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**THE CANADIAN FLAG**

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THE ALEXANDRA READERS

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# THIRD READER

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# THIRD READER

## CANADA! MAPLE LAND!

Canada! Maple land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and River-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility—
Fear that is reverent—not fear that is base;
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of Nations! the offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

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## THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES

There was once an honest shoemaker who worked very hard at his trade; yet through no fault of his own he grew poorer and poorer. At last he had only just enough leather left to make one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather so as to be ready to make the shoes the next day.

He rose early in the morning, and went to his bench. But what did he see? There stood the pair of shoes, already made. The poor man could hardly believe his eyes, and he did not know what to think. He took the shoes in his hand to look at them closely. Every stitch was in its right place. A finer piece of work was never seen.

Very soon a customer came, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them. The shoemaker now had enough money to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. In the evening he cut them out with great care, and went to bed early so that he might be up in good time the next day. But he was saved all trouble; for when he rose in the morning, two pairs of well-made shoes stood in a row upon his bench.

Presently in came customers, who paid him a high price for the shoes, and with the money that he received, he bought enough leather to make four pairs of shoes. Again he cut the work out

overnight and again he found it finished in the morning. The shoemaker's good fortune continued. All the shoes he cut out in the day were finished at night. The good man rose early, and he was busy every moment of the day. Every pair found ready sale. "Never did shoes wear so long," said the buyers.

One evening, about Christmas time, the shoemaker said to his wife, "Let us watch to-night and see who it is that does this work for us." So they left a light burning and hid themselves behind a curtain which hung in the corner of the room. As soon as it was midnight there came two little dwarfs. They sat down upon the shoemaker's bench, and began to work with their tiny fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away. Never had the good shoemaker and his wife seen such rapid work. The elves did not stop till the task was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak, and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the shoemaker's wife said to her husband: "These little folks have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them a service in return. They must be cold, for they have nothing on their backs to keep them warm. I shall make each of them a suit of clothes, and you shall make some shoes for them."

This the shoemaker was very glad to do. When the little suits and the new shoes were finished, they were laid on the bench instead of the usual work. Again the good people hid themselves in the corner of the room to watch. About midnight the elves appeared. When they found the neat little garments waiting for them, they showed the greatest delight. They dressed in a moment, and jumped and capered and sprang about until they danced out of the door and over the green.

Never were they seen again, but everything went well with the shoemaker and his wife from that time forward as long as they lived.
—Jacob Grimm.

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I am only one;
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything;
But still I can do something.
And because I cannot do everything,
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

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## SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA

Sing, ye ripening fields of wheat,
  Sing to the breezes passing by,
Sing your jubilant song and sweet,
  Sing to the earth, the air, the sky!

Earth that held thee and skies that kissed
  Morning and noon and night for long,
Sun and rain and dew and mist,
  All that has made you glad and strong!

The harvest fields of the far, far west
  Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!
Every ripple upon its breast
  Sings peace, and plenty and wealth untold!

Far as the eye can reach it goes,
  Farther yet, 'till there seems no end,
Under a sky where blue and rose
  With the gold and turquoise softly blend.

Here, where sweep the prairies lone,
  Broad and beautiful in God's eyes,
Here in this young land, all our own,
  The garner-house of the old world lies.

—Jean Blewett.

*From "The Cornflower and Other Poems," by permission.*

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## WORK

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
  Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
  Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
  Up and away, every one!"

Honeybee, honeybee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose,—
  A secret worth the knowing!"

—Mary N. Prescott.

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## FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR

One day a ragged beggar was creeping along from house to house. He carried an old wallet in his hand, and was asking at every door for a few cents to buy something to eat. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that people who had so much money were never satisfied, but were always wanting more.

"Here," said he, "is the master of this house—I know him well. He was always a good business man, and he made himself wondrously rich a long time ago. Had he been wise he would have stopped then. He would have turned over his business to some one else, and then

he could have spent the rest of his life in ease. But what did he do instead? He began building ships and sending them to sea to trade with foreign lands. He thought he would get mountains of gold.

“But there were great storms on the water; his ships were wrecked, and his riches were swallowed up by the waves. Now his hopes all lie at the bottom of the sea, and his great wealth has vanished like the dreams of a night. There are many such cases. Men seem never to be satisfied unless they can gain the whole world. As for me, if I had only enough to eat and to wear I would not wish anything more.”

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him: “Listen! I have long desired to help you. Hold your wallet and I shall pour this gold into it. But I shall pour only on this condition: All that falls into the wallet shall be pure gold, but every piece that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?”

“Oh, yes, I understand,” said the beggar.

“Then have a care,” said Fortune. “Your wallet is old; so do not load it too heavily.”

The beggar was so glad that he could hardly wait. He quickly opened his wallet, and a stream of yellow dollars was poured into it. The wallet soon began to grow heavy.

“Is that enough?” asked Fortune.

“Not yet.”

“Isn’t it cracking?”

“Never fear.”

The beggar’s hands began to tremble. Ah, if the golden stream would only pour forever!

“You are the richest man in the world now!”

“Just a little more,” said the beggar; “add just a handful or two.”

“There, it’s full. The wallet will burst.”

“But it will hold a little more, just a little more!”

Another piece was added and the wallet split. The treasure fell upon the ground and was turned to dust. Fortune had vanished.

The beggar had now nothing but his empty wallet, and it was torn from top to bottom. He was as poor as before.

—*From the Russian of* Ivan Kriloff.

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## THE SPRITE

A little sprite sat on a moonbeam
  When the night was waning away,
And over the world to the eastwards
  Had spread the first flush of the day.
The moonbeam was cold and slippery,
  And a fat little fairy was he;
Around him the white clouds were sleeping,
  And under him slumbered the sea.

Then the old moon looked out of her left eye,
  And laughed when she thought of the fun,
For she knew that the moonbeam he sat on
  Would soon melt away in the sun;
So she gave a slight shrug of her shoulder,
  And winked at a bright little star—
The moon was remarkably knowing,
  As old people always are.

“Great madam,” then answered the fairy,
  “No doubt you are mightily wise,
And know possibly more than another
  Of the ins and the outs of the skies.
But to think that we don’t in our own way
  An interest in sky-things take
Is a common and fatal blunder
  That sometimes you great ones make.

“For I’ve looked up from under the heather,
  And watched you night after night,
And marked your silent motion
  And the fall of your silvery light.
I have seen you grow larger and larger,
  I have watched you fade away;
I have seen you turn pale as a snowdrop
  At the sudden approach of day.

“So don’t think for a moment, great madam,
  Though a poor little body I be,
That I haven’t my senses about me,
  Or am going to drop into the sea.
I have had what you only could give me—
  A pleasant night ride in the sky;
But a new power arises to eastwards,
  So, useless old lady, good-by.”

He whistled a low, sweet whistle,
  And up from the earth so dark,
With its wings bespangled with dewdrops,
  There bounded a merry lark.
He’s mounted the tiny singer
  And soared through the heavens away,
With his face all aglow in the morning,
  And a song for the rising day.

—Frederick George Scott.

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## A CRUST OF BREAD

The boy was lying under a big shady tree eating a large crust of bread. He had been romping with his dog in the garden, enjoying the sweet flowers and the bright sunshine. Now he rested in the cool shade of the apple-tree with the dog curled up at his feet. The birds were warbling their gayest songs in the topmost branches, and the leaves cast their dancing shadows on the soft carpet of green below.

As the dog was fast asleep, the boy had no one with whom to play. Just then a lady, beautifully dressed and holding a wand in her hand, stood before him. She smiled, and then placed her wand on the crust of bread, after which she at once vanished. She had no sooner gone than the boy rubbed his eyes in wonder, for the crust of bread was talking in a gentle voice.

“Would you like to hear my story?” it said. The boy nodded his head, as if to say yes, and the crust began:—

“Once upon a time I was a little baby seed. I lived in a large home called a granary. In this home were many other baby seeds just like me. No one could tell one from the other, as we all belonged to the same family and looked so much alike. We lived there very quietly until one day my sister cried, ‘Hark! do you hear that noise? The mice are coming!’ Then she told us the mice were fond of little grains of wheat, and that if they were to eat us we would never grow to be like our mother. We heard them many times after that, but we never saw them.

“One day a farmer came and put us into a large sack. It was so dark in the sack, and we lay so very near together that I thought we should smother. Soon I felt myself sliding. I tried to cling to the sack, but the other grains in their rush to the sunlight took me along with them. In our wild race we ran into a tube, and, going faster and faster, we soon fell into the seed-drill.

“Then I felt myself sliding again, for the seed-drill was moving forward. I could hear the driver call out in loud tones to the horses, ‘Get up!’ and round and round went the big wheels of the drill. All at once I went under cover in the rich ground. At first I did not like to be shut in from the sunlight. But one day when I heard the crows, I was glad that I was under the coverlet of the ground. I heard their cry of ‘Caw, caw,’ and how frightened I was! I knew that the crows were near, and that they liked the little baby wheat grains. This made me thank the farmer and Mother Nature for giving me such a good home. The crows could not find me, and by and by they flew away.

“Mother Nature now warmed me, and the rains fed me. I went to sleep, but one bright morning I awoke. The rain had been tapping on our great brown house, telling us to awake from our nap. I had grown so large while sleeping that my brown coat burst open. The sun had warmed my bed. I put a little white rootlet out and sent it down into the ground. The gentle spring breeze and the warm days brought my first blade into the sunlight above the ground, and peeping out I was glad to see everything growing fresh and green. I could see the tender sprouting grass and the opening buds. I could hear the bluebird’s song and the robin’s warble. I could smell the balmy air of spring.

“Mother Nature sent her children every day to help me. The rain came through the soil, and brought me food and drink. The sun fairies warmed my sprouting leaves, and the wind brought me fresh air. In June I wore a dainty green dress of slender, graceful leaves. As my sisters and I stood in the great field on the plain, and were wafted to and fro by the winds, we looked like the waves of the rolling deep.

“So I grew and grew, and one morning after the dew had given me my cool bath, and the sun fairies had dried my leaves, the south wind whispered her song to me, and I found myself a full-grown plant. I was proud of my spikelets of flowers, and now could wave with my sisters in the rolling seas of wheat. Down at the base of our little spikelets were seed cups in which slept the little baby seeds. The wind rocked them to sleep, and, sleeping, they grew to the full-sized wheat grain.

“By and by we became tall stalks of golden wheat, and the farmer was glad to look at us. When we were fully ripe, the great reaping-machine drawn by a number of horses came along and cut us down. Then we were picked up and sent whirling through the buzzing jaws of the thrasher. Our grains of wheat were screened from the chaff and straw, and fell into sacks. Then we were put on trains and transported to the mammoth granaries to be stored away until the flour-mills wanted us.

“At last we reached the mills. There we were turned into beautiful white flour and shipped to the market. So in time we, as flour, reached the housewife’s or baker’s well-stocked kitchen, where we were put into trays, and, being mixed with a little salt, yeast, and some water, were kneaded into loaves of bread and baked. This is the story of my life from a little grain of wheat until I became the crust of bread that you are eating.”

The sun was sinking in the west, the birds were winging their flight homewards, and night was fast coming on. The dog yawned, and, stretching himself out, was ready for another romp with his master. The boy awoke from his dream and hurried home to help with the evening meal, and to do his share of the world's work.

—SELECTED.

*From "The New Education Readers," by permission of the American Book Company.*

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## TWO SURPRISES

A workman plied his clumsy spade
  As the sun was going down;
The German king with his cavalcade
  Was coming into town.

The king stopped short when he saw the man—
  "My worthy friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide,
  When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said,
  "And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
  Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain in a day?"
  "Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And canst thou live on this meagre pay?"—
  "Like a king," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
  And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend and two to spend
  For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king. Said the toiler, "Yea,
  To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
  And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
  "To my three boys at school. You see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
  They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
  "My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
  All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up in the good king's eyes—
  "Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
  Here is another for thee.

"I am thy king; give me thy hand"—
  And he heaped it high with gold—
"When more thou needest, I command
  That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
  The man who can proudly say,
That eight souls he doth keep and guard
  On eight poor groschen a day."

—ANONYMOUS.

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## THE RICH MAN AND THE COBBLER

In old Paris, very rich people and quite poor people used to live close by each other. Up one stair might be found a very rich man; up two stairs a man not quite so rich; up three stairs a man who had not very much money. On the very lowest floor, a little below the street, were to be found the poorest folks of all. It was on this low floor that a cobbler used to live and mend shoes and sing songs. For he was a very happy cobbler, and went on singing all day, and keeping time with his hammer or his needle.

THE RICH MAN AND HIS FRIEND

Up one stair, or on what is called the first floor, lived a very rich man, so rich that he did not know how rich he was—so rich that he could not sleep at nights for trying to find out how much money he had, and if it were quite safe.

Everybody knows that it is easier to sleep in the morning than at night. So nobody will wonder when I say that this rich man lay awake all night and always fell asleep in the morning. But no sooner did he fall asleep than he was wakened again. It was not his money that wakened him this time—it was the cobbler. Every morning, just as the rich man fell asleep the cobbler awoke, and in almost no time was sitting at his door, sewing away and singing like a lark.

The rich man went to a friend and said, ”I can’t sleep at night for thinking of my money, and I can’t sleep in the morning for listening to that cobbler’s singing. What am I to do?” This friend was a wise man, and told him of a plan.

Next forenoon, while the cobbler was singing away as usual, the rich man came down the four steps that led from the pavement to the cobbler’s door.

“Now here’s a fine job,” thought the happy cobbler. “He’s going to get me to make a grand pair of boots, and won’t he pay me well!”

But the rich man did not want boots or anything. He had come to give, not to get. In his hand he had a leather bag filled with something that jingled. “Here, cobbler,” said the rich man, “I have brought you a present of a hundred crowns.”

“A hundred crowns!” cried the cobbler; “but I’ve done nothing. Why do you give me this money?”

“Oh, it’s because you’re always so happy.”

“And you’ll never ask it back?”

“Never.”

“Nor bring lawyers about it and put me in prison?”

“No, no. Why should I?”

“Well, then, I’ll take the money, and I thank you very, very much.”

When the rich man had gone the cobbler opened the bag, and was just about to pour out the money into his leather apron to count how much it was, when he saw a man in the street looking at him. This would never do, so he went into the darkest part of his house and counted the hundred crowns. He had never seen so much money in his life before, but somehow he did not feel so happy as he felt he should.

Just then his wife came in quietly, and gave the poor cobbler such a fright that he lost his temper and scolded her, a thing he had never done in his life.

Next he hid the bag below the pillow of the bed, because he could see that place from the door where he worked. But by and by he began to think that if he could see it from the door so could other people. So he went in and changed the bag to the bottom of the bed. Two or three times every hour he went in to see that the bag was all right. His wife wanted to know what was the matter with the bed, but he told her to mind her own business. The next time she was not looking he slipped the bag into the bottom of an old box, and from that time he kept changing it about from place to place whenever he got a chance. If he had told his wife it would not have been so bad, but he was afraid even of her.

Next morning the rich man fell asleep as usual, and was not disturbed by the cobbler’s song. The next morning was the same, and the next, and the next. Everybody noticed what a change had come over the cobbler. He no longer sang. He did little work, for he was always running out and in to see if his money was all right; and he was very unhappy.

On the sixth day he made up his mind what to do. I think he talked it over with his wife at last, but I am not sure. Anyway, he went up his four steps, and then up the one stair that led to the rich man’s room. When he had entered, he went up to the table and laid down the bag, and said, “Sir, here are your hundred crowns; give me back my song.”

Next morning things were as bad as ever for the poor rich man, who had to remove, they say, to another part of Paris where the cobblers are not so happy.

—*From the French of* Jean de la Fontaine.

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## THE DROUGHT

Hath Heaven’s blessing passed away?
The sky’s sweet smile quite gone?
There is no sacred rain by day,
No beaded dew at dawn.
How can Thy helpless creatures live
When drought destroys the sod?
Upon our knees we pray Thee give
Thy creatures food, O God!

The little stream hath ceased to run,
The clover-bloom is dead,
The meadows redden in the sun,
The very weeds are fled.
Their heads the mournful cattle shake
Beside the thirsting wood.
Lord, hear the humble prayer we make,
To give Thy creatures food.

The panting sheep gasp in the shade,
Their matted wool is wet,
And where the cruel share is laid
The striving horses sweat;
They welcome death—’tis pain to live—
Restore Thy blessed sod;
Oh, hear our humble prayer and give
Thy creatures food, O God!

—R. K. KERNIGHAN.

*By special permission.*

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## THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow.

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## THE GOLDEN WINDOWS

All day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers, and could not pay a workman; but at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the boy wink to look at them; but after a while the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farm-house. The boy supposed they did this because it was supper-time; and then he would go into the house and have his supper of bread and milk and so to bed.

One day the boy's father called him and said: "You have been a good boy, and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave it, and try to learn some good thing."

The boy thanked his father and kissed his mother; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and set out to find the house with the golden windows.

It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and when he looked back, the footprints seemed to be following him, and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful. By and by he felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook that ran through the alder hedge by the roadside, and ate his bread, and drank the clear water. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and went on his way.

After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows. He came up to the house, and then he could well have wept, for the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door, and looked kindly at the boy, and asked him what he wanted.

"I saw the golden windows from our hilltop," he said, "and I came to see them, but now they are only glass."

The woman shook her head and laughed.

"We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows; but glass is better to see through."

She told the boy to sit down on the broad stone step at the door, and brought him a cup of milk and a cake, and bade him rest; then she called her daughter, a child of his own age, and nodded kindly at the two, and went back to her work.

The little girl was barefooted like himself, and wore a brown cotton gown, but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the boy about the farm, and showed him her black calf with the white star on its

forehead, and he told her about his own at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet. Then when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl nodded, and said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house.

“You have come quite the wrong way!” she said. “Come with me, and I shall show you the house with the golden windows, and then you will see for yourself.”

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farm-house, and as they went the little girl told him that the golden windows could be seen only at a certain hour, about sunset.

“Yes, I know that!” said the boy.

When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them. And when they looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go. He promised to come again, but he did not tell her what he had learned; and so he went back down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the boy reached his father’s house; but the lamplight and firelight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the hilltop; and when he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him, and his little sister ran to throw her arms about his neck, and his father looked up and smiled from his seat by the fire.

“Have you had a good day?” asked his mother.

Yes, the boy had had a very good day.

“And have you learned anything?” asked his father.

“Yes,” said the boy. “I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamond.”

—Laura E. Richards.



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## A SONG OF SEASONS

Sing a song of Spring-time!
  Catkins by the brook,
Adder’s-tongues uncounted,
  Ferns in every nook;
The cataract on the hillside
  Leaping like a fawn;
Sing a song of Spring-time,—
  Ah, but Spring-time’s gone!

Sing a song of Summer!
  Flowers among the grass,
Clouds like fairy frigates,
  Pools like looking-glass,
Moonlight through the branches,
  Voices on the lawn;
Sing a song of Summer,—
  Ah, but Summer’s gone!

Sing a song of Autumn!
  Grain in golden sheaves,
Woodbine’s crimson clusters
  Round the cottage eaves,
Days of crystal clearness,
  Frosted fields at dawn;
Sing a song of Autumn,—
  Ah, but Autumn’s gone!

Sing a song of Winter!
  North-wind’s bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
  Kindness and good-will,
Hemlock in the churches,
  Daytime soon withdrawn;
Sing a song of Winter,—
  Ah, but Winter’s gone!

Sing a song of loving!
  Let the seasons go;
Hearts can make their gardens
  Under sun or snow;
Fear no fading blossom,
  Nor the dying day;
Sing a song of loving,—
  That will last for aye!

—Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald.



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Striving not to be rich or great,
Never questioning fortune or fate,
Contented slowly to earn, and wait.

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## A MISER’S TREASURE

There once lived, in a little English town, a skilful linen weaver named Silas Marner. He was of a simple, trusting nature. He thought no wrong of anybody, and had never harmed any one in word or deed. Among his friends in the town there was one man whom he loved so dearly that he would gladly have given his life for him.

This man, however, far from being a true friend, acted most dishonestly and unfaithfully. Having committed a robbery himself, he cast the blame on Silas; and the weaver, who was too simple to see through the trick that had been played upon him, was forced to leave his native town, not only a disgraced, but a broken-hearted, man. The wickedness of the man whom he had thought his true friend, and the readiness of all his fellow-townsmen to believe evil of

him, changed his whole nature and made him suspicious of and bitter against all men.

He wandered forth and settled at last in the village of Raveloe, far away from his old home. There he took up his abode in a little weather-beaten cottage at the outskirts of the town, and would have nothing to do with his neighbors beyond furnishing them with the fine linen he wove so well, and taking his pay in gold.

All day long he sat spinning at his loom, seeing no one and thinking only of his wrongs; and at night he had nothing to do but count his gold and watch with delight how the pile grew larger and larger every week. At last the gold, taking the place of his former interests, became the one thing in life he cared for. He hoarded it and gloated over it like a miser; and before long, though he still worked steadily at his loom, he thought no more of his work, but only of the gold it would bring him to add to his store. Thus passed his life for a long time.

But one evening when Silas had gone out to carry a bundle to a neighboring house, and had left his door ajar because he meant to be back in a short time, a thief, attracted by the light and the open door, entered the weaver's hut and stole the bags of gold. When he returned, and, as usual, lifted the stone under which his treasure was hidden, he found nothing but the empty hole.

At first he could not believe that the money was gone. He hunted everywhere through his little cottage, turning again and again to the empty hole in the ground, to make sure that his eyes had not deceived him. When at last the truth forced itself upon him that his gold was really gone, he uttered a cry of anger and dismay, and rushed forth into the night, weeping and wailing and searching in vain for his lost treasure.

His neighbors, who soon heard what had happened, felt very sorry for him, and tried to show, by many little kind acts, their friendliness for the now desolate man. But he would have nothing to do with any of them. He shut himself up in his cheerless cottage, and though, from force of habit, he still worked at his loom, he had no longer any interest in life.

One bitterly cold night, Silas again had occasion to go out after dark. This time he left his door wide open, for now he had nothing left to lose. But while he was gone, a little golden-haired child, whose poor mother lay frozen to death in the snow on the roadside, had spied the light in Marner's cottage and had crept to it for safety. Once inside the warm room, the child had fallen asleep, her golden head resting upon the very spot from which the miser's treasure had been stolen.

When Silas entered the cottage and saw the glitter of gold on the floor, he was so startled that for a moment he stood stock-still. His first thought was that his treasure had been restored to him, and with a cry of joy he rushed forward to seize it. But instead of the cold, hard gold, he felt soft, warm curls; and the next minute the little child, who was awakened by his touch, began to cry.

Silas Marner, dazed as he was by the strange, living thing he had found in the place of his lost gold, did all he could to comfort the frightened little stranger; and soon, warm and no longer hungry, she was nestling her golden head against his arm, and laughing and babbling as contentedly as though she had always known her protector.

That was the beginning of a new happiness for Silas, much more satisfying than the miser's love he had formerly felt for his gold. The lonely, helpless child aroused his pity and affection. As the mother was dead and no relatives came to claim the little girl, he decided to take care of her himself, and soon found himself loving her with a deep, fatherly tenderness.

He knew so little about children, however, that he needed the advice of a woman to help him bring up Eppie, as he had called the little girl; and so, gradually, he began to mingle more and more with the people of the village. As for the simple Raveloe folk, when they saw Silas Marner's tenderness for the child, they felt that they had not really understood the lonely man. Before long all the villagers were on the best of terms with Silas and Eppie, and he had cast

behind him all the hatred and bitterness that had led him to shun his fellow-men.

Eppie grew up strong and beautiful, and by the most tender love repaid Silas Marner for all his care of her through the years of her childhood. She had led him back to love and faith in human nature; and he never again regretted his lost treasure, which had been so richly replaced by the golden-haired child.

—Grace H. Kupfer.



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## DRIFTED OUT TO SEA

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
Roamed by the sea, one summer day,
Watching the great waves come and go,
Prattling, as children will, you know,
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings;
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach
An old boat cast upon the beach;
Helter-skelter, with merry din,
Over its sides they scrambled in,—
Ben, with his tangled, nut-brown hair,
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
Nearer, nearer, the great waves creep,
Higher, higher, upon the sands,
Reaching out with their giant hands,
Grasping the boat in boisterous glee,
Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down, 'mid clouds of gold;
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold;
Day dawned; the hours crept slowly by;
And now across the sunny sky
A black cloud stretches far away,
And shuts the golden gates of day.

A storm comes on, with flash and roar,
While all the sky is shrouded o'er;
The great waves rolling from the west,
Bring night and darkness on their breast.
Still floats the boat through driving storm,
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, *Sea-bird*, lies
In ready trim, 'twixt sea and skies:
Her captain paces, restless now,
A troubled look upon his brow,
While all his nerves with terror thrill,—
The shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands,
And grasps his arm with eager hands.
"A boat has just swept past," says he,
"Bearing two children out to sea;
'Tis dangerous now to put about,
Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Nought but their safety will suffice!
They must be saved!" the captain cries.
"By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel, life, and men,
And God will not forsake us then."

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to the call;
And when at last, through driving storm,
They lifted up each little form,
The captain started with a groan:
"My God is good, they are my own!"

—Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.

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## THE DAISY AND THE LARK

In the country, close by the roadside, stood a pleasant house. In front lay a little garden, enclosed by a fence, and full of blossoming flowers. Near the hedge, in the soft green grass, grew a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon her as it shone upon the

large and beautiful garden flowers.

The daisy grew from day to day. Every morning she unfolded her white rays, and lifted up a little golden sun in the centre of her blossom. She never remembered how little she was. She never thought that she was hidden down in the grass, while the tall beautiful flowers grew in the garden. She was too happy to care for such things. She lifted her face towards the warm sun, she looked up to the blue sky, and she listened to the lark singing high in the air.

One day the little daisy was as joyful as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only Monday. The little children were at school. They sat at their desks learning their lessons. The daisy, on her tiny stem, was learning from the warm sun and the soft wind how good God is. Then the lark sang his sweet song. “How beautiful, how sweet the song is!” said the daisy. “What a happy bird to sing so sweetly and fly so high!” But she never dreamed of being sorry because she could not fly or sing.

The tall garden flowers by the fence were very proud and conceited. The peonies thought it very grand to be so large, and puffed themselves out to be larger than the roses. “See how bright my colors are!” said the tulips. And they stood bolt upright to be seen more plainly. They did not notice the little daisy. She said to herself, “How rich and beautiful they are! No wonder the pretty bird likes them. I am glad I can live near them.”

Just then the lark flew down. “Tweet, tweet, tweet,” he cried, but he did not go near the peonies and tulips. He hopped into the grass near the lowly daisy. She trembled for joy. The little bird sang beside her: “Oh, what sweet, soft grass, and what a beautiful little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!” How happy the little daisy felt! And the bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up into the blue air above.

The daisy looked up at the peonies and the tulips, but they were quite vexed, and turned their backs upon her. She did not care, she was so happy. When the sun was set, she folded up her leaves and went to sleep. All night long she dreamed of the warm sun and the pretty little bird. The next morning, when she stretched out her white leaves to the warm air and the light, she heard the voice of the lark, but his song was sad. Poor little lark! He might well be sad: he had been made a prisoner in a cage that hung by the open window. He sang of the happy time when he could fly in the air, joyous and free.

Just then two boys came into the garden. They came straight to the daisy. One of them carried a sharp knife in his hand. “We can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark, here,” he said. And he cut a square piece of turf around the daisy, so that the little flower stood in the centre. He carried the piece of turf with the daisy growing in it, and placed it in the lark’s cage.

“There is no water here,” said the captive lark. “All have gone, and

forgotten to give me a drop of water to drink. My throat is hot and dry. I feel as if I were burning." And he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with the green grass. Within it was the daisy. He nodded to her, and kissed her with his beak.

"Poor little flower! Have you come here, too?"

"How I wish I could comfort him," said the daisy. And she tried to fill the air with perfume.

The poor bird lay faint and weak on the floor of the cage. His heart was broken. In the morning the boys came, and when they found the bird was dead, they wept many bitter tears. They dug a little grave for him, and covered it with flowers. The piece of turf was thrown on the ground.

The daisy had given her little life to make the captive bird glad.

—Hans Christian Andersen.

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## THE SPLENDOR OF THE DAYS

Sweet and shrill the crickets hiding in the grasses brown and lean
Pipe their gladness—sweeter, shriller—one would think the world
was green.
O the haze is on the hilltops, and the haze is on the lake!
See it fleeing through the valley with the bold wind in its wake!
Mark the warm October haze!
Mark the splendor of the days!
And the mingling of the crimson with the sombre brown and grays!

See the bare hills turn their furrows to the shine and to the glow;
If you listen, you can hear it, hear a murmur soft and low—
"We are naked," so the fields say, "stripped of all our golden dress."
"Heed it not," October answers, "for I love ye none the less.
Share my beauty and my cheer
While we rest together here,
In these sun-filled days of languor, in these late days of the year."

All the splendor of the summer, all the springtime's light and grace,
All the riches of the harvest crown her head and light her face;
And the wind goes sighing, sighing, as if loath to let her pass,
While the crickets sing exultant in the lean and withered grass,
O the warm October haze!
O the splendor of the days!
O the mingling of the crimson with the sombre brown and grays!

—Jean Blewett.

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## BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit, on slender ropes of mist,
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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## WEBSTER AND THE WOODCHUCK

On a farm among the hills of New Hampshire, in the United States, there once lived a boy whose name was Daniel Webster. He was a tiny fellow for one of his age. His hair was jet black, and his eyes were so dark and wonderful that nobody who once saw them could ever forget them. He was not strong enough to help much on the farm; and so he spent much of his time in playing in the woods and fields. He loved the trees and flowers and the harmless wild creatures that made their homes among them.

But he did not play all the time. Long before he was old enough to go to school, he learned to read; and he read so well that everybody liked to hear him. The neighbors, when driving past his father's house, would stop their horses and call for the boy to come out and read to them.

It happened one summer that a woodchuck made its burrow in the side of a hill near Mr. Webster's house. On warm, dark nights it would come down into the garden and eat the tender leaves of the cabbages and other plants that were growing there. Nobody knew how much harm it might do in the end. Daniel and his elder brother Ezekiel made up their minds to catch the little thief. They tried this thing and that, but for a long time he was too cunning for them. Then they built a strong trap where the woodchuck would be sure to walk into it; and the next morning, there he was.

"We have him at last!" cried Ezekiel. "Now, Mr. Woodchuck, you've done mischief enough, and I'm going to kill you." But Daniel pitied the little animal. "No, don't hurt him," he said. "Let us carry him over the hills, far into the woods, and let him go." Ezekiel, however, would not agree to this. His heart was not so tender as his little brother's. He was bent on killing the woodchuck, and laughed at the thought of letting it go.

"Let us ask father about it," said Daniel.

"All right," said Ezekiel; "I know what he will decide."

They carried the trap, with the woodchuck in it, to their father, and asked what they should do.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Webster, "we shall settle the question in this way. We shall hold a court here. I shall be the judge, and you shall be the lawyers. You shall each plead your case, for or against the prisoner, and I shall decide what his punishment shall be."

Ezekiel, as the prosecutor, made the first speech. He told about the mischief that had been done. He showed that all woodchucks are bad and cannot be trusted. He spoke of the time and labor that had been spent in trying to catch the thief, and declared that if they should now set him free he would be a worse thief than before.

"A woodchuck's skin," he said, "may perhaps be sold for ten cents. Small as that sum is, it will go a little way towards paying for the cabbages he has eaten. But, if we set him free, how shall we ever recover even a penny of what we have lost? Clearly, he is of more value dead than alive, and therefore he ought to be put out of the way at once."

Ezekiel's speech was a good one, and it pleased Mr. Webster very much. What he said was true and to the point, and it would be hard for Daniel to make any answer to it.

Daniel began by pleading for the poor animal's life. He looked up into his father's face, and said:—

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live in the bright sunlight and the pure air. He made him to enjoy the free fields and the green woods. The woodchuck has a right to his life, for God gave it to him.

"God gives us our food. He gives us all that we have. And shall we refuse to share a little of it with this poor dumb creature who has as much right to God's gifts as we have?

"The woodchuck is not a fierce animal like the wolf or the fox. He lives in quiet and peace. A hole in the side of a hill, and a little food, is all he wants. He has harmed nothing but a few plants, which he ate to keep himself alive. He has a right to life, to food, to liberty;

and we have no right to say he shall not have them.

“Look at his soft, pleading eyes. See him tremble with fear. He cannot speak for himself, and this is the only way in which he can plead for the life that is so sweet to him. Shall we be so cruel as to kill him? Shall we be so selfish as to take from him the life that God gave him?”

The father’s eyes were filled with tears as he listened. His heart was stirred. He did not wait for Daniel to finish his speech, but sprang to his feet, and as he wiped the tears from his eyes, he cried out, “Ezekiel, let the woodchuck go!”

—SELECTED.

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## THE FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW

“And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?”
“I’ve been to the top of Caldon Low
The midsummer night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?”
“I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?”
“I heard the drops the water made,
And the oars of the green corn fill.”

“Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine;
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

“And their harp-strings rang so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?”—
“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At the dawning of the day.

“‘Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

“‘And there,’ they said, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank

And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hilltop,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

—Mary Howitt.

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## THE LAST LESSON IN FRENCH

I was very late that morning on my way to school, and was afraid of being scolded, as the master had told us he should question us on the verbs, and I did not know the first word, for I had not studied my lesson. For a moment I thought of playing truant. The air was so warm and bright, and I could hear the blackbirds whistling in the edge of the woods, and the Prussians who were drilling in the meadow behind the sawmill. I liked this much better than learning the rules for verbs, but I did not dare to stop, so I ran quickly towards school.

As I passed the mayor's office, I saw people standing before the little bulletin-board. For two years it was there that we received all the news of battles, of victories, and defeats. "What is it now?" I

thought, without stopping to look at the bulletin. Then, as I ran along, the blacksmith, who was there reading the bill, cried out to me, “Not so fast, little one, you shall reach your school soon enough.” I thought he was laughing at me and ran faster than ever, reaching the school yard quite out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, a loud noise could be heard from the street. Desks were being opened and closed, and lessons repeated at the top of the voice. Occasionally the heavy ruler of the master beat the table, as he cried, “Silence, please, silence!” I hoped to be able to take my seat in all this noise without being seen; but that morning the room was quiet and orderly. Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already in their places. The master was walking up and down the room with the iron ruler under his arm and a book in his hand. As I entered he looked at me kindly, and said, without scolding, “Go quickly to your place, little Franz; we were just going to begin without you. You should have been here five minutes ago.”

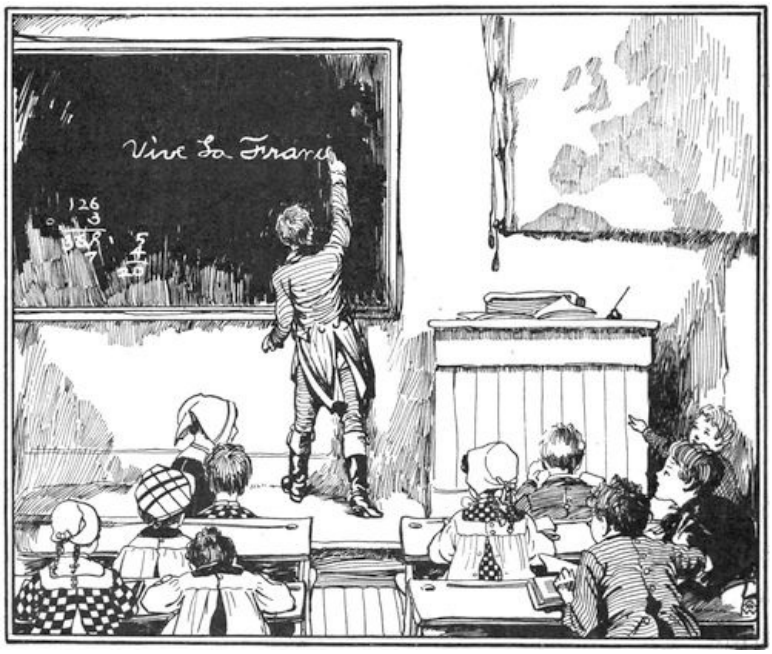
I climbed over my bench and sat down at once at my desk. Just then I noticed, for the first time, that our master wore his fine green coat with the ruffled frills, and his black silk embroidered cap. But what surprised me more was to see some of the village people seated on the benches at the end of the room. One of them was holding an old spelling-book on his knee; and they all looked sadly at the master.

While I was wondering at this, our schoolmaster took his place, and in the same kind tone in which he had received me, he said: “My children, this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. An order has come from Berlin that no language but German may be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. A new master will come to-morrow who shall teach you in German. To-day is your last lesson in French. I beg of you to pay good attention.”

These words frightened me. This is what they had posted on the bulletin-board, then! This is what the blacksmith was reading. My last lesson in French! I hardly knew how to write, and I never should learn now. How I longed for lost time, for hours wasted in the woods and fields, for days when I had played and should have studied. My books that a short time ago had seemed so tiresome, so heavy to carry, now seemed to me like old friends. I was thinking of this when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say the rules without a mistake? But I could not say a word and stood at my bench without daring to lift my head. Then I heard the master speaking to me.

“I shall not scold you, little Franz. You are punished enough now. Every day you have said to yourself: ‘I have plenty of time. I shall learn my lesson to-morrow.’ Now you see what has happened.”

Then he began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful tongue in the world, and that we must keep it among us and never forget it. Finally he took the grammar and read us the lesson. I was surprised to see how I understood. Everything seemed easy. I believe, too, that I never listened so well; and it seemed almost as if the good man were trying to teach us all he knew in this last lesson.




The lesson in grammar ended, we began our writing. For that day the master had prepared some new copies, on which were written, “Alsace, France; Alsace, France.” They seemed like so many little flags floating about the schoolroom. How we worked! Nothing was heard but the voice of the master and the scratching of pens on the paper. There was no time for play now. On the roof of the schoolhouse some pigeons were softly cooing, and I said to myself, “Shall they, too, be obliged to sing in German?”

From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw the master looking about him as if he wished to impress upon his mind everything in the room.

After writing, we had a history lesson, and then the little ones recited. Oh, I shall remember that last lesson!

Suddenly, the church clock struck the hour of noon. The master rose from his chair. “My friends,” said he, “my friends,—I—I—” But something choked him; he could not finish the sentence. He turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and wrote in large letters, “Vive la France!” Then he stood leaning against the wall, unable to speak. He signed to us with his hand: “It is ended. You are dismissed.”

—*From the French of* Alphonse Daudet.

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Do not look for wrong and evil—
  You will find them if you do:
As you measure for your neighbor,
  He will measure back to you.

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## THE BROOK SONG

Little Brook! Little Brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other’s hands and run,
Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little Brook, sing to me,
Sing about a bumble bee,
That tumbled from a lily-bell, and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little Brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along,
Down the golden braided centre of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn’t scared a bit.

And sing how—oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain,
Of your music in his brain,
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little Brook—laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sinks in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!
—James Whitcomb Riley.



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## THE BETTER LAND

“I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call’st its children a happy band:
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?”
“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?”
“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?”
“Not there, not there, my child!

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy—
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!”

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

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Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Give joy wherever you dwell.

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## CÆDMON

On one of the dark, rugged cliffs that jut out into the sea from the eastern part of England, stood, many centuries ago, the monastery of Whitby. At this time the people of England were still very ignorant. Only the monks and nuns knew how to read or write. The rest of the people were either warriors, or else simple-minded shepherds and farmers.

In this monastery lived a servant whose duty it was to attend to the sheep and cattle. In the evenings, very often, his companions were in the habit of gathering together in the common hall or banquet room. There it was the custom, while the feast was going on, for each one in turn to take the harp as it was passed around the table, and make up some simple song to entertain his friends. Although these people knew nothing about reading or writing, they were wonderfully clever at singing songs and accompanying themselves on the harp.

Only the herdsman who attended to the sheep and cattle, and whose name was Cædmon, could never sing. So whenever the feasting time came, and his comrades began to pass the harp from one to another, he, being ashamed of his lack of skill, would leave the banquet hall to go alone to the little house where he slept.

One night, after he had left his comrades, and had attended to all the wants of the cattle under his care, he, as usual, went to sleep, and in his sleep he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that to his door came a beautiful youth, with a light shining about his head, who said to him, “Cædmon, sing for me.” Cædmon answered: “But

thou knowest I cannot sing. That is why I left my companions in the banquet hall, and came here to my lonely hut." "Try," said the beautiful youth, "and thou shalt find that thou canst sing." Then Cædmon in wonder asked, "What shall I sing about?"—"Sing of the beauty of the world, and the glory of the stars and the skies, and of all that is on the earth," was the answer.

Then in his sleep Cædmon sang a beautiful song, just as the youth had commanded him. But the strangest thing was that when he awoke he remembered every word of the song, and not only that, but he found he could sing a song about any thought that came into his mind; whereas, formerly, he had never been able to sing at all.

Wonderful, indeed, all this seemed to the humble shepherd. He told his companions about his dream, and they led him to the abbess, who was chief in the monastery, and bade him sing his songs for her.

So he sang. All the wise monks came to hear him, and tears came into their eyes at the beauty of his song; for when he sang, the sky and the earth and the sea these men had known all their lives seemed suddenly to be filled with a new glory. They all said that Cædmon had received a wonderful gift from God, and that he must use it in a holy way.

From that day on some one else guarded the sheep and the cattle in the monastery of Whitby; and the former shepherd learned to read and write, and became one of the monks of the abbey. Many and beautiful and holy were the songs he wrote. They were written in Anglo-Saxon, the language spoken by the ancestors of the English people, and this simple shepherd, Cædmon, who was the first of the Anglo-Saxon poets, was therefore really the father of all English poetry.

—Grace H. Kupfer.

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## THE BLUEBELL

There is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word—

A story of a dim ravine,
O’er which the towering tree-tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret’s sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came—but not to mar;

For softly o’er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And bluebells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret’s bell of blue:

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

—Anonymous.

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## LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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## THE MINSTREL’S SONG

Once in the olden time a king called his heralds together to hear his bidding. And all the swift runners gathered before the king, each with a trumpet in his hand. And the king sent them forth into every

part of the kingdom to sound their trumpets and to call aloud:—

“Hear, O ye minstrels! Our gracious king bids ye come to his court and play before the queen.”

The minstrels were men who went about from castle to castle and from palace to cot, singing beautiful songs and playing on harps. Wherever they roamed they were always sure of a welcome. They sang of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They sang of the mighty hunters that hunted in the great forests. They sang of fairies and goblins, of giants and elves. And because there were no storybooks in those days, everybody, from little children to the king, was glad to see them come.

When the minstrels heard the king’s message, they made haste to the palace; and it so happened that three of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonious; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

“I can sing of drums and battles,” said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white, and whose step was slow.

“I can sing of ladies and their fair faces,” said the youngest minstrel. But Harmonious whispered, “Listen! listen!”

“Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the tree-tops,” said the others. “We have not time to stop and listen.”

Then they hurried on and left Harmonious; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard the wind singing of its travels through the wide world. It was telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships. It sang of the hill where the trees made harps of their branches, and of the valleys where all the flowers danced gayly to its music. And this was the chorus of the song:—

“Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valley below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow,—
Only the Father in Heaven can know.”

Harmonious listened until he knew the whole song. Then he ran on, and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see. “We shall behold the king, and we shall speak to him,” said the oldest minstrel. “And we shall see his golden crown and the queen’s jewels,” added the youngest.

Now their path led them through the wood, and as they talked, Harmonious said, “Hush! listen!” But the others answered: “Oh! that is only the sound of the brook, trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king’s court.”

But Harmonious stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls, on its way to the sea.

“Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near,—
For God in Heaven can always hear.”

Thus sang the little brook. Harmonious listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and the queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried, “Listen! listen!”

“Oh! that is only a bird,” the others replied. “Let us make haste to the king’s court.”

But Harmonious would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonious laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees; and in every tree there was a nest, and in every nest there were eggs.

> “Merrily, merrily, listen to me
> Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
> Nothing fear I, by land or sea,—
> For God in Heaven is watching me.”

“Thank you, little bird,” said Harmonious; “you have taught me a song.” And he made haste to join his comrades.

When they had come into the palace, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came into the throne room. The king and queen sat on their thrones side by side. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home in a far-off country, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them. The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, and the soldiers of the king shouted with joy. The youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, and all the ladies of the court clapped their hands.

Then came Harmonious. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonious’s song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonious if he came from fairy-land with such a wonderful song. But Harmonious answered:—

> “Three singers sang along our way,
> And I learned the song from them to-day.”

Now all the minstrels looked up in surprise when they heard these words from Harmonious; and the oldest minstrel said to the king: “Harmonious is surely mad! We met no singers on our way to-day.” But the queen said: “That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child, and I can name the singers three.” And so she did. Can you?

—Maude Lindsay.

*From “Mother Stories,” by permission of Milton Bradley Company.*

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## THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth
   Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
   Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
   For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
   And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
   Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
   To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
   The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
   Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
   All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
   Upspringing day and night,—

Springing in valleys green and low,
   And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
   Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
   Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
   To beautify the earth:

To comfort man, to whisper hope
   Whene’er his faith is dim;
For Whoso careth for the flowers
   Will much more care for him.

—Mary Howitt.

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## THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
“I envy nobody—no, not I—
And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal,
“As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m a king,
Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,
“Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom’s fee;
Such men as thou are England’s boast,
O miller of the Dee!”

—Charles Mackay.

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## THE STORY OF MOWEEN

This is a story a hunter told me as we sat by the camp-fire on the top of the mountain, after a day’s climb through the woods:—

“When I was a child, my home was on the edge of a great forest. There were but few people near us, and not a town for miles and miles. Many wild animals lived in the woods, which were so wide and deep that most of the animals had never seen a human being.

“One day my father and a neighbor were out hunting. There was no breeze, and the woods were very still. They were walking down a hillside, stepping quietly over the fallen trunks and dry leaves, when suddenly, ‘Look! look!’ my father whispered to his companion.

“A strip of water gleamed through the trees, and a mother bear and three cubs were walking along the shore. The bear caught the sound or the scent of some one near, for she stopped, rose on her hind legs, and snuffed the air, and all the little bears did exactly what she did. ‘We have surprised Bruin giving her children a lesson,’ said my father. But as he turned to speak, and before he could say a word to prevent, his companion had shot the mother bear. She tumbled down on the sand, and the little bears began to whimper and cry.

“Father never spoke to that man again, though he was a neighbor; and a neighbor means a good deal when the nearest one lives two miles away.

“The cubs were brave fellows; they did not run away even when the men went up to them, but stayed by their mother, whimpering a little. ‘It was pitiful to see them,’ father said. He was not willing to go away and leave the little fellows, for they were too small to take care of themselves; and now they had no mother to teach them bear language and bear ways. He picked up one and carried it, and the others followed. So he brought the three bears home to be my playmates, and glad I was to

see them. They cried at first and missed their mother; but they soon became accustomed to living with people. What frolics we had! Every morning we would scamper up and down the road. When some one called in to the house and I ran in, they would come running and tumbling after me. We played house and school and soldier together, and though I often wished they could talk with me, in every other way they were good comrades.

"They were always good-natured. You have heard a dog growl over a bone; the bears preferred lumps of sugar, which they took without growling. How they liked sweet things! They would come into the pantry and beg for cake; and when my mother wanted to give us all a treat, she would make molasses candy.

"Did we sell them? No, sir! Father said their mother had been so cruelly treated that they deserved extra kindness, and they were free to come and go as they would.

"One morning I woke up to find that two of them had gone off to the woods,—their natural home. Only Moween had chosen to stay with us rather than to go with his brothers. He lived with us until he was a big bear. Sometimes he would roam into the woods to find honey, but he always came back. I used to like to go nutting with him, for he would climb up the tree and shake the branches until the nuts came pattering down.

"One afternoon a German, leading a bear by a chain, stopped at the house. He had lost his way, and we asked him to rest and spend the night with us. He explained in broken English that he had been travelling about the country with his dancing bear. The bear danced for us, but Moween seemed frightened and ran away when he saw the newcomer. The dancing bear, on his part, seemed afraid of Moween. However, at supper-time, Moween returned, and the bears seemed to make friends. What they said to each other I do not know, but when morning came both bears were gone. The dancing bear had slipped his chain. Their trail led into the forest, and we followed it a mile or two, but did not find them.

"This time my pet bear did not come back. Every spring I used to expect him, for when the maple trees were tapped, we had 'sugarings off' which were always feasts for Moween. But I have not seen him since, though I never see a bear without wishing that he were my old playmate, Moween."

—SELECTED.

*By permission of the Outlook Magazine.*

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## A HINDU FABLE

It was six men of Hindustan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"I clearly see the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling round the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp!
To me it is quite clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
To me is plain," said he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail,
That fell within his scope:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Hindustan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong.

—John Godfrey Saxe.

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## THE BOY MUSICIAN

There was a time, long ago, when people believed that fairies hovered over a sleeping babe, and gave to the little one the charm of beauty, or the joy of strength, or the power of genius.

If this were true, then fairies must have visited the cradle of little Wolfgang Mozart. We might easily believe that one of them said, "I shall give thee a loving heart;" and that another whispered, "Thou shalt delight in sweet sounds; music shall be thy language."

The little Mozart lived in Germany more than a hundred years ago. His father was a musician, and his sister, Anna, had already made rapid progress in music. At all of her lessons the baby brother was an interested listener, and he often

amused himself in trying to repeat the exercises he had heard. Before he was four years old, he began to compose music. His little pieces were written for him by his father, in a book which was kept for that purpose.

MOZART

One Sunday the father came home from church and found Wolfgang at a table busy over a piece of paper. His fat little hand grasped the pen with much firmness, and at every visit to the ink-bottle he plunged it to the very bottom. The paper was very badly blotted with ink, but the baby composer calmly wiped away the blots with his finger and wrote over them.

MOZART PLAYING BEFORE THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA

"What are you doing there?" asked his father.

"Writing a piece of music for the piano," replied Wolfgang.

"Let me see it."

"No, no, it is not ready!"

The father took up the paper, and laughed at the big blots and the notes which were scarcely readable. But upon looking over the work more carefully, he saw that it was written according to rule, and that it was a wonderful composition for so young a child.

The father now devoted all his time to the education of his two children. They progressed so rapidly that they were a marvel to their native town. When Anna was ten years old and Wolfgang six, they were taken by their father and mother to Vienna, and there the Emperor listened to their music. The courtiers and the royal family praised the gifted children and filled their hands with costly presents.

Soon after their return home, a noted violinist called to ask Herr Mozart's opinion of some new music. As they were about to practise the different parts, little Wolfgang begged to play second violin.

"You cannot join our rehearsal," said his father. "You have had no instruction on the violin."

"I do not need any lessons to play second violin," the boy persisted.

"Run away and do not disturb us," was the father's reply, and the little boy walked out of the room, crying bitterly. The visitor begged that the child be permitted to play with him, and Wolfgang was called back.

"Play then," said the father; "but play very softly."

The child was comforted. He brushed away his tears and began playing, softly at first, as he had been commanded; then he forgot everything but the notes before him, and the music swelled higher and higher. All were amazed, and tears of gladness stood in the father's eyes.

Another concert tour was planned, and Wolfgang and his sister travelled with their parents from city to city, giving concerts at the courts of kings. Great crowds went to hear them, and everywhere they were greeted with enthusiasm and delight.

When Wolfgang was eleven years old, he went to Italy to study music. The fair, slender lad was looked upon as a marvel by the Italian musicians. The father and son reached Rome at the time of the great Easter festival. A beautiful piece of music had been set apart as sacred to this yearly service. For two hundred years it had been carefully guarded, and all musicians were forbidden to copy it. Wolfgang listened intently; and when he came again the next day to the church, he brought with him a folded paper on which he had written from memory the whole of the sacred music.

“Truly such wonderful gifts come from Heaven!” said the priests, in awe and admiration.

Mozart remained for nearly two years in Italy, studying with the finest musicians and hearing the best music. After his return to his native land, he continued his musical studies and gave his whole life to his art.

It seems impossible that the boy, who in his early years received such honors, should in his manhood meet poverty and neglect. Such was Mozart’s sad fortune, but in spite of his discouragements he struggled on, and became one of the greatest of musical composers. He has given to the world a wealth of beauty that has made his name immortal.—Bertha Leary Saunders.

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## THE SPARROWS

In the far-off land of Norway,
   Where the winter lingers late
And long for the singing-birds and flowers,
   The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens
   And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
   The toiling people win;

Through all the land the children
   In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
   A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
   They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
   For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
   There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
   For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
   The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
   With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
   On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
   And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
   Who eagerly look out
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
   And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
   In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
   Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly
   It would be hard to tell:
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,
   Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
   With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
   The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me
   By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
   In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
   Would like to know it, too,
It seems to me so beautiful,
   So blessed a thing to do,

To make God's innocent creatures see
   In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
   So fearlessly depend.

—Celia Thaxter.

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## THE TIME AND THE DEED

Art going to do a kindly deed?
'Tis never too soon to begin;
Make haste, make haste, for the moments speed,
The world, my dear one, has pressing need
Of your tender thought and kindly deed.
'Tis never too soon to begin.

But if the deed be a selfish one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin;
If some heart will be sorer when all is done,
Put it off! put it off from sun to sun,
Remembering always, my own dear one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin.

—Jean Blewett.

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## THE FLAX

The flax was in full bloom; it had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as the wings of a moth, or even more so. The sun shone, and the showers watered it, so that it became very beautiful.

"People say that I look exceedingly well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long, that I shall make an excellent piece of linen. How fortunate I am! it makes me so happy; it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me. How the sunshine cheers me, and how sweet and refreshing is the rain! no one in the world can feel happier than I do."

Hans Andersen

One day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it, and, after that, placed near a fire as if it were to be roasted; all this was very shocking.

"I cannot expect to be happy always," said the flax; "I must have my trials, and so learn what life really is." And certainly there were plenty of trials in store for the flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed; indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it.

At last it was put on the spinning-wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel, so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts.

"Well, I have been very happy," he thought in the midst of his pain, "and must be contented with the past;" and contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white linen. All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last; I am the luckiest person in the world—so strong and fine; and how white, and what a length! This is something different from being a mere plant and bearing flowers. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time, the linen was taken into the house, placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but at last it was made into garments.

"See now, then," said the flax, "I have become something of importance. This was my destiny; it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be; it is the only way to be happy."

Years passed away; and at last the linen was so worn it could scarcely hold together. "It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other. "We would gladly have held together a little longer, but we must not forget that there is an end to all things." And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water and made into a

pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper.

“Well, now, this is a surprise; a glorious surprise, too,” said the paper. “I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me? This is wonderful luck!” And sure enough, the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it. Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better; for all that was written was sensible and good, and a great blessing was contained in the words on the paper.

“I never imagined anything like this,” said the paper, “when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields. How could I imagine that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so. I suppose now I shall be sent on my travels about the world, so that people may read me. It cannot be otherwise; indeed, it is more than probable, for I have more splendid thoughts written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever.”

But the paper did not go on its travels. It was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book, or rather hundreds of books; for so many more persons could gain pleasure from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

“This is certainly the wisest plan,” said the written paper; “I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home and be held in honor, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They shall do some good. I could not have wandered about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honored of all.”

Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house. “After work, it is well to rest,” said the paper. “Now I am able for the first time to think of my life and all the good that I have done. What shall be done with me now, I wonder? No doubt I shall still go forward.”

Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out, and laid on the hearth to be burnt. People said it could not be sold at the shop, to wrap up butter and sugar, because it had been written upon. The children in the house stood round the stove; for they wished to see the paper burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire, and was soon alight. “Oh, oh!” cried the paper, as it burst into a bright flame. It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning; but when the whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the air, higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower; and they gleamed as the white linen had never been able to gleam. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned into fire.

“Now I am mounting straight up to the sun,” said a voice in the flames, and it was as if a thousand voices echoed the words; and the flames darted up through the chimney, and went out at the top. Nothing remained of the paper but black ashes with the red sparks dancing over them. The children thought that this was the end, but the sparks sang, “The most beautiful is yet to come.”

—Hans Christian Andersen.

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Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
  Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
  And find a harvest-home of light.

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## JEANNETTE AND JO

Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
  And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
  Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
  Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
  And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
  I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
  Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low:
  "Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
  Came, beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo:
  "It always is a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
  Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—
  I tell it to her honor,—
Looked up and waited till the sun
  Came streaming in upon her.

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
  Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—
  Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
  The hopeful are the gladdest;
And doubt and dread, children, believe
  Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright;
  Take in the sunshine tender;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
  Be full of sunset splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
  To shun all weak complaining;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—
  "It always is a-raining!"

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

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A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown,
Down the gulf of eternity.

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## THE MAID OF ORLEANS

In the midst of those terrible times, during which for one hundred years England and France were at war, there was born in the little village of Domrémy a peasant girl, named Jeanne d'Arc. When she was old enough she used to tend her father's sheep, and as she sat on the hillside, watching them day by day, she often looked out over the ruined houses and blackened fields and wondered if the English would ever come again to frighten her people and burn their peaceful homes. Her father, too, feared the same, and so taught his

little daughter to ride a horse and to use simple weapons.

Later she heard that the dreaded English were back in France, not in her own village, but besieging the brave town of Orleans. News came that the Dauphin, who was now governing France, dared not go to Rheims to be crowned, because the English troops held the place. One day as Jeanne sat musing over all these rumors, wishing that she were a man so that she might go and fight for her country, she saw a vision and heard voices bidding her leave her home and deliver the Dauphin from his enemies, so that he might be crowned king. So loudly and so plainly did she hear these voices that she felt she must go to the French court at once. She was so poor that she thought at first that she must go afoot, but some kind neighbors gave her a horse. Then she put on men's clothing, instead of her coarse red dress, cut off her long black hair, and rode bravely off alone.

Ingres

**Jeanne d'Arc**

The journey was long and perilous, for the country was still full of robbers and free lances, but when it was over she found that her troubles had only begun. The nobles met her strange story with laughter and scorn, and refused to let her see the king. But finally her sweetness and gentle manner prevailed, and she was led into the presence of her sovereign. The story runs that the king, to test her, had put on the simple robe of a courtier, and stood among the rest of the nobles when Jeanne entered. But Jeanne went to him, without hesitation, saluted, and said:—

"In God's name, it is you, sire, and none other."

There she stood, a simple shepherd lass, who could neither read nor write, before a roomful of men of noble birth; but she was not afraid, for she brought with her the faith that she was to save France. Gradually, her soft voice, ringing with enthusiasm and loyalty, aroused the king and his lords, and he granted Jeanne her request—she was to go and relieve Orleans.

He gave her a big horse and pure white armor, and she herself sent for a sword having five crosses on the blade, that she had seen in a dream lying behind an altar in a certain church.

But at Orleans the people who were defending the city mistrusted her. They tried to hide their plans from her, and made a secret attack in the night on the enemy. But the shouts of war woke her from her sleep. She hastily called for her horse and galloped into the midst of the fight. The soldiers cheered her wildly, and now even the unwilling captains were forced to listen to her. In the days that followed, Jeanne, though twice wounded, was always at the front, urging on the French and terrifying the English, who took her for a witch. She entered Orleans on Friday, and a week from the following Sunday the English had turned their backs forever on the city.

Jeanne did not linger to enjoy her triumph. Amid the tears of joy and the cheering of the people, she rode out of the city the next day to perform the rest of her task,—to crown the Dauphin king of France. From far and near people came to see her, and a large army sprang up around her and the king, eager to march towards Rheims. Still the court delayed, for the nobles were jealous of Jeanne's glory, but she was firm in her faith and the people were with her.

The French first attacked the English who were holding Troyes. After a six days' siege the king was discouraged, for the food was growing very scarce, but Jeanne begged him to hold out two days longer. When he agreed, she mounted her horse and led the attack against the town. The English, in terror, opened their gates before the assault began. Thus the last difficulty was surmounted and the army marched safely to Rheims. Here the king was crowned in the big cathedral, the brave young peasant girl standing by his side.

Jeanne was now ready to go back to her father and mother, and the tending of her sheep, but the voices still called her to drive the English from the land. She stayed with the king and army, trying to hasten an attack on the English. But the indolent king, listening to idle tales from his jealous nobles, forgot all Jeanne had done for him and France, and began to believe that she was a witch. At last Jeanne was captured by the enemy. The English believed her to be a witch and tried her for sorcery. The French king made no effort to ransom her, and she was condemned to be burned at the stake. The sentence was carried out, and thus the poor peasant girl gave up her life for the ungrateful country she had saved from ruin.

—Maude Barrow Dutton.



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## BIRDS

Birds—birds, ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?

Ye have nests on the mountains, all rugged and stark;
Ye have nests in the forest, all tangled and dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonny green leaves.

Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake;
Ye dive in the sweet-flags that shadow the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land;
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.

Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

—Eliza Cook.

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## THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
  And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
  And the whirring sail goes round;
  And the whirring sail goes round;
    Alone and warming his five wits,
    The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
  And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
  Twice or thrice his roundelay;
  Twice or thrice his roundelay;
    Alone and warming his five wits,
    The white owl in the belfry sits.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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## IKTOMI AND THE COYOTE

Afar off upon a large level land, a summer sun was shining bright. Here and there over the rolling green were tall bunches of coarse gray weeds. Iktomi in his fringed buckskins walked alone across the prairie with a black bare head glossy in the sunlight. He walked through the grass without following any well-worn footpath.

From one large bunch of coarse weeds to another he wound his way about the great plain. He lifted his foot lightly and placed it gently forward like a wildcat prowling noiselessly through the thick grass. He stopped a few steps away from a very large bunch of wild sage. From shoulder to shoulder he tilted his head. Still farther he bent from side to side. Far forward he stooped, stretching his long thin neck like a duck, to see what lay under a fur coat beyond the bunch of coarse grass.

A sleek gray-faced prairie wolf! his pointed black nose tucked in between his four feet drawn snugly together; his handsome bushy tail wound over his nose and feet; a coyote fast asleep in the shadow of a bunch of grass!—this is what Iktomi spied. Carefully he raised one foot and cautiously reached out with his toes. Gently, gently he lifted the foot behind and placed it before the other. Thus he came nearer and nearer to the round fur ball lying motionless under the sage grass.

Now Iktomi stood beside it, looking at the closed eyelids that did not quiver the least bit. Pressing his lips into straight lines and nodding his head slowly, he bent over the wolf. He held his ear close to the coyote’s nose, but not a breath of air stirred from it.

“Dead!” said he at last. “Dead, but not long since he ran over these plains! See! there in his paw is caught a fresh feather. He is nice fat meat!” Taking hold of the paw with the bird feather fast on it, he exclaimed, “Why, he is still warm! I’ll carry him to my dwelling and have a roast for my evening meal. Ah-ha!” he laughed, as he seized the coyote by its two fore paws and its two hind feet and swung him overhead across his shoulders. The wolf was large and the teepee was far across the prairie. Iktomi trudged along with his burden, smacking his hungry lips together. He blinked his eyes hard to keep out the salty perspiration streaming down his face.

All the while the coyote on his back lay gazing into the sky with wide-open eyes. His long white teeth fairly gleamed as he smiled and smiled.

“To ride on one’s own feet is tiresome, but to be carried like a warrior from a brave fight is great fun!” said the coyote in his heart. He had never been borne on any one’s back before and the new experience delighted him. He lay there lazily on Iktomi’s shoulders, now and then blinking blue winks. Did you never see a bird blink a blue wink? This is how it first became a saying among the plains people. When a bird stands aloof watching your strange ways, a thin bluish white tissue slips quickly over his eyes and as quickly off again; so quick that you think it was only a mysterious blue wink. Sometimes when children grow drowsy they blink blue winks, while

others who are too proud to look with friendly eyes upon people blink in this cold bird-manner.

The coyote was affected by both sleepiness and pride. His winks were almost as blue as the sky. In the midst of his new pleasure the swaying motion ceased. Iktomi had reached his dwelling-place. The coyote felt drowsy no longer, for in the next instant he was slipping out of Iktomi's hands. He was falling, falling through space, and then he struck the ground with such a bump he did not wish to breathe for a while. He wondered what Iktomi would do, so he lay still where he fell. Humming a dance-song, Iktomi hopped and darted about at an imaginary dance and feast. He gathered dry willow sticks and broke them in two against his knee. He built a large fire out-of-doors.

The flames leaped up high in red and yellow streaks. Now Iktomi returned to the coyote, who had been looking on through his eyelashes.

Taking him again by his paws and hind feet, he swung him to and fro. Then as the wolf swung towards the red flames, Iktomi let him go. Once again the coyote fell through space. Hot air smote his nostrils. He saw red dancing fire, and now he struck a bed of crackling embers. With a quick turn he leaped out of the flames. From his heels were scattered a shower of red coals upon Iktomi's bare arms and shoulders. Dumfounded, Iktomi thought he saw a spirit walk out of his fire. His jaws fell apart. He thrust a palm to his face, hard over his mouth! He could scarce keep from shrieking.

Rolling over and over on the grass and rubbing the sides of his head against the ground, the coyote soon put out the fire on his fur. Iktomi's eyes were almost ready to jump out of his head as he stood cooling a burn on his brown arm with his breath.

Sitting on his haunches, on the opposite side of the fire from where Iktomi stood, the coyote began to laugh at him. "Another day, my friend, do not take too much for granted. Make sure the enemy is stone dead before you make a fire!"

Then off he ran so swiftly that his long bushy tail hung out in a straight line with his back.

—ZITKALA-S¨A.

*From "Old Indian Legends," by permission of Ginn and Company.*

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## GOLDEN-ROD

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night,

And in the evening, everywhere
  Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
  Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
  From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
  These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
  For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
  Will go and put the torches out!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin and Company.*

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## NOVEMBER

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
  The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
  As through the woods I reverent creep,
  Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
  Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
  I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
  Low tones as through the forest sweep
  When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good-night";
  And half I smile, and half I weep,
  Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
  Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
  The mother will not fail to keep,
  Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

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## SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

In the great South Kensington Museum in England there are many beautiful pictures, painted by famous artists. In one corner there is a little lead-pencil sketch of a donkey's head, and visitors to the gallery used to ask the guide how it came there. The old man would point to the name below the sketch and say, "Why, that is Sir Edwin Landseer's, and done when he was only five years old." This is true, for the little drawing is marked, "E. Landseer, five years old."

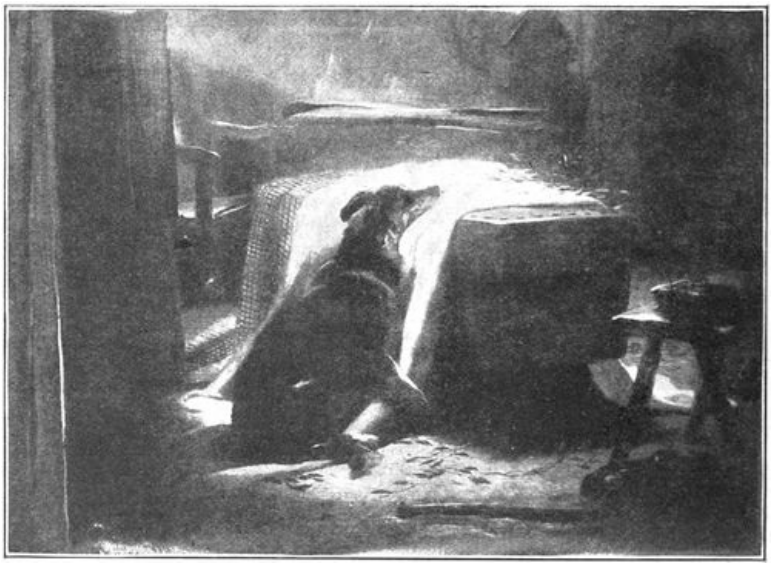
The little boy who did such wonderful work lived in a happy home in the great city of London. Not far from his home was a beautiful field called Hampstead Heath, and it was on this delightful playground that Edwin and his older brothers spent some of the happiest hours of their lives. While the others were burying each other in the grass, riding the old horse, or romping with the dogs, little curly-headed Edwin would be sitting under a tree, trying to make pictures. Sometimes his sister would sit by his side and watch the pencil as his baby fingers guided it. Very soon she would see a horse's head on the paper and would recognize their own old Dobbin. "How good it is!" she would exclaim, "What a famous little artist you are!"

Edwin learned some wonderful lessons on Hampstead Heath. When he would beg to be taught to draw, his father would say: "Study things as God has made them, my boy. Your own eyes must be your first teachers."

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

Of course the little boy was sent to school. He loved to read, but did not like to study. Sometimes his teacher would see him with his eyes shut and his hand moving on the desk. He was thinking of a picture. Drawing was not taught in the schools in those days and boys were punished if they were caught drawing pictures during school hours; so Edwin often ran away from his teachers, and they would find him in a quiet corner, with his slate, drawing the picture of some animal.

Wherever animals were to be seen in London, there Edwin was to be found. He generally carried his sketch book with him, and pictured the animals eating, walking about, asleep, or at play. Sometimes he would go to the London Zoölogical Gardens, and after he had watched the wild beasts for hours he would come away with many sketches. There was also a great market in London where wild animals were to be seen, and the boy, who was generally followed by two or more dogs, became very familiar to the people who came to the market.



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER

When he was old enough Edwin was sent to the Artists' Academy in London. He was a great favorite in the school, and one famous artist always called him the "Dog-boy." He was very happy here and for the next few years devoted his time to the study of animals and how to paint them.

After a time Landseer had so many pictures, and wished to keep so many dogs, sheep, and deer, that it seemed necessary that he should have a home of his own where he could receive his friends. A pretty little cottage in St. John's Wood near London was found to be just the place he desired. There was an old-fashioned garden filled with large trees and beautiful flowers. The new home was named "Maida Vale," in honor of Sir Walter Scott's favorite dog.

An old barn was fitted up for a studio, which was soon made beautiful with pictures of all kinds of animals. There were graceful greyhounds, kind-faced sheep dogs, faithful terriers, soft rabbits, cunning kittens, spirited race horses, and fleet-footed deer. The pictures looked so real that a witty friend of the artist used to call out before he entered the studio, “Landseer, keep your dogs off me; I want to come in.” On another occasion this same friend said, “O, give me a pin to take the thorn out of that dog’s foot! See what pain he is suffering!”

Everybody wished to visit this delightful studio, and meet the great painter who was so kind and witty, who loved flowers and children so well, and who had so many interesting friends around him. His visitors were astonished at his great power in training dogs, and gaining their love. When asked the secret, he would smile and say, “I just peep into their hearts.” One day he was entertaining some friends at Maida Vale when the door was pushed open and four great dogs bounded in. One lady was frightened, and as a fierce-looking dog ran past her and put his nose in Landseer’s hand, she said, “How fond of you that dog is!” “Yes,” said the artist, quietly, “but I never saw this dog before in my life.”

Landseer was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott, whom he often visited at his home. How he loved the wild scenery and the tender-hearted fearless people of that North Country! How he loved to climb the mountains and watch the shy, beautiful deer as they bounded over the crags! No artist ever painted deer like Landseer.

One day when he was at work in his studio, Landseer was told that Queen Victoria was riding up the garden path. He went to meet her, and she told him she wished him to see her mounted on her horse, so that he might paint her picture. She invited him to be her guest, and he painted a great many pictures of her children and their pets. In 1850, the Queen decided to confer on him the honor of knighthood; so the artist, who was now known all over the world, became Sir Edwin Landseer.

After this he received many great honors. He spent the last years of a happy, busy life in the pretty Maida Vale cottage. As he grew old he talked about his “worn-out, old pencil,” and complained that drawing tired him. It was a trial for him to give up his work, and his eyes were often sad as he looked at his beautiful pictures.

Landseer died in 1873, and was buried in St. Paul’s Cathedral, in London. Copies of his pictures are in every land and in almost every home. He will always be remembered as a lover of animals as well as a great artist.

—Selected.

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## THE TWO CHURCH BUILDERS

A famous king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder’s name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman’s in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, “Bring the culprit here!”
And to the woman, trembling sore,
He said, “’Tis very clear
That you have broken my command;
Now, let the truth appear!”

“Your Majesty,” the widow said,
“I can’t deny the truth;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke Your Majesty’s command
(I crave your royal ruth),

“And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless Your Majesty;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay.”

“Ah! now I see,” the king exclaimed:
“Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame.
’Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow’s name.”

—John Godfrey Saxe.

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Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

## HOW SIEGFRIED MADE THE SWORD

In Saxon land there once lived a young prince named Siegfried. His father, who was renowned for his wisdom and good deeds, was king of a rich and happy country that reached to the great North Sea. His mother, the gentle queen, was beloved by all, both high and low, for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to all who were in distress. Both the king and the queen left nothing undone to fit the young prince for a happy and useful life. They chose for him the best and wisest teachers; every day they saw that something was added to his store of knowledge and his stock of happiness. As he grew in stature it was their concern that he should grow in skill and strength also. No other youth of his age could run more swiftly or ride more easily; no other youth could shoot the arrow with surer aim or throw the spear with greater force.

But the wise old king knew that a good man's life consisted of more than learning lessons and playing games. "All work is noble," said he to Siegfried; "he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should learn how to earn their bread by the labor of their hands." So the king sent his son to live with a smith called Mimer, that he might learn the smith's trade and hear his words of wisdom.

This Mimer had built his smithy among the hills by the edge of a great forest. On the side of one of the hills overlooking the forest there was a fountain in which skill and wisdom lay hidden. By drinking daily at this fountain as the sun was rising, Mimer had become the most skilful of smiths and the wisest of men.

Siegfried had now to lay aside his courtly garments and put on a coarse blouse and leathern apron; for the dainties of a king's table he had to exchange the humble fare of a smith's apprentice. But he did not complain. His days were mirthful and happy; the sound of his hammer echoed musically among the hills, and the sparks from his forge flew like showers of stars from morn till night. He took such delight in his work that he soon became the cleverest workman in the smithy except Mimer himself. He could twist the links of the heaviest chains and fashion the most delicate ornaments of steel.

One morning the apprentices saw that their master wore a troubled look. He told them that Amilias, the chief smith in another land, had made a coat of armor which he boasted that neither sword could pierce, nor spear could scratch, and he had sent a challenge to the chief smiths of all other lands to equal his workmanship, or acknowledge him as their master. He had been toiling all the day and night to forge a sword that would pierce the armor, but he had failed. He asked, "Is there any one here skilful enough to forge such a sword?"

All the apprentices shook their heads. But Siegfried spoke up: "Give me leave; I shall try to forge the sword that shall cut the armor of Amilias." All the others laughed at him in scorn, but Mimer said to them, "Let us see what he can do; if he fail, I shall make him repent his pride."

Siegfried went to his task. For seven days the sparks flew from his anvil. On the eighth day the sword was tempered and he brought it to Mimer. "This seems, indeed," said Mimer, "a fair edge. Let us try its keenness." Then he threw a thread upon the water, and as it lay there he struck it with the sword. The blade passed through the thread without disturbing the ends or the surface of the water. "Well done, lad!" exclaimed the smith; "never have I seen a keener edge."

But Siegfried said to himself, "I can make a better sword than that, and there yet is time." So for three days more he welded it in a white hot fire and tempered it in buttermilk and oatmeal. Then in sight of Mimer and the apprentices he threw a ball of wool upon the water, and whirling the blade in air brought it down upon the ball and parted it clean in two without moving a thread out of place.

Still there was time, and back to his corner of the smithy went Siegfried again. His hammer rang with a cheerier sound than ever. For seven weeks he worked at the forge, and at last, pale but smiling, he stood before Mimer with the finished gleaming sword. Mimer looked at the edge which gleamed like a ray of light, but he said nothing, and seemed lost in thought. Then Siegfried, taking the weapon in his own hand, swung the blade high over his head, and

brought it down upon the anvil. The huge iron block was divided in two. Then to the brook they went, and throwing a fleece of wool upon the water the sword stroke separated it as easily as the ball had been cut before. “With that sword,” cried Mimer, “I shall not fear to meet Amilias.”

Heralds were sent abroad through the two kingdoms to proclaim the day when the test would be made. Other kings heard of the contest and came with their retinues of warriors to witness the trial. There were four kings with their queens and many fair ladies and courtly knights in armor. Multitudes gathered to the height of land that separated the kingdoms.

When everything was ready, Amilias clad in the coat of armor went to the top of the hill and sat upon a great rock, where he was in full sight of all the people. He smiled to see Mimer toiling up the steep hill with that slight sword by his side; the countrymen of Amilias gave a shout of triumph, so sure were they of their champion’s success. But Mimer’s countrymen waited in breathless silence. They had faith in Mimer, but they greatly feared. Only Siegfried’s father seemed confident. He whispered to his queen, “Wisdom and skill are stronger than steel.”

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, he paused a moment to take breath and to cast a glance on the crowds below.

“Are you ready?”

“Ready,” answered Amilias, with a composed smile, so little did he fear; “strike your strongest!”

Mimer swung the gleaming blade,—for a moment the lightning seemed to play around his head, and then descending, it made a sweep through the air from right to left. The spectators thought to hear the clash of steel, but no sound came to their ears save a hiss like that which a hot poker would make in a bucket of water.

“Stand!” cried Mimer.

Amilias began to obey when, lo! he fell in halves, for the sword had cut through the war coat and the body incased within. One half rolled down the steep hill and fell into the river, fathoms deep, where for many a day, when the water was clear, it could be seen lying among the gravel and rocks.

The king was right: wisdom and skill had proved themselves stronger than steel.—SELECTED.

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He who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere.

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## GRASS AND ROSES

I looked where the roses were blooming,
  They stood among grasses and weeds:
I said, “Where such beauties are growing,
  Why suffer these paltry weeds?”

Weeping, the poor things faltered:
  “We have neither beauty nor bloom,
We are grass in the roses’ garden,
  But the Master gives us room.

“Slaves of a generous master,
  Born from a world above,
We came to this place in His wisdom,
  We stay to this hour from His love.

“We have fed His humblest creatures,
  We have served Him truly and long;
He gave no grace to our features,
  We have neither color nor song.

“Yet He who has made the flowers
  Placed *us* on the selfsame sod;
*He* knows our reason for being,—
  We are grass in the garden of God.”

—James Freeman Clarke.

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## THE WOUNDED CURLEW

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about;

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying, with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, oh, then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
The shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food and stay
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrong redress.

Oh, bright-eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

Oh, children! drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh, listen to my words,
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan—
Have mercy on the birds!

—Celia Thaxter.

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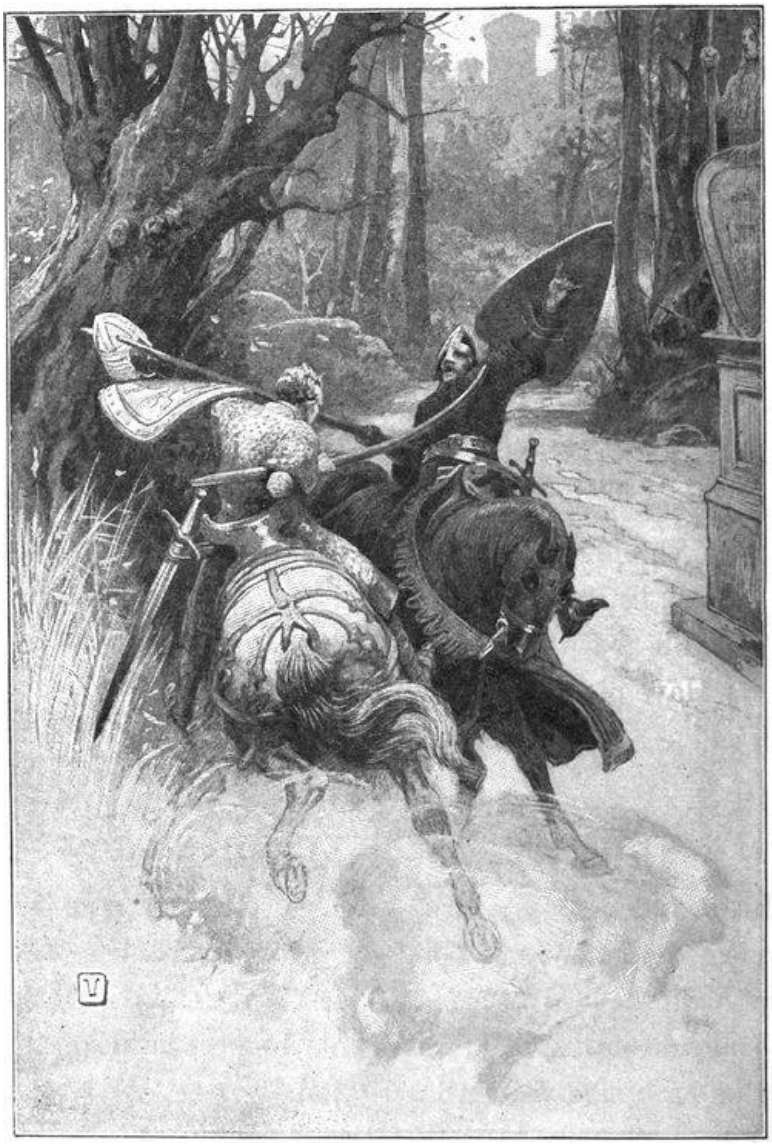
## THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD

In the olden times a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.



**The Gold and Silver Shield**

It happened one day that two knights—one in black armor, the other in white—arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

“This golden shield,” said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time,—”this golden shield—”

“Golden shield!” cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; “why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.”

“Eyes you have, but they see not,” replied the Black Knight; “for if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.”

“Oh, yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!” said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. “For my part I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way.”

The Black Knight could not bear the sarcastic smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space; then fixing their lances in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was travelling that way found them. He was a skilful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses, he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

“Why, this man,” cried the Black Knight, “will have it that yonder shield is silver!”

“And he will have it that it is gold!” cried the White Knight.

“Ah,” said the Druid, with a sigh, “you are both in the right, and both in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at both sides of the shield, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided.

“However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.”—SELECTED.

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## THE WHITE-THROAT SPARROW

From the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the river,
From the bending willow branches,
From the hollows and the hillsides,
Through the lone Canadian forest,
Comes the melancholy music,
Oft repeated,—never changing,—
“All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity.”

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
Sowing seed with hope of harvest,
In the orchard white with blossom,
In the early field of clover,
Comes the little brown-clad singer
Flitting in and out of bushes,
Hiding well behind the fences,
Piping forth his song of sadness,—
“Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity.”

—SIR JAMES D. EDGAR.

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## THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
   One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
   The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
   The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
   One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
   Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
   Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
   I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
   One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
   Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
   Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
   He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
   The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
   When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
   To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
   The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God’s children both,
   Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.

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A kind face is a beautiful face.

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## CRŒSUS

Some thousands of years ago there lived in Asia a king whose name was Crœsus. The country over which he ruled was not very large, but its people were prosperous and famed for their wealth. Crœsus himself was said to be the richest man in the world; and so well known is his name that, to this day, it is not uncommon to say of a very wealthy person that he is “as rich as Crœsus.”

King Crœsus had everything that could make him happy—lands and houses and slaves, fine clothing to wear, and beautiful things to look at. He could not think of anything that he needed to make him more comfortable or contented. “I am the happiest man in the world,” he said.

It happened one summer that a great man from across the sea was travelling in Asia. The name of this man was Solon, and he was the lawmaker of Athens in Greece. He was noted for his wisdom; and, centuries after his death, the highest praise that could be given to a learned man was to say, “He is as wise as Solon.”

Solon had heard of Crœsus, and so one day he visited him in his beautiful palace. Crœsus was now happier and prouder than ever before, for the wisest man in the world was his guest. He led Solon through his palace and showed him the grand rooms, the fine carpets, the soft couches, the rich furniture, the pictures, the books. Then he invited him out to see his gardens and his orchards and his stables; and he showed him thousands of rare and beautiful things that he had collected from all parts of the world.

In the evening as the wisest of men and the richest of men were dining together, the king said to his guest, “Tell me now, O Solon, who do you think is the happiest of all men?” He expected that Solon would say “Crœsus.”

The wise man was silent for a minute, and then he said, “I have in mind a poor man who once lived in Athens and whose name was Tellus. He, I doubt not, is the happiest of all men.”

This was not the answer that Crœsus wished; but he hid his disappointment and asked, “Why do you think so?”

“Because,” answered his guest, “Tellus was an honest man who labored hard for many years to bring up his children and to give them a good education; and when they were grown and able to do for themselves, he joined the Athenian army and gave his life bravely in the defence of his country. Can you think of any one who is more deserving of happiness?”

“Perhaps not,” answered Crœsus, half choking with disappointment. “But who do you think ranks next to Tellus in happiness?” He was quite sure now that Solon would say “Crœsus.”

“I have in mind,” said Solon, “two young men whom I knew in Greece. Their father died when they were mere children, and they were very poor. But they worked manfully to keep the house together and to support their mother, who was in feeble health. Year after year they toiled, nor thought of anything but their mother’s comfort. When at length she died, they gave all their love to Athens, their native city, and nobly served her as long as they lived.”

Then Crœsus was angry. “Why is it,” he asked, “that you make me of no account and think that my wealth and power are nothing? Why is it that you place these poor working people above the richest king in the world?”

“O king,” said Solon, “no man can say whether you are happy or not until you die. For no man knows what misfortunes may overtake you, or what misery may be yours in place of all this splendor.”

Many years after this there arose in Asia a powerful king whose name was Cyrus. At the head of a great army he marched from one country to another, overthrowing many a kingdom and attaching it to his great empire of Babylon. King Crœsus with all his wealth was not able to stand against this mighty warrior. He resisted as long as he could. Then his city was taken, his beautiful palace was burned, his orchards and gardens were destroyed, his treasures were carried away, and he himself was made prisoner.

“The stubbornness of this man Crœsus,” said King Cyrus, “has caused us much trouble and the loss of many good soldiers. Take him and make an example of him for other petty kings who may dare to stand in our way.”

Thereupon the soldiers seized Crœsus and dragged him to the market-place, handling him roughly all the time. Then they built up a great pile of dry sticks and timber taken from the ruins of his once beautiful palace. When this was finished, they tied the unhappy king in the midst of it, and one ran for a torch to set it on fire.

“Now we shall have a merry blaze,” said the savage fellows. “What good can all his wealth do him now?”

As poor Crœsus, bruised and bleeding, lay upon the pyre without a friend to soothe his misery, he thought of the words which Solon had spoken to him years before: “No man can say whether you are happy or not until you die,” and he moaned, “O Solon! O Solon! Solon!”

It so happened that Cyrus was riding by at that very moment and heard his moans. “What does he say?” he asked of the soldiers.

“He says, ‘Solon, Solon, Solon!’” answered one.

Then the king rode nearer and asked Crœsus, “Why do you call on the name of Solon?”

Crœsus was silent at first; but after Cyrus had repeated his question kindly, he told all about Solon’s visit at his palace and what he had

said.

The story affected Cyrus deeply. He thought of the words, “No man knows what misfortunes may overtake you, or what misery may be yours in place of all this splendor.” And he wondered if some time he, too, would lose all his power and be helpless in the hands of his enemies.

“After all,” said he, “ought not men to be merciful and kind to those who are in distress? I shall do to Crœsus as I would have others do to me.” And he caused Crœsus to be given his freedom; and ever afterwards treated him as one of his most honored friends.

—James Baldwin.

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## THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—You may trace his
footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill’s
withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant
green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them
down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen
Labrador—
From the icy bridge of the Northern Seas, which the white bear
wanders o’er,
Where the fisherman’s sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms
below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing
Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath
went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of
Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake
shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater’s heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the
leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as
we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing
goes by!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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## A SONG OF THE SLEIGH

Oh, swift we go o’er the fleecy snow
  When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to music’s chime,
  As merrily on we bound.

On a winter’s night, when hearts are light,
  And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
  And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song we glide along
  Across the fleeting snow!
With friends beside, how swift we ride
  On the beautiful track below!

Oh, the raging sea has joys for me,
  When gale and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
  And I’ll ask for the waves no more.

—James T. Fields.

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## THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

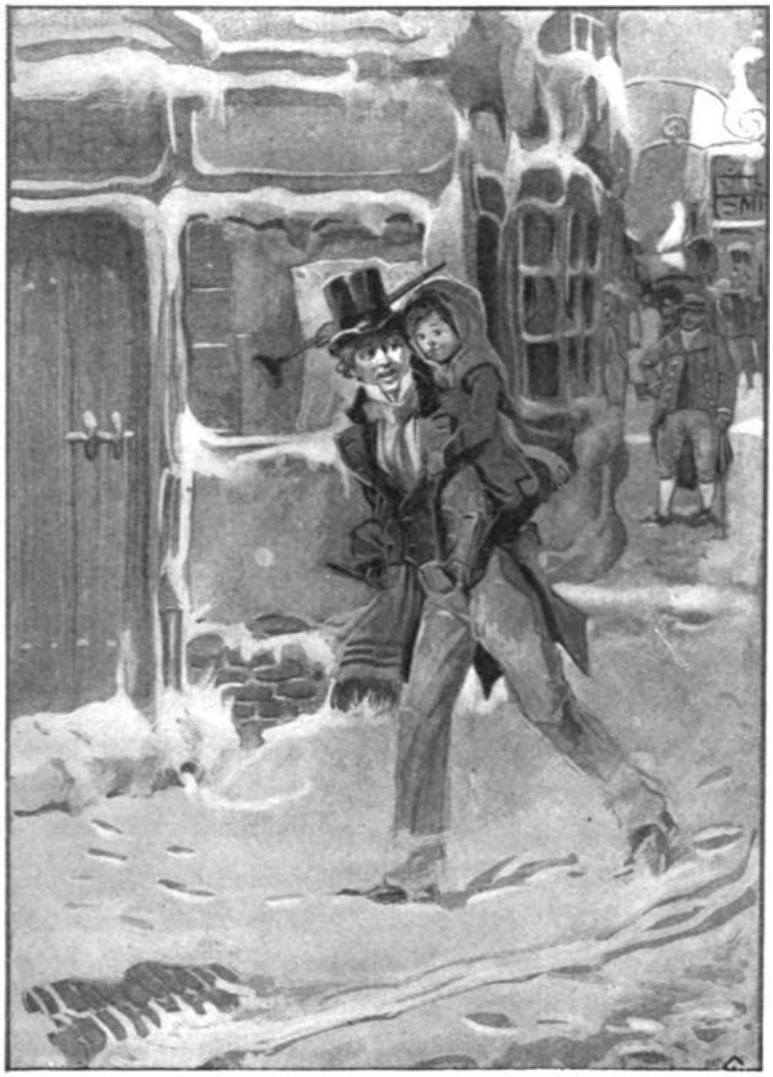
Up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit’s wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, the second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit, who was wearing a monstrous shirt collar belonging to his father, plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker’s they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own. Then these young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit, whose collar nearly choked him, blew the fire until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

“What has become of your father?” said Mrs. Cratchit. “And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn’t as late last Christmas Day by half an hour.”

“Here’s Martha, Mother!” said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

“Here’s Martha, Mother!” cried the two young Cratchits. “Hurrah! There’s *such* a goose, Martha!”



**Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim**

“Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!” said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

“We had a great deal of work to finish up last night,” replied the girl, “and had to clear away this morning, Mother!”

“Well, never mind, as long as you are here,” said Mrs. Cratchit. “Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself.”

“No, no! There’s Father coming,” cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once.

“Hide, Martha, hide!”

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his legs supported by an iron frame!

“Why, where’s our Martha?” cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

“Not coming,” said Mrs. Cratchit.

“Not coming!” said Bob. “Not coming upon Christmas Day!”

Martha didn’t like to see him disappointed, even if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

“And how did little Tim behave?” asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart’s content.

“As good as gold,” said Bob, “and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to

them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Then Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to bring the goose, with which they soon returned in high glee.

Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table.

The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their lips, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness, flavor, and size were wonderful to think of. With apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, looking at one small bone upon the dish, they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose! The two young Cratchits almost went black in the face when they thought of what might have happened.

Halloo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle. A smell like a washing-day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a baker's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and decked with Christmas holly. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said it was the best pudding he had ever seen. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the hearth swept, and the fire made. All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked. Then Bob said, "Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—Charles Dickens.

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Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the light.

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## CHRISTMAS SONG

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
   But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
   When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night:
   On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
   That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched, and poor,
   That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
   With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
   Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
   That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

Blashfield

**Christmas Chimes**

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## BERGETTA’S MISFORTUNE

Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun. Her two little white fore paws were gathered in under her chin, and she had encircled herself with her tail in the most compact and comfortable way. Her three companion cats were all out of her way at that moment. She forgot their existence. She was only conscious of the kindly rays that sank into her soft fur and made her so very sleepy and comfortable.

Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off, but she heard it, and pricked up her pretty pink-lined ears and listened intently. Two men, bearing a large basket between them, came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. The basket seemed heavy; the men each held a handle of it, and very silently went with it round to the back entrance of the house.

Bergetta settled her head once more upon her folded paws, and tried to go to sleep again. But the thought of the basket prevented. She got up, stretched herself, and lightly and noiselessly made her way round the house to the back door and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor, and the three other cats sat at a respectful distance from it near each other, surveying it doubtfully.

Bergetta wasn’t afraid; she went slowly towards it to find out what it contained, but when quite close to it she became aware of a curious noise—a rustling, crunching, dull, clashing sound which was as peculiar as alarming. She stopped and listened; all the other cats listened. Suddenly a queer object thrust itself up over the edge, and a most extraordinary shape began to rise gradually into sight. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about aimlessly in the air for a moment; two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket, and by their help a hideous dark bottle-green-colored body patched with vermilion, bristling with points and knobs, and cased in hard, strong, jointed armor, with eight legs flying in all directions, each fringed at the foot with short yellowish hair, and with the inner edges of the huge misshapen claws lined with a row of sharp, uneven teeth, opening and shutting with the grasp of a vise,—this ugly body rose into view before the eyes of the astonished cats. It was a living lobster.

As the hard and horny monster raised itself out of the basket, it fell with a loud noise all in a heap on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to observe this strange creature. The other cats also sat down to watch, farther off than Bergetta, but quite as much interested.

For a long time all was still. The lobster, probably rather shocked by its fall, lay just where it had dropped. Inside the basket a faint stirring and wrestling and clashing was heard from the other lobsters,—that was all. Very soon Bergetta felt herself becoming extremely bored with this state of things. She crept a little nearer the basket.

“I needn’t be afraid of that thing,” thought she; “it doesn’t move any more.”

Nearer and nearer she crept, the other cats watching her, but not stirring. At last she reached the lobster, that in its wrath and discomfort sat blowing a cloud of rainbow bubbles from its mouth, but making no other movement. Bergetta ventured to put out her paw and touch its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta with its queer eyes on stilts, which it wheeled about on all sides to see what she was doing.

She tried another little pat, whereat the lobster waved its long feelers, that streamed away over its back in the air, far beyond its tail. That was charming! Bergetta was delighted. The monster was

really playful! She gave him another little pat with her soft paw, and then coquettishly boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. There was a movement of the curious shelly machinery about his mouth, but he was yet too indifferent to mind anything much.

Bergetta continued to tease him. This was fun! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave him little cuffs and pushes and pats which moved him no more than a rock. At last he seemed to become aware that he was being treated with somewhat more familiarity than was agreeable from an entire stranger, and began to move his ponderous front claws uneasily.

Still Bergetta continued to frisk about him, till he thrust out his eight smaller claws with a gesture of displeasure, and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold. “This is very funny,” thought Bergetta. “I wonder what it means!” and she pushed her little white paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together with a tremendous grip, and Bergetta uttered a scream of pain,—her paw was caught as in a vise and cut nearly through with the uneven toothed edge.

Alas, alas! Here was a situation. In vain she tried to get away; the lobster’s claw clasped her delicate paw in a grasp altogether too close for comfort. Crying with fear and distress, Bergetta danced about all over the room; and everywhere Bergetta danced, the lobster was sure to go, too, clinging for dear life; up and down, over and across, they went in the wildest kind of a jig, while all the other cats made themselves as small as they could in the remotest corners, and watched the performance with mingled awe and consternation. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two cutting such capers together! At last some one heard the noise, and coming to the rescue thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened the grip of the merciless claw; and poor Bergetta, set at liberty, limped off to console herself as best she might.

—Celia Thaxter.

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## STORM SONG

The clouds are scudding across the moon;
  A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
  And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
  Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar:
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,
  A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
  The wild and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we’ll keep,
  While the tempest is on the sea!

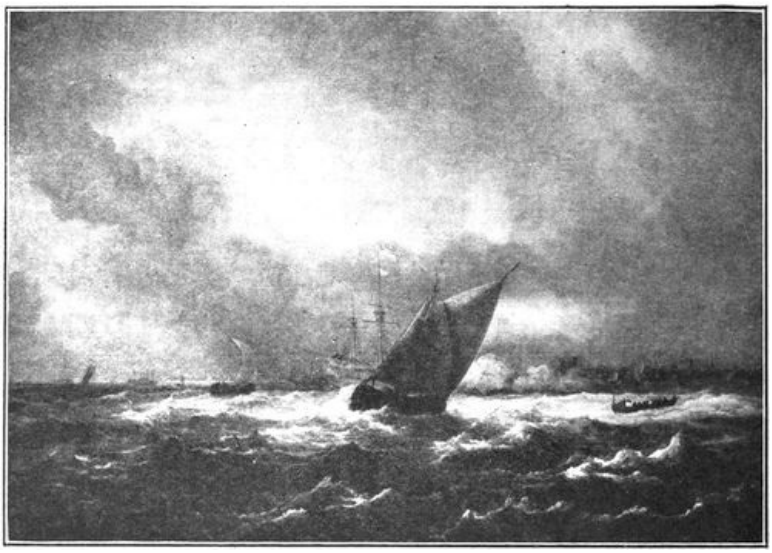
Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
  And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm, we’ll drive our ship
  In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark! how the surges o’erleap the deck!
  Hark! how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck,
  Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers! we trust the wave,
  With God above us, our guiding chart:
So, whether to harbor or ocean grave,
  Be it still with a cheery heart.

—Bayard Taylor.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
“Head, you may think; Heart, you may feel;
But Hand, you shall work alway.”



Ruysdael

**Marine View**

## A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee!

“O for a soft and gentle wind!”
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There’s tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—Allan Cunningham.

## THE INDIANS

When the people from the Old World first settled in this country,

they found a race here whom they called Indians. This same race still inhabit this country, but they are few in numbers as compared with the whites, and they live mostly in the far West.

The Indians then did not dress like those you may see now, but their faces and figures have not changed very much. They have a dark skin, straight, black hair, black eyes, high cheek-bones, flat noses, white teeth, and wear no beards. In stature they are tall and straight.

The houses in which the Indians lived were not at all like our homes, and they were called huts or wigwams. These wigwams were sometimes made of poles set in the ground in a circle. But when a large hut was wanted, the poles were planted in two long rows. The poles were bent over at the top, then fastened together and all covered with bark. Sometimes the poles were driven into the ground in such a way that they met at the top. A hole was left for smoke near the top, and the rest of the pole frame was covered with bark on the outside and with skins on the inside.

The Indians had no furniture, not even beds, and every one sat and slept on skins or on mats made from rushes by the squaws. These mats and skins were kept upon the ground, but each person had a place for his own.

The food of the Indians consisted of fish and game, together with such fruits and nuts as they were able to pick and gather, besides the corn for cakes. Potatoes and corn are both natives of this country and were first used by the Indians. For drinking purposes, water was commonly used, but they made a great many drinks with berries, leaves, and roots.

The faces of the Indians were frequently painted in many colors, and to make the paint last long, holes were sometimes pricked into the skin by means of thorns. The painting then was much like the tattooing done now in many islands of the sea. Sometimes they tattooed in this way nearly the whole of their bodies.

In the warm parts of the country they wore little in the way of dress, often no more than a kind of short skirt which did not reach to the knees; but they took great delight in having large strings of beads round their necks, besides birds' claws, squirrels' heads, and the like. Where it was colder, bearskins were worn in winter, with the fur left on the pelt. In summer lighter skins were chosen, and sometimes the fur was taken off. Large garments were, in the main, made from the skins of the otter, beaver, or raccoon. The men had a sort of leather breeches which they used when hunting, and they wore moccasins for shoes.

Feathers, sometimes in head-dresses, sometimes in garments, were used by the Indians, to show degrees of honor won in war. Bows and arrows were used by them for hunting, and likewise for weapons to defend themselves. The work of making bows and arrows must have taken a great deal of time, for the arrow shafts were whittled out of wood, and the arrow-heads were chipped out of flint and other stones. They used spears with which to fish, as well as hooks and lines.

The wood for their boats was obtained by burning down trees near the ground, and then burning off the branches and tops. In this way they managed to get logs the right length, and then they burned them out on one side, after which they scraped out the charred parts with shells. These made very strong boats. A lighter canoe was built of a frame covered with bark.

In times of peace the Indians hunted and fished. Such a thing as a store or market was not needed. Each family had to catch all the fish or kill all the game that might be required for its wants. The boys early learned the art of fishing and hunting, and in summer they fished from the shore or from a canoe. In winter they bored holes through the ice and used a hook and line or a long spear. This spear, at the pointed end, was shaped like a fish.

Many stories are told how these hunters and fishermen by tricks took their game. Sometimes they would drive a whole herd of deer or buffalo out upon a narrow neck of land running far into the water, and then cut off all escape by building a row of fires across the neck. In this way they kept the herd together until they killed all

they wanted.

The war-dance was a great thing among Indians, and they thought the only way to get honor was by following the war-path. Therefore many hours were spent in learning war-dances and in being able to hit a small mark a great way off with the bow and arrow. By the time an Indian lad reached sixteen and was able to do these things well, he was old enough to go to war and to help fight the battles which so often took place among the tribes.

Hunting and fishing and going to war were, however, not all the things that the Indians did. They had many sports and games for children, and also many for those who were grown up. They played ball on the grass, a game like hockey with sticks on the ice, and lacrosse, which we have now adopted as our national game. —SELECTED.

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## SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

—DAVID BATES.

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## DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, “O mists, make room for me.”

It hailed the ships, and cried, “Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone.”

And hurried landwards, far away,
Crying, “Awake! it is the day.”

It said unto the forest, “Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!”

It touched the wood-bird’s folded wing,
And said, “O bird, awake and sing.”

And o’er the farms, “O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near.”

It whispered to the fields of corn,
“Bow down and hail the coming morn.”

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
“Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.”

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, “Not yet! in quiet lie.”

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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## THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

One morning when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts; and he murmured because others no better than himself were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labor and pain. Thinking upon these things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met; and he stopped, not certain which one to take.

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it; but he saw that it led straight towards the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on his left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where sang thousands of beautiful birds; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching the wonderful mountains of blue.

While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two women coming towards him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was beautiful as a summer day. Her cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

“O noble youth,” she said, “this is the road which you should choose. It will lead you into pleasant ways where there is neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind. Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass.”

By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the lad.

“If you take my road,” said she, “you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into many a valley and quagmire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hilltops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toilsome; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see faint glimpses, far away. They cannot be reached without labor; there is nothing worth having but must be won through toil. If you would have fruits and flowers, you must plant and care for them; if you would gain the love of your fellow-men, you must love them and suffer for them; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds.”

Then the boy saw that this woman, although her face seemed at first very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or as the flowery fields after a summer rain.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Some call me Labor,” she answered; “but others know me as Truth.”

“And what is your name?” he asked, turning to the first lady.

“Some call me Pleasure,” said she, with a smile; “but I choose to be known as the Joyous One.”

“And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you?”

“I promise nothing at the end. What I give, I give at the beginning.”

“Labor,” said Hercules, “I shall follow your road. I want to be strong and manly and worthy of the love of my fellows. And whether I shall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim.”

—James Baldwin.

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## THE WALKER OF THE SNOW

Speed on, speed on, good Master!
  The camp lies far away;
We must cross the haunted valley
  Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me
  I will tell you as I go,—
The blight of the Shadow-hunter,
  Who walks the midnight snow.

To the cold December heaven
  Came the pale moon and the stars,
As the yellow sun was sinking
  Behind the purple bars.

The snow was deeply drifted
  Upon the ridges drear,
That lay for miles around me
  And the camps for which we steer.

’Twas silent on the hillside,
  And by the solemn wood,
No sound of life or motion
  To break the solitude,

Save the wailing of the moose-bird
  With a plaintive note and low,
And the skating of the red leaf
  Upon the frozen snow.

And said I, “Though dark is falling,
  And far the camp must be,
Yet my heart it would be lightsome
  If I had but company.”

And then I sang and shouted,
  Keeping measure, as I sped,
To the harp-twang of the snow-shoe
  As it sprang beneath my tread.

Nor far into the valley
  Had I dipped upon my way,
When a dusky figure joined me,
  In a capuchon of gray,

Bending upon the snow-shoes,
  With a long and limber stride;
And I hailed the dusky stranger
  As we travelled side by side.

But no token of communion
  Gave he by word or look,
And the fear-chill fell upon me
  At the crossing of the brook.

For I saw by the sickly moonlight
  As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
  Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o’er me,
  Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snow-drift
  Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the other trappers found me,
  Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
  As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
  For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
  And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
  The sun is falling low,—
Before us lies the valley
  Of the Walker of the Snow!

—Charles Dawson Shanly.

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## THE FROG TRAVELLERS

Long, long ago, before the white man came across the Sea of Peace to Japan, before the screaming engines frightened the white heron from the rice fields, and before the sparrows perched on telegraph wires, there lived two frogs, one in a well at Kioto, the other in a pond at Ozaka.

In the land of Japan there is a proverb that “the frog in the well knows not the great ocean.” The Kioto frog had heard this said many times by the maids who came to draw water, and one day he became vexed at their laughter.

“I shall stay here no longer,” he said to himself. “I shall go at once to see this great ocean of which they talk. I do not believe it is half as wide or as deep as my well, where I can see the stars even in the daytime, but I shall at least know what it looks like.”

Then Mr. Frog told his family that he was going on a journey, going out to Ozaka to see the great ocean. So Mrs. Frog gave him a package of boiled rice and snails, and tying it round his neck, he set off on his journey. When he came out of the well, he saw that the other animals did not leap, but walked upright on their legs. He thought he must walk in the same way, so he stood up on his hind legs and waddled off slowly across the fields.

On this very same day the frog who lived in the pond decided to see more of the world.

THE WELL AT KIOTO

“Good-by,” he said to Mrs. Frog, as he jumped from a lily-pad into the grass, “I am tired of sitting here in the sun thinking and blinking, so I am going to Kioto.”

It so happened that the Kioto frog and the frog from Ozaka met on a hill halfway between the two cities.

“Good morning,” said one, bowing his head to the ground three times.

“Good morning,” said the other, also bowing respectfully.

Then they sank down in a shady spot, for they were very tired and lame from trying to walk on their hind feet.

“Where are you going?” asked the Ozaka frog. “This is a fine day for a journey.”

“I set out to see the great ocean at Ozaka, of which I have heard so often,” replied the frog who lived in the well, “but I am so tired that I think I shall be satisfied with looking at it from the top of this hill.”

“I am going to Kioto,” said the other frog.

“It is a long journey, my friend,” said the Kioto frog. “Why do you not look at it from this hill and save yourself the trouble of walking all the way?”

“That is a good plan, friend,” said the frog from Ozaka.

Then the two frogs climbed to the top of a flat rock, and stood up on their hind legs, the Kioto frog facing the great ocean at Ozaka, and the other facing the city of Kioto. A frog’s eyes, as you know very well, are so placed that when he sits comfortably at home on his lily-pad, he looks before him. But when he stands on his hind legs with his head in the air, he sees only what is behind him. Standing in this way, on top of the rock, the frogs looked long and steadily at the landscape. At last, being very tired, they sat down again.

“Ozaka looks exactly like my

home," said the Kioto frog; "and as for the ocean, I saw nothing larger than the brook I swam across this morning."

"You are right," said the other. "Kioto looks just like Ozaka. They are as much alike as two grains of rice. I am glad that I met you, for you have saved me much trouble. I shall return to my pond at once. Good-by, my friend."

Then the two frogs jumped to the ground and hurried off, leaping as a frog should do, and thus reaching home in a short time. That night they told their friends about their adventures, and still the frog in the pond thinks he has seen the great world, and "the frog in the well knows not the great ocean."—WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

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A good action is never thrown away.

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## THE THREE BELLS

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
  That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
  The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
  Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
  From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
  “Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry:
“Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
  Shall lay till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
  Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
  The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
  Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
  The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
  Sent down his hopeful cry.
“Take heart! Hold on!” he shouted,
  “The Three Bells shall lay by!”

All night across the waters
  The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
  The Three Bells sent her cheer,

And when the dreary watches
  Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
  All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
  In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
  Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
  Repeat the Master’s cry,
As tossing through our darkness
  The lights of God draw nigh!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
  What further may be sought for or declared?

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## HOW THE INDIAN KNEW

One day an Indian came back from a trip to his traps, and noticed, when he reached his wigwam, that a deer that had hung inside had been stolen. He at once set to work to find the thief.

Following the trail left by the evil-doer, the Indian soon met a party of white men. He asked if they had seen a little old man, lame and white, who had a short gun. The Indian added that the man he was seeking was followed by a small bobtailed dog, and that he carried a deer. Such a man, he said, had stolen the deer from his wigwam.

“Why did you not seize the thief when you saw him?” said they.

“I did not see him,” answered the Indian.

“How, then, do you know that he is little, and old, and lame, and white, and has a short gun, and is followed by a little bobtailed dog?” asked they.

“I know that he is short,” replied the Indian, “because he piled up stones to stand on when he took down the meat. He must be old, because his steps are short, as is shown by his tracks. His gun, I know, is short, for I found the place where he had leaned it against a sapling while he was taking down the deer, and the muzzle left a scratch on the bark near the ground. The dog, sitting down in the sand, left the print of a stumpy tail. I knew the man was white by the tracks of his boots, for Indians wear moccasins, and do not turn out their toes when walking; and I knew that he was lame, because the steps of the left foot were shorter than those of the right, as was shown by the footprints.”

And the Indian passed on in pursuit of the one who had robbed him. —Selected.

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## HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array’d,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh’d,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush’d the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash’d the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden’s hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

’Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph’rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre.

—Thomas Campbell.

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The butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
  As do the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for times of want,
  A wise and cautious hoard.

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## THE CLOUDS

The dew is gleaming in the grass,
  The morning hours are seven;
And I am fain to watch you pass,
  Ye soft white clouds of heaven.

Ye stray and gather, part and fold;
  The wind alone can tame you;
I think of what in time of old
  The poets loved to name you.

They called you sheep, the sky your sward;
  A field without a reaper;
They called the shining sun your lord,
  The shepherd wind your keeper.

Your sweetest poets I will deem
  The men of old for moulding
In simple beauty, such a dream,
  And I could lie beholding,

Where daisies in the meadow toss,
  The wind from morn till even,
Forever shepherd you across
  The shining field of heaven.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

*By special permission.*

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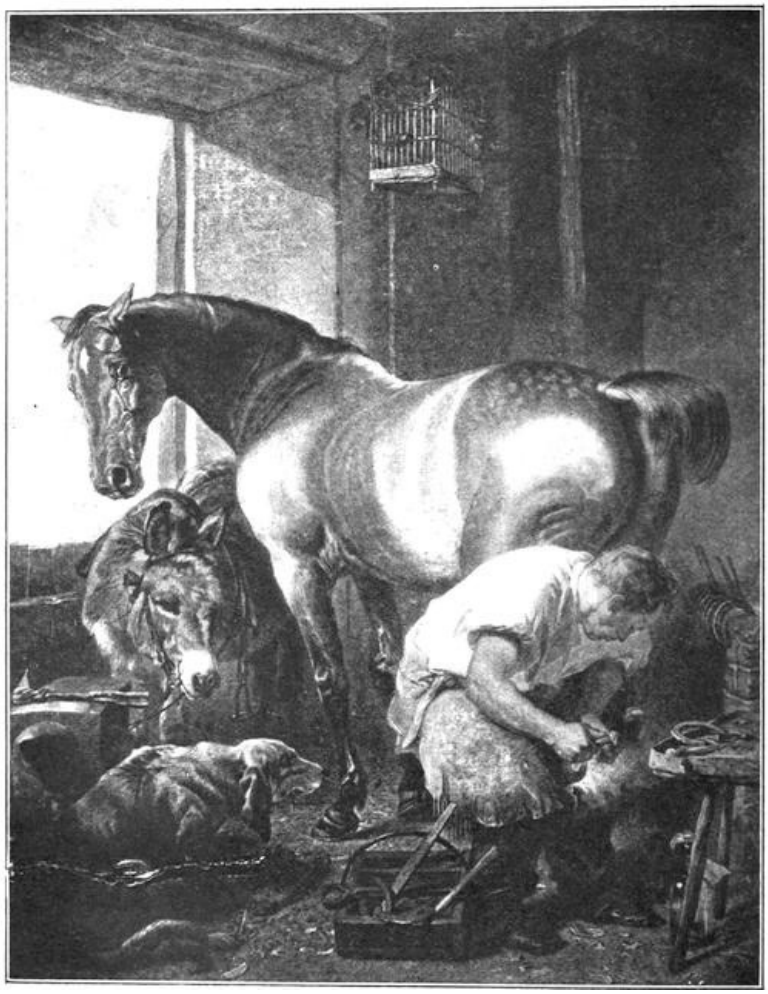
## SHOEING

At the blacksmith’s shop the bay mare Betty is being fitted to new shoes. Already the fore feet are nicely shod and the blacksmith now has the near hind foot in hand. The other occupants of the place are a small donkey and the bloodhound Laura.

Betty is a sensible horse and enjoys the shoeing process. When the time comes around for her regular visit to the forge, she walks off voluntarily and unattended to the familiar spot. No halter is necessary to keep her standing; in fact, she would not tolerate such an indignity. She takes her place by the window as if perfectly at home.

Blacksmith and horse are old friends who understand each other well. The man has won the animal’s confidence by the care he has taken to fit the shoes comfortably. Though a plain, rough fellow, he is of a kindly nature and knows his business thoroughly. The shop is a quaint little place such as one finds in English villages. The thick masonry of the walls shows how old the building is; the floor is paved with large blocks of stone. Between the anvil and the forge there is only space enough for the horse to stand.



**Landseer Shoeing**

At the stage of the process seen in the picture the preparations are all over. The old shoes were first removed and the feet pared and filed. New shoes were chosen as near the right size as possible, and one by one shaped for each foot. And now, holding the shoe in his long tongs, the blacksmith thrusts it into the fire, while he fans the flames with the bellows. Thence it is transferred, a glowing red crescent, to the anvil. Now the workman swings his hammer upon it with ringing strokes, the sparks fly out in a shower, and the soft metal is shaped at will. The shoe may be made a little broader or a little longer, as the case may be; bent a trifle here or there, to accommodate the foot to be fitted. The steel toe calk is welded in, the ends are bent to form the heels, the holes for nails are punctured, the shoe taking an occasional plunge into the flames during these processes.

Now there must be a preliminary trying-on. The shoe, still hot, is held to the foot for which it is intended, and the air is filled with the fumes of burning hoof. Yet the horse does not flinch, for the thick hoof is a perfect protection for the sensitive parts of the foot. If the careful blacksmith is not quite satisfied with the fit, there must be more hammering on the anvil, and another trying-on. When the shoe is satisfactory, it is thrust hissing into a barrel of cold water, and, when cooled and hardened, is ready to be nailed on.

It is at this point in the story that we come upon Betty. The blacksmith, after the approved method of his trade, holds the foot firmly between his knees, and bends to his task. The nails, long and flat, are in the tool-box on the floor beside him. A few firm blows of the hammer drive each one into place, first on one side, then on the other; the projecting points are twisted off every time, and finally all the rough ends are filed smoothly on the outside of the hoof. Betty is at last fully shod and will step complacently home.

The painter, Sir Edwin Landseer, has arranged the four figures of the picture in such a way that we may see each one in a characteristic pose. The bay mare is, of course, the chief attraction, —a fine high-bred creature, with straight legs, arching neck, and gentle face, marked on the forehead with a pure white star. Landseer exerted his utmost skill in reproducing the texture of the glossy hide. Its beautiful sheen is more striking by contrast with the

shaggy hair of the donkey. It was a clever thought to place this plebeian little beast beside the aristocratic, high-spirited horse.

The donkey bends his head in a deprecating way below Betty's handsome neck, and the horse permits the companionship of an inferior with gentle tolerance. There is something very appealing about the donkey, a patient little beast of burden, meekly bearing his saddle. The bloodhound shows no little curiosity as to the shoeing process, as if it were something new to her. She sits on her haunches, thrusting her head forward, the long ears drooping, the sensitive nose sniffing the strange odors.

Among these dumb companions the blacksmith feels himself surrounded by friends. He is a lover of pets, as we see by the bird-cage hanging in the window. His sturdy frame looks equal to the demands of his trade, which are, in fact, very onerous. It is grimy work, and only the roughest clothes can be worn. A big leather apron with a cut down the middle is, as it were, his badge of office. He does his work with conscientious earnestness, concentrating all his thought and energy upon each blow of the hammer. The task completed, he will take an honest pride in the good piece of work he has done for Betty.

—Estelle M. Hurll.

*From "Landseer," in "The Riverside Art Series," by permission of Houghton Mifflin and Company.*

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## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onwards, through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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## THE SEARCH FOR A WESTERN SEA

Two hundred years ago the great country lying between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains was unknown to the people who lived in the little stockaded forts, where Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers now stand. Great explorers had followed Columbus to America, and had sailed down the mighty St. Lawrence and its tributaries. They all longed to find the Great Western Sea, which Columbus had hoped would lead to Asia; but over two hundred years had passed since his voyage, and no one had yet reached the great water of the West.

When Pierre de la Vérendrye was a boy, living at Three Rivers, he heard many wonderful stories of adventure told by fur traders and explorers as they returned from expeditions to the North and West,

and he longed for the time to come when he would be old enough to join such a party. When he was twenty-seven years old, he had charge of a trading-post on Lake Nepigon, and heard from the neighboring Indians of great lakes and rivers, and immense tracts of treeless country where herds of cattle roamed. He had not forgotten the dream of his boyhood, and when these tales of a land far west reached him, he made up his mind that he would be the one to explore the country and find a way to the Western Sea.

Years passed by, and it was not until 1731 that his dream was realized. He had spent years in preparing for the expedition. The governor at Quebec had given him a license to trade with the Indians, and Montreal merchants promised to supply him with money and goods. On the eighth day of June the company set out from Montreal. It consisted of Vérendrye, his three tall sons, Jean, Pierre and François, and fifty followers. There were the priests, the hardy voyageurs, the wood runners, and the Indian interpreters. They embarked in birch canoes measuring from eighty to ninety feet in length. In the bottom of the canoes were strongly wrapped packages of merchandise which were to be exchanged on the way for furs.

In seventy-eight days they reached Kaministiquia, a fur post on Lake Superior, where Fort William now stands. This was the last Western post. All the country beyond this would be new to the eager voyageurs. Sailing down the Pigeon River, they entered Rainy Lake and built Fort St. Pierre on its left bank. Winter was approaching and their supply of provisions was getting low, so it was necessary for some of the party to return to the nearest trading-post to obtain provisions and goods in exchange for valuable furs. The Cree Indians who inhabited this district had gazed in wonder at the presents of ammunition offered to them by the white men, and had gladly given generous supplies of furs in exchange for these new possessions.

When spring came, the voyageurs accepted the friendly offer of the Indians to guide them west to the Lake of the Woods. It was several months before the next long stop was made. They had reached the head of the lake when it was again necessary to stop and build a fort for their winter stay. This fort, built of logs, chinked up with clay and moss, and roofed with branches of trees, was called St. Charles.

The next year they reached Lake Winnipeg by way of the Winnipeg River, and near its mouth they built Fort Maurepas, now known as Fort Alexander. In 1738, after travelling over many miles of the surrounding country, Vérendrye left this fort, crossed the southern end of Lake Winnipeg, and entered the Red River, which he followed until he came to its junction with the Assiniboine, and to the place where the city of Winnipeg now stands. The land around the river was dotted with the tepees of the Assiniboine Indians, who probably now looked upon a white man for the first time. A rude fort called Fort Rouge was built, and leaving his sons to trade with the Indians, Vérendrye pushed on up the Assiniboine and in one week came to the “Portage of the Prairie.” This was called by the explorer, Fort De La Reine.

Vérendrye had now spent seven years in his search for the Western Sea. He had suffered many hardships. His men had often mutinied and deserted him. Winter had overtaken him when supplies were low, and in these times of famine he and his men had lived on roots and bark, coarse parchment, and often on the flesh of the sleigh dogs. His eldest son, Jean, had been cruelly murdered by the Indians, while he was journeying to one of the eastern forts for supplies. Still the brave explorer’s courage did not fail, and he pressed on hoping to find some sign, or hear some word that would tell him his quest had not been in vain.

The merchants at Montreal upon whom Vérendrye depended for aid were not interested in his work of exploration, but cared only for the loads of valuable furs which he sent to them. Fur traders were jealous of his success, and charged him with trading for his own profit, and deceiving his partners. Leaving his sons to continue their explorations, he returned to Quebec in 1746 to defend himself against these false charges.

Nothing could be proved against him, but this was small comfort to the worn-out traveller. His life had been one of suffering and

disappointment, and his countrymen did not realize the noble work he had done, yet he was eager to return to his sons and continue the work he had begun. In 1749 he was preparing for the journey back to the West, when he was taken ill, and died suddenly at Montreal. Though his work was not appreciated during his lifetime, he is now honored as the pioneer explorer of the Great West.

—Helen Palk.

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## THE MOSS ROSE

The angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge ’tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
“O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv’st me,
Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee.”
“Then,” said the rose, with deepened glow,
“On me another grace bestow.”
The spirit paused, in silent thought,—
What grace was there the flower had not?
’Twas but a moment,—o’er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature’s simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

—F. A. Krummacher.

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## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
  And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
  My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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## DICK WHITTINGTON

Many years ago in an English village there lived a boy whose name was Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was so young that he did not remember them at all. He had no home, and was a ragged little fellow running about the streets of the little village.

Now the place where Dick lived was not very far from London, and the people liked to talk about the great city. None of them had ever been to London, but they seemed to know all about the wonderful things that were to be seen there. Dick listened to their stories and longed to see for himself. One day a large wagon drawn by eight fine horses with bells on their heads was driven into the little town. When Dick saw this wagon he thought that it must be going to the city, and he asked the driver to let him go with him. When the driver learned that Dick was very poor, and that he had neither father nor mother, he told the lad that he might walk by the side of the wagon if he wished.

It was a long walk for the little fellow, but at last they came to London. Dick was in a great hurry to see the wonderful sights of the city. He thanked the driver of the wagon and ran from one street to another. At last it began to grow dark, and in every street there was only dirt instead of gold. Nowhere could he find the golden pavements that he had heard so much about. He sat down in a dark corner and cried

himself to sleep.

In the morning he woke up very hungry, but there was not even a crust of bread for him to eat. He thought now only of food, and asked every one he met to give him a penny to buy something to eat. Nobody stopped to speak to him, and the poor boy grew weak for want of food. At last he grew so faint and tired that he could go no farther. He sat down on the steps of a fine house to rest, and wished that he were back again in the little village where he was born.

Just at that time the owner of the house came home to dinner, and saw the ragged little fellow asleep on the steps.

“My lad, what are you doing here? Wake up, my boy. Why don’t you go to work?”

“I should like to work if I could find anything to do,” said Dick, “but I don’t know where to look for work. I have not had anything to eat for a long time.”

“Poor little fellow! Come with me, and I shall see what I can do for you.” The kind merchant took Dick into the house, where he was given a good dinner, and put to work in the kitchen.

Dick would have lived very happily in this new home if the old cook had not been so cross. She found fault with him, and scolded him from morning till night. But at last little Alice, his master’s daughter, heard how the poor little kitchen boy was treated, and she asked the cook to be kind to the lad.

From this time Dick was not treated so unkindly, and he would have been quite happy if it had not been for another trouble. His bed was in a garret at the top of the house, far away from other people. The floor was full of holes, and every night rats and mice kept him awake by running over his face. They tormented him so much that he tried to think of some way to get rid of them.

One day a gentleman gave him a penny for cleaning his shoes. Dick thought a long time about the best way to spend it. At last he made up his mind that he would buy a cat with the money. The very next day he went out into the street and saw a girl carrying a cat in her arms.

“I will give you a penny for your cat,” said Dick. “Will you take it?”

“Yes,” said the girl, “you may have her for a penny. She is worth more than that, for she knows how to catch rats and mice.”

So Dick bought the cat, and took her to the garret. Every day he carried a part of his dinner to her, and it was not long before she had driven all the rats and mice away. Then the little fellow could sleep soundly every night.

Soon after this a ship belonging to Dick’s master was about to start on a voyage across the sea. It was loaded with goods which were to be sold in other lands far away. The master called his servants together and asked if they had anything they would like to send out in the ship for trade. He wanted to give his servants a chance for a good fortune, too. Every one had something to send out in the ship—every one but Dick. As he had neither money nor goods, he did not meet with the others.

But Alice, the merchant’s daughter, guessed why Dick did not come in with the rest of the servants, and sent for him. When the boy came into the room the merchant said, “Well, Dick, what are you going to send out on the ship?”

“I have nothing in the world,” Dick answered, “but a cat which I bought some time ago for a penny. But I should not like to part with her.”

“Go, and get your cat, my lad. We shall send her out on the ship. She may bring you some profit,—who knows?”

With tears in his eyes poor Dick carried puss down to the ship and gave her to the captain. Everybody laughed at the boy for sending off a cat to be sold. But little Alice felt sorry for him and gave him some money to buy another cat.

After this the old cook used him more cruelly than ever. She was always either scolding him, or making fun of him for sending his cat

to sea. At last Dick could not bear her abuse any longer, and made up his mind to go back to his old home. So he packed up his few possessions and very early one morning started off. After walking some distance he sat down on a stone which to this day is called “Whittington’s Stone.” While he sat there, wondering what it was best for him to do, the church bells began to ring. As he listened they seemed to say to him:—

“Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

“Lord Mayor of London!” said Dick to himself. “Well, well, I would put up with almost anything to be Lord Mayor of London. I shall return and let the old cook scold and cuff me as much as she pleases.” He hurried back to the merchant’s house and was lucky to get into the kitchen before the old cook came downstairs. In fact, she never knew that he had been away.

The ship with the cat on board was a long time at sea. It was at last driven by the winds to a strange land where the people had never seen any white men before. They came in crowds to visit the ship, and to buy the fine things with which it was loaded.

It was not long before the king of the country invited the captain to visit him. When the captain reached the king’s palace he was shown into a beautiful room, and given a seat on rich carpets embroidered with gold and silver thread. The king and queen were seated not far away, and soon many fine dishes filled with good things to eat were set before them. They had hardly begun to eat when a great many rats and mice rushed into the room and ate everything that was in the dishes. The captain wondered greatly at this, and asked the king, “Why do you let the rats come into the palace in this way?”

“I cannot keep them out,” the king replied. “I would give half of my treasure if I could get rid of them.”

The captain jumped for joy, for he remembered Dick Whittington’s cat. “I have a wonderful animal on board the ship which will kill all your rats and mice,” he said.

“Bring the creature to me,” said the king. “If she will do what you say, I shall load your ship with gold.”

Away went the captain down to the ship to get the cat, while the king and queen had another dinner made ready. The captain with the cat in his arms reached the palace just as the guests were about to be served. In rushed the rats and mice. As soon as the cat saw them she jumped from the captain’s arms, and in a few minutes killed many of them. The rest scampered away in fright and did not dare to come back again.

The king and queen were delighted, and wished to own the wonderful creature that had done them so great a service. The king at once made a bargain with the captain for all the goods on board the ship, and then gave for the cat ten times as much money as he had given for everything else on the ship.

The captain then bade the king and queen good-by, and set sail for England. The good ship was soon safe at home, and the honest captain hastened to see its owner. He quickly told the story of the cat, and showed all the gold that the king and queen had sent to poor Dick in payment for her. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called to one of his servants and said, “Send for Dick. And pray call him Mr. Whittington.”

The servant found Dick scouring pots and kettles in the kitchen. When the lad came in, the merchant told him how the captain had sold his cat and brought in return great riches. Then he opened the box and showed Dick his treasure. “All this is yours,” said the merchant. “Your riches are now far greater than mine, and I wish you may long enjoy them.”

Poor Dick was so happy that he did not know what to say or do. He begged his master to take part of his treasure, but the good man refused. Dick then offered some of the jewels to his mistress, and he also asked Alice to accept a portion of them. They told him how happy they were because of

his good fortune, and that he must keep it all for his own. But the boy was too kind-hearted to keep everything for himself. He made a present to the captain and the sailors, and to each of his master's servants, even to the cross old cook.

After a few years had passed there was a fine wedding at one of the finest churches in London, and Miss Alice became the wife of Mr. Richard Whittington. They lived in great splendor and were very happy. Far and near they were known and loved for their kind deeds.

So it was not long before Richard Whittington became one of the foremost men in London, and in good time he was thrice Lord Mayor of the great city. —SELECTED.

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## SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was poor, and old, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep;

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his friends again he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, if she should stand

"At a crossing, weary and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

—Anonymous.

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## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

*—From the Book of Psalms.*

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## BLACK BEAUTY'S BREAKING IN

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses, until they were grown up.

THOROUGHBREDS

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down,

and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, “When he has been well broken in, he will do very well.” My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I shall describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way his rider wishes, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a wagon fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master’s will, even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had, of course, long been used to the halter and the headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes quietly; but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats, as usual, and, after a great deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed; but it was a nasty thing!

Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels—a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man’s finger to be pushed into one’s mouth, between one’s teeth and over one’s tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of one’s mouth, and held fast there by straps over one’s head, under one’s throat, round one’s nose, and under one’s chin, so that no way in the world can one get rid of the nasty, hard thing. It is very bad; yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up. And so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master’s pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle; but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst the old workman held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day, until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back, and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and, as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes. My master went with me to the smith’s forge to see that I was not hurt. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, and so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I became used to it.

And now, having come so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff, heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side pieces against my eyes, called blinkers; and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me. Next, there was a small saddle with an ugly, stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper; to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking; but of course I could not kick such a good master. And so in time I became used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer’s, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them. I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a

distance. And before I knew whence it came, with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke, a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the other side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear.

In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful whistle and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful; but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, dreadful thing came puffing and groaning past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did. Since then, I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam-engine; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now, if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me that the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master.

"But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men, like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think. These spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they do not mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him: it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."—Anna Sewell.

*From "Black Beauty," by permission of Jarrold & Sons.*

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## THE DOOR OF SPRING

How shall we open the door of Spring
  That Winter is holding wearily shut?
    Though winds are calling and waters brawling,
    And snow decaying and light delaying,
  Yet will it not move in its yielding rut
And back on its flowery hinges swing,
        Till wings are flapping
        And woodpeckers tapping
        With sharp, clear rapping
          At the door of Spring.

How shall we fasten the door of Spring
  Wide, so wide that it cannot close?
    Though buds are filling and frogs are trilling,
    And violets breaking and grass awaking,
  Yet doubtfully back and forth it blows
Till come the birds, and the woodlands ring
        With sharp beak stammer—
        The sudden clamor
        Of the woodpecker's hammer
          At the door of Spring.
            —Ethelwyn Wetherald.

*From "The Last Robin," by permission.*

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I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

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## THE CROCUS'S SONG

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head—
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow,—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

—Hannah Flagg Gould.

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## A SOUND OPINION

One day a farmer, named Bernard, having finished his business at the market town, found that he had a few hours at his disposal before returning home. He had often heard people speaking about a certain Mr. Wiseman, a lawyer, whose reputation was so great that even the judges did not like to decide contrary to his opinion. Bernard thought he might spend some of his time in getting an opinion from so learned and clever a lawyer.

When he arrived at Mr. Wiseman's office, he had to wait a long time, but at last his turn came and he was shown into the room. Mr. Wiseman asked him to sit down, and after taking a good look at him through his spectacles, asked him to state his business.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, twisting his hat in his hand, "I can't say I have any particular business with you; but as I happened to be in town, to-day, I thought I should be losing an opportunity if I did not get an opinion from you."

"I thank you for your confidence in me," replied the lawyer. "You have, I suppose, some law-suit going on?"

"A law-suit?" said the farmer; "I should rather think not! There is nothing I hate so much, and I have never had a quarrel with any one in my life."

"Then, I suppose, you want some family property fairly and justly divided?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; my family lives with me in peace, and we have no need to think of dividing our property."

“Perhaps, then, you want some agreement drawn up about the sale or purchase of something?”

“Not at all! I am not rich enough to be purchasing property, and not poor enough to wish to sell any.”

“Then what on earth do you want me to do, my friend?” said the astonished lawyer.

“Well, Mr. Wiseman, I thought I had already told you that,” replied Bernard, with a sheepish laugh; “what I want is an opinion. I am ready to pay for it. You see, here I am in town, and it would be a great pity if I were to lose the opportunity.”

The lawyer looked at him and smiled; then taking up his pen, he asked the farmer what his name was. “Peter Bernard,” said he, quite pleased that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

“Your age?”

“Forty years, or somewhere about that.”

“Your profession?”

“My profession! Ah, yes! you mean what do I do? I am a farmer.”

The lawyer, still smiling, wrote two lines on a piece of paper, folded it up, and gave it to his strange client.

“Is that all,” cried Bernard; “well, well! so much the better. I daresay you are too busy to write much. Now, how much does that cost, Mr. Lawyer?”

“Half-a-crown.”

Bernard paid the money, made his bow, and went away delighted that he had got an opinion.

When he reached home it was four in the afternoon; he was tired with his journey, and made up his mind to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had been cut for some days, and was now completely dry; and one of his men came to ask if it should be carried in and housed that night.

“This night!” said the farmer’s wife. “Who ever heard of such a thing? Your master is tired, and the hay can just as well be got in to-morrow.” The man said it was no business of his, but the weather might change, and the horses and carts were ready, and the farm hands had nothing to do. To this the angry wife replied that the wind was in a favorable quarter, and that they could not any way get the work done before nightfall.

Bernard, having listened to both sides of the question, hesitated to decide, when suddenly he remembered the paper the lawyer had given him. “Stop a minute!” cried he, “I have an opinion—a famous opinion—an opinion that cost me half-a-crown. That’s the thing to put us straight. You are a grand scholar, my dear; tell us what it says.” His wife took the paper, and with some little difficulty, read out these two lines:—

*Peter Bernard: Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.*

“There’s the very thing!” cried the farmer. “Quick! out with the men and the carts, and we’ll have the hay in at once!”

His wife still grumbled, but it was of no use. Bernard was obstinate. He declared that he was not going to pay half-a-crown for nothing, and that, as he had an opinion from his lawyer, he would follow it whatever happened. In fact, he set the example himself, and urging his men to the greatest speed, did not return to his home till all the hay was safely housed.

During the night the weather suddenly changed. An unforeseen storm burst over the valley. In the morning a stream flowed through the meadows carrying in its current the newly cut hay of all the neighbors. Bernard alone saved his.

From that day forward he followed the lawyer’s advice, and in course of time became one of the richest farmers in the district. Nor did he forget that he owed his success to the lawyer, to whom he carried every year a couple of fat fowls.—Selected.

Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

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## THE SOLDIER’S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field’s dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
’Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life’s morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o’er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!”
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

—Thomas Campbell.

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## MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
Do you hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow
  Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
  They shall bite the ground!
  Loose the folds asunder,
  Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.
Onwards! 'tis our country needs us.
He is bravest, he who leads us!
Honor's self now proudly heads us!
Cambria, God, and Right!
Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow.
Who would think of death or sorrow?
  Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over!
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
  Trembles on a blow!
  Strands of life are riven;
  Blow for blow is given
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to Heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
  Cambria, God, and Right!

—William Duthie.

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## HUGH JOHN SMITH BECOMES A SOLDIER

It was on the day before a great review of soldiers at the nearest town that Hugh John Smith first became a soldier and a general. His father's house was connected by a short driveway with a great main road along which king and beggar had for more than a thousand years gone to and from the town.

Duyray

**The Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo**

Hugh John loved the wide road, and every day he ran down the driveway and looked through the bars of the gate to see who was passing. It was a large white gate of strong wood, lovely to swing on, if by chance it was left unfastened. It would shut of itself, and you had only to push it open, jump on, and ride all the way back, while the gate swung into place.

On the great day when Hugh John became a soldier, he had been

digging all the morning in the sand hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride, and he was taking a fort protected by high walls of sand. He shouted “Boom!” when he fired off his cannon, and “Bang, whack!” when he knocked down the walls that he had so carefully patted into shape.

Suddenly there came a sound which always made the heart of Hugh John beat fast. It was the sound of the drum. He had only time to make a dash for his soldier’s cap, gird on his sword with the gold hilt, and fly. As he ran down the driveway, the sound of the fifes grew louder and louder. It was at this point that Hugh John had a great struggle with himself. His brother and sister were playing under an elm tree on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss the soldiers. But then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he reached the gate.

“I must see the soldiers. I must—I must!” he cried.

But in his heart a little voice kept saying, “It is mean to go off without telling your brother and sister.”

“I can’t be mean! I won’t be mean!” thought Hugh John. And so he ran back with all his might, and with a warning cry called the younger children to follow. Then with legs that passed each other so quickly that they could hardly be seen, Hugh John fairly flung himself towards the white gate. The gate was open, and with a wild cry he sprang through and stood on the roadside just as the troops came into view.

The first who passed were soldiers in a dark uniform. No one cast a glance at Hugh John. He stood with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company went by. Then came red coats and brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all. No one paid the least attention to him. He did not, indeed, expect any one to notice him. He was only a small dusty boy with a sword too big for him, standing under the shadow of the elms. But he saluted every one of them as they swung past, dust-choked and thirsty.

At last came the Scottish bagpipes. Hugh John crossed the road, and then he was nearer to the soldiers. Swinging step, waving plumes, all in review order, came on the famous regiment. They passed by, and the sound of the pipes soon grew faint in the distance. Then came more companies of soldiers and more and more. And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened the most astonishing thing in the world. It was the greatest event in Hugh John’s life. There came to his ear a new sound, the clatter of horses’ hoofs. A bugle rang out, and Hugh John’s eyes watched the noble grey horses come tramping along as if proud of their riders. He stood more erect than ever.

On they came, a fine young officer at their head. He sat erect on a noble horse, leading one of the finest troops of horsemen in the world. He saw the small dusty boy in his red coat standing by the roadside, and he marked his pale face and his erect bearing. Hugh John had seen soldiers before, but never any so fine as these. He could hardly lift his sword, but his hand was steady and he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute with order and precision.

The young officer smiled and raised his own sword in response, as if Hugh John had been one of his own troopers. The boy’s heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him. But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The officer turned in his saddle.

“Attention, men. Draw swords!” he cried, and his voice rang like a trumpet.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed into line. The horses tossed their heads at the stirring sound. “Eyes right! Carry swords!” came again the sharp command. And every blade made a circle of glittering light as it rose to the salute. Tears welled up in Hugh John’s eyes as he stood there in the pride of the honor done to him. He had been treated as a real soldier by the greatest soldier there. He was no longer a little dusty boy. Now he was a soldier indeed.

“Eyes front! Slope swords!” rang the words once more. The regiment passed by, and only the far drum beats came back as Hugh John stood silent under the elm tree. When his father rode up on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there.

Hugh John wanted to laugh, but the tears ran down his cheeks. “I’m not hurt, father,” he said, “I’m not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. But I’m not crying, I’m not indeed!” Then the stern man gathered the great soldier up and set him across his saddle. He was alone, for the other children had gone to their play. And thus rode our hero home—Hugh John Smith no more, General Napoleon he called himself now.

Late that night Hugh John stole down the hushed driveway, his bare feet pattering through the dust which the dew was making cool. He stood again by the roadside where he had seen the troops march by. Then clasping his hands he made a solemn vow.

“The Scots Greys saluted me. Never, never, so long as I live, will I be mean again!”—Samuel R. Crockett.

*From “Sir Toady Lion,” by special permission of the Author.*

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## ENGLAND’S DEAD

Sons of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o’er Glory’s bed.
Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England’s dead.

On Egypt’s burning plains,
By the pyramid o’erswayed,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.
But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England’s dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges’ banks at night,
Is heard the tiger’s roar.
But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread,
For those that from their toils are gone;
There slumber England’s dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia’s woods,
The hunter’s bow is strung.
But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow’s flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?
There slumber England’s dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles’ field is won;
There slumber England’s dead.

On the frozen deep’s repose
’Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.
But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done;
There slumber England’s dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave,
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?
Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England’s dead.

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

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## A CHILD’S DREAM OF A STAR

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and

the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, “Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?” They believed they would be sorry. “For,” said they, “the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would always be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.”

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, “I see the star!” And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down on their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, “God bless the star!”

But while she was still very young,—oh, very, very young,—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak, that she could no longer stand at the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, “I see the star!” and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, “God bless my brother and the star!”

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive him.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people’s necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister’s angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, “Is my brother come?” And he said, “No.” She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, “O sister, I am here! Take me!” And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister’s angel gone before. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and whilst he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people’s faces. Said his sister’s angel to the leader, “Is my brother come?” And he said, “Not that one, but another.” As the child beheld his brother’s angel in her arms, he cried, “O sister, I am here! Take me!” And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, “Thy mother is no more. I bring her

blessing on her darling son!” Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister’s angel to the leader, “Is my brother come?” And he said, “Thy mother!” A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he cried, “O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!” And they answered him, “Not yet,” and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister’s angel to the leader, “Is my brother come?” And he said, “Nay, but his maiden daughter.” And the man who had been the child saw his daughter newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, “My daughter’s head is on my sister’s bosom, and her arm is round my mother’s neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her—God be praised!” And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow, and his back was bent. One night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, “I see the star!” They whispered to one another, “He is dying.” And he said, “I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And, O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!” And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—Charles Dickens.

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## EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, ’mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

“Try not the pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenwards
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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## THE SENTINEL’S POUCH

Private William Baum, of the Prussian army, as he stood peering into the darkness, was almost wishing that the Austrians and Russians, whose camp-fires he could see along the other side of the valley, would make an attack, and give him something else to do than shiver in the wet. But they did not; and Baum, growing colder and wetter every minute, wished himself back in his snug little apple-orchard at the foot of the Giant Mountains, where he used to be in bed every night before the village clock tolled ten, after a good supper of brown bread and cabbage.

“If the king had to be out in a night of this sort,” he said aloud, “he’d soon be as tired of war as I am.”

“And how do you know he hasn’t?” broke in a sharp voice, close beside him.

At once Baum was himself again. The first sign of a stranger approaching his post recalled him to his duty as a soldier.

His musket was at his shoulder in a moment, and his voice rang out clear and stern,—

“Stand! Who goes there?”

“A friend,” replied the unknown.

“Advance, friend, and give the pass-word.”

“‘The Prussian eagle.’”

“Pass, friend; all’s well.”

But instead of passing on, the stranger came close up to the sentry, who could just make out by a stray gleam of moonlight, that his visitor was wrapped in a horseman’s cloak, and had a hat drawn over his eyes in such a way as to hide his face.

“You seem to have rather damp quarters here, comrade,” said he. “Why don’t you have a smoke to warm yourself a bit?”

“Smoke!” replied the sentry. “Why, where do you come from, brother, not to know that smoking on duty is forbidden?”

“But suppose the king gave you leave to smoke?” said the stranger.

“The king!” answered the soldier, gruffly. “What would my captain say? Long before the king could hear of it, the drummer’s cane would make acquaintance with my back.”

“Pooh! the captain’s not here to see you. Out with your pipe, man. I’ll tell no tales.”

“Look here, you rascal!” cried the soldier, in an angry tone, “I half suspect you’re some fellow who wants to get me into trouble. Now, if that’s so, you had better be off before worse comes of it; for if you say any more, I’ll give you a cuff you won’t like.”

“I’d like to see you try it,” said the other, with a laugh.

The soldier’s only reply was a blow which sent the stranger’s battered old hat flying into the air, while he himself staggered back several paces.

“Very good,” said he, recovering himself, and speaking in quite a different tone. “You’ll hear of this to-morrow, my man, and get what you deserve, never fear. Goodnight to you.”

He stooped as he spoke, and picking up something from the ground, vanished into the darkness.

The sudden change in his unknown visitor’s tone and manner, and his parting threat, caused some uneasiness to Baum. He began to fear that he had insulted an officer of high rank—a colonel at the very least, perhaps even a general.

“However,” thought he, “he doesn’t know my name, that’s one comfort; and he won’t find it very easy to describe the spot where I was posted, seeing that the night is so dark.”

But the next moment he gave a terrible start, for he had just missed his tobacco-pouch, which usually hung at his belt; and he remembered having seen the stranger pick up something as he went off. It must have been the pouch, and his name was upon it in full.

There was not much sleep for poor Baum that night, although he was relieved from guard half an hour later. He tried to keep up his courage by telling himself over and over again that the general could hardly punish him for obeying orders; but even this did not comfort him much, for in those days there were very few things which a general could not do to a private soldier.

The next morning, sure enough, a corporal and four men came to conduct Private William Baum to headquarters; and when he got there, he found all the generals standing around a little, lean, bright-eyed man, in a very shabby dress, whom Baum knew at once to be the king himself—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

“Gentlemen,” said Frederick, and with a sharp glance at the unlucky sentry, “what does a Prussian soldier deserve, who strikes his

king?”

“Death,” answered the generals with one voice.

“Good!” said Frederick. “Here is the man.” And he held out a tobacco-pouch marked with the name of “William Baum.”

“Mercy, sire, mercy!” cried Baum, falling on his knees. “I never thought it was Your Majesty with whom I was speaking.”

“No, I don’t suppose you did,” said the king, clapping him on the shoulder; “and I hope all my soldiers will obey orders as well as you do. I said you should get what you deserve, and so you shall; for I’ll make you a sergeant this very day.”

And the king kept his word.—Selected.

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He has enough who is content.

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## THE MILKMAID

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
“Let me see,—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

“Well then,—stop a bit,—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die,—we’ll suppose seventeen,
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

“But then there’s their barley: how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,—
So that’s a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there’ll be.

“Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six.
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? Fifty chickens, I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I’ll ask Brother Ned.

“O, but stop,—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell ’em:
Well, a pair is a couple,—now then let us tell ’em:
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times and five pair will remain.

“Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can’t reckon up so much money as this:
Well, there’s no use in trying, so let’s give a guess,—
I’ll say twenty pounds, and it can’t be no less.

“Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys,—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of a year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, ‘tis clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
“Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.”

—Jeffreys Taylor.

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’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

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## TOM, THE WATER-BABY

One day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright.

The gnats danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws. But the dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream. He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass. Yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away into pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be; but of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So Tom set off to see for himself; and when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful otters, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling and diving, and twisting and scratching in the most charming fashion that ever was seen.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, “Quick, children, here is something to eat, indeed!” and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, “Handsome is that handsome does,” and slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned around and laughed at her.

“Come out,” said the wicked old otter, “or it will be the worse for you.”

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might.

“Come away, children,” said the otter. “It is not worth eating, after all. It is only an eft, which nothing eats.”

“I am not an eft!” said Tom. “Efts have tails.”

“You are an eft,” said the otter. “I see your two hands quite plainly, and I know that you have a tail.”

“I tell you I have not,” said Tom. “Look here!” and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and sure enough, he had no more tail than you have.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog; but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing she stood to it, right or wrong.

“I say you are an eft,” said the otter, “and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children; you may stay there till the salmon eat you.” She knew the salmon would not, but she wished to frighten poor Tom.

“What are salmon?” asked Tom.

“Fish, you eft; great fish, nice to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon;” and she laughed again. “They are coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the rain coming up off the sea. Then hurrah for fresh salmon and plenty of eating all day long.”

The otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

“And where do they come from?” asked Tom.

“Out of the sea, eft,—the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked.”

Then the otter sailed away down the brook, and Tom saw her no more for that time. And lucky it was for her that she did so; for no sooner was she gone than down the bank came seven little rough terrier dogs, snuffing and yapping, grubbing and splashing, in full cry after the otter.

Tom hid among the water-lilies till they were gone; for he could not guess that they were the water-fairies come to help him. But he could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and with all his companions. He wished to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

Once he set off to go down the stream, but the stream was very low, and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burned his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

Then on the evening of a very hot day he saw a wonderful sight. He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water; but lay dozing on the bottom under the shade of the stones. Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was warm and unpleasant.

Towards evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying across the valley above his head. He felt not quite frightened, but sat very still; for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind nor a chirp of a bird to be heard. Next a few drops of rain fell into the water. One hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough. Then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud and cliff to cliff, till the rocks in the stream seemed to shake.

Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life. Out of the water he dare not put his

head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail fell like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam. Soon the stream rose and rushed down, higher and higher, full of beetles and sticks and straws. Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not hide; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way; swimming about with great worms in their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

By the flashes of lightning Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks and in burrows in the mud. Tom had hardly ever seen them except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened.

As they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, “We must hurry! We must hurry! What a jolly thunder-storm! Down to the sea! Down to the sea!”

Then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves.

She spied Tom as she came by and said, “Now is your time, eft, if you wish to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea! Down to the sea!”

Then came a flash brighter than all the rest, and by the light of it—in the thousandth part of a second they were gone again—but he had seen them, he was certain of it—three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other’s necks, floating down the torrent, as they sang, “Down to the sea! Down to the sea!”

“Oh, stay! Wait for me!” cried Tom; but they were gone. Yet he could hear their voices clear and sweet through the roar of thunder and water and wind, singing as they died away, “Down to the sea!”

“Down to the sea?” said Tom. “Everything is going to the sea, and I shall go, too. Good-by, trout.”

Now down the rushing stream he went, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night.

Past dark coves under the banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, but turned back quickly, for the fairies sent them home again with a scolding for daring to meddle with a water-baby. Along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages; under dark bridges, and away and away to the sea. Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea.—Charles Kingsley.

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## AN APRIL DAY

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
  Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped
  Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
  To break the calm of nature:
Nor motion, I might almost say,
  Of life, or living creature;
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
  Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half-believed I heard
  The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
  The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
  Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
  Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
  With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
  Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
  Hath put forth larger studs;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
  The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
  Methinks their sweets are stealing.

Down, down they come,—those fruitful stores!
  Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
  Then thins, decreases, stops;
And, ere the dimples on the stream
  Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
  Breaks forth of amber light.
But yet behold! abrupt and loud
  Comes down the glittering rain:
The farewell of a passing cloud,
  The fringes of her train.

—Caroline Bowles Southey.

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## PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
  The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm, a crow
  His coal-black wings is sunning.
A close, green bud the Mayflower lies
  Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the south wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
  “Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!”

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
  The bluebirds will be singing,
The yellow tassels in the breeze
  Be from the poplars swinging.
And rosy will the Mayflower be
  Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all—
“Come, Pussy!” is the south wind’s call,
  “Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close, brown wrapper stir,
Come out and show your silver fur,
  Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!”

—ANONYMOUS.

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## LAURA SECORD

In the year 1812 the United States of America declared war against Great Britain. They were eager to conquer Canada and seemed confident of success. The Canadians were filled with dismay at the news, for their country was then in a desperate position. In the whole of Canada there were less than forty-five hundred regular troops. Great Britain was at war with Napoleon and could not lend much aid; but the brave men who responded to the call to arms were determined to repel the invaders and to save their country.

One of the most terrible battles of the war was fought in October, at Queenston Heights on the Niagara River. It resulted in a victory for the Canadians, but the victory was dearly bought. Brave General Brock was killed, and the battle-field was strewn with the bodies of volunteers who had died or been wounded in defence of their homes.

Among those who had been wounded, and lay helpless on the hillside, was Captain James Secord of Queenston. Laura Secord, his wife, had watched the battle from a distance, and hearing of his danger rushed up the hill to his aid. While she knelt at his side, three American soldiers attempted to kill him, but the slender, pale-faced woman stood in front of her wounded husband and called for help. The captain of the cowardly soldiers ordered them away, and Laura Secord, believing her husband to be dead, lifted him in her arms and carried him to their home. It was soon found that he still lived, and his wife’s tender nursing saved his life. When the summer came again, he was still an invalid and unable to walk.

The Canadians had retired from Queenston and the town was occupied by an American force. The Secords had been compelled to remain in the neighborhood on account of the captain’s health, and were frequently forced to entertain the enemy in their home.

One June day a number of officers entered the house and commanded Mrs. Secord to give them food. She pretended to be a very humble and dull person, and began at once to prepare the meal. In the meantime the officers discussed their general’s plans, and did not pay much attention to the woman who had appeared so simple. Laura Secord, however, listened to all they said, and discovered that they intended to surprise the little handful of soldiers who were defending Beaver Dam, and capture Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, the officer in charge.

When James Secord heard this news, he was in despair. The defenders of Beaver Dam should be warned of the attack, but how could he, a crippled soldier, carry the message? He was trying to

think of a way out of the difficulty when his wife startled him by saying, “I shall take the message, to-morrow at daybreak. You are unable to go, and there is no one else.”

This meant that she would have to pass the American pickets, and travel in the heat, through twenty miles of bush. The woods were infested with fierce Indians belonging to both armies, and attacks from them were always to be expected. Her husband was unwilling to let her go, but seeing no other way, he finally consented.

Laura Secord arose at daybreak on the morning of the 23d of June, and began to prepare for her journey. Dressed in a short flannel skirt and cotton jacket, without shoes or stockings, her milking-stool in one hand, her pail in the other, she drove one of her cows close to the American lines and sat down to milk it. Immediately the cow kicked over the milking-pail and ran towards the bush. This happened two or three times and the soldiers laughed heartily, and chaffed at the sullen milkmaid’s clumsiness. She mumbled something about the cow being “contrary” and ran past the sentry into the bush to catch it. Her scant clothing and her evident anger at the cow deceived the man, who let her pass without asking any questions. He did not know that the cow’s antics had been caused by the pinches Mrs. Secord had given it, and that the angry milkmaid was hurrying on her way to Beaver Dam.

A mile away she hid the pail and stool under the bushes, first milking the cow to prevent her returning too soon to the clearing. Hour after hour she tramped on, going over unbeaten paths to avoid the American scouts. The underbrush in the first of the forest was tangled and dense. Soon her feet were torn and bleeding, and every step she took gave her pain. The slopes of the hills were thick with brush and hard to climb, and swamps and streams had to be crossed in the most dangerous ways. When night came, it was hard to tell which of the many blazed trails she should take, and faint with hunger and pain she fell to the ground many times.

About midnight she came to a clearing and began to hope her journey was nearly ended, when the air was filled with the war-whoop of the Red Indians. She was soon surrounded by a dozen savages who were covered with warpaint and decked with feathers. Thinking her to be a spy, one of them stepped close to her and demanded, “Woman! what does woman want?” She was terrified, but knew that everything depended upon her self-possession. She asked for the “Big Chief” and explained by signs that the “Long knives” (the Americans) were coming, and that she must reach the British. She soon discovered that the Indians were scouts of the British and that she need have no fear. With a hearty “Ugh” of understanding, one of them beckoned her to follow, and led the way through the meadows to the British lines.

She gave her message to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, who praised her bravery and made her comfortable for the rest of the night. Her warning prepared the little garrison for the attack which took place next day, and so well were the plans made that the fifty men under Fitzgibbon compelled the American force of five hundred soldiers to surrender, almost without a struggle.

Laura Secord lived to be ninety-three years old, and when she died in 1868, she was buried beside her husband on the ground which had been the old battle-field of Lundy’s Lane. A handsome monument was erected over her grave by Canadians, who wished to do honor to the great courage of the woman who saved her countrymen from danger and defeat.—Helen Palk.

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He that is down needs fear no fall;
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

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## THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

In days of yore, from Britain’s shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia’s flag
On Canada’s fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever!

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston’s Heights and Lundy’s Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound:
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o’er Freedom’s home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England’s far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland’s Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

—Alexander Muir.

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## THE COLORS OF THE FLAG

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
  The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
  And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
  To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
  The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
  The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
  And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
  And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
  Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
  The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
  And the froth of the purple main;
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
  And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again
  As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
  Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
  And the foe be ten to one—
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
  And a bullet in heart or brain.
What matters one gone, if the flag float on
  And Britain be Lord of the main!

—Frederick George Scott.

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## HOW THE MOUNTAIN WAS CLAD

There was a deep gorge between two mountains. Through this gorge a large full stream flowed heavily over a rough and stony bottom. Both sides were high and steep, and one side was bare; but close to its foot, and so near the stream that the latter sprinkled it with moisture every spring and autumn, stood a group of fresh-looking trees gazing upwards and onwards, yet unable to advance this way or that.

"What if we should clothe the mountain," said the juniper one day to the foreign oak, to which it stood nearer than all others. The oak looked down to find out who it was that spoke, and then it looked up again without deigning a reply. The river rushed along so violently that it worked itself into a white foam; the north wind forced its way through the gorge, and shrieked in the clefts of the rocks; the naked mountain, with its great weight, hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we should clothe the mountain?" said the juniper to the fir on the other side. "If anybody is to do it, I suppose it must be we," said the fir, taking hold of its beard and glancing towards the birch. "What do you think?" But the birch peered cautiously up the mountain, which hung over it so threateningly that it seemed as if it could scarcely breathe. "Let us clothe it in God's name!" said the birch. And so, though there were but these three, they undertook to clothe the mountain. The juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way they met the heather. The juniper seemed as though about to pass it. "Nay, take the heather along," said the fir. And the heather joined them. Soon it began to glide on before the juniper. "Catch hold of me," said the heather. The juniper did so, and where there was only a wee crevice the heather thrust in a finger, and where it first had placed a finger, the juniper took hold with its whole hand. They crawled and crept along, the fir laboring on behind, the birch also. "This is well worth doing," said the birch.

But the mountain began to ponder on what manner of objects these might be that were clambering up over it. And after it had been considering the matter a few hundred years, it sent a little brook down to inquire. It was yet in the time of the spring freshets, and the brook stole on until it reached the heather. “Dear, dear heather, cannot you let me pass? I am so small.” The heather was very busy; only raised itself a little and pressed onwards. In, under, and onwards went the brook. “Dear, dear juniper, cannot you let me pass? I am so small.” The juniper looked sharply at it; but if the heather had let it pass, why, in all reason, it must do so too. Under it and onwards went the brook; and now came to the spot where the fir stood puffing on the hillside. “Dear, dear fir, cannot you let me pass? I am really so small,” said the brook, and it kissed the fir’s feet and made itself so very sweet. The fir became bashful at this, and let it pass, but the birch raised itself before the brook asked it. “Hi, hi, hi!” said the birch, and grew. “Ha, ha, ha!” said the brook, and grew. “Ho, ho, ho!” said the brook, and flung the heather and the juniper and the fir and the birch flat on their faces and backs, up and down these great hills. The mountain sat up for many hundred years musing on whether it had not smiled a little that day.

It was plain enough the mountain did not want to be clad. The heather fretted over this until it grew green again, and then started forward. “Fresh courage!” said the heather.

The juniper had half raised itself to look at the heather, and continued to keep this position, until at length it stood upright. It scratched its head, and set forth again, taking such a vigorous foothold that it seemed as though the mountain must feel it. “If you will not have me, then I shall have you.” The fir crooked its toes a little to find out whether they were whole, then lifted one foot, found it whole, then the other, which proved also to be whole, then both of them. It first examined the ground it had been over; next, where it had been lying; and finally, where it should go. After this, it began to wend its way slowly along, and acted as though it had never fallen. The birch had become most wretchedly soiled, but now rose up and made itself tidy. Then they sped onwards, faster and faster upwards, and on either side in sunshine and in rain. “What in the world can this be?” said the mountain, all glittering with dew, as the summer sun shone down on it. The birds sang, the wood-mouse piped, the hare hopped along, and the ermine hid itself and screamed.

Then the day came when the heather could peep with one eye over the edge of the mountain. “Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!” said the heather, and away it went. “Dear me! what is it the heather sees?” said the juniper, and moved on until it could peer up. “Oh dear, oh dear!” it shrieked, and was gone.

“What’s the matter with the juniper to-day?” said the fir, and took long strides onwards in the heat of the sun. Soon it could raise itself on its toes and peep up. “Oh dear!” Branches and needles stood on end in wonderment. It worked its way forward, came up, and was gone. “What is it all the others see, and not I?” said the birch; and lifting well its skirts it tripped after. It stretched its whole head up at once. “Oh—oh—is not here a great forest of fir and heather, of juniper and birch standing on the table-land waiting for us?” said the birch; and its leaves quivered in the sunshine so that the dew trembled. “Ay, this is what it is to reach the goal!” said the juniper.

—*From the Norwegian of* BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.



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## LUCY GRAY

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
  And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
  The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
  She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew

Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, will I gladly do;
’Tis scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homewards, cried,
“In Heaven we all shall meet!”
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

—William Wordsworth.

Govern the lips
As they were palace doors, the king within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

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## BEAUTIFUL JOE

I was born in a stable on the outskirts of a small town. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. The next thing I remember was being always hungry. I am very unwilling to say much about my early life. I have lived so long in a family where there is never a harsh word spoken, and where no one thinks of ill-treating anybody or anything, that it seems almost wrong even to think or speak of such a matter as hurting a poor dumb beast.

The man that owned my mother was a milkman. He kept one horse and three cows, and he had a shaky old cart that he used to put his milk-cans in. I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman. He used to beat and starve my mother. I have seen him use his heavy whip to punish her. When I got older I asked her why she did not run away. She said she did not wish to; but I soon found out that the reason that she did not run away was because she loved her master. Cruel and savage as he was, she yet loved him, and I believe she would have laid down her life for him.

R. Ansdell.

THE WOUNDED HOUND

One reason for our master's cruelty was his idleness. After he went his rounds in the morning with his milk-cans, he had nothing to do till late in the afternoon but take care of his stable and yard. If he had kept them clean, it would have taken up all his time; but he never did anything to make his home neat and pleasant.

My mother and I slept on a heap of straw in the corner of the stable, and when she heard his step in the morning she always roused me, so that we could run out as soon as he opened the stable door. He always aimed a kick at us as we passed, but my mother taught me how to dodge him.

After our master put the horse in the cart, and took in the cans, he set out on his rounds. My mother always went with him. I used to ask her why she followed such a man, and she would say that sometimes she got a bone from the different houses they stopped at. But that was not the whole reason. She liked the master so much, that in spite of his cruelty she wanted to be with him.

I had not her sweet and patient disposition, and I would not go with her. I watched her out of sight, and then ran up to the house to see

if the master's wife had any scraps for me. I nearly always got something, for she pitied me, and often gave me a kind word or look with the bits of food that she threw to me.

I had a number of brothers and sisters—six in all. One rainy day when we were eight weeks old the master, followed by two or three of his ragged, dirty children, came into the stable, and looked at us. Then he began to swear because we were so ugly, and said if we had been good looking, he might have sold some of us. Mother watched him anxiously, fearing some danger to her puppies, and looked up at him pleadingly. It only made him swear the more. He took one puppy after another, and right there, before his children and my poor distracted mother, put an end to their lives. It was very terrible. I lay weak and trembling, expecting every instant that my turn would come next. I don't know why he spared me. I was the only one left.

My mother never seemed the same after this. She was weak and miserable. And though she was only four years old, she seemed like an old dog. She could not run after the master, and she lay on our heap of straw, only turning over with her nose the scraps of food I brought her to eat. One day she licked me gently, wagged her tail, and died.

As I sat by her, feeling lonely and miserable, my master came into the stable. I could not bear to look at him. He had killed my mother. There she lay, a little gaunt, scarred creature, starved and worried to death by him. She would never again look kindly at me, or curl up to me at night to keep me warm. Oh, how I hated her murderer! Still I kept quiet till he walked up to me and kicked at me. My heart was nearly broken, and I could stand no more. I flew at him and gave him a savage bite on the ankle.

"Oho!" he said. "So you are going to be a fighter, are you? I'll fix you for that." He seized me by the back of the neck and carried me out to the yard where a log lay on the ground. "Tom," he called to one of his children, "bring me the hatchet!"

He laid my head on the log and pressed one hand on my struggling body. There was a quick, dreadful pain, and he had cut off my ear close to my head. Then he cut off the other ear, and turning me swiftly round, cut off my tail. Then he let me go, and stood looking at me as I rolled on the ground and yelped in agony. He was in such a passion that he did not think that people passing on the street might hear me.

There was a young man going by. He heard my screams, and hurrying up the path stood among us before the master caught sight of him.

In the midst of my pain, I heard the young man say, fiercely, "What have you been doing to that dog?"

"I've been cutting his ears, for fighting, my young gentleman," said my master; "there is no law to prevent that, is there?"

"And there is no law to prevent me from taking a dog away from such a cruel owner, either," cried the young man; and giving the master an angry look, he snatched me up in his arms, and walked down the path and out of the gate.

I was moaning with pain, but still I looked up occasionally to see which way we were going. We took the road to the town and stopped in front of a pleasant-looking home. Carrying me gently in his arms, the young man went up a walk leading to the back of the house. There was a small stable there. He went into it and put me down on the floor. Some boys were playing about the stable, and I heard them say, in horrified tones, "Oh, Cousin Harry, what is the matter with that dog?"

"Hush," he said. "Don't say anything. You, Jack, go down to the kitchen and ask Mary for a basin of warm water and a sponge, and don't let your mother or Laura hear you."

A few minutes later the young man had bathed my ears and tail, and had rubbed something on them that was cool and pleasant, and had bandaged them firmly with strips of cotton. I felt much better and was able to look about me.

Presently one of the boys cried out, “Here is Laura.” A young girl, holding up one hand to shade her eyes from the sun, was coming up the walk that led from the house to the stable. I thought then that I never had seen such a beautiful girl, and I think so still. She was tall and slender, and had lovely brown eyes and brown hair, and a sweet smile, and just to look at her was enough to make one love her.

“Why, what a funny dog!” she said, and stopped short and looked at me. Up to this, I had not thought what a queer-looking sight I must be. Now I twisted round my head, saw the white bandage on my tail, and knowing I was not a fit spectacle for a pretty young lady like that, I slunk into a corner.

“Poor doggie, have I hurt your feelings?” she said. “What is the matter with your head, good dog?”

“Dear Laura,” said the young man, coming up, “he got hurt, and I have been bandaging him.”

“Who hurt him?”

“I would rather not tell you.”

“But I wish to know.” Her voice was as gentle as ever, but she spoke so decidedly that the young man was obliged to tell her everything. All the time he was speaking she kept touching me gently with her fingers. When he had finished his account of rescuing me from the master, she said quietly:—

“You will have the man punished?”

“What is the use? That won’t stop him from being cruel.”

“It will put a check on his cruelty.”

“I don’t think it would do any good,” said the young man.

“Cousin Harry!” and the young girl stood up very straight and tall, her brown eyes flashing, and one hand pointing at me. “That animal has been wronged; it looks to you to right it. The coward who has maimed it for life should be punished. A child has a voice to tell its wrong, —a poor, dumb creature must suffer in silence; in bitter, bitter silence. And you are doing the man himself an injustice. If he is bad enough to illtreat his dog, he will illtreat his wife and children. If he is checked and punished now for his cruelty, he may reform. And even if his wicked heart is not changed, he will be obliged to treat them with outward kindness through fear of punishment. I want you to report that man immediately. I shall go with you if you like.”

“Very well,” he said, and together they went off to the house.

The boys came and bent over me, as I lay on the floor in the corner. I wasn’t much used to boys, and I didn’t know how they would treat me. It seemed very strange to have them pat me, and call me “good dog.” No one had ever said that to me before to-day.

One of them said, “What did Cousin Harry say the dog’s name was?”

“Joe,” answered another boy.

“We might call him ‘Ugly Joe,’ then,” said a lad with a round fat face and laughing eyes.

“I don’t think Laura would like that,” said Jack, coming up behind him. “You see,” he went on, “if you call him ‘Ugly Joe,’ she will say that you are wounding the dog’s feelings. ‘Beautiful Joe’ would be more to her liking.”

A shout went up from the boys. I don’t wonder they laughed. Plain-looking I naturally was; but I must have been hideous in those bandages.

“‘Beautiful,’ then, let it be,” they cried. “Let us go and tell mother, and ask her to give us something for our beauty to eat,” and they all trooped out of the stable.

—Marshall Saunders.

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls
  Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
  Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
  Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow
Pale are the lips of delicate mould,—
  Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
  Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
  Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
  Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,—
  They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there,—
  Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;
  Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
  Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave, and grand:
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
  Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
  Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
  And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
  Pausing to drop on his grave a tear:
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
  "*Somebody's darling slumbers here.*"

—Marie Lacoste.

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## HOME, SWEET HOME

’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;
Give me them, and with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

How sweet, too, to sit ’neath a fond father’s smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight ’mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

To thee I’ll return, overburdened with care;
The heart’s dearest face will smile on me there,
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home.

—John Howard Payne.

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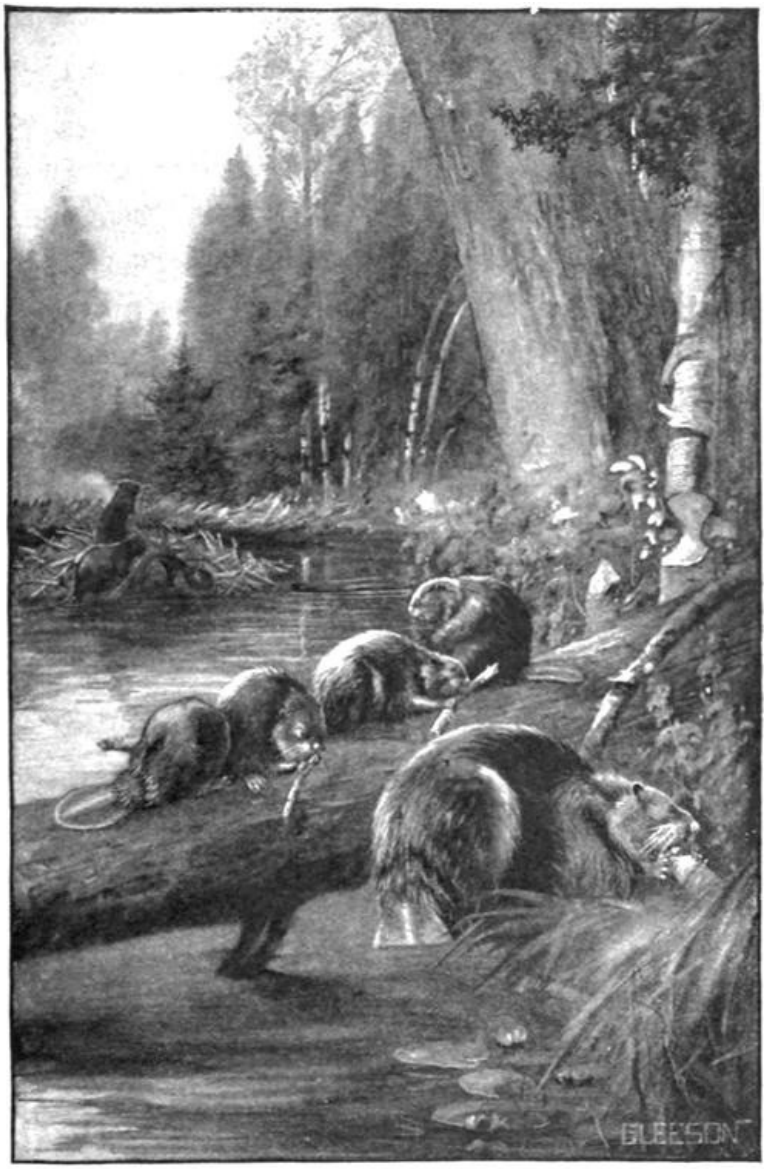
## THE BEAVERS

There were plenty of little low houses in the pond, and in each one lived a family of beavers. It was the delight of the little beavers to explore every corner of the pond, from the brook at the upper end to the dam at the lower end.

Very likely the little fellows believed that the dam had always been there. But, in fact, the old beavers had built it themselves. When they first came to that spot in the woods, they found only a brook flowing over a hard, gravelly bottom. They first cut down a bush and floated it along till it stuck fast between a rock and a clump of trees. Next they cut other bushes, and carried down poles and branches, till they had a tangle of brush stretching from one bank to the other. Upon this they piled sticks and stones and mud, and then more sticks and stones and mud, and then still more sticks and stones and mud.

At last the dam was so high and solid that the water could not flow through. So it spread out in a pond above the dam till it was deep enough to trickle over the top and tinkle away in a little brook under the trees.

Tiny islands were left here and there in the pond. The old beavers built their houses on the islands or on the bank. First each mother and father dug two tunnels from the bottom of the pond up through the earth to the floor of their house. One tunnel was to be used when going in and out during the summer. The other tunnel led to their winter pantry under the water. This pantry was to be a pile of fresh sticks cut in the woods every autumn.




**The Beavers at Work**

Around the two holes in the floor the beavers laid logs and stones in a circle. Upon this foundation they piled sticks and sod to form walls and a roof. Then they plastered the house all over with mud. At the top of the roof they left a small hole, covered only with a tangle of sticks. This was for fresh air. Last of all they swam inside and made the walls even by gnawing off the sharp ends of the wood. Then the house was ready to be furnished with beds of leaves and grasses.

Perhaps during the happy summer the baby beavers believed that play was the most delightful thing in the world. But soon the father beavers came strolling back to the village to cut down trees for the winter. Then the little fellows found that work was even better fun than play.

One night the little beavers followed their parents into the woods and watched them cut down a tree. The father stood up on his hind legs, propping himself with his tail, and began to cut a notch around the trunk. The mother helped on the other side. They gnawed upwards and downwards, digging out huge chips with their chisel teeth. The circle grew deeper and deeper, till the father’s head was almost hidden whenever he thrust it in to take a fresh bite. When finally the wood cracked and the tree-top began to sway, all the family scampered away to the pond. They dived for the tunnel and hid in the house for a while. There was danger that some hungry wildcat had heard the crash of the branches and had hurried there to catch them for its supper.

As soon as it seemed safe to do so, the beavers paddled out again and trotted away to the fallen tree. The parents trimmed off the branches and cut the trunk into pieces short enough to carry. The father seized a thick pole in his teeth and swung it over his shoulders. As he dragged it towards the pond he kept his head twisted to one side, so that the end of the pole trailed on the ground.

It happened that he reached the pond just in time to help mend the dam with his thick pole. A pointed log had jammed a hole in the dam. The water was beginning to pour through the hole with a rush. If the pond should run dry, the doors of the tunnels would be left in plain sight. Then probably a wolf, or some other enemy, would hide there to catch the beavers on their way from the woods to their houses.

The old father pushed his pole into the water; then he jumped in, and taking hold of it with his teeth, he swam out above the hole. When he let go, the water carried the pole squarely across the break in the dam. The other beavers cut bushes and floated them down to weave across the hole. After that they scooped up mud and stones to plaster the dam till not a drop trickled through the mended places.

The next work to be done that autumn was to gather food for the winter. Some of the trees with the juiciest bark grew too far away to be easily dragged to the pond. All the grown-up beavers set to work to dig a canal. They dug and scooped and gnawed off roots, and dragged out stones, till they had made a long canal more than a foot deep. The water flowed into this from the pond. Then it was easy enough to float wood from the juicy trees down to the beaver village.

Even the babies could help in towing the wood down the canal and across the pond to the different houses. Some of the wood became so heavy with soaked-up water that it sank to the bottom beside the doors, and could be packed in a solid pile as easily as on land. Most of the wood, however, kept light enough to float. Instead of heaping new sticks on top, the beavers pushed them under the top branches. Then more was pressed under that, and more under that, till the pile reached to the bottom. In the winter, of course, the top sticks could not be eaten, because they would be frozen fast in the ice.

All winter long the beavers lived quietly in their little homes under the snow. Most of the time they slept, each on his own soft bed in the dark. Whenever they were hungry, they paddled down the tunnel which led to the woodpile. Gnawing off some sticks they swam back with the bundles under their chins. They used the middle of the room for a dining-table. There they nibbled the bark. Then they carried the peeled sticks back into the pond. They did not like to have rubbish left on the floor.

So the winter months slipped away. At last spring melted the ice on the pond. Here and there in the black water little brown heads came popping up. They went ploughing towards shore, leaving the rippled water stretching behind. Up the banks scrambled the beavers,—mother beavers and father beavers, big brother beavers and big sister beavers, and all the little beavers who had been babies the year before. Away roamed the fathers up the brook, to have a good time travelling all summer long. The grown-up brothers and sisters began to build dams and houses of their own, while the little fellows wandered into the woods to find their dinners of tender buds and twigs.

—Julia Augusta Swartz.



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There's not a flower that decks the vale,
  There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us, and love undying.

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## THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip’s farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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## THE LITTLE POSTBOY

In my travels about the world I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me

relate some of my experiences in which children have taken part, so this shall be the story of my adventure with a little postboy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. I made my journey in this season, however, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold, indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should more than once have felt inclined to turn back.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a province in the northern part of Sweden. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveller has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the neighboring farmers; and when they are wanted, a man or boy goes with the traveller to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out, then to get a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure; but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

"There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I travelled onwards as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were travelling the same way and had taken the post horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. The keeper's wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

“It is a bad night,” said the woman, “and my husband who has gone on with the two lumbermen will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the posthouse when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together.”

“Who is Lars?” I asked.

“My son,” said she. “He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night.”

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

“Come here, Lars,” I said. Then I took him by the hand and asked him, “Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?”

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled, and his mother made haste to say:—

“You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he’ll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn’t get worse, you will be at Umea by eleven o’clock.”

The boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible. Drawing on his mittens of hare’s fur, he took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat.

The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the tall fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so cheerfully that my own spirits began to rise.

“Ho there, Axel!” he would say. “Keep the road,—not too far to the left. Well done! Here’s a level; now trot a bit.”

So we went on,—sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill,—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked, as I did about every five minutes, “Are we nearly there?” he always answered, “A little farther.”

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

“Ah,” said he, “now I know where we are; it’s one mile more.” But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

“What is the matter?” I finally asked.

“We have got past the hills on the left,” he said. “The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no snow ploughs out to-night, we shall have trouble.”

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plough down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still.

Lars and I stood up and looked around. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

“Shall we get out and try to find the road?” said I.

“It’s no use,” Lars answered. “In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one.”

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees.

I shouted to him, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he came back to the sled.

“If I knew where the road was,” said he, “I could get into it again. But I don’t know, and I think we must stay here all night.”

“We shall freeze to death in an hour!” I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept, I should soon be frozen.

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. “I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter, upon the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we’ll do it to-night.”

“What is it?”

“Let me take care of Axel first,” said Lars. “We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin.”

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat as if satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then lifting them on the other side, he said:—

“Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it.”

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said that we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and loosen our clothes. When this was done and we lay close together, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. I remember that his warm soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no farther than my knees.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins. “I think it must be near six o’clock,” he said. “The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour.”

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out at once, but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

“There they are!” cried Lars, and he immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready, we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out this early to plough the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea. There we found Lars’s father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Lars was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that although I had been nearly all over the world and he had never been away from home, I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better.

—Bayard Taylor.

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## HIAWATHA’S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
  Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other’s counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.
  Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
  When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.
  From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.
  Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, “O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!”
Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, “O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!”
  Yes, the robin, the Opechee,

Yes, the Robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, “O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!”
And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, “O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!”
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.
Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.
Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.
Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.
“Lazy Kwasind!” said his mother,
“In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O’er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!”
Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.
“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,
“In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward.”
Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.
“We must go back,” said the old man,

We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him:
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow;
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.
Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.
Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.
And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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Lost time is never found again.

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## THE WHITE SHIP

Henry I, king of England, went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue to have the prince acknowledged as his successor, and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the 25th of November, in the year 1120, the whole company prepared to embark for the voyage home.

On that day, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain and

said, “My liege, my father served your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called *The White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in *The White Ship* to England.”

“I am sorry, friend,” replied the king, “that my ship is already chosen, and that I cannot, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and his company shall go along with you in the fair *White Ship* manned by the fifty sailors of renown.” An hour or two afterwards, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of these ships heard a faint, wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and who had declared that when he came to the throne, he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard *The White Ship* with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair *White Ship*.

“Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen,” said the prince, “to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the king has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?”

“Prince,” said Fitz-Stephen, “before morning my fifty and *The White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king, if we sail at midnight.” Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck.

When, at last, the ship shot out of the harbor, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row yet harder, for the honor of *The White Ship*.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people, in the distant vessels of the king, heard faintly on the water. *The White Ship* had struck upon a rock,—was filling,—going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. “Push off,” he whispered, “and row to the land. It is not far off, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die.” But as they rowed fast away from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister calling for help. He never in his life had been so noble as he was then. He cried in agony, “Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!”

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped into the boat that it was overturned. And in the same instant, *The White Ship* went down. Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He replied, “I am a nobleman,—Godfrey by name, son of Gilbert. And you?”—”I am a poor butcher of Rouen,” was the answer. Then they said together, “Lord be merciful to us both!” and tried to encourage each other as they drifted in the cold, benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by another man came swimming towards them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. “Where is the prince?” said he. “Gone, gone!” the two cried together. “Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king’s niece, nor her brother, nor any of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except us three, has risen above the water!” Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, “Woe! woe to me!” and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young

noble said faintly, “I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!” So he dropped and sank; and, of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat,—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy who, weeping bitterly and falling at his feet, told him that *The White Ship* was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterwards was seen to smile.

—Charles Dickens.

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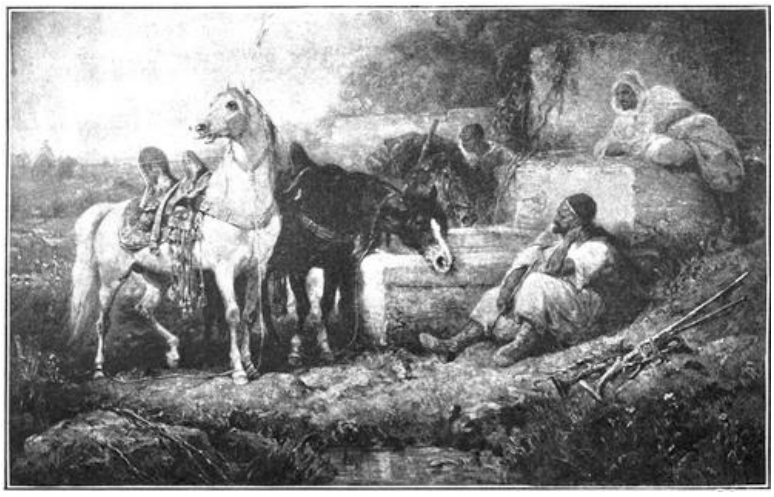
## THE ARAB AND HIS STEED

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch’d and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou’rt sold, my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb’d and beautiful! farewell! thou’rt sold, my steed, thou’rt sold!

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger’s home:
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once must be another’s care.



Schreyer

**Arabs at a Well in the Desert**

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be:
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home,—from all of these my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to
return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering
tears,
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne me on!
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think:
It was here he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up, who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

—Caroline Norton.

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## A BRIDGE OF MONKEYS

For many days we had been pushing our way, as best we could, through one of the densest of South American forests. Late one afternoon we stopped by the side of a narrow but swiftly flowing river, and began to prepare our camp for the night. Suddenly we heard, at some distance from us on the other side of the stream, a great chattering and screaming, as if thousands of monkeys were moving among the trees and each trying to make more noise than all the rest.

"An army of monkeys on the march," said our guide. "They are coming this way, and will most likely cross the river yonder where the banks are so steep, with those tall trees growing on either side."

"How will they cross there?" I asked. "The water runs so swiftly that they certainly cannot swim across."

"Oh, no," said the guide; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how will they do that?"

"Wait, captain, and you shall see," answered the guide.

We could now plainly see the animals making their way through the

tree-tops and approaching the place which the guide had pointed out. In front was an old gray-headed monkey who directed all their movements and seemed to be the general-in-chief of the army, while here and there were other officers, each of whom appeared to have certain duties to perform.

One ran out upon an overhanging branch, and, after looking across the stream as if to measure the distance, scampered back and made a report to the leader. There was at once a change in the conduct of the army. Commands were given, and a number of able-bodied monkeys were marched to the front. Then several ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides.

At length all gathered near a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them climbed its trunk. The foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb climbed down the body of the first, and, wrapping his tail tightly around him, dropped off in his turn, and hung head downwards. And thus the third monkey fastened himself to the second, and the fourth to the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging back and forth like a pendulum. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the monkey at the lower end striking his hands against the ground and pushing out with all his strength. This was kept up until the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of the tree on the opposite bank. One of these the lowermost monkey caught and held fast. The chain now reached from one side of the stream to the other, forming a living bridge over which all the other monkeys, young and old, passed without confusion or delay.

The army was soon safely across, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? Should the monkey at the top of the chain let go of the cottonwood branch, the other end of the bridge was so much lower that he, with those nearest him, would be dashed against the opposite bank or soused into the water.

The question was soon answered. A powerful fellow was seen taking firm hold of the lowest on the bridge, then another fastened himself to him in like manner, and this was continued until a dozen more were added to the string. These last monkeys then ran up to a high limb, and lifted that end of the bridge until it was several feet above that on the opposite bank.

Then the monkey who had formed the first link in the chain loosed his hold upon the cottonwood branch, and the whole bridge swung safely over. The lowermost links dropped lightly to the ground, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole army then scampered away into the forest, and the sound of their chattering was soon lost in the distance.

—Mayne Reid.

*By special permission.*

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## WE ARE SEVEN

I met a little cottage girl;
  She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
  That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
  And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
  Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
  How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
  And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply:
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied;
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in Heaven?”
Quick was the little maid’s reply,
“O master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!”—
’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

—William Wordsworth.

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## THE MIRROR

A long, long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they long since have been forgotten; but the name of the place where they

lived was Matsuyama, in one of the provinces of Japan.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little one to go, and so he set out alone, after promising to bring home some pretty presents for them. The mother had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being very anxious at the thought of the long journey her husband was about to take. Yet she was proud, too, for he was the first man in all that countryside who had been to the big town where the king and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband to return; so she dressed the baby in her best clothes, and herself put on an embroidered blue robe which she knew her husband liked. You may fancy how glad she was to see him home again, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon his long journey, and in the great town which he had visited.

“I have brought you a very curious present,” said the young man to his wife. “Look, and tell me what you see inside of this.”

Then he gave her a plain, white wooden box, and when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side of the metal was white like frosted silver, and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was bright as the clearest crystal. Into its shining surface the young mother looked with wonder and delight, for there she saw smiling at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a happy, joyous face.

“What do you see?” again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

“I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and—how very odd, she has on a blue dress like mine!”

“Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see,” said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife did not know. “That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the city everybody has a mirror, but in this country place no one has ever before seen one.”

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough; for you must remember that, as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, so of course it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own fair face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for everyday use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Remembering her own passing vanity on finding herself so lovely in the mirror, the mother kept it carefully hidden away, fearing that its use might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of the mirror and the father had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a sad misfortune came upon this happy little family. The good, kind mother became ill; and although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, the sick woman grew worse and worse, until at last they knew that she must soon die.

When she found that she must leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she should see no more, and most of all for her little daughter. She called the girl to her and said: “My darling child, you know that I am very ill: soon I

must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning: there you shall see me and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she took the mirror from the secret place where it was kept, and gave it to her daughter. The child promised, with many tears, to obey, and the mother, having become calm and resigned, died within a short time.

Now the daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother; not pale and sickly as she was in her last days, but young and beautiful as in the days of long ago. To her mother at night the young girl told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day; and to her mother in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had always done, and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her. The maiden's greatest joy was to be able to look into the mirror and say: "Mother, I have been to-day what you would have me to be."

Seeing that his daughter looked into the mirror every night and morning, and seemed to hold converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look into the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and that she had never failed to fulfil it.

Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face becoming day by day more and more like her dead mother's.

—From the Japanese.

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Press on! if once and twice thy feet
  Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
  Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

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## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
  That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
  To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
  Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
  That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
  His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
  The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
  Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
  For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
  And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
  And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
  And it soft as silk remains.

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## THE BLACK DOUGLAS

King Edward I of England, commonly known as "Longshanks," nearly conquered Scotland. It was from no lack of spirit or energy that he did not quite complete his troublesome task, but he died a little too soon. On his death-bed he called his pretty, spiritless son to him, and made him promise to carry on the war; he then ordered that his bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the army in future campaigns against the Scots. Edward II soon forgot his promise to his father, and spent his time in dissipation among his favorites, and allowed the resolute Scots to recover Scotland.

Good James, Lord Douglas, was a very wise man in his day. He may not have had long shanks, but he had a very long head. He was one of the hardest foes with whom the two Edwards had to contend, and his long head proved quite too powerful for the second Edward, who, in his single campaign against the Scots, lost at Bannockburn nearly all that his father had gained.

The tall Scottish castle of Roxburgh stood near the border, lifting its grim turrets above the Teviot and the Tweed. When the Black Douglas, as Lord James was called, had recovered castle after castle from the English, he desired to gain this stronghold, and determined to accomplish his wish. But he knew it could be taken only by surprise, and a very wily affair it must be. He had outwitted the English so many times that they were sharply on the lookout for him.

Near the castle was a gloomy old forest, called Jedburgh. Here, just as the first days of spring began to kindle in the sunrise and the sunsets, and warm the frosty hills, the Black Douglas concealed sixty picked men.

It was Shrove-tide, and the festival was to be celebrated with song and harp and a great blaze of light, and free offerings of wine in the great hall of the castle. The garrison was to have leave for merrymaking and indulging in revelry.

The sun had gone down in the red sky, and the long, deep shadows began to fall on the woods, the river, the hills, and valleys. An officer's wife had retired from the great hall, where all was preparation for the merrymaking, to the high battlements of the castle, in order to quiet her little child and put it to rest. The sentinel, from time to time, paced near her. She began to sing:—

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye!
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye:
The Black Douglas shall not get ye!"

She saw some strange objects moving across the level ground in the distance. They greatly puzzled her. They did not travel quite like

animals, but they seemed to have four legs.

“What are those queer-looking things yonder?” she asked of the sentinel as he drew near.

“They are Farmer Asher’s cattle,” said the soldier, straining his eyes to discern the outlines of the long figures in the shadows. “The good man is making merry to-night, and has forgotten to bring in his oxen; lucky ’twill be if they do not fall a prey to the Black Douglas.”

So sure was he that the objects were cattle, that he ceased to watch them longer. The woman’s eye, however, followed the queer-looking cattle for some time, until they seemed to disappear under the outer works of the castle. Then feeling quite at ease, she thought she would sing again. Spring was in the evening air; and, perhaps, it was the joyousness of spring which made her sing.

Now, the name of the Black Douglas had become so terrible to the English that it was used to frighten the children, who, when they misbehaved, were told that the Black Douglas would get them. The little ditty I have quoted must have been very quieting to good children in those alarming times.

So the good woman sang cheerily:—

> “Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye!
> Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye;
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye!”

“Do not be so sure of that,” said a husky voice close beside her, and a mail-gloved hand fell solidly upon her shoulder. She was dreadfully frightened, for she knew from the appearance of the man he must be the Black Douglas.

The Scots came leaping over the walls. The garrison was merrymaking below, and, almost before the disarmed revellers had any warning, the Black Douglas was in the midst of them. The old stronghold was taken, and many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the Black Douglas spared the woman and the child, who probably never afterwards felt quite so sure about the little ditty:—

> “Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye;
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye!”

Douglas had caused his picked men to approach the castle by walking on their hands and knees, with long black cloaks thrown over their bodies, and their ladders and weapons concealed under their cloaks. The men thus presented very nearly the appearance of a herd of cattle in the deep shadows, and completely deceived the sentinel, who was probably thinking more of the music and dancing below, than of the watchful enemy who had been haunting the gloomy woods of Jedburgh.

The Black Douglas fought with King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. One lovely June day, in the far-gone year of 1329, King Robert lay dying. He called Douglas to his bedside, and told him that it had been one of the dearest wishes of his heart to go to the Holy Land, and recover Jerusalem from the Infidels; but since he could not go, he wished him to embalm his heart after his death, and carry it to the Holy City, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre.

Douglas had the heart of Bruce embalmed and enclosed in a silver case, and wore it on a silver chain about his neck. He set out for Jerusalem, but resolved first to visit Spain and engage in the war waged against the Moorish king of Granada. He fell in Andalusia, in battle. Just before his death he threw the silver casket into the thickest of the fight, exclaiming, “Heart of Bruce, I follow thee or die!”

His dead body was found beside the casket, and the heart of Bruce was brought back to Scotland and deposited in the ivy-clad Abbey of Melrose.

Douglas was a real hero, and few things more engaging than his exploits were ever told under the holly and mistletoe, or in the warm Christmas light of the old Scottish Yule-logs.—Sir Walter Scott.

## BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was beginning to sink,
For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up," said he.
Now just at the moment a spider dropped, with its silken cobweb clew,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped to see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, and it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home, King Bruce could not divine.
It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with strong endeavor,
But down it came, with a slipping sprawl, as near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay, a little dizzy, and faint.
Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled a half yard higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave attempts were counted.
"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more, ah me, 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh, say will he lose or win it?
Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch, put him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair; he conquered, and why shouldn't I?"
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before, and that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read, and beware of saying, "I can't,"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to Idleness, Folly, and Want.
Whenever you find your heart despair of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again, and remember the Spider and King.

—Eliza Cook.

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## THE OLD MAN OF THE MEADOW

When I was a little girl, I caught a grasshopper and put him into a bottle. Then I sat down outside the bottle, and looked at the grasshopper. He sat inside the bottle, and looked at me.

It began to grow upon my mind that the grasshopper looked much like an old man. His face, with the big, solemn eyes and straight mouth, was like an old man's face. He wore a gray coat, like a loose duster. He had a wrinkled greenish vest. He wore knee-breeches and long red stockings. The more I looked at him, the more he looked like a little, grave, old-time man who came to visit my aged

grandfather. But I thought my grasshopper in the bottle felt like a prisoner. I said, “Now you may go, my Old Man of the Meadow.”

I took the cork out of the bottle. The grasshopper at once leaped up, and sat on the rim of the bottle. Then a strange thing happened. The Old Man of the Meadow spread out two wide brown wings. They had a broad, lemon-colored band on them. They were gay as the wings of a butterfly. On them he sailed away.

I could hardly believe my eyes. I ran after him to a tall stalk of golden-rod. There he sat, a plain, gray-green old man. But again he spread out the wide wings, and was gone. My Old Man of the Meadow had then this splendid dress-coat under his sober overcoat. Seated at rest, he looked plain and quiet,—a creature of the earth. Lifted into the air, he was nearly as fine as a butterfly.

The grasshopper lives much in the grass, and his chief motion is in hops, or long jumps. He has another name, “the murmurer.” This is given him because of the noise or song he makes. His song is loud and shrill. It is made by rubbing his wings one upon the other. He has a little piece of skin like a tight drumhead set in each wing. As he moves his wings, this tiny drum vibrates, or trembles, and makes the shrill sound. Mrs. Grasshopper does not have this drum in her wings.

Let us take a closer look at the grasshopper. As he is an insect, he should have a body made in rings, in three parts, with four wings and six legs set on the second, or chest part. His front pair of legs is shorter than the others. This hinders him in walking over a level surface. But it helps him in walking up a tree, or small plant, or a wall. See the hind legs! They are more than twice as long as the others. The thigh, or upper part, is very long and strong. By means of these big legs the grasshopper is a famous jumper.

Now, if you have a grasshopper to look at, you will see that the feet have four parts. The part of the leg between the foot and the thigh has sharp points like the teeth of a comb. The hind part of the body is long and slender, and, being made of rings, can bend easily. In the great green grasshopper all the body is of a fine green tint.

Let us look at the wings. The upper pair, or wing-covers, are large and long. Notice two things about the wings: they lap at the tips, and are high in the middle. When they are shut, they have a shape like a slanting roof. The upper ones are longer than the lower ones. These wing-cases have large veins. Lift up a wing-case and pull out a lower wing. It is folded very closely, in lengthwise plaits. Where these wings join Mr. Grasshopper’s body, you will find his drum plate for making music. One kind of grasshopper has very short wing-covers. In that kind, both Mr. and Mrs. Grasshopper make music. There is also one grasshopper, a little green fellow, that has no drum, and is silent.

The upper side of the grasshopper’s chest is shaped like a great horny collar. The head is large, and has two big glossy eyes. There is, also, a knob on the forehead. Between the eyes are set the feelers. They are very long, even longer than all the body. The mouth of the grasshopper is wide, and it has strong jaws. But they are not so strong as those of his cousin, the cricket.

Grasshoppers prefer vegetable food. They will sometimes eat animal food. When two are shut up in a box, they will fight, and the one which is killed will be eaten by the victor.

If you could look inside the grasshopper’s body, you would see that he has a gizzard much like that of a chicken. It is made of little bands set with fine teeth. These teeth chew up into a pulp the leaves which the grasshopper has eaten. After he has eaten for a long time, he sits quite still. He looks as if he were thinking. Sometimes, when he sits in this way, he moves his mouth as if chewing. From this action, people used to think that he chewed the cud, as cows and sheep do. But he does not chew the cud. If you watch him well, in these silent times, you will see him gravely licking his long feelers and his lips. He seems to be cleaning them. To do this, he runs out a long, limber tongue, shaped much like yours.

The color in the grasshopper does not seem to be laid on the surface of his coat, as on that of the beetle. It is not put on in plumes and scales, as the butterfly has it. But it is dyed through and through the

wings and body. The wing-cases and the rings of the body are not hard, like horn or shell, as in the beetle tribe. They are of a tough skin, and are dyed with the color.

The grasshopper does not change its home. It dies near where it was born. Frost and cold kill it. It does not outlive the winter, as butterflies, bees, and wasps do. Each grasshopper lives alone. He does nothing for his neighbor, and his neighbor does nothing for him.

—Julia MacNair Wright.

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## JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These thrice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse’s side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:—

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

’Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
“The wine is left behind!”

“Good-lack!” quoth he, “yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.”

Now, Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, “Fair and softly!” John he cried,
   But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
   In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
   Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
   And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
   Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
   Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
   Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
   Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button, failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, “Well done!”
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around:
“He carries weight! he rides a race!
  ’Tis for a thousand pound!”

And still, as fast as he drew near,
  ’Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse’s flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
  With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
  Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
  These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
  On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
  Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
  From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
  To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house!”
  They all at once did cry;
“The dinner waits, and we are tired.”
  Said Gilpin,—”So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
  Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
  Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
  Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
  The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
  And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
  His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all!”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife would dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said—
“I am in haste to dine:
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin’s hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;

For why?—they were too big.

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country—far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband, safe and well.”

The youth did ride and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,—
The postboy’s horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop, thief! stop, thief!—a highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

—William Cowper.

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## A FOREST FIRE

The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up that roared in the pine tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor, and the girl and I were finishing sunbonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, “Bless us, mistress, what a smoke!”

I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

“What can this mean?” I cried. “Who can have set fire to the fallow?” As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. “John, what is the meaning of this fire?”

“Oh, ma’am, I hope you will forgive me; it was I set fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it.”

“What is the danger?”

“Oh, I’m afraid that we shall all be burnt up,” said John, beginning to whimper. “What shall we do?”

“Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate.”

“We can’t get out,” said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration of fear; “I would have got out of it if I could; but just step to the back door, ma’am, and see.”

Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for, could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy of smoke, and, buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

I closed the door, and went back to the parlor. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness destroyed all hope of our being able to effect our escape. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping; while the boy who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

A strange calm succeeded my first alarm. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar swamp immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling.

From out of the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke—the blackest I ever saw—leaped up red forks of lurid flame as high as the tree-tops, igniting the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left for saw logs. A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles, which floated even to the doorstep—while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance.

To reach the shore of the lake, we must pass through the burning swamp, and not a bird could pass over it with unscorched wings. The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road or to the forest, on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the fire.

I turned to young Thomas, and asked him how long he thought that would be. “When the fire clears this little ridge in front, ma’am. The Lord have mercy on us then, or we must all go.”

The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched with thirst, and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath in my face.

“Ah,” thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—”what will my beloved husband say when he returns and finds that his poor wife and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet.”

The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows. I buried my head in my apron, for I thought that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a waterspout, down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.

In a few minutes the chip yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with such dread.

—Susannah Moodie.

## THE HORSES OF GRAVELOTTE

Hot was the battle, and bloody the fight,
Cool was the evening and peaceful the night.

From the camp in the wood where the valley lies lone,
Three times the signalling trumpet has blown.

Loud and ringing its clear notes fall,
Over wood and field they hear the “Recall.”

In troops and by knots, by three and by two,
Back they straggle, the valiant few.

Ah! not all are returning back;
Full many a man doth the regiment lack.

They were there in their places at reveillé,
At night they lie cold, and pallid to see.

And horses whose saddles are empty to-night
Are galloping wildly to left and to right.

But the bray of the trumpet that sounds the recall,
For the third time summoneth one and all.

See the black stallion is pricking his ear,
And neighs at the sound he is wont to hear.

Look, how the brown ranges up to his side,
It was ever his place when the trumpet cried.

And next the blood-flecked dapple-gray
Limps up to his place in the ranks to-day.

By troops, by knots, by three and by two,
Come riderless horses, to signal true.

For horses and riders both know the “Recall,”
And the trumpet-blast it is summoning all.

And over three hundred came back that day,
With empty saddles from that fierce fray.

Over three hundred! How bloody the fight
That emptied so many saddles that night!

Over three hundred! The struggle was sore:
One man had fallen out of every four.

Over three hundred! When trumpets blew,
The riderless steeds to the flag were true.

When ye talk of Gravelotte’s noble dead,
Praise the horses that answered in their stead.

—Gerok.

*From “German Ballads,” translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle, by permission of Walter Scott & Co. Limited.*

## FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry-blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—Ella Higginson.

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## ALADDIN

One day, in one of the rich provinces of China, an African magician stopped to watch some boys at play. Being a magician, he knew that one of them was called Aladdin, that his father was dead, that he and his mother lived alone, and that he was a careless, idle fellow, just such a boy as would be helpful to him, and one out of whom he could make a tool.

The stranger, going up to Aladdin, touched him on the shoulder, and said, “My lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?”

“Yes,” answered the boy, “but my father has been dead for some time.” On hearing this, the magician grieved greatly, and, embracing Aladdin, said, “I am your father’s brother; go tell your mother I shall come and sup with her to-night.” He then gave a handful of money to the boy, who hastened home to relate to his mother all that had happened.

That night the stranger came. At the evening meal he expressed great admiration for Aladdin, saying: “He must be very like what his father was at his age; though it is forty years since I left my native country, my love for my brother has kept his features in my mind, and I recollected them the moment I saw the boy.”

When he asked Aladdin what trade he had chosen, the lad hung his head in shame at not being able to give an answer to that question. His mother replied that he was a worthless fellow, who cared only to loiter in the streets. The magician reproved him for his idleness, and offered to make a merchant of him, if he would but apply himself to business. This Aladdin promised to do. His pretended uncle provided him with fine clothing, and with many favors, won the confidence of the boy and his mother.

One morning the magician set out with Aladdin to show him something very wonderful. At length they came to a valley which separated two mountains. Aladdin was directed to gather dry sticks and kindle a fire. When this was done, the magician, pronouncing certain magical words, cast a perfume into the blaze. Immediately a great smoke arose, the earth trembled and opened, showing a large, flat stone. Then he said to the frightened boy, “There is hidden under that stone an immense treasure, which you may possess if you will carefully follow my instructions.” Aladdin promised exact obedience. The magician then embraced him, and putting a ring which would protect him from danger upon his finger, bade him pronounce the names of his father and his grandfather and raise the stone. Aladdin obeyed, and discovered a hole several feet deep, and steps to descend lower.

“Observe,” said the magician, “what I am about to tell you. Not only the possession of the treasure, but your life itself depends on your careful attention. I have opened the cave, but am forbidden to enter it. That honor is for you alone. Go down boldly, then. At the bottom of the steps you will find three great halls, but touch nothing in them. At the end of the halls you will come to a garden; at the farther end of it you will find a lamp, burning in a niche. Take that lamp down, throw away the wick, pour out the liquid, and put the

lamp into your bosom to bring to me."

Aladdin secured the treasure and stopped to admire the trees, which were loaded with fruits of many colors. He knew nothing of the value of these fruits, but was so pleased with their beauty that he filled his pockets. Then he returned to the entrance and called to his uncle to assist him in getting out.

Through his magic, the magician had learned that if he could possess a lamp hidden somewhere underground, it would make him more powerful than any prince in the world, and he had resolved to have some friendless boy bring him the wonderful talisman and then shut him up in the cave. When Aladdin called for help, the magician refused to assist him until he should give him the lamp, but this the boy would not do until he was out of the cave. The dispute lasted a long time, when the magician became so angry that he pronounced two magical words, which replaced the stone and closed the earth. By this means he lost all hope of obtaining the lamp; it was forever out of his power to open the cave again. He set off immediately for his own country.

In vain did the terrified boy call upon his uncle to let him out. He was in great despair. In this state he continued for two days, but on the third day, in distress, he happened to clasp his hands together, and in doing so rubbed the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, and in his haste had forgotten to take away. Immediately an enormous genie rose out of the earth, and said, "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave whilst thou wearest that ring, I and the other slaves of the ring." Aladdin answered, "I charge thee, by the ring, if thou art able, to release me from this place." He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened and the genie lifted him up to the surface, and immediately disappeared.

Aladdin hastened home and related all to his mother, who was overjoyed to see him, but distressed that she had no money with which to buy food for him. They agreed to sell the lamp he had brought home, but to clean it first, thinking if it were clean, it would bring a greater price. As the mother began to rub it with sand and water, a genie of gigantic size stood before her and said, "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands."

The poor woman, overcome with fear, let the lamp fall, but Aladdin caught it, and said, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat at once." The genie disappeared and returned with a large silver basin, containing twelve covered plates of the same metal, all full of the choicest dainties. When the provisions were all gone, Aladdin sold the plates one by one for the support of himself and his mother.

One day Aladdin saw the beautiful daughter of the sultan. He was so impressed with her beauty, that he requested his mother to go to the sultan and to ask for him the hand of the princess in marriage. The poor woman objected, saying, "How can I go to the sultan with such a message? What extravagant madness! Besides, no one approaches the sovereign to ask a favor without a gift. What have you to offer the sultan, even for his smallest favor, much less for the highest he can bestow?"

"I own," replied Aladdin, "my wishes are extravagant, but you should not think I can send no gift to the sultan. I am able to furnish you with one I am sure he will accept."

Then Aladdin arranged the fruits he had brought from the cavern, but which in reality were magnificent jewels, in a vessel of fine porcelain, and persuaded his mother to carry them to the monarch. "Depend upon it, my son," she said, "your present will be thrown away. The sultan will either laugh at me, or be in so great a rage that he will make us both the victims of his fury."

The following day Aladdin's mother appeared before the sultan and with great fear made known her son's desire. The instant the sultan heard it, he burst into laughter, but when he saw the marvellous jewels, his amusement gave place to amazement. He said, "My good woman, return to your son and tell him he shall marry the princess when he sends to me forty basins of gold, each filled with the same kind of stones, each basin to be carried by a black slave, led by a young and handsome white slave, all handsomely dressed."

Full of disappointment the mother returned, but Aladdin received her message with great pleasure. He rubbed his wonderful lamp. The genie instantly appeared. Aladdin told him of the sultan's demand, and ordered him to provide all that was required. In a very short time the house was filled with the forty black slaves, each carrying a large gold basin filled with precious stones, and covered with a silver cloth embroidered in gold. Each black slave was led by a white one. Aladdin requested his mother to take this gift to the sultan.

All the passers-by stopped to gaze at the procession on its way to the palace. The astonishment of the sultan himself was great. He turned to Aladdin's mother and said, "Go, my good woman, tell your son I am waiting with open arms to receive him."

The joy with which Aladdin received the message Was unutterable. When he arrived at court, the sultan came from his throne to meet him, and ordered the marriage to take place at once. But Aladdin begged that he might have time to build a palace for the charming princess, and asked the sultan to select a suitable place for it.

"My son," said the sultan, "take the large open space before my palace; that may suit your purpose."

Aladdin returned home, summoned the genie, and ordered him to build a magnificent palace opposite that of the sultan. The next morning at daybreak the genie appeared and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come, see if it is as you desire." The sultan was astonished; the princess delighted. The marriage took place that day. For months they lived in great happiness, and Aladdin won the love of the people by his generosity.

About this time the wicked magician learned that Aladdin had been very fortunate. He determined to destroy him, and immediately set off for China. On his arrival, he mingled with the people at the inns, and from them learned that the prince had gone on a hunting expedition, and would not return for several days.

His next step was to obtain the lamp. He bought a dozen shining new ones, placed them in a basket, then went to the palace, crying out, "Who will change old lamps for new?" He drew a crowd of idle people about him, so that the noise they made attracted the princess. One of the women in waiting said, "Let us try if this man is as silly as he pretends to be. There is an old copper lamp on a cornice; if the princess pleases, we shall see if he will give a new one for the old."

The princess consented, and the exchange was made. Alas, poor princess! The magician had obtained the very prize he sought. At midnight he rubbed the lamp. The genie appeared, saying, "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, the slave of all those who possess the lamp." "I command thee," said the magician, "to transport the palace which thou hast built, and all who are within, to a place in Africa." The genie obeyed.

The next morning the grief and anger of the sultan were terrible when he found that both his daughter and the palace had disappeared. He blamed Aladdin. He exclaimed, "Where is that impostor? Let his head pay the price of his wickedness!"

Soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, whom they met on his return from hunting. He was dragged before the sultan as a criminal and ordered to be instantly beheaded. But the people of the province, who loved him very much, burst into the palace, and so alarmed the sultan that he ordered the executioner to set him at liberty.

Then Aladdin said, "Oh, sire, let me know my crime."

"You should know where your palace stood. Look and tell me what has become of it."

Aladdin was overcome with grief and despair. This angered the sultan still more, and he exclaimed, "Bring back my daughter, whom I value a thousand times beyond that palace; fail to do so, and nothing shall prevent me from putting you to death." Aladdin said: "Give me forty days to search for my dear princess. If I am unsuccessful, I shall return and deliver myself into your hands."

“I give you forty days,” said the sultan.

Aladdin, wretched and downfallen, left the palace. As he wandered by the bank of the river his foot slipped, and catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself, he pressed the magician’s ring that he wore on his finger. The genie of the ring appeared, saying, “What wouldst thou have?” Aladdin cried out, “Oh, genie, bring back my palace to where it stood.” “I cannot do what you command,” replied the genie; “you must ask the slave of the lamp.” “At least,” begged Aladdin, “convey me to the place where it now stands, and set me under the princess’s window.” Instantly he found himself beside his palace.

The princess was walking in her chamber and weeping for him. Happening to draw near the window, she saw Aladdin, and at once sent one of her slaves to bring him into the palace by a private gate. When the joy of their meeting had subsided, the princess told him they were in Africa. Then Aladdin knew it was the wicked magician who had caused all his trouble, and he asked his wife what had become of the old lamp he had left on the cornice of the hall. The princess told him that her woman had exchanged it for a new one, and that the tyrant in whose power she was, carried that very lamp in his bosom, and that every day he paid her a visit. They at last laid a plan by which they hoped to regain possession of the talisman.

Aladdin went to the city in disguise as a slave; and bought a powder which, if swallowed, would cause instant death. In the evening the magician waited upon the princess, who received him very graciously. After supper, when the wine was placed before them, the princess gave a signal to the servant, who placed a golden goblet before each of them. In that of the princess was the powder Aladdin had given her. Wine being poured, the princess told the magician that in China it was customary to exchange cups, and at the same time held her goblet out to him. He eagerly made the exchange, and, drinking it all at one draught, fell senseless on the floor.

When the magician fell, Aladdin, who had been watching, ran to him, hastily snatched the lamp and rubbed it. When the genie appeared, he commanded him to transport the palace and all it contained to the place from which he had brought it.

The sultan had continued to grieve for his daughter, and every day went to his window to look at the spot where the palace had stood. As usual, the morning after the return of the palace, he went to the window, expecting to see the spot still vacant, but, to his unspeakable joy, there he saw the glorious palace standing. He hastened to greet his daughter and her husband, and he and Aladdin at once forgave each other. The whole city rejoiced at the safe return of their beloved prince and his princess. After the death of the sultan, Aladdin and the princess ascended the throne. They ruled wisely and well for many years, and left noble sons and daughters to mourn their death.

—*The Arabian Nights’ Entertainment.*

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## THE RAPID

All peacefully gliding, the waters dividing,
  The indolent bateau moved slowly along;
The rowers, light-hearted, from sorrow long parted,
  Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
    “Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
      Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
    Soon we shall enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
      Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray.”

More swiftly careering, the wild Rapid nearing,
  They dashed down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them, no terrors affright them,
  Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed;
    “Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
      Shivers its arrows against us in play;
    Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
      Our spirits as light as its feathery spray.”

Fast downwards they’re dashing, each fearless eye flashing,
  Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it frowning! they strike—they are drowning!
  But downwards they speed with the merciless tide.
    No voice cheers the Rapid, that angrily, angrily
      Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
    Gayly they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
      Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

—Charles Sangster.

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## LONG LIFE

He liveth long who liveth well;
  All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
  Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
  Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—Horatio Bonar.

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## LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch-rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play, now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

“This will never do for me,” thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

**Mr. Toil**

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it. "Whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we shall go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would

have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and the people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but he was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! He that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger;

and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compass in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a task-master over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch-rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch-rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh dear me!" whispered he, turning pale, "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned

the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we shall go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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## THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.

—*From the Book of Psalms.*

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## THE SINGING LEAVES

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
  Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
  Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
  That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
  And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
  That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
  And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
  That was whiter than thistledown,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
  Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,

And sang ’neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves’”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

“But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy behind the sheaves;”
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy leaves.”

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And ’twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
“Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf
I pray you give it me!”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tree-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?”

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
“Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

“That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
’Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
“My faith I plight to thee.”

Then Walter took from next his heart
A package small and thin,
“Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

As the King rode in the castle-gate
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “Welcome, father!” she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

“Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,
“And woe, but they cost me dear!”
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: “I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing ’neath thy window,
Are my only heritage.”

And the second Leaf sang: “But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom’s fee.”

And the third Leaf sang, “Be mine! Be mine!”
And ever it sang, “Be mine!”
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, “I am thine, thine, thine!”

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, ’twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose’s red heart’s tide.

“Good counsel gave the bird,” said she,
“I have my hope thrice o’er,
For they sing to my very heart,” she said,
“And it sings to them evermore.”

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

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## THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE

Centuries ago there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Rondaine. The river was a long and winding stream which ran through different countries. Sometimes it was narrow and swift and sometimes broad and placid. Sometimes it hurried through mountain passes and again it meandered quietly through fertile plains. In some places it was of a blue color and in others of a dark and sombre hue. And so it changed until it threw itself into the warm, far-spreading sea.

But it was otherwise with the little town. As far back as anybody could remember, it had always been the same that it was at the time of our story. And the people who lived there could see no reason to suppose that it would ever be different from what it was then. It was a pleasant little town and its citizens were very happy. So why should there be any change in it?

If Rondaine had been famed for anything at all, it would have been for the number of its clocks. It had many churches, and in the steeple of each of these churches there was a clock. There were town buildings which stood upon the great central square. Each of these had a tower, and in each tower was a clock. Then there were clocks at street corners and in the market-place; clocks over shop doors, and a clock at each end of the bridge.

Many of these clocks were fashioned in some quaint and curious way. In one of the largest a stone man came out and struck the hours with a stone hammer, while a stone woman struck half hours with a stone broom; and in another an iron donkey kicked the hours on a bell behind him. It would be impossible to tell all the odd ways in which the clocks of Rondaine struck.

It was very interesting to lie awake in the night and hear the clocks strike. First would come a faint striking from one of the churches in the by-streets, a modest sound; then from another quarter would be heard a more confident clock striking the hour clearly and distinctly. When they were quite ready, but not a moment before, the seven bells of the large church on the square would chime the hour. The sound of these bells seemed to wake up the stone man in the tower of the town building and he struck the hour with his hammer. And when every sound had died away, the iron donkey would kick out the hour on his bell.

The very last clock to strike in Rondaine was one belonging to a little old lady with white hair, who lived in a little white house in one of the prettiest and cleanest streets in the town. Her clock was in a

little white tower at the corner of her house. Long after every other clock had struck, the old lady's clock would strike quickly and with a tone that said, "I know that I am right, and I wish other people to know it."

In a small house which stood at a corner of two streets in the town there lived a young girl named Arla. Her room was at the top of the house, and one of its windows opened to the west and another to the south. Arla liked to leave these windows open so that the sound of the clocks might come in. It was not because she wanted to know the hour that she used to lie awake and listen to the clocks. She could tell this from her own little clock in her room.

On the front of her clock, just below the dial, was a sprig of a rosebush beautifully made of metal, and on this, just after the hour had sounded, there was a large green bud. At a quarter past the hour this bud opened a little, so that the red petals could be seen; fifteen minutes later it was a half-blown rose, and at a quarter of an hour more it was nearly full blown. Just before the hour the rose opened to its fullest extent, and so remained until the clock had finished striking, when it immediately shut up into a great green bud.

This clock was a great delight to Arla; for not only was it a very pleasant thing to watch the unfolding of the rose, but it was a satisfaction to think that her little clock always told her exactly what time it was, no matter what the other clocks of Rondaine might say.

Arla's father and mother were thrifty, industrious people. They were very fond of their daughter, and wished her to grow up a thoughtful, useful woman. In the early morning, listening to the clocks of Rondaine, Arla did a great deal of thinking. It so happened on the morning of the day before Christmas she began to think of something which had never entered her mind before.

"How in the world," she said to herself, "do the people of Rondaine know when it is really Christmas? Christmas begins at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve; but as some of the people depend on one clock and some upon others, a great many of them cannot truly know when Christmas Day has really begun. Not one of the clocks strikes at the right time! As for that iron donkey, I believe he kicks whenever he feels like it. And yet there are people who go by him!" With these thoughts in her mind, Arla could not go to sleep again. She heard all the clocks strike, and lay awake until her own little clock told her that she ought to get up.

During this time she had made up her mind what she should do. There was yet one day before Christmas, and if the people of the town could be made to see in what a deplorable condition they were, they might have time to set the matter right so that all the clocks should strike the correct hour and everybody should know exactly when Christmas Day began. Arla was sure that the citizens had never given this matter proper thought.

When she went down to breakfast, she asked permission of her mother to take a day's holiday. Her mother was quite willing to give her the day before Christmas in which she could do as she pleased. So Arla started out gayly to attend to the business she had in hand. Everybody in Rondaine knew her father and mother and a great many of them knew her, so there was no reason why she should be afraid to go where she chose. In one hand she carried a small covered basket in which she had placed her rose clock.

The first place she visited was the church where she and her parents always attended service. When she entered the dimly lighted church, Arla soon saw the sexton. He was a pleasant-faced little man whom she knew very well.

"Good morning, sir," said she. "Do you take care of the church clock?"

"Yes, my little friend," said he.

"Well, then," said Arla, "I think you ought to know that your clock is eleven minutes too fast. I came here to tell you so that you might change it, and make it strike properly."

The sexton's eyes began to twinkle. He was a man of merry mood. "That is very good of you, little Arla; very good indeed. And now that

we are about it, isn't there something else you would like to change? What do you say to having these stone pillars put to one side, so that they may be out of the way of the people when they come in? Or what do you say to having our clock tower taken down and set out there in the square before the church door? Now tell me, shall we do these things together, wise little friend?"

A tear or two came into Arla's eyes and she went away. "I suppose," she said to herself, "that it would be too much trouble to climb to the top of the tower to set the clock right. But that was no reason why he should make fun of me. I don't like him as well as I used to."

She now made her way to the great square of the town, and entered the building at the top of which stood the stone man with his hammer. She found the doorkeeper in a little room by the side of the entrance. Arla thought she would be careful how she spoke to him.

"If you please, sir," she said with a courtesy, "I should like to say something to you. And I hope you will not be offended when I tell you that your clock is not right. Your stone man and your stone woman are both too slow. They sometimes strike as much as seven minutes after they ought to strike."

The grave, middle-aged man looked steadily at Arla through his spectacles. "Child," said he, "for one hundred and fifty years the open tower on this building has stood there. And through all these years, in storm and in fair weather, by daylight or in the darkness of the night, that stone man and that stone woman have struck the hours and the half hours. And now you, a child, come to me and ask me to change that which has not been changed in one hundred and fifty years!"

Arla could answer nothing with those spectacles fixed upon her.

"Good morning, sir," she said, as she turned and hurried into the street. She walked on until she came to the house of the little old lady with white hair. She concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. "She is surely willing to alter that," said Arla, "for it is so very much out of the way."

The old lady knew who Arla was and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion. "Never since I was born," she said, "have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house, have always lived in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child: I hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, I would cut off that hand!"

Tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened. "I hope you will pardon me," she said, "for truly I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think your clock is not a good one. I only meant that you should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady. "Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it." And kissing Arla, she bade her good-by.

"Principles may last a great while without altering," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged. "The people do not seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself.

Determined to make one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town building, at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum. It had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of an ingenious man who was very learned and skilful.

When Arla had told the superintendent why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her nor did he get angry, but he listened attentively

to all that she had to say. “You must know, Arla,” he said, “that our iron donkey not only kicks out the hours, but five minutes before doing so he turns his head around and looks at the bell behind him; and then, when he has done kicking, he puts his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs and levers. At noon on every bright day I set the donkey right, being able to get the correct time from a sundial which stands in the courtyard. But his works—which I am sorry to say are not well made—are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again. But so far as I know, every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with our donkey clock.”

“I suppose so,” said Arla, with a sigh; “but it is really a great pity that every striking clock in Rondaine should be wrong!”

“But how do you know they are all wrong?” asked the superintendent.

“Oh, that is easy enough,” said Arla, “when I lie awake in the early morning, I listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose clock to see what time it really is.”

“Your rose clock?” said the superintendent.

“This is it,” said Arla, opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took it into his hands and looked at it, outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the courtyard. When in a few moments he returned, he said, “I have compared your clock with my sundial, and find that it is ten minutes slow!”

“My—clock—ten—minutes—slow!” exclaimed Arla, with wide-open eyes.

“Yes,” said the superintendent. “Such a clock as this—which is a very ingenious and beautiful one—ought frequently to be compared with a sundial, and set to the proper hour.”

Arla sat quiet for a moment and then she said: “I think I shall not care any more to compare the clocks of Rondaine with my little rose clock. If the people do not care to know exactly when Christmas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock.”

“Especially,” said the superintendent, with a smile, “when you are not sure that your rose clock is right. But if you bring your little clock and your key here on any day when the sun is shining, I shall set it to the time shadowed on the sundial, or show you how to do it yourself.”

“Thank you,” said Arla, and she took her leave.

As she walked home she lifted the lid of the basket and looked at her little rose clock. “To think of it!” she said, “that you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And worse than that, to think that some of the other clocks have been right and you have been wrong. I can hardly believe it of you.”

But the little clock never went to be compared with the sundial. “Perhaps you are right now,” Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, “and I shall not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong.”

Whether it was right or wrong Arla was satisfied that no other clock in Rondaine was its equal. But she kept her thoughts to herself, and never again attempted to regulate the affairs of others.—Frank R. Stockton.

*From “Fanciful Tales,” published by Charles Scribner’s Sons.*

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## THE CAMEL’S NOSE

Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window’s space,
Behold! a camel thrust his face:
“My nose is cold,” he meekly cried;
“Oh, let me warm it by thy side!”

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet more astonished heard him say,
“If thou art troubled, go away,
For in this place I choose to stay.”

—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

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## LORD ULLIN’S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, “Boatman, do not tarry!
And I’ll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o’er the ferry.”

“Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?”
“Oh! I’m the chief of Ulva’s Isle,
And this Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“I’ll go, my chief—I’m ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

“And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of Heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night drew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather,
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried, in grief,
“Across this stormy water;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh! my daughter!”

’Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o’er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

—Thomas Campbell.

Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

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## GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
  God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
  God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
  Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
  God save the King.

### Transcriber's Notes

Obvious typographical errors have been silently corrected. Hyphenation has been standardised, but other variations in spelling and punctuation remain unchanged.

In the name of the author Zitkala-Ša, Š represents S surmounted by a diaeresis.

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