PLL KNOW THEE THERE.

[G. D. Prentice, said: "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines from the nuse of Amelia:"]

Tale star, that, with thy soft, sad light, Comes out upon my bridal eve, I have a song to sing to night, Before thou takest thy mournful leave. fince then so softly time has stirr'd That months have almost seemed like hours And I am like a little bird That slept too long among the flowers. And, waking, sits with waveless wing, Soft singing 'mid the shades of even But, oh ! with sadder heart I sing-I sing of one who dwells in heaven.

The winds are soft, the clouds are few, And tenderest thought my heart beguiles As, floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out in smiles And to the green resounding shore In silvery troops the ripples crowd, Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er,

Lift up its voice and laughs aloud And star on star, all soft and calm, Float up yon arch, serenely blue. And, lost on earth, and steeped in baim.

My spirit floated in ether, too

Loved one! though lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near; And softly-as I feel the light

That trembles through the atmosphere, As in some temple's holy shades,

Though mute the hymn, and hushed the prayer, A solemn awe the soul pervales.

Which tells that worship has been there; A breath of incense, left alone, Where many a censer swung around;

Which thrills the wanderer like to one We treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss, Yet stops awhile to dwell with me, Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this, That I at last might dwell with thee;

I hear a murmur from the seas That thrills me like thy spi it's sighs;

I hear a voice on every breeze That makes to mine its low replies-

A voice all low and sweet like thine:

It gives an answer to my prager, And brings my soul from Heaven a sign That I will know and meet thee there.

Ull know thee there by that sweet face, Round, which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace That made thee lovely all thy days, By that sweet smile that o'er it shed A beauty like the light of even, Whose soit expression never fled. Even when its soul had fled to Heaven; Till know thee by the starry crown That glitters in thy raven hair; Oh! by these blessed sights alone

I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there. For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere The sweetest youth and beauty met, That swam in love and softness here, Must swim in love and softness yet. For ab! its dark and liquid beams, Though saddened by a thousand sighs. Were holler than the light that streams Down from the gates of Paradise-Were bright and radient like the morn, Yet soft and dewy as the eve, Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,

Too young for eyes to learn to grieve. I wonder if this cold, sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow For all my spirit hears and s es

Recalls thee to my memory now; For every hour we breathed apart

Will but increase, if that can be, The love that fil s this lonely heart.

Already filled so tull of thee. Yet many a tear these eves must ween

And many a sin must be forgiven. Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep, An i you and I shall meet in heaven!

"Dick," she said, and she was overcrowded boat in that sea, and I trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this he would say you had abused his kindness toward you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me. I let her go. I had seen in the blush

and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Loitus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprange up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead and I had taken to the business.) and with the money I bought an outfit and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a gallerslave-starvel and pinched and saved. and never spent a cent on myself, except for books.

I sat up half the n'ght to read and tudy. Well, in this country the man study. who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By and by 1 bought some that n land dirt cheap, and sold it for three awful. t mes what I gave for it-then I began to make money fast.' I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than myself. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canad an soil, I bought Indian creek farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study table. and a tiny work basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all was i'n shed I took the first ship for Liverpool.

doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were st ll half-oit their h nges, as I left them only the peop'e were a litt'e older and a trifle more stup d, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Franscombe had been dead s'x months-d ed very poor, they told me; there was nothing left for M ss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governess ng with some people who were just of to Canada, and the ship sailed to morrow f om Liverpool. The Liverpcol express never seemed

to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every birth taken on board the Antarctic, and the captain raging at the non appearance of two of his crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant places. I was as string is a ho se, and active enough, and thou h the captain eved me rather askance-I had been to a West-end tailor on my way through London-he was too glad to get me to ask any questions, so I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw the first cay or two looking so pale and thin that she was I ke the ghost of her former self, and yet sweeter to my eves than ever before. The child en she had charge of were troublesome little cre tures, who worcied and badgeret he the I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleress and patience about her quite new to m idea of Miss Winny, and I only lo her the more for it. After the sec

day out the wind freshened, and I s. no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November-an early winter, and the cold was interse. It blew one continuous gale. and some of our machinery was broken-the screw damaged-ind we could not keep our were not much needed after we had course. As we drew near the other been together in the rigging over that

sprang for the rigging. I was not a cond too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was, Our Dumb Animals. I scrambled to the topmast, and got a

firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loos within my reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the top-mast. The ship sank gradually: she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down just her deck above water, but the great seas swept over it every second and swept it clean. The boat had gone!

One or two floating on loose spars, were picked up afte ward -- no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too st ong. The captain was near me. 1 felt glad to think he had been saved-he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was The spray froze on the sheets as it fell; the yards were slippery with c. I stamped on Winny s feet to keep them from freezing. Did you no-tice that I limp a little. I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow's stifened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold Where were we? How long out? would the sh p last before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or free ing? We asked ourselves again and again, but there was no answer. Ten years builds a city over here. It | Death stared us in the face; we seemed to live ages of agony every minute -and yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows, after all those ten long weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last!

She pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand laid there with it-it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak-and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and know that life was there still, and hope I ved too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and soon rock ets were fired, and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiflened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for long after; and it is wonderful that W may was the first to recover, and

it was she who nursed me back to

and reason. . d how did I ask her to marry me

pon my word, now you ask. I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary, somehow. Caste distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours; and words

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

How to Stop It.

Mamma, a dear little birdle is dead! I saw it upon your new hat; I wondered, dear mamma, while big tears

shed. Who could have been so cruel as that-As to kill the birdie, mamma, do say, Did little ones die in their nest?

Or from cold and fright did they pass away, For want of their dear mother's breast?

I know, mamma dear, that the hat you'll no wear,

It will be sent back to the shop: And mamma, do tell the folks everywhere,

Such bad, wicked things they must stop And mamma, May Perkins told me to-day, A kitten's head is on her hat! It most took my breath-but I tried to say,

"What if she should meet the ma cat?" Seems to me, mamma, there are pretty things

Enough to be found everywhere; Why must they kitties' heads, birdies and wings

Like sign-boards of cruelty wear? Mamma, if ladies such things would not buy And let them remain in the shop, Would not the traders then have a supply? And would not the cruelty stop?

Ages of Animals.

Camels live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen about twenty; sheep eight to nine, and dogs from twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non domest c animals, only a few The East insolated facts is known. Indians believe that the life periods of elephants is about 200 years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived 130 in confinement, after cap-ture at an unknown age. Whales are est mated to reach the age of 400 years. Some reptiles are very long lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise, which was confined in 1638 and ex-isted in 1753, when it per shed by an accident. Birds sometimes attain a great age, the eagle and the swan havng been known to reach 100. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable.

Carps having been known to reach 200, common river trout fifty years, and the pile n'nety years: while Gessner, a swiss naturalist, relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish 267 years before.

What Happened to Charlie. Anna M. Talcott.

Charl'e lived in the country, on the banks of a river. He had everything he wanted to play with, and could do almost as he pleased. But he was not allowed to get into a little boat that was kept down at the landing. He thought it very hard never to be al-lowed to row alone. He often went lowed to row alone. He often went with h s father, and could row quite well. He was not always good, and perhaps some day would have gone without permission. But the oars were always kept in the boat house. which was locked, and Charlie d d not have the key.

One day h s father and mother had to go to the city and leave Charlie at home. He promised to be very good before they went. At first he did very well; then he was lonely. He walked down to the landing.

"I wll get in the boat for a minute." he said. He rocked the boat from side to side, and played he was at sea. in a great storm. He was soon tired of the boat and wanted back to the house. But this he could not do. The rocking of the boat had unfastened it, and it was drifting down the river.

he and his party toiled through swamps and jungles, exposed to count-less dangers from wild beasts and pestilential atmosphere. Worn by fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate natives, a less resolute man than Stanley would have given up the unequal contest with circumstances and gone back, but

th s Stanley never thought of doing. He had faith in God. himself and his purpose. In his journal he wrote, and the words glow with an energy that is sublime, and deserve a place in the memory of every young man.

"No living man shall stop me; only death can prevent me. But deathnot even this; I shall not die-I will not die-I cannot die! Something tells me I shail find him, and write it larger, FIND HIM, FIND HIM?

Full of the intensity of conviction, a faith born of the faith in God. Stanley pressed on, hee lless of hardships, till one day he, with his party, came in sight of Lake Tanganika, and a little later he stood in the presence of the great traveler, who for years had lost tidings of h s native land, and had almost ceased to look for aid from his countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley, Dr. Livingstode might have d ed of starvation, and the world remained ignorant of his fate.

The subsequent career of Stanley has brought into greater prominence h s sublime faith and resolute persistence which is satisfied with nothing but the attainment of his ob ect, wh cn has already placed the world deeply in debt.

The leaf from the journal repeats an old lesson: Fa th is power.

"Endurance is the crowning quality

And patience all the passion of great hearts; These are their stay, and when the leaden world Sets its hard face against their fateful

thought, And brute strength like a conqueror Plunges its huge mail down on the other

ccale, The inspired soul but flings his patience in, And slowly that outweighs the ponderous

One faith against a whole world's unbelief, One soul against the flesh of all mankind "

The Dead Bird,

Harper's Young People.

Our children, Maggie and Johnnie, were the owners of two bright, pretty canary birds. They called them Charley and Jennie. Jennie was a bird of that light bud-color so rare and so much admired by the lovers of these sweet songsters. Her eyes were like two little shiny black beads, they were se bright and glistening. She was a friendly creature, and liked to be not est of tones. We all loved her, but Maggie claimed her as her own. One evening when I went to bring

the cages in from the little back porch, where they had been hanging during the warm afternoon. I noticed Jennie s feathers we e slightly fluifed up, but as the evening was somewhat chilly, I thought she was probably a little cold, so paid no more attent on to her. The birds were not thought of next morning till after breakfast, when Charley began hs morning song in a loud, clear voice. Looking up I saw Jennie with her head tucked under her wing as if fast asleep. How strange? Who ever heard of a bird sleeping after

dayl'ght? We gathered round her and tried to ruess what ailed her. One who had a knowledge of birds and their ways prescribed for her. and we did all we could; but she drooped more and more, and closed the beautiful bead-like eves and resolutely kept her head tucked under her wing. So we just watched her, while the dishes stood on the ta-16 ble unwashed, and the floor remained unswept and the beds unmade. For a long while she sat mationless; then gave a little flutter and fell down,

The Dead Sea.

Jornhill Magazine

The dead sea is an old and decrepit salt lake, in a very advanced state of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to eightyfive feet below the Black Sea, the Dead rea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1.292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan valley, connect the Sea of Galilee with the Dead sea. and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday-school classes. Now, when the dead sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account. it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineers' lake-spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at any rate from Dan to Edom, or. in other words, along the whole Jordan valley from the sea of Galilee and even the waters of Merom to the southern desert. The modern dead sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters a e now so very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them, and so bouyant that a man can not drown himself. even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salt of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which a swimmer floats, will he,

The waters of the Dead Sea are thus in the condition of having already deposited almost all their gypsum. as well as the greater part of the salt they originally contained. They are, in fact, much like sea water which has been boiled down tll it has reached the state of a thick, salty liquid, and though most of the salt is now already deposited in a deep layer on the bottom, enough still remains in solut on to make the Dead Sea minitely salter than the general ocean. At the same time, there are a good many other things in solution in sea water besides gypsum and common salt; such as chloride of magnesium, sulphate of potassium, and other interesting substances with pretty chemical names. well calculated to endear them at first ticed and talked to. When we called Jennie," she would hop about her cage and answer "Sweet!" in the hear-contents of the water are often still longer in gett ng deposited than common salt; and owing to the r intermixtute in a very conce trated form with the mother liquid in the Dead Sea, the water of that e aporating lake is not only salt, but al o slimy and fetid to the last degree, its taste Leing accurately des ribed as half brine, half rancid o'l. Indeed, the salt has been so far precipitated alread : that there is now five tim s as much chlor de of magne-ium left in the water as there is common salt. By t'e way, it is a lucky th ng for us that these various soluble m nerals are of such constitution as to be thrown down se arately at different stages of concentrat on in the evaporating liquid, for if it were otherwise, they would all get depos ted together, and we should find gyusum# salt and other chlorides and sulphates. absolutely useless for any pract.cal hu, man purpose.

A Baby Funeral in Mexico.

(2)

nill he.



Stranger to Canada. I think you said? First vis t to Ontario? Well. you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the pia za till dinner's ready-we dine early in these new world parts.

Fine farm? Well. yes; Ind'an Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All as far a + you can see -grass land, corn-fields, wood + and creeks-all belong Stock, too-they call it the best to it. stocked farm in Ontario, 1 believe, and dare say they're right. All mine: and yet I came to Cam da twelve years ago, w thout even the traditional halfcrown in my trousers po ket. You -ook surprised. Would you 1 ke to near the story? There's a good half-tour to dinner time yet, and its a story I never t re of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village tarpenter in the south of England. You know that class pretty well, I fare say, and what a gulf was fixed netween me and the vicar of the parish. And yet-and yet-from the time she was 7 years old and I 11, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cr ed, and i picked her up, and smoothed the l ttle crumpled pinafore, and k ssed the dust sut of her golden curis, I loved but one g rl in the world, and that was vicar's caughter, Winny Branssumbe.

Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps .o. and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes, whatever one may do. There's no plass distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding school. If Miss Winney had had a mother no loubt things would have been very lifferently but we were al ke in never taving known a mother's care, and he old vicar was blind to everthing ut his theological treatise.

But when she came back from her ondon board ng school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and laces and and he would meet; but what can a lad in in English village do? I had just mough education to make every other ad in the place hate me; and beside he men of her world I suppose I cut ather an astonishing figure. Yet the ove of her was beyond all else in me, hat mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had to power over myself, and the first ime I caught her alone in the woods -she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the zhole story, and wa'ted for her anhat die 1 her fair face - then deathly get er.

where no one was quite sure. It seemed to mait had all happened le-At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me, when, on the teach night, just after midn ght, the awful crash and shock took place-a sensation which no one who has not felt it can magine in the le st-and we knew that the Antarctic had struck.

It's a fearful thing, if you come to think of it. a great's eamer filled with livir g souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Eefore you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic cries, ter-ror, confus on. agony-Oh, it was awful! I hope never to see such a scene aga n. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and

got to the state room. I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hard, even at that moment a thr ll ran through me at the thought of stand ng face to face with her again.

"Winney!" I cried, "come out! make haste there is not a moment to lose!

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dress d, even to her little black hat. The cabin light had been left burning, by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. 1 forgot the danger we were in-forgot that death was waiting close at hand-forgot that the world held any one but just her and me.

"Dick?" she cried—"Oh, Dick. Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then; and threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great fur-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above, all was the wildest chaos; the boats over-filled, and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which makes one's heart glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the Antarctic. The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the ma-jority of them and the crew were mad wer. She grew scarlet - a rush of color w th terror, and lost their heads alto-

side of the Atlantic we got more and night. Somehow I was glad it was so, more out of our bearings, and at last glad my girl had taken me, in my cap the fogs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the richest fore, or I had read it, or dreamed it. man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and a pos tion higher than Mr. Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night: she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montrael-the captain of the Antarctic gave her away-and then I brought her home to Ind an Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking cha r, and the work basket and the th mbie! Heaven bless her! There she comes, with her baby on

her shoulder. Come in to dinner. friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country, or the old; the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.

A Pioneer of Pioneers.

San Francise > Bulletin. The owner and navigator of a sloon

engaged in fishing on the bay is James Peace, 87 years of age, and a Cal forma pioneer of the pioneers, having come to the coast in 1818. In 1817 he sailed from England in the ship Nereod. bound for the Columbia river, in the service of the Hudson Bay company. She put into the bay of Monterey when he became implicated in a mu tiny and was placed in irons. In April, 1818, the vessel cast her anchor in the bay of San Franc sco, where he stole away in one of the sh p's boats, and made his way to the Miss on Dolores. where the fathers furnished him with blankets and a pony and directed him to the camp of William Smith, on the s te of Woodside, San Mateo county. In this vicinity he continued to live for sixty-seven years. He was remarkably skillful in the use of tools, and instructed the natives of the Santa Clara mission in their use. In 1840, with about forty Americans, he was seized by the Mexican authorities, placed in irons, and sent to San Blas as a pr'sorer. He was taken to Tepic, where the charges of being implicated in a conspiracy against Mexico were found to be baseless and he returned to his home in the redwoods. At the close of the Mexican war he settled on a large tract of land at Halfmoon bay. Here, in 1849, he hoisted the first American flag in Spanishtown. This relic he still has in his possession. In 1835 Peace married the laughter of Pedro Valencia, and has two sons living. In the course of time he lost his property, and in his old age made use of his skill in constructing a sloop thirty feet in length, in which he cruises the bay in quest of fish and | ley started from Za'iz bar for the inteclams, which are marketed at Red-

shouted once or twice, but no one heard him.

In the river there was a small island, which belonged to Charl e's father. The current carried the boat to this she a little golden heap in the bottom of island, and Charlie get out. There the cage. was nothing to get out for, but he had been in the toat long enough. He sat on the ground and w.shed he was at

home. When his father and mother came back they wonde ed where he was. He did not come to dinner, and they began to feel alarmed. His father found the boat was gone. He borrowed another of a neighbor, and set off to look for Charlie. He had not rowed far before he saw a boat on the island, and a lonely little figure s tting on the shore. When Charlie saw his father coming he jumped up. and said, "Oh, I am so

Have you come to take me glad! home?' "No," replied his father, "I came to

look for you. Now that I find you have disobeyed mail I shall leave you here for the rest of the day.

Charlie could have cried if it had done any good He watched his father row back hom . Then he sat down on the ground and wished he had never stepped in the boat. He had a very dull afternoon. When h s father came at night, to take him home, there was not much said, but Charlie never forgot that long day on the island.

Stanley's Faith.

Youth's Companion. "One faith against the whole world's unbelief," s ngs a poet, and the poet only echoes the doctr ne of the great Teacher. Have a right purpose n life, and faith in that purpose. Pur-

pose and faith are destiny. A leaf from the journal of a great explorer vividly illustrates this truth. In the heart of Africa, years ago, two white men met. One was old, grayhaired and ill; the other young and enthusiastic.

The old man was one whose fame as an African explorer, was world-wide, but for years the civilized world had lost sight of him. Scientific associat ons were asking vainly, "What has become of Dr. Livingstone?"

As a correspondent of the New York Herald, the younger man d stinguished himself for indomitable perseverence, rapid decision and sterling commonsense, and in 1870 was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its propr etor, to find Dr. Livingstone. His story 's well known. Draw a thousand pounds now." said Mr. Bennett, "and when you have gone turough that, draw another thousand, and so on but find Living-

tosie."

Johnn e had been coming in every few minutes with the quest on, "Mam-ma, how is Jennie?" He just came in with the same question. I told him Jennie was dead. He gave a sad "Oh!" as he went to look at her. Maggie was at school, and was unconscious of the sorrow that awaited her. As soon as he saw her coming he ran to meet her, and the sad story was soon told. Poor Maggie! She came to me with pit ful voice, asking, "Manma, is Jenn'e dead?"

"Yes, dear," I answered.

She went to the cage, took the tiny mite in her hand, and held it, oh, so enderly! 1 e-pected she would cry but she d'dn't. She held it out till told to put it down, Then she got a pretty box, and wrapping her little treasure in some soft, white material, she gen tly placed it in the little box and put it away till after school, when they could bury it.

All that afternoon, as I was busy about my work. Charley's notes rang out loud and clear and triumphant, as only Charley could sing-for he was a rare singer-but it made me feel so sad that I could scarcely keep the tears back. Charley's singing had never before made me feel so sad. It was only because I felt that never again should I hear Jennie's cheerful

chirp and twitter. That evening, after school, the children, with a few of their playmates, put their l.ttle pet away out of their sight. A very small grave was made eneath a rose-bush, and a very small head-stone placed in the proper place. A few flowers were reverently strewn around, and when they had finished their work they sadly returned to the house.

As long as we remained in the village that little mound under the rosebush was the children's special care. While flowers were to be had, a few fresh ones daily found their way to the cherished spot; and now, though months have elapsed and we are hundreds of miles away, little Jennie is not forgotten.

"He never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a r.val, "and that was when he prosecuted his studies."

You never knew how much water an umbrells is capable of containing, unt l

ror of Afrea, and for eleven months that co t \$5 a yard.

One afternoon I sat reading in my room while the first shower of the month was falling. The rainy season was several weeks later this year. It was a goodly shower, and the r.vulets in the streets were soon converted into turbid torrents. While the rain was still pouring, though very gently, I heard music in the street. It was St. John's day, and I thought it part of the celebration. I stepped to the bal-cony and saw a band coming, follow. d by a s ore or more of men with lighted candles. The band was playing a lively march. Ahead there ran a little boy with what looked like a tawdrily painted box cover. The men were nearly all of the lower class. shaboily dressed. One of them carried on his head an open coffin containing what I at first took to be a doll having some thingto do with the ceremonial. It was dressed in white muslin, with some gilt tinsel. But as they passed below I saw it was a dead baby, w th long evelashes and black eyes staring up to the sky. Meanwhile the rain kept dropping pit lessly on the sen cless little form. Oh, I fanc'ed. since the form was senseless, was the rain ptiless, or compassionate tears from heaven. The men sheltered from the wind with one hand the candles they were carrying. The procession moved along, with the martial blare of the music sounding gayly down the narrow streets, seeming strangely inap-propriate to mark the entry of a little child into the kingdom of heaven.

"Mother, can't I go out and play?" ked a little boy. "No, my son." she asked a little boy. "No, my son." she answered, "you will get your clothes dirty." "Is the Lord coming to day?" "I don't know," sad his mother, "he may come." "Don't they have any dirt heaven for little boys to play in?" "What do I ttle boys "No, my son?" "What do I ttle boys do there?" "They sing songs and play under the trees." answered his mother. "Well, mother, how do they have any trees if they don't have any dirt?

Nine more vict mized English boys have turned up at Los Angeles, aged 14 to 17, says the San Francisco Bulle-Their fathers in England were tin. induced to pay £20 entrance fee for their sons as "pupils" on the fruit farms in Cal fornia at 85 a month, and to be "treated as members of the fam-ily." The firm had headquarters in London. The agent gets =12 aplece for providing each boy with a home. The r passage, which they pay themselves, is \$15. When the boy gets there he finds he could have done it all h mself. and that the promised situation is never