds in the cherry-trees,
Bees in the clover;
Who half so gay as these
All the world over?

Violets among the grass,
Roses regretting
How soon the summer 'll pass, —
Next year forgetting.

Buds sighing in their sleep,
"Summer, pray grant us
Youth, that its bloom will keep
Fragrance to haunt us!"

Rivulets that shine and sing,
Sunbeams abetting, —
No more remembering
Their frozen fretting.

Sweet music in the wind,
Sun in the showers;
All these we're sure to find
In summer hours.

Mary N. Prescott.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

PLEASE, Mr. Mate has *that* cloud a silver lining?"

The question was asked by little Kate Vale, the daughter of an emigrant, who, with her mother, was following her father, who had gone before to New York. Katie was a quiet, gentle little child, who gave trouble to no one. She had borne the suffering of seasickness at the beginning of the voyage so patiently, and now took the rough sea-fare so thankfully, that she had made a fast friend of Tom Bolton, the mate. Bolton had a warm, kindly heart, and one of the children whom he had left in England was just the age of Katie; this inclined him all the more to show her kindness. Katie often had a piece of Bolton's sea-biscuit; he told her tales which he called "long yarns," and sometimes in rough weather he would wrap his thick jacket around her, to keep the chill from her thinly-clad form. Katie was not at all afraid of Bolton, or "Mr. Mate," as she called him, and she took hold of his hard brown hand as she asked the question, —

"Has that cloud a silver lining?"

Bolton glanced up at a very black, lowering cloud, which seemed to blot the sun quite out of that part of the sky.

"Why do you ask me, Kate?" said the sailor.

"Because mother often says that every cloud has a silver lining,

and that one looks as if it had none."

Tom Bolton gave a short laugh.

"None that we can see," he replied; "for the cloud is right atween us and the sun. If we could look at the upper part, where the bright beams fall, we should see yon black cloud like a great mass of silvery mother-o'-pearl, just like those that you yesterday called shining mountains of snow."

Katie turned round, and raising her eyes, watched for some minutes the gloomy cloud. It was slowly moving towards the west, and as it did so, the sun behind it began to edge all its dark outline with brightness.

"See, see!" exclaimed Katie; "it is turning out the edge of its silver lining. If I were up there in the sky, I suppose that all would look beautiful then. But I don't know why mother should take comfort from talking of the clouds and their linings."

The mother, Mrs. Vale, who was standing near, leaning against the bulwarks, heard the last words of her child, and made reply, —

"Because we have many clouds of sorrow here to darken our lives, and our hearts would often fail us but for the thought, 'There is a bright side to every trial sent to the humble believer.'"

And Mrs. Vale repeated the beautiful lines, —

> "Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
> To mortals gazing from below,
> By angels from above surveyed,
> With universal brightness glow."

Katie did not quite understand the verse, but she knew how patiently and meekly her mother had borne sudden poverty, the sale of her goods, and the bitter parting from her beloved husband. Bolton also had been struck by the pious courage of one who had had a large share of earthly trials.

"*Your* clouds at least seem to be edged with silver," he observed, with a smile; and as he spoke, the glorious beams of the sun burst from behind the black mass of cloud, making widening streams of light up the sky, which, as Katie remarked, looked like paths up to heaven.

The vessel arrived at New York, after rather a rough voyage, and Mrs. Vale, to her great delight, found her husband ready at the port to receive her. He brought her good tidings also. A fortnight before her landing he had procured a good situation, and he was now able to take her and their child to a comfortable home. Past sorrows now seemed to be almost forgotten.

Bolton, who, during a trying voyage, had shown much kindness to Mrs. Vale as well as to Katie, was invited during his stay at New York to make their house his home. He had much business to do as long as he remained in the great city, so saw little of the Vales except in the evenings, when he shared their cheerful supper, and then knelt down with them at family prayers. The mate learned much of the peace and happiness which piety brings while he dwelt under the emigrant's roof.

But ere long the day arrived when Bolton's vessel, the Albion,

was to start for England. She was to weigh anchor at one o'clock, and at midday the mate bade good by to his emigrant friends.

"A pleasant journey to you, and a speedy return; we'll be glad to see you back here," said Henry Vale, as he shook the mate by the hand.

Bolton's journey was to be much shorter, and his return much more speedy than he wished, or his friends expected. He was hastening down to the pier to join his vessel, when he saw hanging up in a shop window a curious basket, made of some of the various nuts of the country prettily strung together.

"That's just the thing to take my Mary's fancy," said the mate to himself. "I've a present for every one at home but for her; it won't take two minutes to buy that basket."

Great events often hang upon very small hooks. If Bolton had not turned back to buy the basket, he would not have been passing a house on which masons were working at the very moment when a ladder, carelessly placed against it, happened to fall with a crash. The ladder struck Bolton, and he fell on the pavement so much stunned by the shock, that he had to be carried in a senseless state into the shop of an apothecary.

Happily no bones were broken, but it was nearly an hour before the mate recovered the use of his senses. He then opened his eyes, raised his head, and stared wildly around him, as if wondering to find himself in a strange place, and trying to think how he came to be there. Bolton pressed his aching forehead, seeking to recall to his memory what had happened, for he felt

like one in a dream. Soon his glance fell on the clock in the apothecary's shop, and at the same instant the clock struck *one*! Bolton started to his feet, as if the chime of the little bell had been the roar of a cannon.

"The Albion sails at one!" cried the mate; and without so much as stopping to look for his oilskin cap, with bandaged brow and bareheaded, Bolton rushed forth into the street, and, dizzy as he felt, staggered on towards the pier from which the vessel was to sail.

It was not to be expected that the sailor's course should be a very straight one, or that with all his haste he should manage to make good speed. The streets of New York seemed to be more full of traffic than usual, and twice the mate narrowly escaped being knocked down again by some vehicle rapidly driven along the road. At last, breathless and faint, and scarcely able to keep his feet, poor Bolton arrived at the wharf to which his ship had been moored but an hour before. But the Albion was there no longer – the vessel had started without the mate – he could see her white sails in the distance; she was already on her way back to Old England, and she had left him behind!

This was a greater shock to poor Bolton than the blow from the falling ladder had been. He stood for several minutes gazing after the ship with a look of despair, then slowly the sailor returned to the house of the Vales.

"Nothing more unlucky could possibly have happened," muttered the mate to himself. "Here's a pretty scrape that I shall

get into with my employers; the mate of their vessel absent just at the time when he ought to have been at his post! Then I've nothing with me – nothing, save the clothes that I stand in! All my luggage is now on the waves, and a precious long time it will be before I shall see it again. But I don't care so much for the luggage; what I can't bear to think of is my wife and my children looking out eagerly for the arrival of the good ship Albion, and then, when she reaches port, finding that no Tom Bolton is in her! I wish that that stupid basket had been at the bottom of the sea before ever I set eyes on it!"

Pale, haggard, and looking – as he was – greatly troubled, Bolton entered the house of the Vales, which he so lately had quitted. The family were just finishing their dinner; and not a little astonished were they to see one whom they had believed to be on the wide sea.

"Here I am again, like a bad half-penny," said the sailor; and sitting down wearily on a chair which Katie placed for him directly, Bolton gave a short account of what he called the most unlucky mischance that had ever happened to him in the course of his life.

The Vales felt much for his trouble, and begged him to remain with them until he could get a passage in some other vessel bound for England.

"And don't take your accident so much to heart," softly whispered little Katie; "you know mother's favorite proverb – 'Every cloud has a silver lining.'"

"Sometimes, even in this life, we can see the silver edge round the border," observed Mrs. Vale.

Bolton had too brave a heart and too sensible a mind to give way long to fretting, though he did not see how so black a cloud as that which hung over his sky could possibly have anything to brighten its gloom. He tried to make the best of that which he could not prevent, and retired to rest that night with a tolerably cheerful face, though with a violent headache, and a heartache which troubled him more.

Bolton slept very little that night, nor indeed did any one else in the house; for with the close of day there came on a violent storm which raged fiercely until the morning. Katie trembled in her little cot to hear how the gale roared and shrieked in the chimneys, and rattled the window-frames, and threatened to burst open the doors. The child raised her head from the pillow, and thanked the Lord that her sailor friend was not tossing then on the waves.

But far more thankful was Katie when tidings reached New York of what the storm had done on that terrible night. Bolton was sitting at breakfast with his friends on the third day after the tempest, when Vale, who was reading the newspaper, turned to the part headed "Shipping Intelligence."

"Any news?" inquired Tom Bolton, struck by the expression on the face of his friend.

Instead of replying, Vale exclaimed, "How little we can tell in this life what is really for our evil or our good! You called that

accident which prevented your sailing in the Albion an 'unlucky mischance.'"

"Of course I did. My wife and children are impatient to see me – "

"Had you sailed in that ship," interrupted Vale, "they would never have seen you again. The Albion went down in that storm!"

What was the regret of Tom Bolton on hearing of the disaster, and what was his thankfulness for his own preservation, I leave the reader to guess. Often in after days did the little American basket remind him in his own home of what others might have called the chance that led him to turn back on his way to the ship, and so caused the accident which vexed him so much at the time.

GOOD-HUMOR

I AM a first-rate fairy —
"Good-Humor" is my name;
I use my wand where'er I go,
And make the rough ways plain;

And make the ugly faces shine,
The shrillest voices sweet,
The coarsest ore a golden mine,
The poorest lives complete.

BOOKS AND READING

I REALLY am in doubt whether or not the young folks ought to be congratulated in consequence of the great number of juvenile books which are being placed before them about this time. An excellent book is certainly excellent company; but there is a limit to all things; and so we may have too many books, taking it for granted that all are good ones.

You all know, that, as a general rule, people in America read too much, and think too little. Reading is a benefit to us only when it leads to reflection. It is useless when it leaves no lasting impression on the mind; it is *worse* than useless if the lesson it conveys be not a really good one.

Suppose you sit down to a well-furnished table at a hotel to eat your dinner. The waiter hands you a bill of fare, upon which is printed a long list of good and wholesome dishes, and then quietly waits until you order what you wish. You are not expected to eat of every one, however attractive they may be, but rather to select what you like best, – enough to make a modest meal, – and let that suffice.

But the selection is not all. If you expect to gain health and strength by your dinner, you must eat it in a proper manner; that is, slowly. Otherwise nature's work will be imperfectly done, and your food become a source of bodily harm, instead of a benefit.

Now, it is precisely so with the food of the mind, which comes

to you through books. You are not expected to read everything which comes within your reach. You should rather select the best, and, having done so, read them slowly and carefully. You may read too much as well as eat too much; and while the one will injure your body, the other will as certainly harm your mind.

One of the worst evils which too much reading leads to is a habit of *reading to forget*. You know what a bad habit is, how it clings to us, when once contracted, and how hard it is to be shaken off. Some boys and girls read a book entirely through in a single evening, and the next day are eagerly at work on another, to be as quickly mastered. No mind, however strong, can stand such a strain. You see at once that it would be absolutely impossible for them to remember what they read. And so they read for a momentary enjoyment, and gradually fall into the habit I have spoken of – reading to forget. I need not tell you that such a habit is fatal to any very high position in life.

How often we hear parents boast that their children are "great readers," just as if their intelligence should, in their opinion, be measured by the number of books and papers which they had read! Need I say, that, on the contrary, they are objects of pity?

But how much may we read with profit? That is a question not always easy to answer. Some can read a great deal more than others. Yet, if young people read slowly, and think a great deal about the subject, there is very little danger of their reading too much, provided they select only good books; because good books are very scarce – much more so in proportion to the number

printed than they were twenty years ago; and there are very few young persons who have too great a supply of good works placed within their reach.

I have mentioned one evil which results from too much reading, and will only briefly allude to another equally important. Children who attend school have no time to devote to worthless books. Their studies consume many hours. If, aside from the time which should be devoted to play, to their meals, and the various duties of home, they will read a useless book every day or two, their health is sure to suffer. The evil consequences may not be at once apparent, but in later years the penalty will certainly have to be paid. This reflection alone, if there were no other reason, should induce the young to discard all useless books, and read only such as shall have a tendency to make them wiser and better.

THE CORAL-WORKERS

THE little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

LION THE FIRE DOG

LION, who was a cross between a Great St. Bernard and a Newfoundland dog, came into the possession of the superintendent of the London fire brigade when he was but twelve months old. His first retreat was in the engine-house, where, on some old hose and sacking, he made himself as comfortable as he could, and coiled himself up, like the tubing on which he lay. Considering that he was thus placed in charge of the engine-house, he resented the first occasion on which a fire occurred at night. The fire bell rang, and the firemen crowded to the spot, prepared to draw forth the engine, when a decided opposition was made on the part of Lion, who showed a determination to fasten himself on the first fireman who dared to enter the house. In this way the faithful dog kept them all at bay until the arrival of his master, whom he instantly recognized and obeyed. As soon as the horses were harnessed, and the engine was in motion, Lion bounded along in company, and was present at his first fire. After that time, he attended no less than three hundred and thirty-two fires, and not only attended, but assisted at them, always useful, and sometimes doing work and saving life, which, but for him, would have been lost.

His chief friends, the firemen, say it would take a long while to tell all his acts of daring and sagacity; but we must, in justice to his memory, record some of the most notable.

Whenever the fire bell rang, Lion was immediately on the alert, barking loudly, as if to spread the dire alarm. Then, as soon as his master had taken his place on the engine, and before the horses were off, he led the way, clearing the road and warning every one of the approach of the engine, and spreading the news of the fire by his loud voice.

On one occasion, when the horses were tearing along the streets as fire engine horses alone can, a little child was seen just in front of the engine. To stop the horses in time was impossible, though the driver did his best. The brave hearts of the firemen sank within them as they felt they must drive over the little body. Bystanders raised their arms and shrieked as they witnessed an impending catastrophe which they could do nothing to avert. No human help could avail, and it must needs be that the engine of mercy, on its way to save life, must sacrifice the life of an innocent, helpless child!

But stay! Human eyes were not the only ones that took in that sad scene, and that saw the impending doom of the little one. Brave, sagacious, and fleet, Lion saw at a glance the danger that threatened the child, and springing forward, he knocked him down; then seizing him firmly in his jaws, he made for the pavement obliquely, and gently deposited his charge in the gutter just as the engine went tearing by.

But this was only an incident by the way; Lion's real work began when the scene of the fire was reached. As soon as the door was opened, or dashing through the window if there was a

delay in opening the door, the noble animal would run all over the burning house, barking, so as to arouse the inmates if they were unaware of the danger; and never would he leave the fire until he had either aroused them or had drawn the attention of the firemen to them.

Once the firemen could not account for his conduct. Darting into the burning house, – the ceilings of which had given way, – and then out again to the firemen, he howled and yelled most loudly. It was believed that no one was in the house, but Lion's conduct made his master feel uneasy.

Still nothing could be done by way of entering the house, as the fire was raging fiercely, and the house would soon fall in. Finding that his entreaties were not regarded, and suffering from burns and injuries, the noble animal discontinued his efforts, but ran uneasily round the engine, howling in a piteous manner; nor would he leave the spot after the fire was put out until search was made, when beneath the still smouldering embers, the firemen discovered the charred body of an old man, whom he had done his utmost to save.

Lion's noble efforts, however, were often crowned with success; and many a one has to bless the wondrous qualities with which God had endowed him.

At one fire, after the inmates had made their escape, a cry was raised that "the baby had been left behind in the cradle up stairs," though no one seemed to be able to indicate the room. The fire had so far got hold of the dwelling, such dense volumes

of flame and smoke were issuing from every opening, that it was impossible for any fireman to enter, and the crowd stood horror-stricken at the thought of the perishing babe.

The crisis was a terrible one; an effort was made, an entry was effected, and some of the men ventured some distance within the burning pile, only to retrace their steps.

At this emergency, Lion dashed past the men, disappeared amid the flames, but returned in a minute into the street with the empty cradle in his powerful jaws. The consequence of this almost incredible feat – which was witnessed by many – may be better imagined than described.

The fact that Lion did not re-enter the house – which, though badly burned, he would doubtless have done had he left the child behind – was sufficient to convince the dullest intellect that the child was secure; and it was very soon ascertained that the object of search was safe in a neighboring house.

No wonder, then, that this noble animal endeared himself to all who knew him; and those who knew him best loved him the most. For fourteen years Lion continued his noble and useful career as public benefactor, as friend and companion to the firemen, and as mourner at their graves; for he attended the funerals of no less than eleven of them.

Death came to him at length; for last year he died from injuries received in the discharge of his self-imposed duties.

There are few of our readers who would not have liked to pat that brave old dog; there are fewer still who may not learn useful

and valuable lessons from the speaking testimony of that dumb animal.

Benjamin Clarke.

TO THE CARDINAL FLOWER

O, MY princely flower, shall I never win
To your moated citadel within,
To your guarded thought?

The pansies are proud; but they show to me
Their purple velvets from over the sea,
With gold inwrought.

And they gently smile wherever we meet;
They seem to me like proud ladies sweet
From a foreign shore.

Wild primrose buds in my very hand
Their odorous evening stars expand,
And all their lore.

But your strange eyes gleam as they pass me by,
And seem to dream of a warmer sky,
Far over the sea.

M. R. W.

THE SONG OF THE ROSE

I COME not when the earth is brown, and gray
The skies; I am no flower of a day,
No crocus I, to bloom and pass away;

No cowslip bright, or hyacinth that clings
Close to the earth, from whence it springs;
Nor tulip, gay as song birds' wings.

I am the royal rose, and all things fair
Grow fairer for my sake; the earth, the air,
Proclaim the coming of the flower most rare.

Green is the earth, and beautiful the sky,
And soft the breeze, that loves to linger nigh;
I am the rose, and who with me shall vie?

The earth is full of gladness, all in tune
With songs of birds; and now I come, O June,
To crown thee, month of beauty, with my bloom.

T. E. D.

RICH AND POOR

MY dear little girl, with the flowers in your hair,
Stop singing a moment, and look over there;
While you are so safe in the sheltering fold,
With treasures of silver, and treasures of gold,
Just a few steps away, in a dark, narrow street,
With no pure, cooling drink, and no morsel to eat,
A poor girl is dying, no older than you;
Her lips were as red, and her eyes were as blue,
Her step was as light, and her song was as sweet,
And the heart in her bosom as merrily beat.

But now she is dying, so lonely and poor,
For famine and fever crept in at the door.
While you were so gay, in your beautiful dress,
With music and laughter, and friends to caress,
From the dawn to the end of the weariful day,
She was always at work, with no moment for play.
She saw you sometimes, but you seemed like a star
That gleamed in the distance, so dim and afar.
And often she wondered if God up above
Remembered the poor girl, in pity and love.

Ah, yes, *He remembered*, 'mid harpings and hymns,
And loud alleluias, and waving of wings,

He heard in *His* heaven the sound of her tears,
And called her away while the sun of her years
Was yet in the east; now, she never will need
From you any more a compassionate deed.
Nay, some time, perhaps, from her home in the skies,
She will look back to see you with tears in your eyes,
For sooner or later we quiver with pain,
And down on us all drops the sorrowful rain.

She never will need you; but many bereft,
Hungry, and heart-sore, and homeless are left.
You can, if you will, from the place where you stand,
Reach downward to help them; the touch of your hand,
The price of one jewel, the gift of a flower,
May waken within them, with magical power,
A hope that was dying. O, don't be afraid
The poor and the desolate spirit to aid.
The burdens are heavy that some one must bear,
You dear little girl with the flowers in your hair.

Ellen M. H. Gates.

LACE-MAKING

SEE, mamma what is the woman doing? She looks as if she was holding a pin-cushion in her lap and was sticking pins in it."

"So she is, my dear," Ellen's mother remarked. "But that is not all she is doing. There is a cluster of bobbins hanging down one side of the cushion which are wound with threads, and these threads she weaves around the pins in such a manner as to make lace."

"I never saw anybody make lace that way. I have seen Aunt Maria knit it with a crochet-hook."

"This is a different kind of lace altogether from the crocheted lace. They do not make it in the United States. The woman whom you see in the picture lives in Belgium in Europe. In that country, and in some parts of France and Germany, many of the poorer people earn a living at lace-making. The pattern which in making the lace it is intended to follow is pricked with a pin on a strip of paper. This paper is fastened on the cushion, and then pins are stuck in through all the pin-holes, and then the thread from these bobbins is woven around the lace."

"Can they work fast?"

"An accomplished lace-maker will make her hands fly as fast as though she were playing the piano, always using the right bobbin, no matter how many of them there may be. In making the pattern of a piece of nice lace from two hundred to eight hundred

bobbins are sometimes used. In such a case it takes more than one person – sometimes as many as seven – at a single cushion."

"It must be hard to do."

"I dare say it would be for you or me. Yet in those countries little children work at lace-making. Little children, old women and the least skilful of the men make the plainer and coarser laces, while experienced women make the nicer sorts."

"What do they do with their lace when it is finished?"

"All the lace-makers in a neighborhood bring in their laces once a week to the 'mistress' – for women carry on the business of lace-making – then this 'mistress' packs them up and takes them to the nearest market-town, where they are peddled about from one trading-house to another until they are all sold."

"Do they get much for them?"

"The poor lace-makers get hardly enough to keep them from starvation for their fine and delicate work; but the laces, after they have passed through the hands of one trader after another, and are at last offered to the public, bring enormous prices. A nice library might be bought for the price of a set of laces, or a beautiful house built at the cost of a single flounce."

"I think I should rather have the house, mamma."

"So should I. But the people who buy these laces probably have houses already. There is over four million dollars' worth of lace sold every year in Belgium alone."

Ellen thought she should never see a piece of nice lace without thinking of these wonderful lace-makers, who produce such

delicate work and yet are paid so little for it; and while she was thus thinking over the matter, mamma went quietly on with her sewing.

HELP YOURSELVES

MANY boys and girls make a failure in life because they do not learn to help themselves. They depend on father and mother even to hang up their hats and to find their playthings. When they become men and women, they will depend on husbands and wives to do the same thing. "A nail to hang a hat on," said an old man of eighty years, "is worth everything to a boy." He had been "through the mill," as people say, so that he knew. His mother had a nail for him when he was a boy – "a nail to hang his hat on," and nothing else. It was "Henry's nail" from January to January, year in and out, and no other member of the family was allowed to appropriate it for any purpose whatever. If the broom by chance was hung thereon, or an apron or coat, it was soon removed, because that nail was "to hang Henry's hat on." And that nail did much for Henry; it helped make him what he was in manhood – a careful, systematic, orderly man, at home and abroad, on his farm and in his house. He never wanted another to do what he could do for himself.

Young folks are apt to think that certain things, good in themselves, are not honorable. To be a blacksmith or a bootmaker, to work on a farm or drive a team, is beneath their dignity, as compared with being a merchant, or practising medicine or law. This is PRIDE, an enemy to success and happiness. No *necessary* labor is discreditable. It is never

dishonorable to be *useful*. It is beneath no one's dignity to earn bread by the sweat of the brow. When boys who have such false notions of dignity become men, they are ashamed to help themselves as they ought, and for want of this quality they live and die unhonored. Trying to save their dignity, they lose it.

Here is a fact we have from a very successful merchant. When he began business for himself, he carried his wares from shop to shop. At length his business increased to such an extent, that he hired a room at the Marlboro' Hotel, in Boston, during the business season, and thither the merchants, having been duly notified, would repair to make purchases. Among all his customers, there was only one man who would carry to his store the goods which he had purchased. The buyers asked to have their goods carried, and often this manufacturer would carry them himself. But there was one merchant, and the largest buyer of the whole number, who was not ashamed to be seen carrying a case of goods through the streets. Sometimes he would purchase four cases, and he would say, "Now, I will take two, and you take two, and we will carry them right over to the store." So the manufacturer and the merchant often went through the streets of Boston quite heavily loaded. This merchant, of all the number who went to the Marlboro' Hotel for their purchases, succeeded in business. He became a wealthy man when all the others failed. The manufacturer, who was not ashamed to help himself, is now living – one of the wealthy men of Massachusetts, ready to aid, by his generous gifts, every good object that comes along, and

honored by all who know him.

You have often heard and read the maxim, “God helps those who help themselves.” Is it not true?

William M. Thayer.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY DAWDLE

HERE, little folks, listen; I'll tell you a tale,
Though to shock and surprise you I fear it won't fail;
Of Master John Dawdle my story must be,
Who, I'm sorry to say, is related to me.

And yet, after all, he's a nice little fellow:
His eyes are dark brown and his hair is pale yellow;
And though not very clever or tall, it is true
He is better than many, if worse than a few.

But he dawdles at breakfast, he dawdles at tea —
He's the greatest small dawdle that ever could be;
And when in his bedroom, it is his delight
To dawdle in dressing at morning and night.

And oh! if you saw him sit over a sum,
You'd much wish to pinch him with finger and thumb;
And then, if you scold him, he looks up so meek;
Dear me! one would think that he hardly could speak.

Each morning the same he comes tumbling down,
And often enough is received with a frown,
And a terrible warning of something severe
Unless on the morrow he sooner appear.

But where does he live? That I'd rather not say,
Though, if truth must be told, I have met him to-day;
I meant just to pass him with merely a bow,
But he stopped and conversed for a minute or so.

"Well, where are you going?" politely said I;
To which he replied, with a groan and a sigh,
"I've been doing my Latin from breakfast till dinner,
And pretty hard work that is for a beginner."

"But now I suppose you are going to play
And have pleasure and fun for the rest of the day?"
"Indeed, but I'm not – there's that bothering sum;
And then there's a tiresome old copy to come."

"Dear me!" I replied, and I thought it quite sad
There should be such hard work for one poor little lad;
But just at that moment a lady passed by,
And her words soon made clear that mistaken was I:

"Now, then, Mr. Dawdle, get out of my way!
I suppose you intended to stop here all day;
The bell has done ringing, and yet, I declare,
Your hands are not washed, nor yet brushed is your hair."

"Ho, ho!" I exclaimed; "Mr. Dawdle, indeed!"
And I took myself off with all possible speed,
Quite distressed that I should for a moment be seen

With one who so lazy and careless had been.

So now, if you please, we will wish him good-bye;
And if you should meet him by chance, as did I,
Just bid him good-morning, and say that a friend
(Only don't mention names) hopes he soon may amend.

THE MOTHERLESS BOY

ONE day, about a year ago, the door of my sitting-room was thrown suddenly open, and the confident voice of Harvey thus introduced a stranger:

"Here's Jim Peters, mother."

I looked up, not a little surprised at the sight of a ragged, barefoot child.

Before I had time to say anything, Harvey went on:

"He lives round in Blake's Court and hasn't any mother. I found him on a doorstep feeding birds."

My eyes rested on the child's face while my boy said this. It was a very sad little face, thin and colorless, not bold and vicious, but timid and having a look of patient suffering. Harvey held him firmly by the hand with the air of one who bravely protects the weak.

"No mother!" said I, in tones of pity.

"No, ma'am; he hasn't any mother. Have you, Jim?"

"No," answered the child.

"She's been dead ever so long; hasn't she, Jim?"

"Yes, ever since last winter," he said as he fixed his eyes, into which I saw the tears coming, upon my face. My heart moved toward him, repulsive as he was because of his rags and dirt.

"One of God's little lambs straying on the cold and barren hills of life," said a voice in my heart. And then I felt a tender

compassion for the strange, unlovely child.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Round in Blake's Court," he replied.

"Who with?"

"Old Mrs. Flint; but she doesn't want me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because I'm nothing to her, she says, and she doesn't want the trouble of me." He tried to say this in a brave, don't-care sort of way, but his voice faltered and he dropped his eyes to the floor. How pitiful he looked!

"Poor child!" I could not help saying aloud.

Light flashed over his pale face. It was something new to him, this interest and compassion.

"One of God's little lambs." I heard the voice in my heart saying this again. Nobody to love him – nobody to care for him. Poor little boy! The hand of my own child, my son who is so very dear to me, had led him in through our door and claimed for him the love and care so long a stranger to his heart. Could I send him out and shut the door upon him, when I knew that he had no mother and no home? If I heeded not the cry of this little one precious in God's sight, might I not be thought unworthy to be the guardian of another lamb of his fold whom I loved as my own life?

"I've got heaps of clothes, mother – a great many more than I want. And my bed is wide. There's room enough in the house, and we've plenty to eat," said Harvey, pleading for the child. I could

not withstand all these appeals. Rising, I told the little stranger to follow me. When we came back to the sitting-room half an hour afterward, Jim Peters would hardly have been known by his old acquaintances, if any of them had been there. A bath and clean clothes had made a wonderful change in him.

I watched the poor little boy, as he and Harvey played during the afternoon, with no little concern of mind. What was I to do with him? Clean and neatly dressed, there was a look of refinement about the child which had nearly all been hidden by rags and dirt. He played gently, and his voice had in it a sweetness of tone, as it fell every now and then upon my ears, that was really winning. Send him back to Mrs. Flint's in Blake's Court? The change I had wrought upon him made this impossible. No, he could not be sent back to Mrs. Flint's, who didn't want the trouble of him. What then?

Do the kind hearts of my little readers repeat the question, "What then?" Do they want very much to know what has become of little Jim Peters?

It is just a year since my boy led him in from the street, and Jim is still in our house. No one came for him. No one inquired about him. No one cared for him. I must take that last sentence back. God cared for him, and by the hand of my tender-hearted son brought him into my comfortable home and said to me, "Here is one of my lambs, astray, hungry and cold. He was born into the world that he might become an angel in heaven, but is in danger of being lost. I give him into your care. Let me find him when

I call my sheep by their names."

As I finished writing the last sentence a voice close to my ear said "Mother!" I turned and received a loving kiss from the lips of Jim. He often does this. I think, in the midst of his happy plays, memory takes him back to the suffering past, and then his grateful heart runs over and he tries to reward me with a loving kiss. I did not tell him to call me "Mother." At first he said it in a timid, hesitating way, and with such a pleading, half-scared look that I was touched and softened.

"She isn't your real mother," said Harvey, who happened to be near, "but then she's good and loves you ever so much."

"And I love her," answered Jim, with a great throb in his throat, hiding his face in my lap and clasping and kissing my hand. Since then he always calls me "Mother;" and the God and Father of us all has sent into my heart a mother's love for him, and I pray that he may be mine when I come to make up my jewels in heaven.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

JESUS says that we must love him.
Helpless as the lambs are we;
But He very kindly tells us
That our Shepherd He will be.

Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who like lambs too often stray.

We are always prone to wander:
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise Thee
For Thy kindness and Thy care.

THE ST. BERNARD DOG

BY the pass of the Great St. Bernard travellers cross the Pennine Alps (Penn, a Celtic word, meaning *height*) along the mountain road which leads from Martigny, in Switzerland, to Aosta, in Piedmont. On the crest of the pass, eight thousand two hundred feet above the sea level, stands the Hospice, tenanted by about a dozen monks.

This is supposed to be the highest spot in Europe inhabited by human beings. The climate is necessarily rigorous, the thermometer in winter being often twenty-nine degrees below zero, whilst sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit is about the highest range ever attained in summer. From the extreme difficulty of respiration, few of the monks ever survive the period of their vow, which is fifteen years, commencing at the age of eighteen.

This hospice is said to have been first founded in the year 962, by Bernard, a Piedmontese nobleman. It will be remembered that it was over this pass Napoleon, in May, 1800, led an army of thirty thousand men into Italy, having with them heavy artillery and cavalry.

For poor travellers and traders the hospice is really a place of refuge. During winter, crossing this pass is a very dangerous affair. The snow falls in small particles, and remains as dry as dust. Whirlwinds, called “tourmentes,” catch up this light snow, and carrying it with blinding violence against the traveller,

burying every landmark, at once put an end to knowledge of position. Avalanches, too, are of frequent occurrence.

After violent storms, or the fall of avalanches, or any other unusual severity of winter weather, the monks set out in search of travellers who may have been overwhelmed by the snow in their ascent of the pass. They are generally accompanied in their search by dogs of a peculiar breed, commonly known as the St. Bernard's Dog, on account of the celebrated monastery where these magnificent animals are taught to exercise their wondrous powers, which have gained for them and their teachers a world-wide fame. On their neck is a bell, to attract the attention of any belated wayfarer; and their deep and powerful bay quickly gives notice to the benevolent monks to hurry to the relief of any unfortunate traveller they may find.

Some of the dogs carry, attached to their collars, a flask of spirits or other restorative. Their wonderfully acute sense of smell enables them to detect the bodies of persons buried deeply beneath the surface of the snow, and thus direct the searchers where to dig for them. The animal's instinct seems to teach it, too, where hidden chasms or clefts, filled with loose snow, are; for it carefully avoids them, and thus is an all-important guide to the monks themselves.

We have stories without number as to what these dogs accomplish on their own account; how they dig out travellers, and bring them, sometimes unaided by man, to the hospice.

THE ST. BERNARD DOG

A few years ago one of these faithful animals might be seen wearing a medal, and regarded with much affection by all. This noble dog had well deserved the distinction; for one stormy day he had saved twenty-two individuals buried in their snowy envelope. Unfortunately, he met, at a subsequent period, the very fate from which he had rescued so many persons. At the worst season an Italian courier was crossing the pass, attended by two monks, each escorted by a dog (one being the wearer of the medal), when suddenly a vast avalanche shot down upon them with lightning speed, and they were all lost.

Another of these dogs, named "Barry," had served the St. Bernard Convent during twelve years, and had saved the lives of fifteen persons during that time. Whenever the pass was obscured by fogs and wintry snow-storms, he would go forth in search of lost travellers. It was his practice to run barking till he lost his breath, and he would venture into the most dangerous places. If, as sometimes happened, he did not succeed in drawing out from the snow some traveller stiffened with cold or overcome with exhaustion, he would run back to the convent and fetch some of the monks.

One day this brave dog found a little child in a half-frozen state. He began directly to lick him, and having succeeded first in restoring animation, and next in the complete resuscitation of

the boy, he induced the child, by his caresses, to tie himself on his back. When this was effected, he transported the poor child, as if in triumph, to the hospice. When overtaken by old age, the glorious dog was pensioned off by way of reward, and after his death his body was stuffed and placed in the museum at Berne.

It is said that dogs of this variety inherit the faculty of tracking footsteps in snow. A gentleman once obtained a pup which had been produced in London by a female of the St. Bernard breed. The young animal was brought to Scotland, where it was never observed to give any particular tokens of a power of tracking footsteps until winter. Then, when the ground was covered with snow, it showed the utmost inclination to follow footsteps; and such was its power of doing so, that though its master might attempt to confuse it by walking in the most irregular fashion, and by inducing other persons to cross his path in all directions, yet it always followed his course with great precision.

Sir Thomas Dick Lander, who for many years resided at Grange House, Edinburgh, had a fine dog of the St. Bernard breed presented to him. Its bark was so loud that it could be distinguished at the distance of a mile. Its bark once led to its recovery, when stolen by some carters. "Bass," as the dog was named, had been missing for some time, when it was brought back to Grange House by a letter-carrier, who said that in going along a certain street, he heard a barking inside a yard, and at once recognized the voice of Bass. "He knocked at the gate," writes Sir Thomas, "and immediately said to the owner of the

premises, —

"'You have got Sir Thomas Lander's big dog.'

"The man denied it.

"'But I know you have,' continued the letter-carrier. 'I am certain that I heard the bark of Sir Thomas's big dog; for there is no other dog in or about all Edinburgh that has such a bark.'

"The man then admitted that he had a large dog, which he had bought for a trifle from a couple of coal carters; and at last, with great reluctance, he gave up the dog to the letter-carrier, who brought him home here."

Sir Thomas, after describing many of Bass's characteristics, then proceeds: —

"He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen who delivers letters here, though he was not the man whom I have already had occasion to mention. It was the duty of this postman I now allude to, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter-bag from one receiving house to another, and this big bag he used to give Bass to carry. Bass always followed that man through all the villas in the neighborhood where he had deliveries to make, and he invariably parted with him opposite to the gate of the Convent of St. Margaret's, and returned home.

"When our gate was shut, to prevent his following the postman, the dog always leaped a high wall to get after him. One day, when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. Bass went up to the man, curiously scanning his face, whilst the man retired from

the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and very anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, Bass followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all he could to keep the possession of it. But at length Bass, seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind legs, and putting a great fore paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him flat on his back in the road, and quietly picking up the bag, he proceeded peaceably on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose and followed the dog, making, every now and then, an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give it up.

"At the first house he came to he told his fears and the dilemma he was in; but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog always carried the bag. Bass walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, where he dropped the bag; and making his bow to the man, he returned home."

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

O WISE little birds! how do you know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they:
“We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

“He calleth and calleth year by year
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

FOR THE CHILDREN

COME stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along;
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
Oh, thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil our way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;

In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now come to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep;
Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that He loveth so well
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

REASON AND INSTINCT

ARE dogs endowed with reason? As you grow up, you will spend many happy hours in the contemplation of this interesting question. It does sometimes seem as if there could be no possible doubt that dogs, as well as horses, elephants, and some other of the higher animals, are gifted with the dawn of reason, so extraordinary are some of their acts.

It is but a few days since a dog in Vermont saved a house from burning, and possibly the inmates. The dog discovered the fire in the kitchen, flew to his master's apartment, leaped upon his bed, and so aroused the people to a sense of their danger.

"As I was walking out one frosty morning with a large Newfoundland dog," says the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, "I observed the animal's repeated disappointment on putting his head down to drink at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments, I broke the ice with my foot for my thirsty companion. The next time Tiger was thirsty, he did not wait for me to 'break the ice,' but with his foot, or, if too strong, by jumping upon it, he obtained water for himself."

Here seems to be the manifestation of a desire to *learn from observation*.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, it fell to my duty to search a given district for any dead or wounded soldiers there might be left, and to bring relief. Near an old brick dwelling I discovered

a soldier in gray who seemed to be dead. Lying by his side was a noble dog, with his head flat upon his master's neck. As I approached, the dog raised his eyes to me good-naturedly, and began wagging his tail; but he did not change his position. The fact that the animal did not growl, that he did not move, but, more than all, the intelligent, joyful expression of his face, convinced me that the man was only wounded, which proved to be the case. A bullet had pierced his throat, and faint from the loss of blood, he had fallen down where he lay. His dog had *actually stopped the bleeding from the wound by laying his head across it.* Whether this was casual or not, I cannot say. But the shaggy coat of the faithful creature was completely matted with his master's blood.

Strange as these facts may appear, we should not confound INSTINCT with intelligence which comes from REASON. There is a wide difference between them. Before long I propose to discuss this matter to some extent, in an article which I have already begun.

TOUCH NOT

TOUCH not the tempting cup, my boy,
Though urged by friend or foe;
Dare, when the tempter urges most,
Dare nobly say, No – no!
The joyous angel from on high
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy;
In righteousness be brave;
Take not the first, a single step,
Towards a drunkard's grave;
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh,
Shall tell your soul the reason why.

CHILDREN

WHAT could we without them,
Those flowers of life?
How bear all the sorrows
With which it is rife?
As long as they blossom,
Whilst brightly they bloom,
Our own griefs are nothing,
Forgotten our gloom.

We joy in the sunshine —
It sheds on them light;
We welcome the shower —
It makes them more bright;
On our pathway of thorns
They are thrown from above,
And they twine round about us,
And bless us with love.

Bright, beautiful flowers,
So fresh and so pure!
How could we without them
Life's troubles endure?
So guileless and holy,
Such soothers of strife,

What could we without them,
Sweet flowers of life?

THE WHITE BUTTERFLY

A TALE FOR CHILDREN

VERY slowly and wearily over road and hedge flew a white butterfly one calm May evening; its wings had been torn and battered in its flight from eager pursuers, who little cared that their pleasure was another's pain. On, on, went the fugitive, until it came to a little garden so sweet and quiet that it rested from its flight and said, "Here, at least, I shall find peace; these gentle flowers will give me shelter." Then, with eager swiftness, it flew to a stately peony. "Oh, give me shelter, thou beautiful flower!" it murmured as it rested for a second upon its crimson head – a second only, for, with a jerk and an exclamation of disgust, the peony cast the butterfly to the ground. With a low sigh it turned to the pansy near. Well, the pansy *wished* to be kind, but the butterfly was really very tattered and dirty; and then velvet soils so easily that she must beg to be excused. The wall-flower, naturally frank and good-natured, had been so tormented all day by those troublesome bees that she solemnly vowed she would do nothing more for anybody.

The tulips were asleep; and the other flowers, trying to emulate fair Lady Rose, held their heads so very high that they,

of course, did not hear the low, soft cry, "Oh, will no one give me shelter?" At last there came an answer, "I will, gladly," in a shy and trembling tone, as though fearing to be presumptuous, from a thick thorny bush which helped to protect the more dainty beauties from the rough blasts of a sometimes too boisterous wind; in consideration of which service the flowers considered the briar as a good, useful sort of thing, respectable enough in its common way, but not as an equal or associate, you understand. With gratitude the forlorn butterfly rested all night in the bosom of one of its simple white blossoms.

When night had gone and the bright sun came gliding up from the east, calling on Nature to awake, the flowers raised their heads in all the pride of renewed beauty and saluted one another. Where was the forlorn butterfly? Ah! where? They saw it no more; but over the white blossom where it had rested there hovered a tiny fairy in shining, changing sheen, her wand sparkling with dewdrops. She looked down on the flowers with gentle, reproachful eye, while they bent low in wonder and admiration.

"Who is it?" they asked. "How beautiful! how lovely!"

The fairy heard them with a smile, and said, "Fair flowers, I *was* a shabby butterfly; what I *am*, you see. I came to you poor and weary; and because I was poor and weary you shut me out from your hearts."

The pansy and the wall-flower bent their heads in sorrow, and Lady Rose blushed with shame.

"If I had only known!" muttered the peony; "but who would have thought it?"

"Who indeed?" laughed the fairy; "but learn, proud peony, that he who thinks always of self loses much of life's sweetness – far more than he ever suspects; for goodness is as the dew of the heart, and yieldeth refreshment and happiness, even if it win no other recompense. But it is meet that it should be rewarded. Behold, all of you!" and the fairy touched with her wand the white blossom on which she had rested, saying, "For thy sweetness be thou loved for ever!" At these words a thrill of happiness stirred the sap of the rough, neglected briar, and a soft, lovely blush suffused the petals of its flowers, and from its green leaves came forth an exquisite odor, perfuming the whole garden and eclipsing the other flowers in their pride.

Then the fairy rose in the air, and hovering over her resting-place for a moment ere she vanished said, "Such is the reward of goodness. Fare thee well, sweet briar!"

WORKING IS BETTER THAN WISHING

NOW then, Tom, lad, what's up? in trouble again?" asked a good-natured sailor of his messmate, one snowy day on the wide Atlantic.

The boy was leaning moodily against the bulwarks of the vessel – a pleasant, ruddy young fellow of fourteen, but with a cloud on his face which looked very like discontent.

Snow was falling heavily, but he did not heed it; he looked up, however, at the approach of his friend, and answered, —

"I'm all right, Pearson; it isn't that. I was only wishing and wondering why I can't get what I want; it seems a shame, it does!" and Tom paused abruptly, half choked by a sob.

"What is it, Tom?" asked Pearson; "have the other lads been plaguing? Such a big, hearty fellow as you ought not to fret for that."

"I don't," said Tom, sharply; "it's not that; but they've found out that my little brother is in the workhouse at home, and they throw it at me. I'd do anything to get him out, too, for he oughtn't to be there: we come of a better sort, Pearson," he said, proudly; "but father and mother dying of that fever put us all wrong. Uncle got me to sea, and then, I suppose, he thought he'd done enough; so there was only the workhouse left for Willy. He's the jolliest

little chap, Pearson, you ever saw, and I'd work day and night to get him out, if I could; but where's the use? A poor boy like me can do nothing; so I just get in a rage, or don't care about anything, and fight the other lads; or I'm had up for neglect of duty, or something."

"And so you lose all chance of getting on, and being able in time to help your little brother," said Pearson, as if musing; "but what's that you have in your hand, Tom – a picture?"

"It's Willy," said the boy; "yes, you may look, Pearson. Mother had it taken just before she fell ill; he's only four, but he's the prettiest little chap, with yellow hair all in curls. I dare say they've cut them off, though," he added, bitterly. "There's a bit of a sickly child on board, belonging to the tall lady in black, that reminds me a little of him, only he isn't near as pretty as Willy."

"Yes, he is a pretty little lad," said Pearson, returning the photograph; "and now, Tom, mind my word: I am an old fellow compared to you, and I'll give you a bit of advice. The little lad is safe, at any rate, in the workhouse; he's got food and clothes, and you couldn't give him that; so be content, and try to do your own duty. If you get a good character, instead of being always had up for sulking or fighting, that's the best chance for you, and, after you, for Willy. As for the lads' teasing, why, be a bit hard of hearing, and before many years, I warrant, you'll be having Willy aboard ship as boy, when you're an able-bodied seaman."

Tom laughed. "Thank you, Pearson. Well, I'll try; but I do get wishing and bothering of nights."

"Ah, that wishing's a poor trick," said Pearson; "give it up, Tom, and work instead."

People don't often take advice, but this time it was followed. A great deal of rough weather came on; every one had as much as he could do, and Tom worked with the best of them, and to his great joy was noticed by the ship's officers as a willing lad.

One bright morning brought all the passengers on deck, – the ship was bound for Rio, – and among them came the tall lady in black, with her little boy in her arms. Tom's duties took him near her, and he could not but steal a glance at the little face like Willy's; but, O, so pale and pinched now! The child had suffered dreadfully in the rough weather; it was doubtful whether he would see land again, he was so weakened. Tom felt sorry for the little fellow, but his work engrossed him, and he had nearly forgotten the white-faced child, when, to his great surprise, the captain called him. The lady in black was a relative of the captain, and it seemed that while Tom had been glancing at the sick child, the child had been watching him, and had taken a fancy to his clear round face, and active movements.

"Let me see what sort of a head-nurse you can make," said the captain to Tom; "this little fellow will have you carry him, he says, and teach him to climb the rigging."

Tom smiled, but instantly checked himself, as hardly respectful to the captain.

They dressed Carlo up in a suit of sailor clothes. To be sure they were rather large for him, but then it was such fun to be a

real little sailor. Under Tom's care his face soon grew round and fat, and his merry laugh rang out on the air. And now he would live to see his father and his birthplace again, for he was born in South America, and had only left his Portuguese father for a few months, to accompany his English mother on a visit to her relatives.

The day before they sighted land, Tom was sent for into the captain's cabin, and there a wonderful proposal was made to him – that he should give up sea life, and go to Bella Sierra as little Carlo's attendant. Carlo's parents were rich people; little Carlo had taken a great fancy to him, and he would have good wages.

It sounded very pleasant; but little Willy! he should never see him – it would not do. Tom hesitatingly explained this to Carlo's mother, drawing the little photograph out of his pocket the while.

Then came the last and best proposition, – that Willy should come out on the *Flying Star's* next voyage, and live, too, at Bella Sierra. Mrs. Costello – the lady in black – promised to pay all expenses, and put him in charge of the stewardess. Carlo, her only child, had grown so fond of Tom, that she would do anything to keep him.

"Such an active, willing boy," she explained to the captain. "I have often watched him at work, and admired the way in which he did it."

"Well, lad," said Pearson, when Tom came to tell him the news, "wasn't I right when I told you that the best way you could work for Willy was by doing your own duty? If you had gone on

in that half-and-half, discontented way, no rich lady would have cared to have you about her house – would she?"

Tom looked thoughtful. "Yes, you were right, Pearson; you've done it all; and now I want you to do one thing more. Please look after Willy a bit when he comes out; he's such a daring little chap, he'll always be running away from the stewardess."

"Ah, you want me to be nurse now – do you?" said Pearson; "all right, lad, and as the song says, 'Don't forget me in the land you're going to.' And you can still stick to my old motto, that 'Working is better than Wishing.'"

KIND TO EVERYTHING

SOFTLY, softly, little sister,
Touch those gayly-painted wings;
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Twirl your limber hazel twig;
Little hands may harm a nestling
Thoughtlessly, as well as big.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog;
Let your unmolesting mercy
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide is God's great world around you:
Let the harmless creatures live;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

Let your heart be warm and tender —
For the mute and helpless plead;
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

THAT CALF!

TO the yard, by the barn, came the farmer one morn,
And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright, “Now, which of you, last night,
Shut the barn door, while I was abed?”
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf Spot, she was down in the lot;
And the way the rest talked was a shame;
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door;
But they said that she did, – all the same, —
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), “I was not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect;”
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, “Let who may here object,
I say ’tis that calf I suspect!”

Then out spoke the cow, “It is terrible, now,
To accuse honest folks of such tricks.”
Said the cock in the tree, “I’m sure ’twasn’t me;”
And the sheep all cried, “Bah!” (There were six.)
“Now that calf’s got herself in a fix!”

“Why, of course, we all knew ’twas the wrong thing to do.”
Said the chickens. “Of course,” said the cat;
“I suppose,” cried the mule, “some folks think me a fool;
But I’m not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she’s at!”

Just that moment, the calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
“Did you shut my barn door?” asked the farmer once more.
“I did, sir; I closed it last night,”
Said the calf; “and I thought that was right.”

Then each one shook his head. “She will catch it,” they said;
“Serve her right for her meddlesome way!”
Said the farmer, “Come here, little bossy, my dear!
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day.

“For a wonder, last night, I forgot the door, quite;
And if you had not shut it so neat,
All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat —
They’d have foundered themselves upon wheat.”

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl;
The very mule smiled; the cock crew;
“Little Spotty, my dear, you’re a favorite here,”
They cried. “We all said it was you,

We were so glad to give you your due."
And the calf answered, knowingly, "Boo!"

Phœbe Cary.

LITTLE HELPERS

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall, —
We little children are busy;
Sure, there is work for us all.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when it's dry,
Picking the apples and peaches
Down in the orchard hard by,
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering nuts in the fall, —
We little children are busy;
Yes, there is work for us all.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing and knitting,
Helping to make up the beds,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall, —

We little children are busy;
Oh, there is work for us all.

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better
When we have labored so long.
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come to their call;
Children should love to be busy;
There is much work for us all.

THE ANIMAL IN ARMOR

THIS picture of three curious little puppies looking at a tortoise reminds me of a story told of a countryman who saw some land-tortoises for the first time at a fair held in a market-place of his native village. Very much surprised at their queer look, he asked the man who was selling them how much they were.

"Eighteenpence a pair," was the answer.

"Eighteenpence!" said the man; "that is a great deal for a thing like a frog. What will you take for one *without the box*?"

Little folks would not make such a stupid mistake as this; they would know that this strange-looking animal between its two shells was a tortoise. There are different sorts – some that live on land, and some in water. Those that live in the sea are called turtles, and their shells are not so hard as that of the land-tortoise. It is easy to see why this is: a turtle would not be able to swim with so thick a shell; it would be much as if a man in armor were to try. Their shells are not all in one, but joined together by a sort of gristle, which enables them to move with greater ease and not so stiffly.

Directly any one hears the name of tortoise, he begins to think of tortoise-shell. This ought really to be called turtle-shell, as it is made from the shell of the hawk's-bill turtle. Tortoise-shell is made by soaking the plates of the shell in warm water until they

are soft; then they are pressed into the shapes wanted in warm iron moulds, and taken out and polished.

Some of the sea-turtles are very fierce; and although they have no teeth, their jaws are so strong that they can bite a walking-stick in half. Land-tortoises are quite harmless; they only attack the insects they feed upon. They go to sleep, like the dormouse, in the winter, but they do not make a burrow; they cover themselves with earth by scraping it up and throwing it over their bodies. In doing this they would find their heads and tails very much in the way if it were not that they are able to draw them in between their shells. No one, of course, knows how they find their way out again in the spring; but it is supposed that they scratch the earth away and throw it underneath them, at the same time pushing their way up.

Tortoises live to a very great age. One was given to the Zoological Gardens in 1833 which had already lived seventy years in Port Louis, in the island of Mauritius. Its shell, from the head to the tail, measured four feet four inches and a half, and it weighed two hundred and eighty-five pounds.

THE IRON RING

CHANG WANG was a Chinaman, and was reputed to be one of the shrewdest dealers in the Flowery Land. If making money fast be the test of cleverness, there was not a merchant in the province of Kwang Tung who had earned a better right to be called clever. Who owned so many fields of the tea-plant, who shipped so many bales of its leaves to the little island in the west, as did Chang Wang? It was whispered, indeed, that many of the bales contained green tea made by chopping up spoiled black tea leaves, and coloring them with copper – a process likely to turn them into a mild kind of poison; but if the unwholesome trash found purchasers, Chang Wang never troubled himself with the thought whether any one might suffer in health from drinking his tea. So long as the dealer made money, he was content; and plenty of money he made.

But knowing how to make money is quite a different thing from knowing how to enjoy it. With all his ill-gotten gains, Chang Wang was a miserable man; for he had no heart to spend his silver pieces, even on his own comfort. The rich dealer lived in a hut which one of his own laborers might have despised; he dressed as a poor Tartar shepherd might have dressed when driving his flock. Chang Wang grudged himself even a hat to keep off the rays of the sun. Men laughed, and said that he would have cut off his own pigtail of plaited hair, if he could have sold it for the

price of a dinner!

Chang Wang was, in fact, a miser, and was rather proud than ashamed of the hateful vice of avarice.

Chang Wang had to make a journey to Macao, down the great River Yang-se-kiang, for purposes of trade. The question with the Chinaman now was, in what way he should travel.

"Shall I hire a palanquin?" thought Chang Wang, stroking his thin mustaches; "no, a palanquin would cost too much money. Shall I take my passage in a trading vessel?"

The rich trader shook his head, and the pigtail behind it – such a passage would have to be paid for.

"I know what I'll do," said the miser to himself; "I'll ask my uncle Fing Fang to take me in his fishing-boat down the great river. It is true that it will make my journey a long one; but then I shall make it for nothing. I'll go to the fisherman Fing Fang, and settle the matter at once."

The business was soon arranged, for Fing Fang would not refuse his rich nephew a seat in his boat. But he, like every one else, was disgusted at Chang Wang's meanness; and as soon as the dealer had left his hovel, thus spoke Fing Fang to his sons, Ko and Jung: —

"Here's a fellow who has scraped up money enough to build a second Porcelain Tower, and he comes here to beg a free passage in a fishing-boat from an uncle whom he has never so much as asked to share a dish of his birds'-nests soup!"

"Birds'-nests soup, indeed!" exclaimed Ko; "why, Chang

Wang never indulges in luxuries such as that. If dogs' flesh were not so cheap, he'd grudge himself the paw of a roasted puppy!"

"And what will Chang Wang make of all his money at last?" said Fing Fang, more gravely; "he cannot carry it away with him when he dies."

"O, he's gathering it up for some one who will know how to spend it!" laughed Jung. "Chang Wang is merely fishing for others; what he gathers, they will enjoy."

It was a bright, pleasant day when Chang Wang stepped into the boat of his uncle, to drop slowly down the great Yang-se-kiang. Many a civil word he said to Fing Fang and his sons, for civil words cost nothing. Chang Wang sat in the boat, twisting the ends of his long mustaches, and thinking how much money each row of plants in his tea-fields might bring him. Presently, having finished his calculations, the miser turned to watch his relations, who were pursuing their fishing occupation in the way peculiar to China. Instead of rods, lines, or nets, the Fing Fang family was provided with trained cormorants, which are a kind of bird with a long neck, large appetite, and a particular fancy for fish.

It was curious to watch a bird diving down in the sunny water, and then suddenly come up again with a struggling fish in his bill. The fish was, however, always taken away from the cormorant, and thrown by one of the Fing Fangs into a well at the bottom of the boat.

"Cousin Ko," said the miser, leaning forward to speak, "how is it that your clever cormorants never devour the fish they catch?"

"Cousin Chang Wang," replied the young man, "dost thou not see that each bird has an iron ring round his neck, so that he cannot swallow? He only fishes for others."

"Methinks the cormorant has a hard life of it," observed the miser, smiling. "He must wish his iron ring at the bottom of the Yang-se-kiang."

Fing Fang, who had just let loose two young cormorants from the boat, turned round, and from his narrow slits of Chinese eyes looked keenly upon his nephew.

"Didst thou ever hear of a creature," said he, "that puts an iron ring around his own neck?"

"There is no such creature in all the land that the Great Wall borders," replied Chang Wang.

Fing Fang solemnly shook the pigtail which hung down his back. Like many of the Chinese, he had read a great deal, and was a kind of philosopher in his way.

"Nephew Chang Wang," he observed, "*I* know of a creature (and he is not far off at this moment) who is always fishing for gain – constantly catching, but never enjoying. Avarice – the love of hoarding – is the iron ring round his neck; and so long as it stays there, he is much like one of our trained cormorants – he may be clever, active, successful, but he is only fishing for others."

I leave my readers to guess whether the sharp dealer understood his uncle's meaning, or whether Chang Wang resolved in future not only to catch, but to enjoy. Fing Fang's

moral might be good enough for a heathen, but it does not go nearly far enough for a Christian. If a miser is like a cormorant with an iron ring round his neck, the man or the child who lives for his own pleasure only, what is he but a greedy cormorant with the iron ring? Who would wish to resemble a cormorant at all? The bird knows the enjoyment of *getting*; let us prize the richer enjoyment of *giving*. Let me close with an English proverb, which I prefer to the Chinaman's parable – "Charity is the truest epicure, for she eats with many mouths."

A. L. O. E.

SUMMER

I'M coming along with a bounding pace
To finish the work that Spring begun;
I've left them all with a brighter face,
The flowers in the vales through which I've run.

I have hung festoons from laburnum trees,
And clothed the lilac, the birch and broom;
I've wakened the sound of humming-bees,
And decked all nature in brighter bloom.

I've roused the laugh of the playful child,
And tired it out in the sunny noon;
All nature at my approach hath smiled,
And I've made fond lovers seek the moon.

For this is my life, my glorious reign,
And I'll queen it well in my leafy bower;
All shall be bright in my rich domain;
I'm queen of the leaf, the bud and the flower.

And I'll reign in triumph till autumn-time
Shall conquer my green and verdant pride;
Then I'll hie me to another clime
Till I'm called again as a sunny bride.

CHARLIE'S CHRISTMAS

OH how cold and miserable everything is! Hardly a thought to be uppermost on Christmas eve in the mind of a little school-boy; and yet it was that which filled the mind of Charlie Earle on the Christmas eve of which I am going to tell you. Only a few hours before, he had been as happy as any boy could be. Everybody was going home, and everybody was in the highest spirits and full of the most delightful hopes of what the holidays would bring them; and now everybody except Charlie has gone home, and he is left alone in the dreary school-room, knowing that at any rate Christmas day, and maybe many other days, are to be spent away from home, and from all the pleasant doings which he had pictured to himself and others only the very day before.

The coming of the post-bag had been scarcely noticed in the school-room that morning. So when old Bunce, the butler, looked in at the door and said, "Master Earle is wanted in the doctor's room," the boys all wondered, and Charlie's neighbor whispered to him, "Whatever can he want you for, Earle?" The doctor's tale was soon told, and it was one which sent Charlie back to the school-room with a very different face to the one with which he had left it. A letter had come to Doctor West from Charlie's father, and in it a note from his mother to Charlie himself, written the night before, and saying that a summons had come that very morning calling them to Charlie's grandmother, who was very

ill, and that they were starting for Scotland that night and would be almost at their journey's end when Charlie got the news. The note said that Laura, Charlie's sister, would go with them, but that they could not wait for Charlie himself, so they had written to Mrs. Lamb, Charlie's old nurse, who lived about ten miles from Dr. West's, and had asked her to take charge of him for a day or two, till more was known of his grandmother's state and some better plan could be made for him. It was sad enough for Charlie to hear of the illness of his kind old grandmother – sad enough to see the merry start of the other boys, while he had to stay behind; but to have to think of Christmas day spent away from father and mother, away from Laura and home, was excuse enough for a few bitter tears. But unpleasant things come to an end as well as pleasant ones, and Charlie's lonely waiting in the school-room came to its end, and he found himself that afternoon snugly packed into the Blackridge coach, and forgetting his own troubles in listening to the cheery chatter of the other passengers, and in looking at what was to be seen as the coach rolled briskly along the snow-covered road. It was quite dark when they reached Blackridge, and Charlie looked out at the people gathered round the door of the "Packhorse Inn," and a sudden fear filled his mind lest there should be no one there to meet him; but he soon saw by the light at the inn door Nurse Lamb herself, with her kind face looking so beaming that it seemed a little bit like *really* going home.

"Here, father," said Nurse Lamb to her jolly-looking husband;

"here's Master Charlie, safe and sound! You bring the luggage in the barrow while I take him home quick, for I am sure he must be cold."

And so nurse bustled Charlie off down a lane and across a meadow, till they came to a wicket-gate, beyond which stood the back of a low, deep-thatched cottage half buried in snow. On getting round to the front the door was opened by a little girl, and nurse called out, "Here, Molly, here we are;" adding, "Molly is my step-daughter, Master Charlie – the one I used to tell you about before I was married, when we were down at Hastings."

When they got into the house, there was the kitchen with its rows of bright pewter plates, its wide hearth and roaring fire, its hams hanging to the beams, all just as they had been described in the days when nurse's new home at Blackridge Farm was a subject of never-ending interest to the two children in Mrs. Earle's nursery.

After he had had a capital tea, Charlie was allowed to go round with the farmer to see that the horses were all right for the night, Charlie carrying the lantern and feeling himself quite a man as he followed the farmer into the stable. There was much coming and going at the farm that evening, for was it not Christmas eve? and nurse was busy sending off gifts to neighbors who were not so thriving as herself, and busy, too, in making preparations for the morrow. Charlie meanwhile sat in the settle and made friends with Molly, who was about his own age and knew much more, though she was only a girl, about dogs and rabbits and

tadpoles than London-bred Charlie. By and by they helped to stir the great plum-pudding, and dressed the kitchen and parlor with evergreens, till nurse called them to come and hear the chimes.

And Charlie thought it very beautiful as he stood at the door and listened to the bells. And as they stood there the wind wafted to them also the voices of the choir as they went on their round through the village, singing their carols; and then Charlie went to bed with "Hark, the herald angels sing!" ringing in his ears.

Next morning Charlie, as he ran down stairs, could hardly believe this was really Christmas day, all was so unlike any Christmas he had known before; but in the kitchen he found one thing like the Christmas mornings at home, for he found quite a little pile of parcels beside his plate, containing the pretty gifts prepared by father and mother and Laura, and sent by them to nurse, so that at any rate the little lad should not be robbed of this part of his Christmas pleasures. There was a note, too, from mother, saying that she and father and Laura were safe in Edinburgh, and that grandmother was better, and that she hoped to tell him in her next letter when they and he should meet at home in London. Such a bright beginning was enough to make all the rest of the day bright; and bright it was. Charlie found plenty to do till church-time, as Molly showed him all the nooks and corners about the farm.

The old church, with its high pews and country congregation made Charlie feel that he must be dreaming. Surely it could not be Christmas, but must be the autumn? and he and Laura and

everybody had come away from London for the holidays?

No; it was no dream. It was really Christmas; for there, round the pillars, were the holly-wreaths with their red berries, and there, behind the chancel-screen, were the same Christmas texts as in their church in London. When service was over, Charlie and Molly hurried home to help Martha, the farm-girl, to have all in readiness for the Christmas dinner. But after dinner there was not much sitting still – at any rate for Charlie; for who could think of sitting still indoors, when outside there were a pond covered with ice and a farmyard full of horses and dogs?

Nor was the evening after tea without its pleasure. When the snow began to fall, and the doors and windows were tightly closed, then a huge log was piled on the fire; and while Farmer and Mrs. Lamb sat and talked before it in the parlor, Charlie and Molly had a fine game of romps in the big kitchen with Martha; and when they were tired of that, they sat on the hearth and roasted chestnuts, while nurse read a Christmas tale to them.

And here I must leave Charlie finishing his Christmas day, hoping that any who read this story of it may agree with Charlie in thinking, when he laid his head on the pillow that night, that, though it had been spent far from home, it had not been an unhappy day, after all.

MARCELLIN

MARCELLIN, a young shepherd boy, who tended his father's flock upon the mountains, having penetrated a deep gorge to search for one of his sheep which was missing, discovered in the thickest of the forest a man lying upon the ground overcome with fatigue, and faint from want of food.

"My poor lad," said the man, "I am dying from hunger and thirst. Two days ago I came upon this mountain to hunt. I lost my way, and I have passed two nights in the woods."

Marcellin drew some bread and cheese from his knapsack, and gave to the stranger.

"Eat," he said, "and then follow me. I will conduct you to an old oak tree, in the trunk of which we shall find some water."

The food satisfied his hunger; then he followed Marcellin, and drank of the water, which he found excellent. Afterwards the boy conducted him down the mountain, and pointed out the way to the city.

Then the hunter said to the shepherd boy, "My good lad, you have saved my life. If I had remained in the mountain another night, I should have died. I will show you my gratitude. Come with me to the city. I am rich; and I will treat you as if you were my own son."

"No, sir," said Marcellin; "I cannot go with you to the city. I have a father and a mother who are poor, but whom I love with

all my heart. Were you a king, I would not leave my parents."

"But," said the hunter, "you live here in a miserable cabin with an ugly thatched roof; I live in a palace built of marble, and surrounded with statues. I will give you drink in glasses like crystal, and food upon plates of silver."

"Very likely," responded Marcellin; "but our house is not half as miserable as you suppose. If it is not surrounded with statues, it is among fruit trees and trellised vines. We drink water which we get from a neighboring fountain. It is very clear, though we do not drink from crystal cups. We gain by our labor a modest living, but good enough. And if we do not have silver ware in our house, we have plenty of flowers."

"Nonsense, my boy! Come with me," said the hunter; "we have trees and flowers in the city more beautiful than yours. I have magnificent grounds, with broad alleys, with a flower garden filled with the most precious plants. In the middle of it there is a beautiful fountain, the like of which you never saw. The water is thrown upward in small streams, and falls back sparkling into the great white marble basin. You would be quite happy to live there."

"But I am quite happy *here*," replied Marcellin. "The shade of our forests is at least as delicious as that of your superb alleys. Our fields are running over with flowers. You can hardly step without finding them under your feet. There are flowers around our cottage – roses, violets, lilies, pansies. Do you suppose that our fountains are less beautiful than your little jets of water? You

should see the merry brooks bounding down over the rocks, and running away through the flowery meadow."

"You don't know what you refuse," rejoined the hunter. "If you go into the city, you will be put to school, where you can study all departments of art and science. There are theatres, where skilful musicians will enchant your ears by harmony. There are rich saloons, to which you will be admitted, to enjoy splendid fêtes. And since you so much love the country, you shall pass your summer vacation with me in a superb chateau which I possess."

"Well, I am greatly obliged to you," replied the shepherd boy; "but I think I had better stop with father and mother. I can learn everything useful in our village school. I am taught to fear God, to honor my parents, and to imitate their virtues. I don't wish to learn anything beyond that. Then your musicians, which you tell about, do they sing any better than the nightingale or the golden robin? Then we have our concerts and our fêtes. We are right down happy when we are all together on Sunday evening under the trees. My sister sings, while I accompany her upon my flute. Our chants can be heard a long way off, and echo repeats them. And in the evening, when we stay in the house, grandfather is with us. We love him so much because he is so good. No, I will not leave my parents. I will not renounce their home, if it is humble. I cannot go to the city with you."

The hunter saw that it was of no use to argue the point; so he said, —

"What shall I give you, then, to express my gratitude for your

services? Take this purse, filled with gold."

"What need have I of it? We are poor, but we want nothing. Besides, if I accept your money, I should *sell* the little service I have been able to render. That would be wrong; my mother would blame me for such conduct. She tells me that we ought always to assist those who are in trouble and want without expecting pay for it."

"Generous boy! What shall I give you as a mark of my gratitude? You must accept something, or I shall be greatly disappointed."

"Is it so?" asked Marcellin, playfully. "Then give me the cup which is suspended at your side – that one on which is engraved a picture of some dogs pursuing a stag."

The hunter joyfully gave the cup to the happy shepherd boy, who, having once more indicated the way which would lead to the city, bade him good day, and went back to his flock.

And the rich man returned to his splendid dwelling, having learned that it is the proper use of the means we have, rather than wishing for greater, which brings happiness and contentment.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF SALVATOR ROSA

THERE is in the museum at Florence a celebrated painting, which calls to mind a thrilling adventure of Salvator Rosa when quite young.

The scene represents a solitude, very rugged and sublime – mountains upon every side, with their tops covered with snow, while through the dark clouds in the sky a few straggling sunbeams find their way to the valley. Upon the border of an immense cliff stands a group of men whose costume denotes them to be brigands of the Apennines. Upon the very edge of the precipice, erect and calm, is a young man, surrounded by the brigands, who are preparing to throw him into the depths below. The chief is a short distance away, and seemingly about to give the fatal signal. A few paces in advance stands a female, of strange beauty, waving her hand menacingly towards the chief as if commanding that the young man's life be spared. Her manner, resolute and imperious, the countenance of the chief, the grateful calmness of the prisoner, all seem to indicate that the woman's order will be obeyed, and that the victim will be saved from the frightful death with which he has been menaced.

This picture, as will be readily guessed, is the work of Salvator Rosa. Born at Arenella, near Naples, in 1615, of poor parents, he

was so admirably endowed by nature that, even in his boyhood, he became a spirited painter, a good musician, and an excellent poet. But his tastes led him to give his attention to painting.

Unfortunately, some severe satires which he published in Naples made him many enemies in that city, and he was obliged to fly to Rome, where he took a position at once as a painter. Leaving that city after a while, he went to Florence, and there found a generous encouragement and many friends, and there his talent was appreciated by the world of art.

The environs of Florence afforded him superior advantages in developing his genius. The Apennines, with their dark gorges, their picturesque landscapes, and their snow-clad peaks, pleased his wild imagination. In their vast recesses he found his best inspirations and his most original subjects. Often he wandered for days over the abrupt mountains, infested with bandits, to find work for his ambitious pencil.

One day he had advanced farther than usual into the profound and dangerous solitudes. He sat down near a torrent, and began to sketch a wild landscape before him. All of a sudden he saw, at the summit of a rock near at hand, a man leaning upon his carbine, and apparently watching him with great curiosity. A large hat, with stained and torn brim, covered his sun-burnt visage; a leather belt bound his dark sack to his body, and gave support to a pistol and hunting-knife, invariably carried by the brigands of the mountains. His black beard, thick and untidy, concealed a portion of his face; but there could be no doubt that

his dark glance was fixed upon the stranger who came to invade his domain.

For almost any other but our hero, the sudden apparition of that wild and menacing figure would have been good cause of terror. But Salvator was a painter, and a painter in love with his art; and he had in that strange costume, that forbidding look, something so much in harmony with the aspect of nature about him, that he at once made the man a subject of study.

"I mustn't lose him," he said; "he's an inhabitant of the country. He comes just in the nick of time to complete my landscape; and his position is quite fine."

And, drawing tranquilly his pencil, he began to transfer the outlines of the brigand to his album, when the stranger, coming a few paces nearer to him, said, in a rough voice, —

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Well, my good fellow, I come to take your portrait, if you'll hold still a bit," responded the painter.

"Ah, you jest with me! Have a care," said the other, coming still nearer.

"No," replied Salvator, seriously; "I am a painter; and I wander over these mountains with no other purpose but to admire these beautiful landscapes, and to sketch the most picturesque objects."

"To sketch!" cried the brigand, with evident anger, hardly knowing what the word meant. "Do you not know that these mountains belong to us? Why do you come here to spy us out?"

At these words he gave a shrill whistle, and three other

men, clothed like himself, came towards the spot from different directions.

"Seize this man!" he said to his companions; "he comes to observe us."

All resistance was useless. And so, after having tried in vain to prove his innocence, the young man was surrounded and seized.

"March!" cried the man who had first met him. "You must talk with our chief."

The leader of these brigands was a man about forty years of age, named Pietratesta. His great physical strength, his courage, and, more than all the rest, his energy, had made him a favorite among his companions, and given him authority over them. Famous among the mountains for his audacious crimes, condemned many times to an outlaw's death, pursued in vain by the officers of the law, habituated for years to a life of adventure, pillage, and murder, he treated his prisoners without pity or mercy. All who were unable to purchase their liberty by paying whatever ransom he fixed, were put to death. He looked upon civilized people not as men, but as prizes.

As he saw the captive approach, he asked the usual question, —

"Who are you?"

"Salvator Rosa, a Neapolitan painter, now resident of Florence."

"O, a painter! A poor prize, generally. But you are famous, I hear; the prince is your friend. Your pictures sell for very large

prices. You must pay us ten thousand ducats."

"Ten thousand ducats, indeed! Where do you suppose I can get so much?"

"Well, as for that, if you haven't got the money, your friends must get it for you."

"But my friends are not rich."

"Ah, excuse me!" said the chief, smiling. "When one has a prince for a protector, he is always rich."

"It is true that the prince is my patron; but he owes me nothing."

"No matter if he don't. He would not be deprived of such an artist as you for a paltry ten thousand ducats."

"He pays me for my pictures; but he will not pay my ransom."

"He *must*," said the robber, emphatically; "so no more words. Ask your friends, if you prefer, or whoever you will; but bring me ten thousand ducats, and that within a month; otherwise you must die."

As the chief uttered these words, he walked away, leaving Salvator in the middle of the ground which formed the camp.

During the short conversation two children came from one of the tents, being attracted by the noise. Their little blond heads, curiously turned towards the captive, their faces, tanned by the sun, but animated by the crimson of health and youth, and their picturesque costume had attracted the attention of the painter. When the chief had gone away, he approached them, and smiled. The children drew away abashed; then, reassured by the air of

goodness which the young man wore, they came nearer, and permitted him to embrace them.

"Are you going to live with us?" said the eldest, who was about eight years of age.

"I don't know, my little friend."

"O, I wish you would! It is so nice to stop in these mountains. There are plenty of beautiful flowers, and birds' nests, too. I have three already; I will show them to you, and then we will go and find some more. But what is that you have got under your arm?"

"It is my sketch-book."

"A sketch-book? What is a sketch-book?"

"It is what I carry my pictures in."

"Pictures? O, do let me see them!"

"Yes, indeed; here they are."

"What pretty pictures! O, mother, come and see! Here are mountains, and men, and goats. Did you make them all?"

Attracted by the call of the child, a lady came out of the principal tent. She was yet young, tall, and covered with a medley of garments from various costumes. Her face sparkled with energy, and might have been called beautiful. She threw a sad glance at Salvator, and approached him haughtily, as if to give an order. But seeing the two children busily looking over the sketch-book, and observing the familiar way with which both treated their new acquaintance, she appeared to change her manner somewhat, and began to look at the pictures herself, and to admire them. At the end of half an hour the mother and the

children seemed like old friends of Salvator Rosa.

The woman was the wife of the chief. A daughter of an honorable family, she married a young man at Pisa, her native city, who proved to be captain of this band of robbers. She could not well leave the company into which she had been betrayed; and so, with a noble self-denial, she became resigned to her hard lot. An unwilling witness of the many crimes of her husband and his companions, she suffered cruelly in her resignation. Yet her fidelity, her virtue, – things rarely known, but sometimes respected among these mountain brigands, – had given her a moral power over the men as well as over her husband. More than once she had used this means to temper their ferocity, and obtain pardon for their unfortunate prisoners.

Just then one of the brigands came and brought to the prisoner the order from the chief that he should write to his friends to obtain money for his ransom. The man was going, under a disguise, to the city of Florence; and he offered to deliver any letters intrusted to his care. He indicated the place where the ten thousand ducats must be left, so that Salvator might inform his correspondent.

Our hero had many devoted friends; but nearly all were artists like himself, and without fortune. Nevertheless, he decided to write to one of them. He gave orders that all the pictures in his studio should be sold. He hoped that the money which they would bring, together with what his friends could advance to him, would amount to the sum demanded by the chief.

This done, Salvator easily persuaded himself that he should soon be set at liberty, and the artist recovered his unconcern, and almost his usual good spirits. The country around him was full of romantic studies for his pencil. He had, besides, found in the society of the children of Pietratesta two charming companions. He instructed them in the elements of his art; and his pupils, to both of whom the study was quite new, seemed never to grow tired of their task.

In a moment of good humor, he drew caricatures of each member of the band, which created a great deal of amusement. Then he drew, with great care, the portraits of the two children. This attention profoundly touched the heart of the mother, and her tender sympathy, almost wasting among these unfeeling men, found a secret pleasure in rendering the captivity of the young painter less unhappy and less hard. She conversed with him familiarly, and it gave her great pleasure to see the care which he took to instruct her children.

So Salvator Rosa, to whom the band gave quite a considerable degree of liberty, never dreamed of taking improper advantage of it. Thanks to his fancy and his recklessness as an artist, he almost forgot that he was the prisoner of a cruel master, and that his life was in peril.

But the ransom, which he had sent for, came not. Whether the letters he had written failed to reach their destination, or whether his friends were deaf to his request for assistance, he received no answer. He wrote repeatedly, but always with the same result.

And so the months slipped by, and the chief began to grow impatient at the long delay. His wife had more than once calmed his anger, and prevented any catastrophe. At length several weeks went by, in which the expeditions of the band were unfruitful. The provisions were running low, and Pietratesta saw in his captive one unprofitable mouth. Sivora, his wife, felt her influence to be growing weaker and weaker under the increasing destitution and continued delay.

One day Pietratesta encountered his prisoner, and, addressing him in an irritated voice, —

"Well?" he said, as if his question needed no other explanation.

"Nothing yet," responded Salvator Rosa, sadly.

"Ah, this is too much!" cried the brigand. "I begin to think you are playing with me. But do you know the price Pietratesta makes those pay who cross him?"

"Alas! I am far from trying to deceive you. You know that I have done all in my power to obtain my ransom. I have written to various persons; your own men have taken my letters. You see that it is not my fault."

"It is always the fault of prisoners when their ransom is not paid."

"Wait a little longer. I will write again to-day."

"Wait! wait! A whole year, month after month, has gone by, and you repeat the same old story. A year – an age for me – I have waited. Do you think I have been making unmeaning threats?

Do you expect to abuse my patience with impunity? It has given out at last – the more so as," added he, now that he felt his anger increasing, "I ought to have settled this affair a long while ago. This is your last day, observe me."

At a sign from their chief, four bandits seized the young man, and bound him. As Salvator was led away, he cast one sad look at the dwelling where he had passed many happy hours, and from which he was going to his death. For a moment he stopped to say farewell to the children, who were standing at the door crying and stretching out their little naked brown arms towards him.

A few moments later, Sivora, who had been gathering flowers in the mountains, returned home. Observing that her husband, as well as Salvator, was absent, and her children in tears, she guessed the painful truth.

"Where is Salvator?" she asked of the eldest.

"They have bound him, and carried him away," responded the child, still crying.

"Which way?"

"Down yonder," was the reply of the child, pointing with its finger in the direction of a rocky cliff already too well known for its horrible scenes.

"Alas, wretched man!" exclaimed Sivora, almost frantically, as she comprehended the new crime her husband was about to commit. She sat down for a moment, covered her face with her hands – a prey to the most unspeakable anxiety. Then, rising suddenly, her eyes flashing with determination, —

"Come!" she said, resolutely; "come, my children. Perhaps we may yet be in time."

And, taking the hands of her little ones, who followed her with difficulty, but yet eagerly, she darted away at a rapid pace in the direction taken by the brigands.

While the men were hurrying Salvator along, the chief maintained a profound silence. His band followed him as dumb as slaves who go to execute the will of their master, which they know is law. They soon arrived at the summit of a cliff, which overhung a yawning abyss beneath. After having taken one look over the precipice, and examined the neighborhood rapidly, Pietratesta cried, "Halt!" and the whole body came to a rest.

"There is just a quarter of an hour for you to live," he said, turning to his prisoner. "You have time to die like a Christian. Make your prayer."

The young man hesitated for a moment, threw his agitated eyes around, then, kneeling on the rock, he prayed earnestly. The men stood unmoved, as if they had been statues cut from stone.

Salvator rose, with a calm demeanor, and said, addressing the chief in a firm tone, —

"My life is in your hands, I know. You are going to kill me without any cause. I have prayed," he added, with a voice full of authority, "for the salvation of my soul, and repentance for thine. God will judge us both. I am ready."

Immediately the brigands seized the young man, and hurried him towards the precipice. Already they waited but the signal

of their chief, already Pietratesta had given the fatal command, when a cry was heard not many paces distant, which suspended the preparations.

"Stop!" exclaimed a harsh voice.

The bandits, astonished at the interruption, turned to see whence it came. A woman ran towards them, her hair in disorder, her countenance pale and agitated, her dark eyes flashing with determination. She held by their hands two children, who, with weeping eyes, were hastening, with all the speed their young limbs could carry them, towards the precipice.

It was Sivora.

As she came forward the chief uttered an exclamation of disappointment and anger.

"Why do you come here?" he asked, in an irritated voice.

"You know well enough," responded Sivora, without any sign of intimidation. "What are you about to do? What is the crime of this young man? What is the wrong he has committed? You know he is innocent, and that it is not his fault that the price of his ransom has not been paid. Why commit a useless crime? You have too many on your soul already," she added, in a low, sad voice. "Since it is not too late, let the young man go. His ransom is not absolutely necessary. If it was, would his death bring it to you? Remember with what care and solicitude he has treated your children! with what patience he has instructed them in his art! See, they weep, as if their hearts would break, at the wrong you would do their friend! It is they – it is I – who ask clemency.

You will not kill Salvator; you will pardon him for the love you bear your children."

As she said these words she pushed the two little blond heads into the arms of their father.

The brigands, hesitating, touched, without knowing why, struck with an involuntary respect for the woman, remained immovable, with their eyes fixed upon their chief, as if waiting to ascertain his wishes. He stood, brooding, nervous, his eyes bent upon the ground, hardly daring to look upon Sivora, at once his suppliant and accuser, a prey to violent emotions. The authority of that respected voice, and the irritation at being deprived of his revenge, – the invincible love he had for the woman, and the shame of giving way before his men, – all these warring considerations, the effects of which were plainly to be seen on his swarthy face, spoke of the severe contest going on within.

At length his evil genius got the control.

"What do I care for his solicitude and his tenderness?" he said, in a coarse voice. "He would forget all as soon as he should get out of our hands; and he would, no doubt, send the police after us if we should let him go. I know what the promises of captives are worth. Besides, *I* command here, I alone, and I will be obeyed. Take away these children; and you, comrades, despatch your your prisoner."

"Ah! is it so?" exclaimed Sivora, in a piercing voice, throwing herself before the bandits, who were pushing their victim towards the chasm. "Then I will beg no more; I *command* now. Listen

to me well, for these are my last words. You know with what devotion, with what resignation, I have supported this bitter life which you brought me to among these mountains. The isolation, the sorrow, the shame, I have endured for thee. I have never complained. I hoped, after such sacrifices, you would at length listen to my words, and renounce your bad life. But since you do not care for my devotion, since I am nothing to you, listen well to my words, Pietratesta. If you dare to commit this odious crime, look for a mother for your children, for, with your victim, you will slay your wife!"

So saying, she advanced close to the brink of the cliff, over which she could spring at the signal from her husband.

Salvator, motionless and rooted to the spot, in silence, full of anxiety, observed this strange scene. The robbers, hardened by crime, for the first time hesitated at the command of their chief, and fixed their eyes upon the beautiful woman to whom despair added a new charm. They quailed before her authority, and stood as motionless as statues.

Pietratesta, overwhelmed by the recollections which the woman's words awakened, alarmed at her threats and her resolution, hung his head, like a guilty wretch before a just judge, while Sivora, with wild countenance, piercing voice, and imperial manner, her long black hair loosely falling upon her shoulders, with her arms extended towards the abyss, almost resembled an ancient goddess, who suddenly appears at the moment of crime, arrests the homicidal arm, and subjects the criminal to

punishment. There was in her figure an imposing grandeur, before which the rude men, for an instant recalled to themselves, felt humiliated and condemned.

Astounded by that firmness and devotion, ashamed of his violence towards the woman who was living a life of outrage, the chief, after some moments of moody silence, said, in an altered voice, —

"You wish it! He is free!"

Salvator threw himself upon his knees before his preserver, covered her hand with kisses and tears, and pressed, with transport, the two children in his arms. Completely wild with happiness and gratitude, he abandoned himself to the buoyancy of his generous nature, when Sivora said to him, in a whisper, —

"Go! go quickly! The tiger is only sleeping!"

They put a bandage over the eyes of the young man, so that he might not see the path by which he descended from the mountains, and two of the brigands then conducted him to the highway which led to the city.

Hardly had he entered Florence, yet sad from the recollection of the scene in which he came near being a victim, when the young painter hastily sketched the principal details; and, some time after, the picture of which we have spoken was composed, and hangs this day in the museum at Naples, admired and pointed out to all visitors.

L. D. L.

WE SHOULD HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING

IF we only sought to brighten
Every pathway dark with care,
If we only tried to lighten
All the burdens others bear,
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

If we only strove to cherish
Every pure and holy thought,
Till within our hearts should perish
All that is with evil fraught,
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

If it were our aim to ponder
On the good that we might win,
Soon our feet would cease to wander
In forbidden paths of sin;
We should hear the angels singing

All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

If we only did our duty,
Thinking not what it might cost,
Then the earth would wear new beauty
Fair as that in Eden lost;
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

Kate Cameron.

MY LITTLE HERO

HOW we wish that we knew a hero!"
Say the children, pressing round;
"Will you tell us if such a wonder
In London streets can be found?"

I point from my study-window
At a lad who is passing by:
"My darlings, there goes a hero;
You will know his oft-heard cry."

"'Tis the chimney-sweep, dear father,
In his jacket so worn and old;
What can *he* do that is brave and true,
Wandering out in the cold?"

Says Maudie, "I thought that a hero
Was a man with a handsome face."
"And I pictured him all in velvet dressed,
With a sword," whispered little Grace.

"Mine is only a 'sweeper,' children,
His deeds all unnoticed, unknown;
Yet I think he is one of the heroes
God sees and will mark for his own.

“Out there he looks eager and cheerful,
No matter how poorly he fares;
No sign that his young heart is heavy
With the weight of unchildish cares.

“Home means to him but a dingy room,
A father he shudders to see;
Alas for the worse than neglected sons
Who have such a father as he!

“And a mother who lies on a ragged bed,
So sick and worn and sad;
No friend has she but this one pale boy —
This poor little sweeper-lad,

“So rough to others, and all unskilled,
Yet to her most tender and true,
Oft waking with patient cheerfulness
To soothe her the whole night through.

“He wastes no time on his own scant meals,
But goes forth with the morning sun;
Never a moment is wasted
Till his long day’s work is done.

“Then home to the dreary attic
Where his mother lies lonely all day,
Unheeding the boys who would tempt him

To linger with them and play.

“Because she is helpless and lonely,
He is doing a hero’s part;
For loving and self-denying
Are the tests of a noble heart.”

ROBIN REDBREAST

ROBIN, Robin Redbreast,
O, Robin, dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle,
And moan all round the house.
The frosty way like iron,
The branches plumed with snow —
Alas! in winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O, Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

HOW SWEETIE'S "SHIP CAME IN."

A CHRISTMAS STORY

IT will be a real honest story – of how Christmas came to a poor cold home, and made it bright, and warm, and glad. A *very* poor home it was, up three flights of worm-eaten, dirt-stained stairs, in the old gray house that stood far up a narrow, crooked alley, where the sun never shone except just a while in the middle of the day. He tried hard to brighten up the place a little, but the tall houses all about prevented him. Still he slanted a few golden beams even into that wretched home away up under the eaves; for though the few small panes of glass in the narrow windows had been mostly broken out, and their places filled with boards nailed tight to keep out the wintry winds, and rain, and snow, still there were some left through which a feeble ray did sometimes creep and make glad the hearts of the children. Five fatherless children lived with their mother in that old garret. Night and day the mother sewed, taking scarcely any rest, and yet found it hard to keep all the little toes and knees covered, and could get only the poorest food for the five hungry mouths. The thought that, work never so hard, she could not earn enough to give them one

hearty, satisfying meal, made her heart ache.

Three boys and two girls, in one old naked room, with only their mother to care for them, and she so poor, that for years she had not had a new gown, or a new bonnet! Yet she liked pretty new clothes, as well as any one ever did, I know.

Of these five little folks, the oldest was Harry, the newsboy; then came Katie, and Willie, and Fred, and, last of all, wee Jennie.

Though Harry was the oldest, yet *he* was not very old. Just twelve – a thin, white little fellow, with eyes that always looked as if they wanted more. More what? Well, more sunshine; more warm clothes, and bright, hot fires, and, O, very much more to eat! Sometimes he would make fifty cents in a day, selling newspapers, and then he would hurry joyfully home, thinking of the hungry little mouths it would help to fill. But some days he would hardly earn ten cents the whole long day. Then he would go slowly and sadly along, wishing all sorts of things – that he could take home as much meat as he could carry to the little ones who had not eaten meat for so long they had almost forgotten how it tasted; or that the gentlemen, who owned the clothing stores which he was passing, would say to him, "Come in, my little fellow, and help yourself to as many warm clothes as you want for yourself and your little brothers at home;" or that he could find a heap of money – and his mouth would water, thinking of the good things which he could buy and take home with some of it.

The other children always knew whether it had been a good

or bad day with Harry, by the way he came up the stairs. If he came with a hop, skip, and a jump, they knew it meant a good day; and a good day for Harry was a good evening for them all.

Though Katie was really the name of the second child, she hardly ever was called so; for her mother, and the children, and all the neighbors, called her Sweetie, she was so good and so thoughtful for others, so sweet-tempered and kind. She did everything so gently that none of them could ever love her half as much as she deserved. Though only ten years old, and very small and pale, she did every bit of the housework, and kept the ugly old room and its faded furniture so neat, that it seemed almost home-like and pretty to them all. It was happiness enough for the little ones to get her first kiss when she came back from an errand, to sit by her at table, and, above all, to lie closest to her at night. Willie, and Fred, and Jennie, all slept with her on a straw bed in the corner; and they used to try to stretch her little arms over them all, so that even the one farthest off might feel the tips of her fingers, so dearly did they love her.

They had once owned more than one bedstead, and many other comfortable things besides; but when their father was killed at the great factory where he worked, their mother was obliged to sell almost everything to get enough money to pay for his funeral, and to help support her little family; so that now she had only a narrow wooden settee for her bed, while Harry stretched himself on a couple of chairs, and the rest slept all together in the bed on the floor. Poor as they were, they were not very unhappy. Almost

every night, when their mother took the one dim candle all to herself, so that she could see to sew neatly, Sweetie would amuse the other children by telling them beautiful stories about the little flower people, and the good fairies, and about Kriss Kringle – though how she knew about him I can't tell, for he never came down their chimney at Christmas.

"And, when my ship comes in," Sweetie used to say, "I'll have the tallest and handsomest Christmas tree, filled to the top with candies and toys, and lighted all over with different-colored candles, and we'll sing and dance round it. Let's begin now, and get our voices in tune." Then they would all pipe up as loud as they could, and were as happy as if they half believed Sweetie's ship was ready to land.

But there came a hard year for poor needle-women: it was the year I am writing about, and Sweetie's mother found it almost impossible to get even the necessaries of life. Her children's lips were bluer, their faces more pinched, and thin, threadbare clothes more patched than ever. Sweetie used to take the two boys, and hunt in the streets for bits of coal and wood; but often, the very coldest days, they would have no fire. It was very hard to bear, and especially for the poor mother, who still had to toil on, though she was so chilled, and her hands so numbed, she could hardly draw her needle through her work; and for Harry, who trudged through the streets from daylight until the street lamps were lighted.

The day before Christmas came. People were so busy cooking

Christmas dainties that they did not stop to sift their cinders very carefully, and Sweetie and the boys had picked up quite a large bag full of half-burnt coal in the alleys, and were carrying it home as carefully as if it were a great treasure – as, indeed, it was to them. Being very tired, they sat down to rest on the curbstone in front of an elegant mansion. One of the long windows was open.

"Let's get close up under the window," said Sweetie. "I guess it's too warm inside, and may be we shall get some of the heat. O! O! don't it smell good?" she cried, as the savory odors of the Christmas cooking stole out upon the air.

"What is it, Sweetie?" whispered Willie.

"Coffee," said Sweetie, "and turkeys, and jelly, perhaps."

"I wish I had some," sighed Freddy, "I'm so cold and hungry!"

"Poor little man! he must come and sit in Sweetie's lap; that will make him warmer," said his sister, wrapping her shawl around him.

"Yes; that's nice," said the little fellow, hugging her tight.

Mr. Rogers, the owner of this fine house, had lost his wife and two dear children within the year. He lived here alone, with his servants, and was very desolate. When the children stopped under his window, he was lying on a velvet sofa near it, and, lifting himself up, he peeped out from behind the curtains just as Fred crept into his sister's arms; and he heard all they said.

"When your ship comes in, Sweetie, will it have turkeys and jellies in it?" said Willie, leaning against her.

"Yes, indeed," said Sweetie. "There will be turkeys almost as

big as Jennie, and a great deal fatter."

"But it's so long coming, Sweetie; you tell us every time it *will* come, and it never *comes* at all."

"O, no, Freddy. I don't ever say it *will* come, but it's nice to think what we would do if it should come – isn't it?"

"We'd buy a great white house, like this – wouldn't we, Sweetie?"

"No, Willie. I'd rather buy that nice little store over by the church, that's been shut up so long, and has FOR SALE on the door. I'd furnish it all nice, and fill the shelves with beautiful goods, and trimmings for ladies' dresses, and lovely toys. It shows so far that everybody would be sure to buy their Christmas things there. It's just the dearest little place, with two cosy rooms back of the shop, and three overhead; and I'd put flour and sugar, and tea and coffee, and all sorts of goodies, in the kitchen cupboard, and new clothes for all of us in the closets up stairs. Then I'd kindle a fire, and light the lamps, and lock the door, and go back to the dreary old garret once more – poor mother would be sitting there, sad and sober, as she always is now, and I would say to her, 'Come, mother, before you light the candle, Jennie and I want you to go with us, and look at the lovely Christmas gifts in the shop windows.' Then she'd say, sorrowfully, 'I don't want to see them, dear; I can't buy any of them for you, and I don't want to look at them.' But I'd tease her till I made her go; and I'd leave Harry, who would know all about it beforehand, to lock up the dismal old room, and bring all the rest of you over to the new house. You'd

get there long before we did, and the light would be streaming out from the little shop windows – O, so bright! 'Mother,' I'd say, 'let's go in here, and buy the cotton you wanted;' and when I got her in, I'd shut the door quick, and dance up and down, and say, 'Dear mother. Sweetie's ship's come in, and brought you this new home, and everything comfortable; and Sweetie will tend the shop, and you needn't sew any more day and night, for it's going to be – ' 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for us – every one!' Harry and all of you would shout, and our dear mother would cry for joy."

"Will it come to pass soon, Sweetie?" asked both the boys at once.

"Not very, I'm afraid," answered Sweetie, in a subdued tone; but, when she saw their look of disappointment, she brightened up in a moment, and added, "It'll be all the better, when it does come, for waiting so long – but look here! To-night is Christmas Eve, and we've got coal enough here to make a splendid fire. We won't light it till dark, and then it will last us all the evening. And I've got a great secret to tell you: Harry made a whole dollar yesterday, and mother is going to give us each three big slices of fried mush, and bread besides, for supper; and, after supper, I'll tell you the prettiest story you ever heard, and we'll sing every song we know, and I guess we'll have a merry Christmas if nobody else does."

"I wish it was Christmas all the time," said Freddy, faintly.

"Christ was born that day," said Sweetie, softly, "and that

makes it best of all."

"Yes," said Willie; "the dear Lord who came from Heaven and, for our sakes, became poor, and had not where to lay his head, not even a garret as good as ours – "

"I know," said Freddy; "he was born in a manger, and a beautiful star shined right over it. I can sing a hymn about it."

Then they picked up their bag, and started for home, gay as larks over the prospect of the treat they were to have that night – fried mush and a fire! that was all, you know.

Mr. Rogers, concealed by the heavy silk curtains, had heard every word they said, and his eyes were full of tears. He rang for his servant.

"Harris," said he, when the man came in, "follow those children, find out where they live, and what their neighbors say of the family."

When he was left alone again, he began to think, —

"Rich as I am, I have never yet done any great good to anybody. Who knows but God may have sent those children under my window to teach me that, instead of my own lost darlings, he means me to care for these and other suffering little ones who live in the lanes and alleys of this great city!"

Harris soon came back, and told his master what he had learned about the circumstances of the family; and he added, —

"Everybody calls the oldest girl Sweetie, and they do say she's as good as gold."

Mr. Rogers went out, and, before night, had bought the little

corner store, for which Sweetie had longed. Then, calling his servants together, he related what he had overheard the children say, and told them how anxious he was to grant Sweetie's wish, and let her take her mother to her new home on Christmas Day.

"But I cannot do it," said Mr. Rogers, "unless you are willing to help me work on Christmas Eve, for there is a great deal to be done."

No one could refuse to aid in so good a cause; and besides, Mr. Rogers was always so considerate of his servants that they were glad to oblige him. They all went to work with a will, and soon the little house and store were put in perfect order.

There were ribbons, laces, buttons, needles, pins, tapes, and, indeed, all sorts of useful things in the store. In the cellar were coal and wood, two whole hams, a pair of chickens, and a turkey. The kitchen pantry was stocked with sugar and flour. There was one barrel of potatoes, and another of the reddest apples. Up stairs the closets and bureaus were bursting with nice things to wear, not quite made into garments, but ready to be made, as soon as Sweetie and her mother got time.

So rapidly and so completely was everything arranged, that it seemed as if one of those good fairies, of whom Sweetie had so often told the children, had been at work.

"The money this has cost me," thought Mr. Rogers, "will make a family of six happy, and do them good all the rest of their lives. I am glad the thought has come to my heart to celebrate Christ's birthday in so pleasant a way."

Late in the afternoon he picked his way through the dull, dirty alley to the old gray house where Sweetie lived. As he went up the worn and dusty stairway, he heard the children singing their Christmas songs.

"Poor little things!" said he; and the tears stood in his eyes. "Happy even in this miserable place, while I know so many surfeited with luxuries, and yet pining and discontented!"

Harry jumped to open the door as he knocked; and Mr. Rogers, entering, apologized to the children's mother for his intrusion by saying he had come to ask a favor.

"It is but little we can do for any one, sir," replied Mrs. Lawson; "but anything in our power will be cheerfully done."

"Even if I propose to carry off this little girl of yours for a while?" he asked; but, seeing the troubled look in the other children's faces, he hastened to explain.

"The truth is," said he, "having no little folks of my own, I thought I'd try and make other people's happy to-day; so I set out to get up a Christmas tree; but I find I don't know how to go to work exactly, and I want Sweetie to help me."

He spoke so sadly when he said he had no children of his own, that Sweetie could not refuse to go.

"O, yes, sir," said she; "I'll go; that is, if I may come back this evening – for I couldn't disappoint Freddy and all of them, you know!"

"They shan't be disappointed, I promise you," said Mr. Rogers, as he took her down stairs.

"Why, I never was in a carriage in all my life," said Sweetie, as he lifted her into his beautiful clarence, and sat down beside her.

"I shouldn't wonder if you should ride in a carriage pretty often now," said Mr. Rogers, "for your ship's coming in."

Sweetie couldn't tell whether she was in a dream or not. Half crying, half laughing, her face flushed with surprise, she asked, —

"How did you know?"

"Know what?" said her friend, enjoying her bewilderment.

"Why," she answered, "about the way I keep up the children's spirits, and make them forget they are hungry and cold, while I tell them about my ship coming in?"

"A little bird told me," said he, and then was quiet.

Sweetie did not like to ask any more; so she sat quite still, leaning back in one corner of the carriage, among the soft, crimson cushions, and watched the people in the street, thinking how happy she was, and how strange it was that little Katie Lawson should be riding with a grand gentleman in a splendid carriage!

Suddenly, with a whirl and a turn, they stopped before a house. Mr. Rogers lifted her out, and led her up the broad steps; and she found he was taking her into the beautiful white house, under the windows of which she had sat with Willie and Fred the day before.

"Now," said Mr. Rogers, rolling a comfortable arm-chair for Sweetie in front of a glowing fire, "while you are getting warm,

and eating your dinner, I am going to tell you about my Christmas tree, and how your ship came in."

A little table was brought in, and set between them, filled with so many delicacies, that Sweetie's head grew dizzy at the sight. She thought of her little hungry brothers and sister, and would rather not have eaten, but Mr. Rogers made her.

"My little girl," said he, finally, "never forget this: God always rewards a faithful heart. If he seems to be a long time without caring for his children, he never forgets or forsakes them."

Then he told her that he had overheard her conversation with her brothers under his window, and that God had suddenly put it into his heart to take care of some of the poor and fatherless in that great city. "And I am going to begin with Sweetie," said he, very tenderly; "and this is the way her ship shall come in. She shall have a new home to give to her mother for a Christmas present, and the boys shall sing their Christmas hymns to-night in the bright little parlor of the corner store, instead of the dingy old garret; and here are the deeds made out in Katie Lawson's own name, and nobody can take it away from her. But come, little woman," he added, – for Sweetie was sobbing for joy, and could not thank him, – "go and wash your face, for the horses are tired of standing in the cold, and we must go and fetch the boys, or I shall never get my Christmas tree set up."

An old lady, with a face beaming with kindness, – it was Mr. Rogers's housekeeper, – then took Sweetie, and not only washed her tear-stained cheeks, but curled her soft brown hair, and put

on her the loveliest blue dress, with boots to match. All the time she was dressing her, Sweetie, who could not believe her senses, kept murmuring, —

"It's only a dream; it's too good to be true; the boys won't believe it, I know; it's just like a fairy story, and, of course, it's only pretending."

"No, indeed," said the old lady; "it's really true, my dear, and I hope you'll be so grateful and kind to Mr. Rogers that he won't be so lonely as he has been without his own dear little children."

Sweetie could hardly realize her own good fortune; and, when she went down into the parlor, she burst into tears again, saying, —

"O, sir, I can't believe it. I am so happy!"

"So am I, Sweetie," said Mr. Rogers; and really it was hard to tell which was the happier – it is always so much more blessed to give than to receive. Together they rode to the new home, and laughed and cried together as they went all over it. After they had been up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber, as Mr. Rogers said, he put her into the carriage again.

"James," said he to the coachman, "you are under this young lady's orders to-night, and must drive carefully."

Then, kissing Sweetie, he put the key of her new home into her hand, and, telling her he should want her help to-morrow about his Christmas tree, he bade her good night.

James drove Sweetie home, for the last time, to the dilapidated old house. She ran up stairs, Freddy said afterwards, "just as

Harry always did when he'd had a good day." "Mother and children," said she, "Mr. Rogers, the kind gentleman who was here, has sent me back in his carriage to take you all to see something beautiful he has been showing me. Harry, you be the gentleman of the house, and hand mother and Jennie to the carriage, and I'll come right along." She stopped long enough – this good child, who, even in her own good fortune, did not forget the misfortunes of others – to run into the next room, where an old woman lived, who was a cripple, and whose daughter supported her by sewing.

"Mrs. Jones," said she, hurriedly, "a kind gentleman has given us a new home, and we are going to it to-night, never to come back here to live any more. Our old room, with the rent paid for a year, and all there is in it, I want you to take as a Christmas present from Sweetie; and I wish you a Happy, happy New Year, and please give this to Milly;" and, slipping a five-dollar bill, which Mr. Rogers had given her, into the old woman's hand, she ran out, and jumped into the carriage. The street lamps blinked at them, like so many stars, as they rolled along, and the boys and Jennie screamed with delight; but Sweetie sat quite still.

James knew where to stop. Sweetie got out first, and ran and unlocked the door of the little corner store. When they were all inside, and before any one had time to ask a question, Sweetie threw her arms about her mother's neck.

"Mother," she cried, "Sweetie's ship's come in; but it never would have come if it had not been for Mr. Rogers; and it's

brought you this pretty house and shop for your own, and, please God, we'll all have – "

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" shouted Willie, ending her sentence just as she had ended the story the day before.

"And all the better," said Fred, who remembered too, "because Christ was born that day."

Mrs. Lawson, overwhelmed with joy, fainted. She soon recovered, however, though Sweetie insisted on her lying on the soft lounge before the fire, while she set the table. How pretty it looked, with its six purple and white plates, and cups and everything to match! How they did eat! How happy they were!

"Now," said Mrs. Lawson, when the dishes were washed, and they all sat round the fire, "my little Sweetie, whose patience, and courage, and cheerfulness have kept up the hearts of the rest of us, and proved the ship that has brought us this cargo of comforts, you must tell us your Christmas story before we go to bed."

So Sweetie told them all Mr. Rogers had said and done for her. They were so excited they sat up very late, and happiness made them sleep so soundly, that they did not wake till the sun was shining brightly into the little shop. People began to come in very early, to make little purchases. One lady bought a whole dollar's worth of toys, which made them feel as if they were full of business already.

Later in the forenoon, Mr. Rogers sent for Harry and Sweetie to come and help dress his Christmas tree; and Christmas night

his parlor was filled with poor children, for each of whom some useful gift hung on the tree. Milly was there by Sweetie's invitation, and Mr. Rogers sent her home in his carriage, with the easiest chair that money could buy for her old lame mother. The tears filled his eyes as Milly thanked him again and again for all his kindness; and, as he shut the door after the last one, he said, —

"Hereafter I will make it always a Merry Christmas for God's needy ones."

I am sure he did, for he had Sweetie always near him. He used to call her his "Christmas Sweeting;" and then she would laugh, and say he was her "Golden Sweeting."

What is better than gold he gave the family: he found patrons for Mrs. Lawson, and customers for the shop, and placed Harry in a mercantile house, where he soon rose to be head clerk. The other children he put at school. Sweetie he never would let go very far out of his sight. He had her thoroughly and usefully educated, and no less than her mother, and brothers, and sister, did he bless the day when "Sweetie's ship came in" —

A ship which brought for every day
A welcome hope, an added joy,
A something sweet to do or say,
And hosts of pleasures unalloyed,

Its cargo, made of pleasant cares,
Of daily duties to be done,

Of smiles and laughter, songs and prayers,
The glad, bright life of Happy Ones.

Margaret Field.

NOTHING TO DO

I HAVE sailed my boat and spun my top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now – I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks —
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

I can see where the boys have gone to fish;
They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow"
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,

Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod:
I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away
After berries. I'm sure they've been out for hours;
I wonder what makes them stay?
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,
"Because you have nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
With his little half hour of play;
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through;
But then he is never tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.

TWO "GENTLEMEN IN FUR CLOAKS."

THIS is the name given to the bears in Kamschatka by the Laplanders, who think they will be offended if they are called by their real name; and we may give the same name to the bears in the picture. They are Polar bears, who live in the seas round the North Pole, and fine white fur coats they have of their own. They are white on purpose, so that they may not be seen easily among all the snow and ice in which they live. The head of the Polar bear is very long and flat, the mouth and ears are small in comparison with other bears, the neck is long and thick, and the sole of the foot very large. Perhaps you will wonder how the bear manages to walk on the ice, as nobody is very likely to give him skates or snow-boots. To be sure, he has strong, thick claws, but they would not be of much use – they would only make him slip on the hard ice – but the sole of the foot is covered nearly all over with thick, woolly hair, so the bear walks as safely as old ladies do when they wrap list round their boots.

The Polar bear likes to eat fish, though he will eat roots and berries when he can get no better, and he is a very good swimmer; he can dive, too, and make long leaps in the water. If he wants a boat, he has only to get on a loose piece of ice, and then he can float about at his ease.

This is a full-grown bear, of course. Young bears cannot do all these things; they have to stay with their mothers on shore, where they eat seals and seaweed; the seaweed is their vegetable, I suppose. When the young bears travel and get tired, they get on their mother's back, and ride there quite safely, whether in the water or on land.

Bears are very fond of their young, and will do anything to defend them. There is a story told of a poor mother-bear and her two cubs which is almost too sad to tell, but it will make us think kindly of the bear, so I will tell it to you.

Years ago a ship which had gone to the North Pole to make discoveries got fixed tight in the ice; one morning, while the ship was still unable to get loose, a man at the lookout gave warning that three bears were coming across the ice toward the ship. The crew had killed a walrus a few days before, and no doubt the bears had smelled it. The flesh of the walrus was roasting in a fire on the ice, and two of the bears ran eagerly to it, dragged out the bits that were not burnt, and began to eat them; they were the cubs, but were almost as large as their mother.

The sailors threw some more of the flesh they had on board on to the ice. These the old bear fetched; and putting them before her cubs, she divided them, giving them each a large piece, and only keeping a small bit for herself. When she came to fetch the last piece the sailors shot at the cubs, killing them; they also wounded the mother, but not mortally; the poor mother never thought of herself, only of her cubs. They were not quite dead,

only dying, and she crawled to where they lay, with the lump of meat she had fetched, and put it down before them, as she had done the first time. When she found they did not eat, she took hold first of one, then of the other, and tried to lift them up, moaning pitifully all the time, as if she thought it would be of no use. Then she went a little way off and looked back. But the cubs were dead now, and could not move, so she went back to them and began to lick their wounds. Once more she crawled away from them, and then again came back, and went round and round them, pawing them and moaning. At last she seems to have found out that they were dead; and turning to the ship, she raised her head and uttered a loud growl of anger and despair. The cruel sailors fired at her in reply, and she fell between her poor dead cubs, and died licking their wounds.

CHARLIE'S ESCAPE

I HAVE some boy-cousins living in the country of whom I think a great deal. They write me letters quite often. I can hardly tell whose letters give me the most pleasure, the "big boys'," who write me about their school, their colts and calves, their good times on the holidays, or the little printed letters I get from the "small boys," telling me how many chickens they have and that they love me. I am sure I love them *all*, and hope they will grow to be good, true men.

Charlie is one of the "big boys." Not *very* big, either – just thirteen years old, and rather small and slight for his years. A few weeks ago a neighbor of his father's was going away, and got Charlie to do "the chores" for him during his absence – feed the young cattle, milk the cow and keep things in order about the barn. Charlie is an obliging boy, so he performed his task faithfully. If I had time, boys, I would just like to stop here and give you a little lecture on faithfulness, with Charlie for a model, for he *is* a "faithful boy." But I want to tell my story. For two or three days Charlie went each morning to his neighbor's barn, and after milking the cow turned all the creatures to pasture, and every night drove them home again. One morning, as he stood by the bars waiting for them all to pass out, a frisky year-old calf – "a yearling" the farmers call them – instead of going orderly over the bars, as a well-disposed calf should, just gave

a side jump and shook her horns at Charlie. “Over with you!” called Charlie, and waved his hand at her. Miss Yearling either fancied this an insult or an invitation to single combat, for she again lowered her head and ran at Charlie, who had no stick, and so thought best to run from the enemy. He started for the stable door, but in his hurry and fright he could not open it, and while fumbling at the latch the creature made another attack. Charlie dodged her again, and one of her horns pierced the door nearly an inch. Again she ran at him, and with her nose “bunted” him off his feet. Charlie was getting afraid now, and called out to the folks in the house, “Oh, come and help me!” and right then he bethought him of something he had read in his father’s “Agriculturist” about a boy in similar danger, who saved himself by grasping the cow’s horns that had attacked him. So just as the yearling was about to try again if she could push him over, he took fast hold of each horn. But his situation was getting *very unpleasant*, for he was penned up in a corner, with the barn behind him, a high fence on one side and the now angry heifer in front. He had regained his feet, but was pushed and staggered about, for he was fast losing his strength. No wonder his voice had a quiver in it as he again shouted as loud as he could, “Oh, do come quick!” The lady in the house was busy getting breakfast, and heard no sound. A lady-visitor in one of the chambers heard the first call, but thought it only boys at play. By and by the distressed shout again smote her ears, and this time she heard the words, “Help me!” She ran down stairs to the housekeeper,

who opened the outside door and listened. Charlie's voice was weak and faint now, and the fear came to the lady that he had fallen into the barn cellar. She ran quickly to the great door of the barn. "Where are you, Charlie?" "Come to the stable door," answered back a faint, trembling voice. She quickly ran through the barn to that door, but she could not open it at first, for the heifer had pushed herself around till she stood broadside against the door. But the lady pushed hard and got the door open a little way, and seizing the big stable broom hit the naughty animal two or three heavy whacks that made her move around; and as soon as she opened the door wide, Charlie let go her horns, and she (the heifer), not liking the big broom-handle, turned and ran off as fast as her legs could go. The lady helped Charlie up and into the house, for he could hardly stand. He was bruised and lame, and the breath had almost left him. But after resting a while and taking some good warm drink, he tried to walk home; and though the lady helped him, he found it hard work, for he was so sore and bruised. Charlie's mother was frightened enough to see her boy come home leaning on their neighbor's arm and looking so pale. She helped him undress and lie down, and then she did just what your mother, little reader-boy, would do if you had such an escape as Charlie's. She put her arms around her boy and said, "Let us thank the good Lord that you were not killed, my boy." And do you think Charlie will ever forget his escape? I don't. And I hope he will always thank "the good Lord" not only for the escape, but for his every blessing.

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