

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. IV.



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,

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# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

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VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

No. II.

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Bobbett & Hooper. N.Y.

WAKE UP!

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.  
AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S  
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## VII.



**W**e have now for some time followed the Ancient Mariner through the recital of the wonderful adventures which befell himself and the Dean on the lonely little island in the Arctic Sea; and we have watched the children going and coming from day to day. And we have seen, too, how happy the children were when listening to the story, and how delighted they were with every little scrap they got of it, and how they remembered every word of it, and how William wrote it down in black and white, and had it safe and sound for future use,—little dreaming, at the time of doing it, that the record he was keeping would find its way at last into “Our Young Folks,” and thus give other than himself and Fred and Alice a chance to make the acquaintance of the good old Captain and the brave and handsome little Dean.

And William Earnest kept his record regularly, and he kept it well, as we have seen before; and up to this point of time everything was set down with day and date. But now a change had clearly come over the habits of our little party. At first, as has been hitherto related, the old Captain was a little shy of the children, though he so much liked them,—afraid, as we have seen he was before, to say, “Come at any time you please”; but he rather said, “Come at such and such an hour to-morrow or the day after,” as the case might be. Now, however, all this formality was done away with, as the Captain learned that the children never interfered with him or troubled him in any way. So down they came to the Captain’s cottage whenever they had a mind, and the Captain was always glad to see them, be it morning, noon, or evening; and never were the children, in all their lives before, so happy as when romping through the Captain’s grounds, or cooling themselves upon the grass beneath the Captain’s trees, or looking at the Captain’s “hops,” or joking with that oddest boy that was ever seen, Main Brace, or playing with the Captain’s dogs,—the biggest

dogs that ever bore the odd names of Port and Starboard.

The Captain now said, "Make yourselves at home, my dears,—quite at home"; and the children did it; and the Captain always went about whatever he had to do until he was ready once more to begin his story-telling; and then they would take themselves off to the yacht, or to the "Crow's Nest," or the "cabin," or the "quarter-deck," or some other cosy place; and as the Captain related something more and more extraordinary, as it seemed to them, each time,

"the wonder grew  
That one small head should carry all he knew";

while, as for the old man himself, he might well exclaim, with the lover in the play, "I were but little happy if I could say how much."

Thus it came about, as we have good reason to suppose, that days and dates were lost in William's journal; and thus it was that the young and truthful chronicler of this veritable history simply wrote down, from time to time, what the Captain said, without mentioning much about when it was that the Captain said it. Sometimes he wrote with lead pencil, sometimes with pen and ink, and often, as is plain to see from the manuscript itself, at considerable intervals of time; but always, as there is no doubt, with accuracy; for William's mind, touching the Captain's adventures, was like the susceptible heart of the Count in the Venetian story,—

"Wax to receive and marble to retain."

So now, after this long explanation, the reader will perceive that we can do nothing else than report the Captain's story, without saying where the little party were seated at the time the Captain told it. And, in truth, it matters little; at least so William thought, for he wrote one day upon the page,—

"Where's the use, I'd like to know, putting in what Fred and me and Alice did, and where we went with the 'Ancient Mariner'? I haven't time to write so much, and I'll only write what the Captain said"; and so right away he set down what follows.

"Now you see," resumed the Captain, "when we had done all I told you of before,—having slept, you know, and got well rested,—we went about our work very hopefully. But as we were going along, meditating on our plans, the Dean stopped suddenly, and said he to me: 'Hardy, do you know what day it is?'

"'No,' said I, 'upon my word I don't, and never once thought about it!'

"The Dean looked very sad all at once, and, not being able to see why that should be the case, I asked what difference it made to us what day it was.

"'Why, a great deal of difference,' said the Dean.

“‘How?’ said I.

“‘Why,’ said the Dean, ‘when shall we know when Sunday comes?’

“To be sure, how should we know when Sunday came! I had not thought of that before; but the Dean was differently brought up from me; for, while I had not been taught to care much what day it was, the Dean had been taught to look upon Sunday as a day when nobody should do any sort of work. I believe the Dean had an idea in his head that, if it was Sunday, and he was frozen half to death already, or starved about as badly, and should refuse to work to save himself from death outright, he would do a virtuous thing in sacrificing himself, and would go straight up to heaven for certain. So I became anxious too about the matter, and for the Dean’s sake, if not for my own, I tried hard to recall what day it was.”

“How very queer,” said William, “to forget what day it was! How did it happen? Won’t you tell us that, Captain Hardy?”

“To be sure,” said the obliging Captain,—“as well as I can, that is. Now, do you remember what I told you the other day about the sun shining all the time,—do you remember that?”

“Yes,” answered William, “that I do. Goes round and round, that way,” and he whirled his hat about his head.

“Just so,” went on the Captain,—“just so, exactly. Goes round and round, and never sets until the winter comes, and then it goes down, and there it stays all the winter through, and there is constant darkness where the daylight always was before.”

“What, all the time?” asked William.

“Yes,” replied the Captain; “dark all the time.”

“How dark?” asked Fred.

“Dark as dark can be. Dark at morning and at evening. Dark at noon, and dark at midnight. Dark all the time, as I have said before. Dark all the winter through. Dark for months and months.”

“How dreadful!” exclaimed Fred.

“Dreadful enough, as I can assure you, lad, with no light, all the whole winter-time, but the moon and stars,” said the Captain, as if it was not a pleasant thing for him to recollect. “A dreadful thing to live along for days and days, and weeks and weeks, and months and months, without the blessed light of day,—without once seeing the sun come up and brighten anything and make us glad, and the flowers unfold themselves, and all the living world praise the Lord for remembering it. That’s what you never see in all the Arctic winter,—no sunshine ever streaming up above the hills and making all the rainbow colors in the clouds. That’s what you never see at all, no more than if you were blind and couldn’t see. But never mind just now about the winter. We haven’t done with the summer yet, nor with Sunday either, for that matter.

“As I have said before, the loss of Sunday much grieved the Dean. So, you see, we had nothing else to do but make one on our own account.”

“What, make a Sunday!” exclaimed William. “I’ve heard of people making almost everything, even building castles in the air; but I never heard before of anybody putting up a Sunday.”

“Well, you see, we did the best we could. It is not at all surprising that we should have lost our reckoning in this way, seeing that the sun was shining, as I have told you, all the time; and we worked and slept without much regard to whether the hours of night or day were on us. So we had good reason for a little mixing up of dates. In fact we could neither of us very well recall the day of the month that we were cast away. It was somewhere near the end of June, that we knew; but the exact day we could not tell for certain. We remembered the day of the week well enough, and it was Tuesday; but more than this we could not get into our heads, and so it seemed that there was nothing for us but to sink all days into the one long continuous day of the Arctic summer, and nevermore know whether it was Sunday, or Monday, or Friday, or what day it was of any month; and if it should be Heaven’s will that we should live on upon the island until the New Year came round, and still other years should come and go, we should never know when the New Year was.

“But, as I was saying, about making a Sunday for ourselves. I did everything I could to refresh my memory about it. I counted up the number of times we had slept, and the number of times we had worked, and recalled the time when I first walked around the island; and I tried my best to connect all those events together in such a way as to prove how often the sun had passed behind the cliffs, and how often it had shone upon us; and thus I made out that the very day I am telling you about proved to be Sunday,—at least I so convinced the Dean, and he was satisfied. And that’s the way we made a Sunday for ourselves. So we resolved to do no work that day; and this was well, for we were very weary and needed rest.

“I need not tell you that we passed the time in talking over our plans for the future, and in discussing the prospects ahead of us, and arranging in a general way what we should do. You see we had settled about Sunday, so that was off our minds; and after recalling many things which had happened to us, and things which had been done on the Blackbird, we finally concluded that we had found out the day of the month, and so we called the day ‘Sunday, the second of July,’ and this we marked, as I will show you, thus: On the top of a large flat rock near by I placed a small white stone, and this we called our ‘Sunday stone’; and then, in a row with this stone, we placed six other stones, which we called by the other days of the week. Then I moved the white stone out of line a little, which was to show that Sunday had passed, and afterwards, when the next day had passed, we did the same with the Monday stone, and so

on until the stones were all on a line again, when we knew that it was once more Sunday. Of course we knew when the day was gone, by the sun going around on the north side of the island, throwing the shadow of the cliffs upon us. For noting the days of the month we made a similar arrangement to that which we had made for the days of the week; and thus you see we had now got an almanac among our other things. ‘And now,’ said the Dean, ‘let us put all this down for fear we forget it.’ So away the little fellow ran and gathered a great quantity of small pebbles, and these we arranged on the top of the rock so as to form letters; and the letters that we thus made spelled out ‘John Hardy and Richard Dean, cast away in the cold, Tuesday, June 27, 1824.’

“Now, when we came to look ahead, and to speculate upon what was likely to befall us, we saw that we had two months of summer still remaining; and, as midsummer had hardly come yet, we knew that we were likely to have it warmer than before, and we had now no further fears about being able to live through that period. In these two months it was plain that one of two things must happen,—that is, a ship must come along and take us off, or we must be prepared for the dark time that must follow, after the sun should go down for the winter.

“I said one of two things must happen; but then there was a third thing that might happen besides,—we might both die; and that seemed likely enough, so we pledged ourselves to stand by each other through every fortune, each helping the other all he could. At any rate, we would not lose hope, and never despair of being saved through the mercy of Providence, somehow or other.

“Having reached this resigned state of mind, we were ready to consider rationally what we had to do. It was clear enough that if we only looked out for a ship to save us, and that chance should in the end fail us, we should be ill prepared for the winter if we were left on the island to encounter its perils. Therefore it was necessary to be ready for the worst, and accordingly, after a little deliberation, we concluded to proceed as follows:—

“Firstly, we must construct a place to shelter ourselves from the cold and storms. In this we had made some satisfactory progress already.

“Secondly, we must collect all the food we can while there is opportunity.

“Thirdly, we must gather fuel, of which, as had been already proved, there was *Andromeda* (or fire-plant) and moss and blubber to depend upon. Of this latter the dead narwhal and seal would furnish us a moderate supply; but for the rest we must rely upon our own skill to capture some other animals from the sea; though, as to how this was to be done, we had to own ourselves completely at fault.

“Fourthly, we must in some manner secure for ourselves warmer clothing, otherwise we should certainly freeze; and here we were completely at fault too.

“Fifthly, we must contrive in some way to make for ourselves a lamp, as

we could never live in our cave in darkness; and here was a difficulty apparently even more insurmountable than the others,—as much so as appeared the making of a fire in the first instance,—for while we had a general idea that we might capture some seals, and get thus a good supply of oil, and that we might also get plenty of fox-skins for clothing, yet neither of us could think of any way to make a lamp.

“When we came thus to bring ourselves to a practical view of the situation, the prospect might have made stouter hearts than ours quake a little; but, as we had seen before, nothing was to be gained by lamentation, so we put a bold front on, firmly resolved to make the best fight we could for life.”

“A poor chance for you, I should think,” said Fred, “and I don’t see how you ever lived through so many troubles,”—while little Alice declared her conviction that “the poor Dean must have died anyway.”

“A very bad prospect, indeed, my dears,” continued the Captain,—“very bad, as I can assure you; but as it is a poor rule to read the last page of a book before you read the rest of it, so we will go right on to the end with our story, and then you will find out what became of the Dean, as well as what happened to myself.

“Well, as I was going to say, when Monday came, we set about our work, not exactly in the order which I have named, but as we found most convenient; and as day after day followed each other through the week, and as one week followed after another week, we found ourselves at one time building up the wall in front of the cave, then catching ducks and gathering eggs, then collecting the fire-plant, and then turning moss up on the rocks to dry, and then cutting off the blubber and skins of the dead seal and narwhal. All of these things were carefully secured; and in a sort of cave, much like the one we were preparing for our abode, only larger, we stowed away all the fire-plant and dried moss that we could get. Then we looked about us to see what we should do for a place to put our blubber in,—that is, you know, the fat we got off the dead narwhal and the seal, and also any other blubber that we might get afterwards. When we had cut all the blubber off the seal and narwhal, we found that we had an enormous heap of it,—as much, at least, as five good barrels,—and, since the sun was very warm, there was great danger, not only that it would spoil, but that much of it would melt and run away. Fortunately, very near our hut there was a small glacier hanging on the hillside, coming down a narrow valley from a greater mass of ice which lay above. From the face of this glacier a great many lumps of ice had broken off, and there were also deep banks of snow which the summer’s sun had not melted. In the midst of this accumulation of ice and snow we had little difficulty in making, partly by excavating and partly by building up, a sort of cave, large enough to hold twice as much blubber as we had to put into it. Here we deposited our treasure,

which was our only reliance for light in case we invented a lamp, and our chief reliance for fire if the winter should come and find us still upon the island.

“After we had thus secured, in this snow-and-ice cave, our stock of blubber, we constructed another much like it near by for our food, and into this we had soon gathered a pretty large stock of ducks and eggs. And now, when we contemplated all that we had done in this particular, you may be sure our spirits rose very considerably.”



“Odd, wasn’t it?” said Fred, “having a storehouse made of ice and snow. But, Captain Hardy, if you’ll excuse me for interrupting you, what did this glacier that you spoke about look like? and what was it, anyway?”

“A glacier is nothing more,” replied the Captain, “than a stream of ice made out of snow partly melted and then frozen again, and which, forming, as I have said before, high up on the tops of the hills, runs down a valley and

breaks off at its end and melts away. Sometimes it is very large,—miles across,—and goes all the way down to the sea; and the pieces that break off from it are sometimes very large, and are called icebergs. Sometimes the glaciers are very small, especially on small islands such as ours was. This little glacier I tell you of lay in a narrow valley, as I said before; and, as the cliffs were very high on either side, it was almost always in shadow, and the air was very cold there; so you see how fortunate it was that we thought of fixing upon that place for our storehouses. Then another great advantage to us was, that it was so near our hut,—being within sight, and only a few steps across some very rough rocks; but among these rocks we contrived to make, by filling in with small stones, a tolerably smooth walk.

“As we caught and put away the ducks in our storehouse, we began at length to preserve their skins. At first we could see no value in them, and threw them away; but we saw at length that, in case we could not catch the foxes, they would make us some sort of clothing, while out of the sealskin which I mentioned before we could make boots, if we only had anything to sew with.

“Thus one difficulty after another continually beset us; but this last one was soon partly overcome, for the Dean, on the very first day of our landing, discovered that he had in his pocket his palm and needle, carrying it always about him when on shipboard, like any other good sailor; but we lacked thread.”

“What is a palm and needle, Captain Hardy?” inquired William.

“A palm,” answered the Captain, “is a band of leather going around the hand, with a thimble fitted into it where it comes across the root of the thumb. The sailor’s needle differs only from the common one in being longer and three-cornered, instead of round. It is used for sewing sails and other coarse work on shipboard. The needle is held between the thumb and forefinger, and is pushed through with the thimble in the palm of the hand, and hence the name.

“To come back to our story (having, as I hope, made the palm and needle question clear to you), let me ask you to remember that I told you, when I landed on the island, I had four things,—that is, 1st, my life; 2d, the clothes on my back; 3d, a jack-knife; and 4th, the mercy of Providence. But now, you see, I had added a fifth article to that list, in the Dean’s needle; and I might also say that I had a sixth one, too, in the Dean himself, which I did not dare enumerate in the list at first, as I felt pretty sure that the Dean was going to die, or at least wake up crazy, which would be just as bad for me.

“But you see a sailor’s palm and needle could be of very little use unless we had some thread, of which we did not possess a single particle, except the small piece that was in the needle, and by which it was tied to the palm. It was a good while before we obtained anything to make thread of, so we will pass



that subject by for the present, and come back to what we had more immediately in hand. This was the preparation of our cave, or rather, as we had better say, hut,—that being more nearly what it was.

“The building of our hut, then, was indeed a very difficult task, as the solid wall we had to construct in front was much higher than our heads, and in this wall we had, of course, to leave a door-way and a window, besides a sort of chimney, or outlet, for the smoke from the fireplace, which was opposite to the door.

“We must have been at least two weeks making this wall, for we had not only to construct the wall itself, but when it got so high that we could no longer reach up to the top, we had, in addition, to build steps. We left a window above the door-way, not thinking, of course, to find any glass to put in it, but leaving it rather as a ventilator than a window. It was very small, not more than a foot square, and was easily shut up at any time, if we should not need it. For a door, we used a piece of the narwhal skin, when it became necessary to close up the orifice. This skin was fastened above the door-way with pegs, which we made of bones, driving them into the cracks between the stones, thus letting the skin fall down over the door-way like a curtain.

“In making the wall we were greatly helped by the bones which I had found down on the beach, as they were much lighter than the stones, and aided in holding the moss in its place, so that we were able to use much more of that material than we otherwise could. When the wall was completed, we were gratified to see how tight it was, and how perfectly we had made it fit the rocks by means of the moss.

“Having completed the wall, our next concern was to arrange the interior; but about this we had no need to be in so great a hurry as with the wall, for we had now a place to shelter us from any storm that might come, and we could hope to make ourselves somewhat comfortable there, even although the inside was not well fitted up; for we had a fireplace, and could do our cooking without going outside. And when we found how perfect was the draft through the outlet, or chimney (such as it was), you may be very sure we were greatly delighted.

“As it fell out, we had secured this shelter in the very nick of time, for in two days afterwards a violent storm arose,—a heavy wind with hail and occasional gusts of snow,—a strange kind of weather, you will think, for the middle of July. This storm made havoc with the ice on the east side of the island, breaking it up, and driving it out over the sea to the westward, filling the sea up so much in that direction that there was no use, for the present at least, in looking for ships, as none could come anyway near us. The storm made a very wild and fearful spectacle of the sea, as the waves went dashing over the pieces of ice and against the icebergs. When I looked out upon this

scene, and listened to the noises made by the waves and the crushing ice, and heard the roaring wind, I wondered more than ever what could possess anybody to go to such a sea in a ship, for it seemed to me that the largest possible gains would not be a sufficient reward for the dangers to be encountered.

“But so it always was and always will be, I suppose. Wherever there is a little money to be made, men will encounter any kind of hazard in order to get it. Thus the risks in going after whales and seals for their blubber, which is very valuable, are great; but then, if the ship makes a good voyage, the profits are very large, and when the sailors receive their ‘lay,’ that is, their share of the profits on the oil and whalebone which have been taken, it sometimes amounts to quite a handsome sum of money to each, and they consider themselves well rewarded for all their privations and hardships. And it must be owned that the whalers and sealers are a very brave sort of men, especially the whalers who go among the ice; for besides the dangers to the vessel, and the danger always encountered in approaching a whale to harpoon him (for, as you must know, he sometimes knocks the boat to pieces with his monstrous tail, and spills all the crew out in the water), he may, while swimming away with the harpoon in him, and the boat fast to it dragging after,—he may, I say, take it into his head to rush beneath the ice, and thus destroy the boat and endanger the lives of the people in it.

“But this is too long a falling to ‘leeward’ of our story, as the sailors would call it; so we will come right back into the wind again.

“When the weather cleared off after the storm, we went to work again as before. But everything about looked gloomy enough. The cliffs were besprinkled with snow, and about the rocks the snow had drifted, and it lay in streaks where it had been carried by the wind. The sea was still very rough, and, as there were many pieces of ice upon the water, when the waves rose and fell, the pounding of the ice against the rocks and the breaking of the surf made a most fearful sound.

“The sun coming out warm soon, however, melted the snow, and, getting heated up with work, we got on bravely. Indeed, we soon became not less surprised at the rapid progress we were making than at the facility with which we accommodated ourselves to our strange condition of life, and even grew cheerful under what would seem a state of the greatest possible distress. Thus you observe how perfectly we may reconcile ourselves to any fate, if one has but a resolute will, and the fear of God before his mind. I do not mean to boast about the Dean and myself; but I think it must be owned that we kept up our courage pretty well, all things considered,—now, don’t *you* think so, my dears?”

“To be sure we do,” replied William. “And if anybody dares to doubt it, I

will go, like Count Robert, to the cross-road, and give battle for a week to all comers, just as he did.”

“Poking fun at the Ancient Mariner again,—are you?” said the Captain, trying hard to look serious. “And so I’ll punish you, my boy, by knocking off just where we are, and saying not another word this blessed day.”

*Isaac I. Hayes.*



# ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

O dear! little mother, I'm falling!  
And what can a poor Dolly do?  
I can't even hear myself calling;  
And nobody's near me but you.

You sang me a lullaby sweetly;  
But dolls' eyes wide open *will* keep;  
And so you were tired out completely,  
And sang yourself soundly to sleep.

I love you; I wish you would fold me  
Close up to your cheek rosy-red.  
'Tis a dangerous way that you hold me;  
The sawdust will rush to my head.

I'm sliding, I'm tumbling, I'm bumping;  
I'm sure I shall fracture my skull;  
Against your hard boot it is thumping,—  
O save me! do give me one pull!

If you down a steep chasm were slipping,  
On terrible rocks almost dashed,  
To your aid there'd be *somebody* tripping:  
Wake up, or you'll find Dolly smashed!

---

Good morning, Dolly, my dear.  
And how did you sleep last night?  
Not soundly, I very much fear;  
But have you forgiven me quite?

The sun is out warm to-day;  
Can you trust my motherly care?  
In-doors it is hard to stay,

And you certainly need the air.

We will make the Doctor a call;  
And if he and I can agree  
That you are not hurt by your fall,  
What a glad mamma I shall be!

I shall watch you tenderly hence.  
But you never were over-bright;  
And if you are bumped into sense,  
You will be, dear, my heart's delight.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

Most of the readers of the "Young Folks," are doubtless familiar with the name of the Grand St. Bernard,—that celebrated pass among the Alps, where the good monks live all the year and provide food and shelter for the poor travellers. Every school-boy can repeat the words of Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior," and it is the spot where this scene is laid of which we purpose giving a short account. In the warm and bright days of early October, a year or two ago, a party of Americans started from the little Swiss village of Martigny, in the valley of the Rhone, to cross the pass of the St. Bernard. Two large carriages, drawn by mules, rattled along through the valley. Behind us was the "blue Rhone, in deepest flow," rushing on towards the beautiful Lake of Geneva, winding around the foot of lofty mountains, now falling in beautiful

cascades, and then again rushing onward, swollen by mountain torrents. The lofty peaks of the snow-covered Dent du Midi rise up in the distance on the right; and on the left is the little village of Sion, with its two curious old towers standing like sentinels to guard the entrance. The beautiful snow-peak of the Jungfrau is plainly visible, and beyond that the high mountains of the Simplon pass sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight. As we drive on through the valley, we see on all sides of us the peasants busy in the vineyards gathering in the harvest. Old and young are at work, for the labor must be performed within a given time, and to many a poor family this is the only source of income. It is a picturesque sight to see the women and girls, in their cantonal costume,—the tall straw hat, or the silk turban-like covering for the head, the short skirt of colored woollen fabric, and the heavy wooden shoes,—at work among the green vines, and the men with large wooden panniers on their backs, filled with the purple and white fruit, as they carry it away to be pressed. Beside us, but down deep in the valley, is a foaming mountain-torrent, dashing over rocks, and the *débris* of the mountain-slides. High above us are the cattle, feeding upon the remnants of green pastures,—the sheep, smooth and white after the shearing, and the black and white cows each with a bell around her neck; for here there are very few red cows, such as we see in our pastures in America. The children here are never idle. As soon as a child can take care of herself she must help take care of the household. The boys are generally seen in the fields, watching the cattle, and the little girls must learn to mind the baby. I have seen plenty of girls not ten years old lugging about babies in their arms, or carrying great heavy loads on their backs. For this reason we see very few bright, healthy-looking children. They live in miserable little homes, dark and dreary, with scarcely any sunlight; they sleep in poorly ventilated rooms, and all day long carry heavy burdens, or do hard work in the fields. No wonder, then, they become old-looking and wrinkled before they are at the age when our girls become the brightest. As we rode along, we drove through little villages, with streets so narrow that the passers-by had to scamper along ahead of us, or make wall-flowers of themselves to let us pass. On both sides of us were low Swiss cottages, which look far better in the white wooden models, and in the pictures, than they are in reality. They are never painted, and the dirt that accumulates on the outside is only in keeping with the smoky and filthy appearance within. But if we find the houses and inhabitants so very uninviting in appearance, we have, on all sides of us, the beautiful mountains, the deep gorges, the green valleys, and the little mountain-torrents, to admire. Nature's handiwork is always lovely, and, as we looked at these things, we wondered if the people living among such beautiful objects ever gave them one thought. After resting for two hours for dinner we resumed our ride. And now the road became more difficult, winding around the mountains, and going close to the

edge of precipices. Far on ahead of us we could see the tall peak of Mount Velan, rising, like an obelisk of frosted silver, against the clear blue sky. Two hours brought us to the last of the Swiss towns, and here we left our carriages, and, putting saddles on the mules, mounted them for the last ascent. The road here is very narrow and stony, as the mountains rise on either side more precipitously. Here is the great danger of this pass, in stormy weather; and there is no month that snow-storms do not come to this place. We are here eight thousand feet above the lake; and at such a height it is too cold for rain. The cold here is intense all the year. Even when we have the hottest summer weather in the valley, it is very cold at the summit of the pass. As we reached the top, the sun was just setting, and then occurred one of those phenomena which are so common among the Alps. The rays of the sun were not seen, but the sky assumed a deep orange color, and the tops of the mountains covered with snow wore a beautiful rose-colored tint, which lasted for several minutes. This is the *Alpengild*. Slowly the twilight faded, and then it became cold and dark. But before this our little party were at the Hospice, and had been cordially welcomed by one of the brethren who met us at the door. The Hospice is a large stone building, four stories high, and capable of accommodating a great number of people. It was founded, nine hundred years ago, by a good monk called Bernard de Menthon. Then it was a little building erected for the purpose of sheltering poor travellers who crossed from Italy into Switzerland. When Napoleon Bonaparte made his celebrated passage of the Alps, in May, 1800, he rested and refreshed himself at this little house of the good monk St. Bernard. The room in which he rested is still preserved, and is over the front door. Additions have been made to both ends of the house, but the original foundation and rooms are preserved. Bonaparte's army of thirty thousand men carried over all their artillery, by placing it on trees, which they cut down in the valley near St. Pierre. Three weeks after accomplishing this wonderful feat, the same soldiers were engaged in the battle of Marengo. During the war of 1798-1801 both the French and Austrian soldiers used this passage continually. The Hospice was captured by the Austrians in 1799, and afterwards retaken by the French, who placed a garrison in it. This same pass has been used for ages, even longer than since the Christian era.

The town of Augusta, which was founded twenty-six years B. C., is at the foot of the pass on the Italian side; and the Romans doubtless used this route in passing to and from Cisalpine Gaul. At this Hospice we were each provided with comfortable rooms for the night. Everything about it was very clean, and every possible provision is made for the comfort of travellers. A plain, well-cooked supper was given us, at half past six, at which one of the brethren presided. The reception-room, which is also the dining-room, is well furnished, the walls being hung with engravings and pictures presented by travellers in



return for the hospitality extended to them. A very fine piano, the gift of the Prince of Wales, stands in one corner, and by it a harmonium, the gift of a friend of the Hospice. A wood fire was burning on the hearth, gathered around which we spent the evening. Some of our party played upon the piano, and sang, after which, two of the brethren sang a few songs for us. Thus the evening passed away, the monks entertaining us with their conversation, and asking questions about our country and its institutions. Hundreds of Americans during the past summer have been the guests of these good brethren, and all leave some testimonial of their goodwill by placing a donation of money in the box appropriated to the expenses of the Hospice. There is no charge for the hospitality; all are guests and are treated alike; but we hope none are so thoughtless as to go away without depositing something in the box. Let us consider a little the use to which this money is put. In the first place the expense of living at the Hospice. There is not a tree nor a shrub within five miles on either side. All the wood, as well as provisions of every kind, must be brought up the mountain on mules; and there are only three months in the year when this can be done, on account of snow-storms. The air at this height is so rarefied that water will not boil, nor fire burn, as soon as in the valley. Nearly double the time is required to prepare the meals, and of course double the amount of fuel is consumed. The monks are bound by their vows to give shelter and food to all travellers who seek it. During the past year twenty-three thousand persons were thus accommodated. The majority of these were poor, seeking work, and using this as the shortest route between Italy and Switzerland. From such people very little, if anything, is received; and, while they diminish the store of provisions, they leave nothing with which to replenish it. The monks are a noble class of men, who give their lives to the good cause of aiding their fellows. It is so cold at the Hospice, that they cannot remain longer in the service than fifteen years, and these years are the best part of their lives. Between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, they are generally engaged in this Christian work. After that they descend to the valley to pass the remaining years of their lives. They are all well-educated, gentlemanly men, loving their work, and devoting all their time and energies to it. The pass of the St. Bernard is one peculiarly liable to storms and avalanches. It is not that it is higher than other Alpine passes, but, from the position of the mountains, it is more exposed. The snow frequently lies in drifts, near the Hospice, from thirty to forty feet deep. The wind is very severe here, and blows the snow directly down the path. Travellers overtaken by a storm are very glad to seek shelter in the dark little stone houses of refuge which are built in the dangerous parts of the road. Every morning, in the winter, the good brethren set out with servants and dogs, and descend to the foot of the pass on both sides of the mountains. The dogs carry baskets of provisions strapped to their necks, in case any poor

traveller is met with, that they may give him food and wine, and bring him up to the Hospice. Many a poor wayfarer has thus been saved from perishing in the snow. It frequently happens that some traveller is completely hidden by the snow, and would be passed over by the monks but for the dogs. These noble animals have a very strong faculty for scenting human beings, and have been the means of saving many lives. One fine and noble-looking dog, by the name of Barry, saved eighteen peoples' lives during his lifetime of nine years. When he died, it was thought too cruel to bury him, and, instead, his skin was stuffed, and you can see him, as natural almost as when living, in the museum at Berne. He well deserved to be preserved for his noble deeds during his lifetime, and not forgotten like other dogs. We saw about a dozen of these fine animals. They are large, like a Newfoundland dog, some with shaggy hair, some quite small, only two months old, and others of various sizes and colors. They are named Juno, Castor, Pluto, Jupiter, &c. Castor is the oldest fellow, being now in his ninth year. He is large and shaggy, and has the privilege of the house. They all sleep together in a little room under the kitchen, and require considerable care. There are two keepers, whose duty it is to provide their food, keep them clean and see that the sick, if any, are properly taken care of. Imagine what joy it must be to any poor and fatigued traveller, who has lost his way, is blinded by the driving snow, and is nearly frozen and famished, to be found by these hospitable men, provided with food and shelter till he is able to go on again, on his journey. Those who make excursions there for pleasure, and are pleased with all they see in pleasant weather, know very little of the hardships these men endure during nine months of the year. And for all their life-long devotion to this noble cause they receive no recompense save the approbation of their own consciences for having done a good work, and the hope of a reward hereafter from the hands of Him who has said, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In the Hospice is a very good library for the use of the monks, and a good collection of minerals and coins. There is a good collection of American money, which has been donated at different times, ranging from our new three-cent pieces to the little gold dollars we used to see. Everything has been donated to them by persons visiting there, and among the pictures are some very good portraits of distinguished people, as well as choice sketches of different subjects. One could amuse himself very well for a whole day in their cabinet of minerals and natural history. The chapel, too, is very pretty. It contains a well-executed marble monument, placed there by Napoleon I. to the memory of General Desaix, who was killed at the battle of Marengo, in 1800. The ceiling and walls are frescoed, and on one side is a full-length picture of St. Bernard with his dog by his side, and opposite this is a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas. The altar-piece is of colored marble, with white facings,

and contains a fine large painting of the Ascension of our Lord. The stalls, or places inside the railing, occupied by the monks, during service, are of carved wood, quite well executed. Over one of the doors is a large wooden figure, representing St. Michael overcoming the dragon. Here, in this little chapel, far away from human habitation, our little party assembled at sunrise for the usual service, which is always performed morning and evening by the good brethren. Near by the Hospice is another building, which is used as a store-house, but, in case of fire to the Hospice, can be made to accommodate travellers. A small building stands by itself, called the *morgue*, and this is the saddest thing connected with this noble institution. At this great height no graves can be made for those who die, for there are rocks all around, and the bodies are all placed in this little house called the *morgue*, which you know is derived from the Latin word *mors*, signifying death. The bodies of all who are found who have perished in the snow are brought here, and placed in the same position in which they were discovered. The air is so rarefied here that no decay can take place, and the bodies dry up. Those found are mostly men, but there is one young boy there, and one poor mother with a little infant in her arms. How sad it is to think of that poor woman, with her little baby, wandering about in the terrible snow-storm, with the cold wind blowing, and drifting the snow in her path and blinding her eyes. How vainly she called for help! How eagerly she must have listened for every sound, hoping that assistance would yet come! And then as it grew dark and she sank down in the snow to rest, and shield her child from the cold wind, how she must have suffered from hunger! And when at last death came to her, and relieved her of her sufferings, think of the poor little baby, all alone in the snow-drift, and at last growing cold and stiff and perishing of hunger. Doubtless many a poor person has been thus exposed, and just when life was expiring, has been found by the good brethren, and carried to the Hospice. Is not this a noble, Christian work, dear children? and, should we not all be very thankful to these good monks, who live away from friends, and the pleasures of the world, that they may assist their suffering brethren? God bless and prosper the “pious monks of St. Bernard,” in their present labor of love, as we are sure he will reward them hereafter.

*Adrian.*



## THE NEW YEAR'S HOUSE.

There was once a little boy, who lived at the very end of the world, far, far away toward the East, near the great and glorious gates through which the sun comes every morning. And this little boy said to himself, "I live so near the sunrise that I mean to go on just a little farther, and see where the sun sleeps at night."

So one evening he set out to travel eastward, and presently was lost in the mountains, as he might have expected. However, he was not afraid, for he thought he had come so close to the sunrise, that, if he woke very early indeed, he should be sure to see the resting-place of the sun. So he lay down in a cave, and fell asleep. And it was the last night of the old year.

Presently some one called him, and he jumped up and ran to the mouth of the cave. Who was standing there? Was it a fairy man, or a giant, or an angel? He did not know; but he looked up at him and was not afraid; for, whoever it was, he was grand and beautiful and kind.

"Child," he said, "you have strayed away from home. Come into my house. It is cold here in the cave. I am the New Year, and my house is larger and more splendid than anything you ever saw. Will you come?" And he stretched out his arms.

The boy looked up with trustful eyes into the beautiful face, and said "Yes"; and the New Year took him in his arms, laid the little head upon his strong shoulder, covered the blue eyes a moment with his large hand, and then removed it, and said, "Look!"

The boy looked. The mountains were all gone, and before him was a great palace, misty as cloud, and full of a pale, silvery light. They went in at the great doors, and the New Year sat down, and set the boy before him, holding the small hands in his.

"Child," he said, "what shall I show you?"

"What is there?" asked the boy.

"What is there? Everything that shall be on earth for a whole year. All things beautiful and wonderful and terrible; all things good and evil; things to be feared, things to be desired, things to be marvelled at. So many! so many, my child! and the time is short."

"Show me the beautiful things," said the boy.

"You are right, my child; I will show you beautiful things"; and, holding him by the hand, he led him through corridors which seemed to have no end,

for they reached to the horizon; and they passed great doors, on each of which was written the name of a nation; and all nations on earth were there. "A year's destiny is in each of these halls," said the New Year, as they passed them by. "But you are too young to understand." Then he opened a door, and said, as if thinking aloud, "Shall I show him these?"

The boy looked in. There were pictures and statues and patterns and plans of all kinds of architecture and ornamental work.

"What are they?" he asked.

"These are the ideals which I shall show to poets and painters and artists of all kinds, that they may make these things upon the earth. Let us pass on; I have grander things than these"; and he closed the door and opened another. "Look," he said. "Three hundred and sixty-five sunrises, and, yonder, three hundred and sixty-five sunsets. Glorious pictures,—are they not? I shall show them, one by one, to the world, to as many as care to look, and then hang them up again in my new house on the other side of the world."

"O, sir," said the boy, "are you going to move?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have lived for ages without beginning in this house, and I am going to remove into another, to live there for ages without end."

"I did not think," said the child, "that there was room for so large a house in the whole world."

"There is not," he replied. "This house is not in the world, but in the realm of the Future, and my new house is to be in the land of the Past; and everything I have will be carried across the whole wide world and shown to it, before I am settled in my new home. But come into my garden."

They stood on terraces which seemed made of silver cloud, and looked across spaces broader than the sea, all ablaze with blossoms.

"O the flowers! the million million flowers!" cried the boy, delighted.

"I need a million million," said the New Year, "to supply the world for a spring and a summer and an autumn and a winter.

"You won't want any for winter, shall you?" said the boy.

"Ah, my child, you have never been where there are flowers all the year round, and have forgotten, perhaps, that when it is winter in one place it is summer in another, to say nothing of the conservatories, which require some of the choicest. But come on; see this room, full of gifts for everybody."

"For next Christmas?" asked the child.

"For every day," he said.

There were more things than ever were in all the Crystal Palaces the world has seen; all the lovely things which all the brides of the year were to receive; all the gifts for gold and silver weddings; all birthday presents for children, rich and poor. There were real ponies, saddled and bridled, and penny jumping-jacks; there were miniature vessels and tiny steam-engines, pearls and

diamonds and wax dolls. But I could not begin to tell them all, if I sat up all night to tell. The boy's blue eyes opened wider and wider with wonder and delight. "O, how rich the world will be!" he exclaimed.

The New Year smiled. "I have better things than these," he said, "holy treasures which I could not well show you,—peace, and hope, and patience, and gladness, and all goodness; and great sorrows, which are to be the best blessings of all to a great many people, only they will not think so when I bring them. You must tell them."

"Shall I see you again?" the child said.

"Yes, I shall be your friend henceforth. I have things for you, too, but I shall not show them to you now; I will bring them to you, little by little, every day."

"O, but please show me one thing, only one thing! I have two large rabbits at home, and I do so want two little ones,—cunning little white ones, you know; and mother said perhaps there would be some next year. O, do look and see if there are any little white rabbits!"

The New Year laughed, "See!" he said, opening a door into a wide park, where were playing thousands of young animals of all kinds,—baby lions and tigers, little lambs and kids, and more white rabbits than you could count in a week. "I should not wonder if two of them were for you."

"O, thank you, thank you!" cried the boy. "And where are the birds?"

"In these eggs," he answered, showing a vast number of beauties, such as no egg-gatherer on earth ever collected,—all sorts, from the ostrich's to the humming-bird's. "And see," he added, "where the butterflies are hang-up in their little cases. You will see some of them when they come out of their chrysalides."

"How funny they are!" said the child; and, as he spoke, silver trumpets began to sound. "What is that?" he asked.

"The call, the call!" he replied; "I have been waiting for it from the beginning. My time has come. The Old Year has passed into his new home. I must begin to remove."

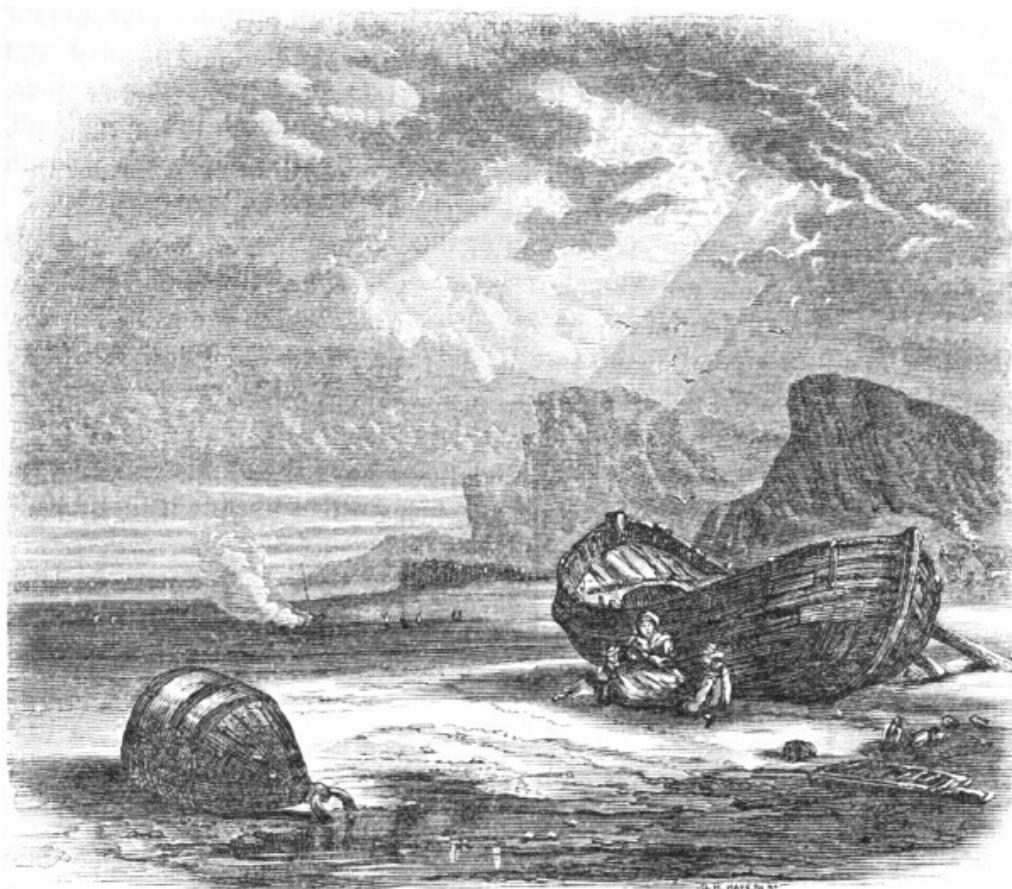
"What shall you send?"

"Starlight first, and rest, and sleep; till it is time to hang up in the east the first of my sunrise pictures. Now go, my child!" And he took him up in his arms again, and made the blue eyes close by kissing him on the eyelids.

When the boy opened them again, he found himself in his father's arms. "My son, how did you come here? I followed you, with old Bruno's help, till I found you."

And he carried him home; and the boy never found where the sun slept at night; and people told him he had been dreaming, when he tried to describe to them the splendors of the New Year's house.

*Mary Ellen Atkinson.*



## THE OLD LIFE-BOAT. A TRUE STORY.

“What an ugly old boat!” Fred said, and kicked it with his foot.

It was an ugly old boat, as it lay on the beach in the golden sunshine, patched all over, seamed, and battered; a great lumbering hulk of a thing, looking quite out of place, both Fred and Matty thought, amongst all the other bright, dapper little boats that surrounded it, or rode out on the blue sea. Fred felt as if he could not express sufficient contempt for it in any other way than by kicking it; so he kicked it once, and then he kicked it again, while Sister Matty stood by and looked at him quite approvingly.



"I never saw such an ugly old boat in all my life!" said Fred.

"I wonder they don't break it up or burn it," said Matty, contemptuously.

"Nay, I wonder how they could ever have built it at all!" cried Fred; and his feelings were so much roused now that he kicked it a third time.

"Fred!" suddenly called a sharp, clear voice across the sands; and Fred looked up, not quite easy in his mind, for he knew the voice very well, and he knew a certain warning tone in it, too, which, on many various occasions in the course of his career (he was just seven, and Matty was a year and a half older), had disturbed him at the moments when he was especially enjoying himself. So he looked up, and shouted out "Yes!" in answer; then (though, for his own part, he could not see a vestige of harm in what he was doing), reflecting that it was best to be prudent,—for Fred had learned by sad experience that you hardly ever can tell when you are not getting into mischief in this world,—he stood still, and abstained from kicking the old boat any more.

The lady who had called to him came quickly forward across the sands; and as soon as she was near enough to speak with ease, "Fred," she said, "if you kick that old boat, and try to break in its sides, you will deserve that somebody should kick you."

"But it's so ugly!" said Fred, a little doggedly.

"Is that any reason for kicking it? You are no beauty yourself," said the lady.

"I'm not as ugly as *it* is!" cried Fred, indignantly; and he felt so much hurt by the implied comparison that for a moment he instinctively raised his toes again; but luckily he recollected himself in time, and resumed his footing.

"If there were any chance, Fred, that you would do as much good in your day as this old boat has done,—that you would live as noble a life, and have as many lips to bless your name when you are old,—I for one would be content to have you, not only as ugly as it is now, but ten times uglier."

"O mother, what do you mean?" cried Matty; and both the children stood and stared at her.

"Do you want to know what I mean? Well, sit down here, then, and I'll tell you. Sit in the shadow of the old boat, if you like, and I'll tell you one of the noble things—the first noble thing—that it ever did."

The children sat down, and she began to talk to them. She sat leaning against the old boat's side. The sparkling yellow sands stretched out all round them, and beyond the sands was the blue, sunny sea, with just a delicate little changing line of foam at its edge as it broke in bright, tiny waves upon the shore. Those waves were dancing a little wilder and more quickly on one side, where the rough, strong pier stretched out amongst the rocks; and the children's eyes turned oftenest to watch them here, leaping up with sudden, light, airy springs, and tumbling this way and that, as if they were half in play

and half in anger.

“I wish there would come a real good storm, with waves like mountains,” Fred had said to Matty, only half an hour ago; and Matty had replied cheerily, that she hoped one *would* come before they went home again, and that it would be a shame, indeed, if it didn’t; for Fred and Matty did not live at this seaside town,—which, in fact, they had never seen, until two days before, though it had been their mother’s birthplace,—but had another home somewhere else, many miles away.

“You can’t imagine, children,” said the lady, “from what you see now, how wild this coast looks on many a winter day. If you were here then, you would often find that you could hardly keep your footing out on these open sands; and, far off as the sea looks, yet even at this distance the spray from it would come upon your faces, and, if you went near to it, it would almost blind you. Round there where the rocks are, if you once saw the great winter waves rolling, you would never forget them.”

“I wish it was winter now!” cried Fred, eagerly. “I should like to see them.”

“I have seen them often,” said the lady,—“oftener than I ever wish to see them again; for it is a terrible sight, though a grand one too, and sometimes a very, very sad one. Do you know how many a ship has struck out there on those rocks, Fred, and how many a life has been lost upon them?”

“No,” said Fred, a little awe-struck, and looking in her face.

“There have been more wrecks than you would like to think of; and if there are fewer now, and fewer lives lost, it is all owing to this noble old boat, and to the brave men who have manned her.”

“O mother, is she a life-boat, then?” Matty said, and her eyes brightened.

“Yes, she is a life-boat; and I remember long ago, when I was a little girl, sitting just as we are doing now by her side, and hearing my mother tell me of the first night that she put out to sea.

“It was a wild October night. All the town had long gone to bed, and the wind had been roaring and raving for many hours, when very early in the morning, a good while before the dawn, hundreds of people were awakened by the sudden booming of a gun at sea. It was a minute-gun,—a signal from a ship in distress, as almost everybody who heard it knew. Men, and women too, sprang out of their beds, dressed themselves, and hurried down to the beach through the great driving wind. They knew from the near sound of the gun that the vessel must be close in shore, and very soon through the darkness they saw the lights at her mast-head. She had struck on those rocks that you see out there, where the waves are dancing and playing so lightly. They were dancing in another kind of way that night.

“When a ship went on the rocks in a storm like this, there had till now been

very little that any one could do for her. Brave men were always at hand (for in all the world, children, there are no braver men than you may find in almost every seaport town or fishing village), ready to go out, when it was possible, through the surf, and try to throw ropes to the poor perishing people, and so to save a few lives now and then. But sometimes, when the sea was very high, nothing of this kind was possible, and then there was nothing for it but to stand still with aching hearts, and watch the wrecked ship breaking up, as far as it was possible to watch it in the darkness, or through the blinding spray, and listen helplessly to the sad cries that sometimes reached the shore even above the wildest roaring of the storm. But to-night something was to be tried that had never been tried yet.

“Not long before, a few gentlemen of the town, headed by one whose name—Well, never mind his name just now,” the lady said, interrupting herself with a half-smile; “we will merely at present call him the Master; for at this time in everything that was done he was the master. These gentlemen had met together, and decided that they would subscribe amongst themselves for a life-boat. So the boat had been built, had been in its place for a month or two, and the fishermen had gravely shaken their heads over it. It was a queer, new-fangled-looking sort of thing, they said to one another. And they had looked very doubtfully at the Master when he talked to them, and tried to make them understand how a boat that was built like this life-boat of his, all cased and lined with cork to make it buoyant, might put out safely on a sea in which their ordinary small craft could never live. The Master talked very well, and had a shrewd tongue of his own, they said; but he was only a landsman; what could *he* know about the sea?

“Now, as they crowded down upon the beach, every man of them was wondering what the Master meant to do. He soon left them in no doubt as to that. Hardly ten minutes had passed since the first gun had been fired, when he was at the boat-house, unlocking the door.

“A little knot of men were gathered round him, some of whom had followed him out of curiosity, and a few of them, perhaps, because they were ready to trust him. He threw the doors wide open.

“‘She’s all ready. We’ll have her down in a couple of minutes,’ he cried.

“It was *he* who had taken care beforehand that she should be ready. He didn’t lose a moment.

“‘Here, lads! Throw these chains across your shoulders,’ he called aloud. ‘She’ll run as fast as you can go with her. Steady now! steady! All’s right!’

“They had only to draw her by her chains (you shall see, some day, children, the sort of bed on which she lies), and she ran forward on her two great wheels, like a carriage. In little more than the two minutes those wheels were crunching down the soft sand of the beach.

“A few of the people there set up a shout as the boat came in sight, but the greater number of them held their tongues, and only stood and shook their heads again, as they had been doing any time for the last six weeks.

“‘We’re none of us cowards, that I know of, but the Master’s like to find himself mistaken, if he thinks to get a crew for his fancy boat on such a night as this,’ one man said to a little knot of others that were standing with him; and there was not one of them but seemed to think as he did.

“‘I wouldn’t go out in her for ten pound,’ one said.

“‘She’ll be swamped before ever they can launch her,’ cried another.

“For it was indeed a fearful night, wild enough to make the bravest there grow grave at the thought of putting out to sea, even in the strongest boat that ever hands built. And yet, wild as it was, the Master went straight on with his work, as if he hardly knew that the wind was blowing, or the sea flinging its surf into his face.

“They brought the boat down almost to the water’s edge, and then the men who had been drawing her stood still. The Master stood still too, and looked about him. It was dark night yet, you know; he couldn’t see much; he stood with his back to the white boat, and with the light of a lantern that some one held falling full upon him. Everybody could see *him*, and he was *worth* seeing, children, for in all the town there was no nobler-looking man,—but he for his part could only see a dim mass of faces pressing near him,—eager and anxious faces, all curious to know what he would say or do.

“‘Now, my lads, who will go with her?’ he called out loud.

“Then he turned from one side to the other; but no one answered him. There was a little movement in the crowd, but that was all; no one seemed ready to be the first to speak.

“The Master looked sharp round him, and spoke again.

“‘I didn’t think you would have let me ask twice. What! is no one willing? You, John Martin,’—and he pointed suddenly at one man whose face he saw,—‘will you come?’

“In an instant the crowd made a clear way for the man who had been singled out to pass through it; but he merely came forward a step or two, and as though he only did it because he was ashamed.

“All at once a voice not far from the Master began to speak in a grumbling, discontented way.

“‘It’s easy for them as stay at home themselves to call on poor fellows like us to throw away our lives.’

“The Master flashed round with his quick, bright eyes. He could not see who had spoken, for it was all dark in the direction whence the voice had come; but he looked straight that way.

“‘Do you think I ask any of you to risk what I am not going to risk

myself?' he cried, in such a voice that everybody seemed to hear him through all the noise of the waves. 'Whoever may be second, I'll be the first man to step into her. Now, who will come next?'

"They gave him a cheer all at once, and two or three voices called out 'Shame!' to the man who had spoken in the dark. Then, the next instant, John Martin was at his side.

"I'll be the next, Master,' he said. And from that moment, one after another, they pressed forward,—they were such really brave men, though they had held back for a few seconds at the first. In two or three minutes the Master might have manned his boat twice over. It was not, probably, that they believed in what it could do a bit more than they had done for weeks past, but something had been roused in them by his words. The same feeling which has made all generous-hearted men who have ever lived or ever will live in this world ready for similar risk made them ready at his asking to face danger and death.

"So they launched the boat. That was no easy matter to do, but they did it safely; and in a few moments all that the crowd on shore could see was the little white spot she made, tossed up and down, and here and there, on the dark, wild waves.

"She had not far to go, but it must have been a hard voyage, children; and I think the Master had need indeed to be a brave man, sailing, as he did, with a crew that had no confidence in his power to lead them, but had followed him only because for the moment their hearts were fired by his own courage. Perhaps, when it was too late, some of them might have repented, and wished that they had their feet on dry land again. Perhaps, as they fought their wild way on, which must have seemed such a hopeless way to most of them, some might even have reproached him for having tempted them to leave their wives to become widows and their children fatherless. At any rate, some of those poor wives on shore spoke out like this, crying, and wringing their hands. For the most part the women had been slower to reach the beach than the men, and several who had husbands amongst those that had sailed in the life-boat only learned where they had gone when the boat had been out for half her time at sea. When they did learn it, they were wild with terror, and stood wailing and crying like broken-hearted creatures, for they thought that they should never look on their husbands' faces any more.

"The boat was out for, perhaps, half an hour,—a long half-hour! Can you fancy how the crowd of people watched her from the shore? Again and again they lost sight of her, and thought that she had gone down; but again and again the white, bright spot gleamed upon the waves, like a star of hope to those who were watching her with strained eyes and beating hearts. They shouted when she rose, cheering her on with cries that she could not hear; and when she sank

and disappeared they gasped for breath, and could not speak to one another. And then, presently, the pale gray dawn slowly began to break.

“It was half twilight when the life-boat came back to land, with her work done. They could see her more plainly then, coming slowly, tossed and beaten wildly, yet still battling her brave way on, minute after minute bringing her nearer home. They flocked down to the water’s edge—and beyond it—to meet her, some of them entering the very surf where they could scarcely stand, that they might be the first to lay their hands upon her, the noble boat! and drag her through to the safe sands. As they reached her, what a shout they gave! and as one by one her crew sprang out,—the men who had sailed in her, and the men whom she had saved,—how they caught and wrung them by the hands, as if they had all been friends alike! The wreck was a foreign fishing-smack, and they had brought off every man on board.

“The Master had been the first to set his foot within the boat, and he was the last to leave her. He stood up, waiting till his time came, in the pale half-light; and against the gray morning sky, they all saw him, and broke suddenly into a cheer that was like a blessing from many hundred lips. They gathered about him as he jumped on shore. He had been right, and they wrong, they said. Even the poor crying women, who had been saying such bitter things of him five minutes before, came round him now with their eyes wet with another kind of tears.

“The old boat has been out since that night, children, in many another wild sea. See how she has got patched all over, how worn and battered she is! But her scars are all noble, like a soldier’s wounds; for every one of them she can count a life that she has saved. Would you like her better now, Fred, do you think, if she were spruce and bright and new? Will you ever have the heart again to lay a rough touch on her worn old sides?”

Fred hung his head a little abashed, and the lady sat silent for a moment or two; then, looking up again, she went on speaking:—

“But, old as she is, she is not past work even yet; though all those who sailed in her that first night have finished *their* work long ago, and most of their names even are forgotten now. Amongst them all there is only one name that is remembered still, but *that* will be remembered as long as the old boat herself lives. When that night was over, in gratitude to the Master, and in memory of what he had done, they called her by his name. The old letters are there still where they were painted; go round and read them.”

The children found where the name was written in dim, dark letters; but the first word was a long one, and Fred knit his brows in deep perplexity over it. Matty, however, who could read better than Fred, began to spell it out.

“C-h-r-i-s, Chris,” spelt Matty, “t-o, to—” And then Matty’s face lighted up suddenly into a look of bright surprise. “‘Christopher Douglas!’” cried

Matty. "Why, that's grandpapa's name!"

And then the lady looked round and laughed.

"Yes, it is grandpapa's name, and it was grandpapa's father's name before him. And for my own part, children, I think the noblest record of his life that your great-grandfather has left behind him are those dim letters on the old life-boat."

*Georgiana M. Craik.*



# THE DOWNFALL OF THE SAXON GODS.

It was the year 627, more than twelve hundred and forty years ago. England was peopled by Anglo-Saxons, and divided into several kingdoms, frequently warring with one another. In some the Christian religion was taught and practised, and in others a cruel and bloody paganism was the faith of king and people. The fierce Northumbrians still clung to their idols, and worshipped huge images of Woden and Thor, Saturn and Freya; sometimes killing children, and the prisoners captured in war, as sacrifices to their false gods.

Edwin, the King of Northumbria, a year before had married Ethelberga, the daughter of a Christian king of a neighboring Anglo-Saxon people. At first her father objected to the marriage, for Edwin was a pagan. But the Northumbrian king promised that his wife should enjoy her own religion unmolested, so Ethelberga was married. She was accompanied to her new home by the venerable Bishop Paulinus and several priests, who hoped to convert the fierce Northumbrians to Christianity. Their efforts seemed to meet with little success. The people listened to their preaching in grim silence, and then turned to worship the gloomy idols their fathers had worshipped. Christianity, they said, might do for women, but not for Saxon men. It taught that people should love their enemies, whilst Thor, the god of war, said they should slay them, and their fathers, who were brave warriors, had always done so. Their Queen, who was good and gentle, was a Christian, but she was a woman. Their King, valiant and fearless in battle, sacrificed to Woden and Thor, and they would do as their King did.

For a year the good Bishop reasoned with Edwin, but to little purpose. For a year the gentle Ethelberga pleaded with him, but he did not yield. He became silent and thoughtful, sitting for hours in deep study after the preaching of Paulinus and the pleading of Ethelberga, but gave no other sign of conversion. Then a daughter was born, and the pagan priests came to bear her to the temple, to present her before the gods. But Edwin said: "She belongs to her mother. Let her become a Christian." So the child was baptized Eanfled, and the hopes of the Queen and Bishop became stronger.

A short time afterwards, as the King sat thoughtfully listening to the arguments of the Bishop and the Queen, he declared that he was almost ready to become a Christian, and would do so if he were not a king; but he feared to



change the faith of his people. Then, rising, he said he would summon his nobles, his chief priests, and his wise men, for consultation, and, if they thought it best, Northumbria should become Christian. Messengers were at once sent throughout the kingdom to summon the chiefs and men of rank to the *Witan*, or great council of the kingdom.

The council was to be held at the royal palace of Godmundingham, near the banks of the river Swale. A high wall of earth surrounded the palace and its ample court-yard, the entrance being through a single gateway. In the centre of the enclosure was a large wooden building, with pinnacles at the corners and on the points of the high pitched roof. The posts and beams were decorated with rude carvings. An open dome surmounted the centre of the building, through the windows of which the smoke found its way; for there were no chimneys in those days. This was the great hall where all the household took their meals, where guests were received and entertained, and where the councils were held. The heavy doors, iron-clasped and iron-bolted, remained open from morning to night, that all might come and go as they pleased. Only in time of war, or when attack was feared, were the great doors shut in the daytime.

Around the hall were smaller buildings, slightly built and with feeble doors. These were the sleeping-places of the King and Queen, and of the principal members of their household, the others sleeping in the hall, stretched on the floor. Each of the "bowers," or chambers, had but one room, and all the buildings were detached from one another. The furniture was very simple, the beds of great nobles being oftentimes merely bags of straw on the bare floor, and that of the Queen but a simple crib. A stool or two, and sometimes a chest, completed the bedroom furniture. Besides the chambers, there were some small buildings for offices and out-houses. The palace of a Saxon king, in the seventh century, was a very simple affair,—the wind blowing through the loosely made wooden walls, and the sleeping-chambers being no better than a poor shanty of the present day.

It was a morning in early spring. The last snow had fallen and disappeared. Nestled amid the young grass, the modest, blush-tipped daisy sparsely sprinkled the turf. The pale primrose rested cosily among the matted and twisted roots of the trees, and the early violet peeped shyly from out fern-shaded nooks. The tree-buds were bursting into green, and amid their branches the birds twittered and fluttered, as they busily worked at nest-building. A butterfly that had come before its fellows flitted uncertainly about, basking in the early sunlight to strengthen its wings for more active flight. A sturdy little half-naked Saxon boy chased the winged visitor awhile, but soon gave up the pursuit to return and watch the proceedings around the king's house.

There was no little stir and bustle in and around the palace. In the court-

yard great fires were blazing under huge caldrons, in which whole oxen and swine were seething. In other caldrons meats and vegetables were boiling together, and were frequently stirred by the cooks with ladles and hooks. At smaller fires geese were roasting on spits turned by boys, who slyly pressed their fingers against the roast, and licked their greasy tips with an enjoyment heightened by the peril they ran of a hearty thwack from the stick of the master-cook. Stout men bent under loads of fagots for the fires in the court-yard, and others carried billets of wood for the fire on the raised hearth in the centre of the hall; for the spring was still young, and the air was chilly.

The hall itself was being made ready for the council and for the great feast that was to follow it. The place of honor was at the end of the apartment farthest from the main door. Here the floor was raised a few inches from the ground, this elevation being called the dais. On this was placed a high-backed chair for the King's throne, and by its side a lower chair for the Queen when she came to the feast,—for she could take no part in the council. On either side of the throne was a cushioned bench for the principal men, and down the sides of the hall were other benches for the men of less rank and the servants of the household. The boards and cross-legged stands which served for tables were piled up at the lower end until the time for the feast. The unpainted and smoke-begrimed pillars and beams, and the warped and shrunken wall-boards, through whose cracks and crannies the wind whistled in storms, were screened behind and around the dais by tapestry hung on pegs, and brilliant with scarlet and purple dyes and with embroidery of gold and silver threads. On the pegs around the other parts of the room were hung shields and armor, bows and quivers. The fire in the middle of the floor crackled and blazed, sending its blue smoke up to play in wreaths and curls among the dark rafters overhead.

A horn sounds. The idlers in the court-yard scatter right and left. Those outside the walls rush in at the gate, and gather around the door of the hall. The King and his nobles are going to the Witan, and the people rush to see their loved monarch, who has led them often to deadly battle, where spear broke spear and shield rang upon shield, and who in peace was their father and their friend. King as he was, and going to the most important council ever held in his kingdom, his royal dress differed little from that of his nobles. A short tunic covered with a cloak clasped on the shoulders with heavy bronze ornaments, bandages of different colors wound around the legs, and sandals on the feet, formed the dress alike of king and noble. A circlet of plain gold around his head, and heavy golden rings and bracelets on his fingers and wrists, alone distinguished sovereign from subject. Close to the King walked a venerable man, whose long hair and flowing beard were of the color of the trailing white robes he wore. The women shuddered and clasped their children to their breasts as he passed, and even fierce-bearded men bent in secret awe;

for this was Coifi, the high-priest of the temple, and chief of those who ministered to the powerful and terrible gods,—Woden the mighty, Thor the thunder-wielder, and Freya the implacable. Silent and thoughtful, King Edwin slowly passed with bowed head among his people, and dark and troubled was the face of Coifi.

As they passed the bower of Ethelberga, she kissed her infant child, and gave it to one of her attendants. The King stopped as she came to the door, and Ethelberga, grasping his hand, knelt and kissed it, at the same time whispering a blessing on him. Then, rising, she bade the King go forward in the hope and fear of the Lord, and not shrink from doing what was right.

“I will to my chamber,” said she, “and pray that you may have strength for what you have to do.”

Coifi lifted his head, as if to speak to the Queen; but the troubled look again crossed his face, and, dropping his head, he passed on in silence. A shout rose from those in the court-yard as King Edwin turned, before entering the hall, and said a few friendly words to them. Then he and his nobles entered, took their seats, and waited the coming of Paulinus.

Hark! Borne upon the breeze, now swelling rich and full, now dying away into silence, come melodious voices chanting hymns, grander and sweeter than the fierce lays of wrath and slaughter sung by the gleemen in the mead hall when the twisted cup passed round. Nearer and fuller come the voices, swelling in melodious praise of Him who died upon the cross. The cooks dropped their ladles and stirring-hooks, the turnspits suffered the roasts to fall in the ashes, and the watchful overseer forgot for the moment to cudgel his neglectful subordinates into greater diligence, that they might listen to the unwonted music. With solemn and reverent step, through the gate came Paulinus, in long robes, wearing the episcopal mitre, and carrying the shepherd’s crook that marked his office of bishop. Before him went the cross-bearer, holding aloft the symbol of redemption; and behind him came priests and monks, chanting litanies and psalms, and paying no heed to the curiosity of some and the muttered curses of others as they passed towards the hall.

As they entered the building, King Edwin and his nobles rose, and the King himself went forward to greet the Bishop and lead him to his seat. The singing ceased. The cooks and their helpers resumed their work of boiling and roasting. The stick of the overseer was again active on the backs of the lazy and careless. The crowd of idlers who had nothing to do in getting up the feast thronged around the open door to hear what took place within. The servants threw fresh billets on the fire, sending a shower of sparks around the hall, and then withdrew to the wall at the lower end.

Then arose King Edwin. Turning to his chief nobles, he said: “You have heard, O earls and wise men, the new religion that is preached by these

strangers,—that the faith of our fathers is foolishness, and the gods we have worshipped mere blocks of wood and stone. What shall be said of this strange faith? Are Woden and Thor but senseless blocks, as these men say? and is the cross of the Christians mightier than the sword of Woden and the hammer of Thor the thunder-wielder? Let him who is able to give counsel speak.”

There was silence for some moments. Then arose Coifi, high-priest of the Northumbrian Saxons, the most earnest and relentless sacrificer to the cruel gods. He desired to hear more of this new religion. Perhaps it is good. He had worshipped the old gods many years with great diligence, and was satisfied they were false. The faith these strangers preached might be better. The King should examine it well, and, if it should seem good, let us at once adopt it.

A venerable earl, bent with age, and with his snowy hair hanging over his shoulders to his hands clasped on the head of his staff, next spoke:—

“To me, O King, the present life of man, when compared to that time which is unknown to us, is like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room in which you sit at supper in the winter season. With your commanders and ministers you sit in comfort around the bright fire blazing in the middle of the hall, heedless of the storms of rain and snow without. From the darkness and storm without the sparrow enters through one open door, catches a brief glimpse of the warmth and comfort within, and again swiftly disappears through the other door into the darkness and storm. Such is the life of man. Of our brief stay here we know, but of what went before or what is to follow we know nothing. If, therefore, this new faith tells us anything more certain of the past or the future, let us follow it.”

Others spoke to the same effect, and were willing that the King should have the new religion proclaimed. But Coifi wished that nothing should be done hastily. He would hear more particulars of the new faith before he could fully embrace it.

Thereupon Paulinus rose. In impressive words he told the story of the cross, of the sin and the redemption of man. The importance of the occasion lent fire to his tongue. He was laboring for a great prize,—the souls of a whole nation. From the garden of Eden he led his hearers to the rocky manger in the cave at Bethlehem; to the Mount of Olives, whence the wondrous sermon of love and peace was given to the world; to the garden of Gethsemane, where the sins of the world wrung with agony the spirit of the Redeemer; to the judgment-seat of Pilate; to the foot of the cross, on which the expiation was completed; and, finally, to the open sepulchre and the mount from which the Saviour ascended to heaven in the sight of his adoring disciples. When he finished, Coifi, the pagan high-priest rose in haste, trembling with excitement.

“O King!” he exclaimed, “this holy man speaks the truth. I have long felt that the religion I taught was naught but lies. I sought truth therein, but could

never find it. Here is truth that gives life, salvation, and eternal happiness. Let us at once embrace this religion. The gods we followed are false; let us dash them to earth. The temples we worshipped in are unholy; let them be cast down. The altars are profaned with blood shed in vain; let them be given to the flames.”

The earls and counsellors rose, exclaiming, “Coifi has spoken well, O King; let this be done.”

“But who will thus dare the wrath of the gods,—if they should be gods? Who will lay axe or torch to the temples protected by the curses of the thunder-wielder?”

“That will I!” answered Coifi. “I have led in their worship, I will lead in their destruction.” Striding to the door, he shouted, “Bring me horse and armor, spear and shield. I will dare the thunder-wielder himself to the combat!”

Right and left the crowd around the door fell back in amazement and consternation as Coifi strode forth, shouting for horse and armor. No priest of Woden dared mount a horse. For him to put on armor was to provoke the wrath of the gods. To grasp shield and spear was to invite swift and terrible destruction. Even the nobles who had with him urged the abandonment of the old faith shrunk with involuntary dread at such bold defiance of the gods they so lately worshipped as all-powerful. But Coifi was undaunted. Buckling on a shirt of mail instead of his priestly robe, he sprang lightly on the back of a war-horse, and, grasping sword and shield, rode gayly out of the gate, followed by the King and all his nobles, and by every one in the court-yard. The cooks dropped ladles and crooks, the overseer forgot his duties and his staff, the women ran out of their chambers, and all rushed tumultuously, tumbling pell-mell over one another in their haste to see what the high-priest—who, they thought, had certainly gone mad—was about to do. The Christian bishop and his priests went solemnly, chanting prayers as they went. Only Ethelberga, the Queen, was left in the palace; and she knelt by the side of her babe, praying earnestly that the Christian cross might triumph over the pagan sword and sacrificial knife.

A little way from the palace, partly surrounded by gloomy woods, stood the heathen temple, the greatest and most renowned in all Northumbria. A stark and rugged fane, fit place for a worship so fierce and cruel as that of the heathen Saxons! A massive wall of earth was the outward enclosure. The entrance to this, defended by a gate, oak-framed and iron-bound, gave admission to a large court-yard, in which were the houses of the lower servants of the temple, who performed the menial offices. Other walls of stone and wood surrounded yards with the dwellings of the priests and virgins, fortune-tellers and performers of the cruel rites of the altar. Beyond all these barriers, and in the centre of all these enclosures, was an open spot on which was the

temple itself,—a gloomy structure, rude and massive, whose open sides gave passage to every wind that blew. Here stood the gigantic images of the gods, rudely carved figures in stone and wood,—Woden the mighty, robed and crowned, bearing in one hand the sceptre of power, and in the other the sword of vengeance; Freya the terrible, clutching the death-dealing mace in her strong grasp; Thor the thunder-wielder, his flaming beard streaming down his iron-mailed breast, the mighty hammer that crushed his foes uplifted to strike; Saturn the wise, white-robed, bearing in one hand a vase of water, on which floated the flowers of the season, and the other resting on the wheel of a war-chariot; with other gods and goddesses of less note. Before every one was an altar; and each image was smirched with the smoke of countless sacrifices, in many of which the reek of human blood mingled with the smoke of burning wood.

It was to this temple that the crowd of king and nobles, freemen and bondmen, headed by the armed and mailed high-priest, were hurrying. The wide gate of the temple entrance stood open, for rarely, except at night, or in time of sudden and pressing danger, were the courts of dwelling or temple closed. Saxon hospitality allowed no bar to the entrance of the former, and the latter was guarded by a dread that was stronger than oak or iron. The wide gate stood open; but when the servants of the temple saw the disorderly throng that rushed tumultuously at the heels of the armed horseman, they gathered around the entrance, uncertain whether or not to swing to the massive gate. Whilst they hesitated the opportunity was lost. Waving them aside with his spear, Coifi rode swiftly through the gateway. For a moment the throng behind hesitated before passing the barrier they had hitherto held sacred; but the pressure behind allowed no stay, and like a flock of sheep they dashed in after their leader. Through all the enclosures they passed without let or hindrance until they reached the last. Here the priests and virgins, startled from the altars by the noise of the approaching crowd, flung themselves on their knees in the entrance, and opposed the passage of Coifi with uplifted arms, and wild cries of terror at the sacrilege. It was but for a moment, and then Coifi, reining his horse for a leap, bounded forward, the kneeling priests and virgins falling away on either side with more piercing shrieks of affright.

Even the crowd that had thus far rushed heedlessly at his heels stopped without crossing the last line that separated them from the most sacred chamber of the gods, and stood looking with shuddering expectation of what was to follow. King Edwin was foremost in the line, his hands clasped, and his eyes gazing intently on Coifi with mingled hope and fear. The priests of the Saxon gods prostrated themselves on the ground, hiding their faces in the earth, and stopping their ears, that they might neither see the sacrilegious deed, nor hear the thunders of the expected retribution. Behind the shuddering awe-

struck crowd knelt the reverend Bishop Paulinus, and the priests of the true God, praying fervently that the eyes of the blind worshippers of false gods might at last be opened.



Slowly Coifi rode around the temple, striking every altar with his profane spear as he passed. Then reining up in front of the statue of Thor the thunder-wielder, and rising in his stirrups, he exclaimed with a loud voice:—"Thor, god of the roaring thunder and the death-dealing lightning, wielder of the mighty crusher, lo! in the name of the Christian's God, thus I defy thee!" And with these words he launched his spear right at the face of the monstrous image, striking it in the eyeball.

The crowd swung back in dread; even King Edwin clutched at a pillar as if to save himself from the coming shock. But no shock came. No thunder shook

the heavens. No lightning-bolt struck the presumptuous Coifi dead. The crushing hammer remained unmoved in the uplifted hand of Thor,—a hammer of iron in a hand of wood. Slowly Coifi again rode around the temple, smiting each image in the face, and no harm came. They were indeed but blocks of wood and stone.

Then the crowd awoke from their stupor of astonishment. With a wild cry they burst into the sacred enclosure. Axe and hammer were soon at work, and gods and goddesses were hurled to the ground. Fagots and torches were brought, and in a few minutes gods and temple were burning in one sacrificial fire. Wall and bank were next levelled with the ground, amid the wild shouts of the Saxons, above which rose the triumphant voices of the Christian priests chanting psalms and hallelujahs.

But from the exulting and excited throng, one figure stole quietly out, and, mounting a fleet steed, rode swiftly back to the palace, and crossed its deserted courts to the Queen's chamber. There, leaping from his horse, Edwin threw himself into the arms of his faithful Ethelberga, exclaiming with joyous but reverent voice, "Now, indeed, Christ is Lord."

*J. H. A. Bone.*







## WIDE-MOUTHED KLUHN.

“Once upon a time,” the little woman began, “there lived in a quiet valley a rather sour-tempered child, who was so fond of red, that she was seldom seen without some garment or ribbon of that color, and so became known in the valley as Little Redjacket.

“She had often heard of Santa Claus, the well-beloved friend of children, of the sweet fairies who lived in flowers, of wicked giants, of humpbacked dwarfs whose feet grew backwards, or were clawed like the feet of geese, and who hammered away upon various metals, deep underground; also of the little hillmen, with caps no bigger than her thimble, who worked all day inside the hills, but came out at night to roll down the sides, and to play tricks upon the passers-by; and of the funny trolls, not higher than a pipe-stem, clad in moss-jackets and pointed caps, who came forth by moonlight to fiddle, while fairies

danced around the ring.

“And one summer’s day she said to herself, ‘Of Santa Claus I know something, for he comes every year, and I love him. But where are the fairies? Beyond the hills lie whole fields of blooming flowers; perhaps they may be hiding there. I can easily run thither and look; and on the way I will call at the hills for the little hillmen.’

“She climbed to the hill-tops and stamped and shouted, ‘Hillmen! Hillmen! Come out!’ But no answer. Then she called at the entrance of a deep cave, ‘Dwarfs! Come out!’ But no answer, except her own words, many times repeated, fainter each time,—‘Come out, come out, come out!’

“‘No matter for the dwarfs,’ said she, ‘and no matter for the hillmen. But the fairies, they are prettier than all!’

“She rambled hither and thither through the tall grass, where countless flowers were blooming, ran up and down by the meadow brook, climbed high upon the mountain-sides, now stopping awhile to listen, and now calling out, ‘Where are you, dear fairies?’ But in vain. No voice answered to her call.

“After long, weary wandering, she arrived at a place to which her father had once taken her, when driving his flocks to the mountains. A wild spot, where two pretty brooklets bubbled out from among the rocks. Near by was a bower thickly shaded by overhanging boughs, and fragrant with the odor of wild flowers. Here, among the soft grass, she threw herself down to rest. And, while resting, she sang, sorrowfully:—

‘The pretty green fairies I never shall see;  
I call, but they will not come to me.  
Vainly I’ve sought through the meadows wide,  
Vainly have clambered the mountain-side;  
Pretty green fairies, where do you hide?’

As the last mournful note died away, a voice close beside her replied: ‘The fairies will ne’er come at your call. They are far, far away. I, their queen, am the only one that remains. Yes, my dear little people are gone. So are the trolls and the hillmen and the dwarfs. The giants went long ago. A mighty person, who is well known in the world, needed their services. I, by promising to do good to little children, was allowed to remain. I have heard your song, and shall now change myself into a sparrow, and in that form will guide you to those whom you so much wish to see.’

“I then changed myself into a sparrow.”

Here Kluhn observed that the children started, and would doubtless have spoken, had they not remembered that her wand had changed them to figures of stone. He, however, accustomed to wonders, remained unmoved.

“Into a sparrow,” she repeated, “for, children, I was that fairy queen, and

was rocking gently to sleep in a lily-bell, sighing for my lost people, when the song of the child caused me to remember my promise.

“In the form of a sparrow I flew before the child, or nestled in her bosom. I fed her with honey-dew; and when she longed to dart through the air like a bird, to swing in the tree-tops, or soar far above them, I changed her into a red-bird.

“We flew swiftly o’er mountain and valley, forest, and plain. And little Redbird was happy,—now skimming over the flowers, now darting through the leafy branches, now soaring high into the heavens. Her song rang merrily. But to me it was sad. For I remembered the time when every flower had its fairy, and every grassy plain its ring, where my little people danced through the summer nights. But now they were far away. And the lovely water-sprites were gone from the fountains. Even the funny, long-nosed trolls I missed. For they always came trooping at night with their fiddles, and the king of the trolls was my lover, and sighed for me, and moaned for me. Ah, it was all very pleasant!

“But I disturbed not my happy little Redbird with these sad memories. We kept steadily on, and, if I sighed, it was to her but as the passing of a gentle zephyr.

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“After days of rapid flight, we drew near to the Stony Girdle. Here Redbird complained of an unusual darkness, to which I replied, that it was needful to endure for a while the darkness always reigning there. For none must know the way by which the Stony Girdle is passed. None must behold the Silver Sea, or the Mysterious Bridge which leads to the wonderful Mistiland.

“As we proceeded, the air became soft and balmy, and was so filled with all delicate odors, that to breathe it was a delight. And there floated about us strains of the softest, sweetest music. Or, rather, it was a mingling of harmonious sounds, which gently swelled and died away, and swelled again like the summer wind among the bending grass.

“The darkness had gradually given place to a shining, silvery mist, which continually opened and closed, or lifted and fell, revealing to us for a moment beautiful objects, or giving us glimpses of scenes far too glorious to describe. Now a white wing was thrust in sight, and quickly withdrawn, or a bird of golden plumage darted past like a flash of fire. At times the opening mist showed to us fiery serpents, and winged horses breathing flames. Next we beheld lovely princesses turned to stone, and guarded by dragons; while in the distance, veiled in mist, rose castles in the air, with columns of silver and turrets of gold, all of which slowly melted away. Above us the sky was tinged with a faint rose-color.

“‘This,’ said I, ‘is the wonderful Mistiland. Here you will see many

beautiful objects, but nothing clearly.'

"'But where are the fairies?'" she asked.

"I said, 'My dear little Redbird, have patience. We are now approaching that portion of this wonderful country where dwells the great and powerful one of whom I have spoken. That mysterious person, I mean, so well known over the world, and so dearly beloved by children. Soon we shall draw near to the dominions of him who, one night in every year, drives rapidly over the house-tops, wrapped in furs, with a cracking whip and tinkling bells, which you, being asleep, never hear. If fairies dance no more by moonlight, nor trolls sport upon the hills, nor dwarfs work in mines,—if giants have ceased to trouble the earth,—if nymphs dwell no longer in fountains, nor mermaids under the sea,—it is because the good Santa Claus has need of them. For only by their aid could he provide so many beautiful gifts for children.'

"Just at that moment we were startled by a sound like the rumbling of thunder.

"'That, my dear,' said I, 'is the groan of a weary giant. As a punishment for their wickedness in past times, the giants are obliged to carry heavy loads of silver, gold, and other ore to the forges. The dwarfs then work it up into such things as their master requires. Look! See where through the mist arise the sparks and the smoke of their forge! And now the lurid flames! Listen to the beating of millions of hammers upon millions of anvils!'

"My companion wished to approach nearer, in order to observe the curious feet of the dwarfs. But I said, 'No; come with me. We have yet more to see, and our stay cannot be long.'

"Passing on, we heard, far below, a most sweet melody. And by a quick lifting of the mist in that direction, we saw mermaids, sitting upon the rocks, stringing coral, or combing their long green hair. The soft haze which floated about them seemed tinged with a color reflected from the delicate pink shells.

"'How beautiful!' exclaimed my companion. 'And the song,—how sweet!'

"'True,' said I. 'But you must not stay. For, if too long we listen to that bewitching melody, we can never spread our wings and fly away.' And as we passed on I saw that our stay had already been too long; for she flew but slowly, and with drooping wings.

"But the next sight we beheld was, to me, the prettiest of all. Yes, beyond us the mist parted, and disclosed the prettiest, dearest sight of all! The sides of a gently sloping hill were covered with little folk,—trolls and hillmen,—in moss jackets and pea-green caps, who made, with their tiny instruments, a right pleasant tinkling music, while, upon the greensward, my own little people, my pretty green fairies, danced in the ring!

"It was only for an instant. The mist came down like a silvery veil, shutting

them from our sight.

“‘But all these little people,—why are they not at work?’ asked Redbird.

“‘Do you not know,’ I answered, ‘that Midsummer night is now commencing,—the time when all fays, sprites, and wee folk must keep their revels? See! The work of the dwarfs is over. The noise of their anvils is hushed. The fires no longer burn. All hold high holiday now,—all save the giants. They must labor always, because they were once so cruel to children.

“‘But look!’ said I. ‘Look towards the east. My dear Redbird, did no smiling grandfather ever promise you beautiful things, when his ship should come home from sea?’

“‘Yes, dear fairy,’ she said; ‘a bird that would lay golden eggs, and a wreath of red roses that never should fade.’

“The mist directly in front of us now gradually became thin, and melted away, revealing at first a part, and afterwards the whole, of a magnificent ship, with all sails set and streamers gayly flying. She was deeply laden, and was spanned from stem to stern by a brilliant rainbow. At her prow was carved the figure of a young and beautiful female, in flowing robes of blue, and crowned with a garland of the Immortelle, or immortal flower. The face was radiant with smiles. One hand rested upon an anchor, and the other was extended forward, as if pointing to brighter things beyond; and from the quarter to which she pointed there streamed a cheerful golden light, which lighted up and glorified her whole figure.

“But while my little companion gazed, entranced, as one would at some beautiful vision, the mist rolled slowly back, and the whole gradually disappeared from our sight.

“‘Do not sigh, my dear Redbird,’ I said. ‘Yonder is your grandfather’s ship. And the good Santa Claus will, no doubt, at the proper time, bring to you the wonderful bird, and the wreath of red roses that never shall fade. But turn your thoughts now to something quite different. We have yet others to see who labor for Santa Claus. I shall next show you his book-makers, or poets. This is their native place.’

“As I spoke, an open space suddenly appeared, showing portions of a fair temple. Within this temple I pointed out to her whole rows of pale, anxious beings, of whom only the heads and upper portions were clearly visible. By the quills behind their ears, and their thoughtful, dreamy look, I saw that these were the poets, or book-writers.

“‘Do not approach too near,’ I said. ‘We cannot breathe their air. But observe well all that you see.’

“As the mist rolled farther away, we saw that high above them floated clouds of every gorgeous hue, crimson, purple, and gold, while all about were flying little airy, active sprites, of every shape, or rather of scarcely any shape,

but seemingly formed of the mist. It was their part to aid and encourage the patient poets, by bringing them bright thoughts, or dipping their pens in the rich coloring of the clouds.

“But they liked just as well to torment and perplex; for frequently they would throw at some troubled writer only part of an idea, while the rest of it was carried to some other, thus putting both in misery; for fragments of thought in the brain are quite painful. And often these imps of mischief would bring to some poor wretch the most rare and delightful visions, and then hold fast by the top of his quill, that not a word could he write!

“Those pale, weary ones before us were evidently in distress, and no wonder, for what they were trying to do can never be done.

“Some were looking down in deep meditation, others gazed upward for inspiration. They sighed, they frowned, they grasped their hair, they knitted their brows, they clasped their hands in despair, laboring in vain to accomplish what is impossible.

“Observing that they looked frequently in a certain direction, we turned our attention that way, and saw, placed upon a throne, a high-backed arm-chair, on the top of which was a beautiful white goose, turned to stone. Beneath this beautiful white goose was seated a portly old dame, wearing full ruffles and a high-crowned cap. There was a jolly twinkle in her eye, and her nose glistened from frequent stroking; for she had long laughed at that row of luckless authors who so vainly tried to write songs like her own.

“This they will never do, unless they can find the quill with which she wrote. But that was plucked from the white goose before it was turned to stone, and was lost a long, long time ago. There is a story that, at the appointed time, some one will join that pale row of writers who shall have the power of plucking from the enchanted goose a quill, with which more ‘Mother Goose Melodies’ may be written.

“But jolly Mother Goose, she sits and laughs in her high-backed chair; for, though many have tried, none have yet been able to pluck the quill.

“‘But where is Santa Claus himself?’ asked Redbird.

“‘Santa Claus,’ I answered, ‘is now in the midst of his all-summer nap.’

“Then she asked, ‘How can he tell when to wake?’

“I said, ‘He cannot tell when to wake; and for that reason a small boy named Jack—Jack Frost—is employed to watch, and by sharp pinches to wake him at the proper time.’

“Just then we caught sight, as he darted past from the north, of a little winged boy. His head was powdered with snow, and around his neck was a frill of icicles. He had on his flying-skates, which were very bright, and ornamented with feathers. His robes were made of frozen mist, trimmed with delicate frostwork. The thumb and finger of one hand were extended towards

us, as if in readiness to give a sly pinch. In the other was the long feathered pointer with which he draws pictures upon the window-panes. He gave us a funny look in passing; and by the twinkle of his eye, and the puckers about his mouth, as if he were ready to die with laughing, I saw that he had been up to some mischief,—either dropping ice in the milk, or breaking glass, or pinching the toes of small children.

“‘But what,’ asked Redbird, ‘are those multitudes of tiny, dark forms, which float about near the entrance to this wonderful place?’ For by this time I had gradually conducted my little companion back toward the region of the Stony Girdle.

“‘I saw no dark forms when we entered,’ said Redbird.

“‘Your eyes,’ I said, ‘were not then accustomed to the peculiar light of the place. Those are the gloom-fairies. They would gladly be employed here; but that is impossible, because they are the enemies of the dear young people whom Santa Claus loves so well. They dwell in the abodes of darkness, and have no sunshine, except what they are able to steal from the faces of children. But they must first obtain an entrance into their homes.

“‘In order to do this, they plant near them a vinegar-bush. This is invisible, and if not nourished by the breath of the gloom-fairies, and the tears of children, it will die; but if allowed to live, it will grow, and spread, and overshadow the house.

“‘It then affords shelter to numberless gloom-fairies, who sit in the branches, and watch for an opportunity, when children pass, to steal the sunshine off their faces, and cork it up in little bottles which they carry under their wings. They also shake down upon them, from the leaves, a disagreeable dust, which disfigures every face it touches.

“‘These gloom-fairies avoid all cheerful, pleasant sounds. They cannot live within hearing of music, especially the music of children’s singing. Nothing, therefore, is so sure to prevent them from planting their bad bush as a hearty laugh or a lively song. Hearing these, they scowl, spread their dark wings, and fly away.

“‘It is my delight, little Redbird,’ I said, ‘to flutter about, unseen, among children; and this I do frequently. I listen to their voices, I join in their sports. And when among them appears a sour, cross-looking child, I think, “Aha, aha! so you have been under the vinegar-bush!” But when one comes with bright eyes and a happy song, I smile and say, “Ah, my little cheerybird! the gloom-fairies have stolen no sunshine from your face!”’

“I then drew a feather from the wing of my little friend, and, after breathing upon the end, held it up before her. She beheld there the picture of a little girl in red, with braided hair.

“‘It is myself,’ she said, ‘all but the face. That is bad.’

“‘The face is yours too,’ I said, ‘just as it appears when the gloom-fairies have stolen its sunshine, and have shaken over you the branches of the vinegar-bush. There is one now growing near your home. Growing and spreading fast, for it is watered daily by the tears of a child.’

“And you may be sure, my children,” said Runa the story-teller, “that what I told Redbird concerning the vinegar-bush is really true. For I have known its branches to be shaken even over the heads of grown people.

“But, as I perceived by the breathing of my little companion that she had remained a sufficient time in Mistiland,—for long draughts of the air are not healthful,—I conducted her back, by rapid flights, to the bower by the mountain springs whence we came. And there, in her own proper form, I left her upon the grass—first, however, throwing her into a deep sleep, for she was very weary.

“Meanwhile, her father had been searching anxiously for his little child, but nowhere in all the valley could she be found. As he stood beneath an apple-tree, wiping his brow and sighing heavily, I perched overhead, and sang something like this:—

“ ‘High among the mountains,  
Near the bubbling fountains,  
Where the trees bend low,  
Where the wild flowers grow,  
’Mid the shadows deep,  
A weary child doth sleep.  
Gay red robes doth the maiden wear;  
She hath ribbons of red in her braided hair.’

“Then, as he moved not, I sang again:—

“ ‘Where two brooks are flowing,  
Where dark pines are growing,  
Where, among the rocks,  
The shepherd leads his flocks  
Up the rugged steep,  
Thy little one doth sleep.  
Gay red robes doth the maiden wear;  
She hath ribbons of red in her braided hair.’

“It seemed to her father, however, not that a little bird had sung to him where to find his child, but that he himself remembered the day when she went with him to lead his flocks, and they sat together by the mountain springs.

“‘Who knows,’ cried he, ‘but the child is there, and has fallen asleep under the trees?’



“He took his staff, passed quickly over the hills, and along the fragrant meadows, and soon, by following the shepherd’s path, he found Little Redjacket sleeping in the bower.

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“When the child awoke and saw her father bending over her, she sprang to her feet, looked eagerly around, and exclaimed, ‘Am I not a little red-bird?’

“‘To be sure you are,’ cried the shepherd, taking her in his arms; ‘you are my own little red-bird.’

“‘Where is the fairy queen?’ she asked earnestly.

“But her father only kissed her and smiled; for he had often heard her prattling of fairies, and supposed she had been dreaming. Perceiving, therefore, that he thought but lightly of the matter, she said very little, but walked silently by his side, thinking of her wonderful journey.

“But upon arriving home she proclaimed to the whole household where she had been, and what she had heard, and all that she had seen. Whereupon they also smiled, and said, ‘The child has had a dream.’

“At this she grew angry, and was just upon the point of bursting into tears, but, remembering the gloom-fairies, she laughed instead, and was soon after heard singing loudly from room to room.

“And ever after, not a day passed that she did not sing a song in every room of the house. And at last people inquired, ‘Why, what has come over Little Redjacket, to make her so agreeable? She’s a real little song-bird in the house, and as sweet as a posy!’

“Then she would smile, and say: ‘Ah, you would not believe me; but it was all true that I told; for do you not see that I have driven the gloom-fairies away?’ ”

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Runa the story-teller paused here, and, very quietly turning in the direction of the window, raised her wand slowly, and pointed it towards the listener there.

Kluhn started, and, in his haste to hide himself, fell from the branch, and dropped upon the ground where the descent of the mountain was steep and slippery. He rolled over and over, over and over, over and over, down the dizzy heights, which it seemed to him were to have no end. And all the while, as he rolled, strange, deep voices from inside the mountain seemed to mock and laugh at him.

At last, after a sudden plunge from a rock to level ground, he started up, looked about him, and rubbed his eyes, like one awaking from sleep.

The sun was just rising, and what was his surprise to find, after turning his eyes in every direction, that he was still by the swamp where he had the night before sat down to rest, after his father had thrown an old shoe at him, and he

had run from the shop. He had slipped from the bank, and rolled down to the very edge of the swamp, where the frogs were making exactly such sounds as had seemed to mock him from inside the mountain.

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Kluhn sat there in the morning sunshine, thinking, his eyes fixed upon the ground, like one trying to solve some difficult puzzle. He recalled to his mind, in due order, all that he had seen and heard. But, being slow of thought, the sun had risen high in the heavens before he had quite persuaded himself that since he left the shop but one night had passed, that he had slept through the night beneath the tree where he sat down to rest, and that of Runa the story-teller and her hut of green boughs, and of the jolly little packman, he had but dreamed.

“Ah,” said he, as he picked his hat out of the dirt, “if only the bellows-topped cap had been true! But I see now it was all a dream.”

Having made this quite clear to himself, he said: “I will return to my father’s shop. They will gladly welcome me, coming with something so well worth telling. And it may be, after all, that it is no more a dream than their own fine tales.”

Upon arriving at his father’s shop, he listened for a while at the door, peeping through a knot-hole. His father sat with folded arms, although it was Saturday, and much to be done.

“Ah, if I only had my boy back!” said he, with a heavy sigh. “Why did I drive him away? He might have taken a turn. He would, without doubt, have become, in time, a fine, industrious young man. O, if he were only back again!”

“Yes,” said the trunk-pedler, “I wish he were back. It was something to have a person at hand to whom one always might talk!”

“And a person that could tell good music,” said the blind fiddler.

“And then,” observed the wooden-legged soldier, “he was such a good listener!”

“And such a good believer!” cried the old sea-captain. “Nothing was too strange for him. He was ready to swallow anything,—flying horses, sea-serpents, dragons, horned monsters,—it mattered not to him!”

Kluhn here glanced at the student, and perceived that, although thinking with a sad face of the missing one, he was, nevertheless, in an absent, dreamy way, drawing the figures as fast as mentioned.

He saw, marked out on the wall, his own face, with mouth wide open, just upon the point of swallowing a flying horse, behind which were sea-serpents, dragons, and horned monsters, waiting to go down. This so amused him, that he burst into the room with a hearty laugh.

Never wanderer had a warmer welcome! And Kluhn had the satisfaction of making them all stare, open-mouthed, when he related his story,—which he

took care to tell as if it were true,—and also of seeing the student somewhat puzzled to draw the various characters mentioned therein.

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“So that is the story of Wide-mouthed Kluhn,” I said, as Janet finished, and held up her large ball, whereon were twined the worsteds of different colors. “I shall tell that story to my children in America.”

Upon this I heard a loud laugh, and a merry voice said: “How much he must think of his children in America, to be talking of them in his sleep!”

I started up and looked hastily about me. Janet sat quietly knitting in her arm-chair. The family were gathered around, waiting for me to awake, before lighting the tree.

“And did you not,” I asked Janet,—“did you not turn the leather trunk upside down, and sit there, winding bright worsteds? And Lina, did you not creep in on tiptoe, and bid me not interrupt her?”

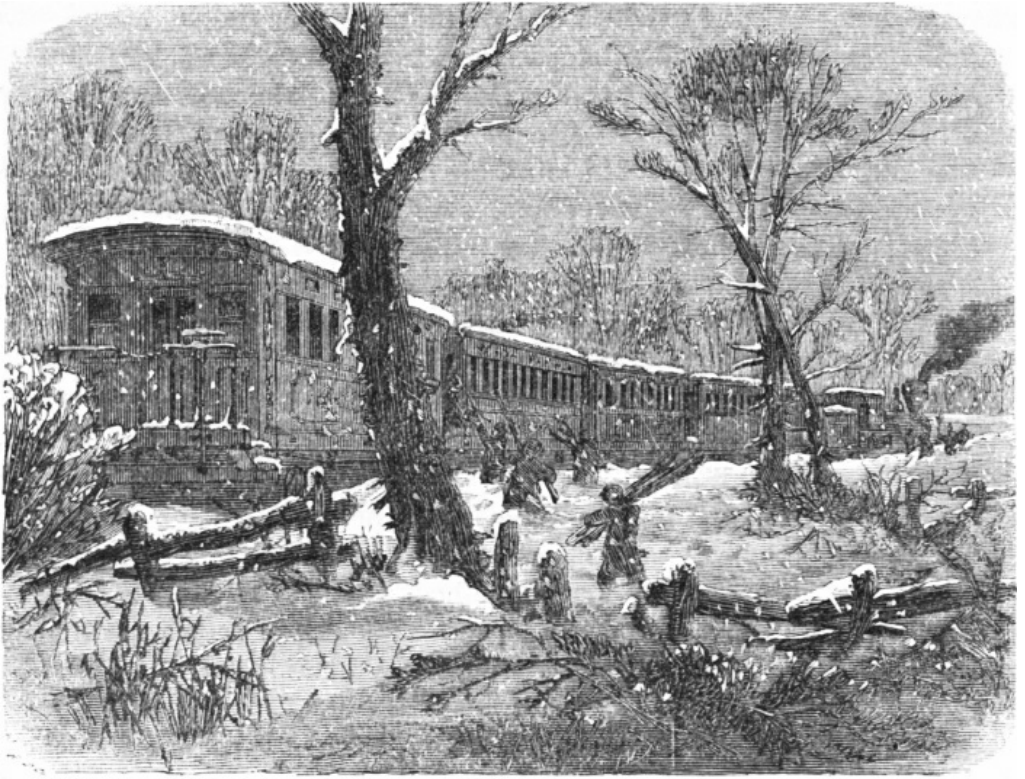
Upon this, they all laughed merrily. And when I saw the small black trunk right side up, and when Janet held up her long gray stocking, and when Lina assured me she had not entered the room until just as I spoke of my children in America, I became convinced that it was all a dream. And after the tree had been lighted, and the gifts presented, and the supper eaten, I amused the company and myself by setting before them, in as orderly an array as was possible, the somewhat confused visions of my Christmas sleep.

Then, suddenly recollecting that Janet had told me no story, I exclaimed, “So then, after all, I have not yet heard the—”

Here I paused. For, even then, it seemed impossible to believe it all a dream.

“No,” said old Janet, with a smile, “you have not yet heard the true story of Wide-mouthed Kluhn.”

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*



## BLOCKED IN THE SNOW.

The snow fell faster and faster, the train moved more and more slowly, and the daylight was almost gone. Mrs. Durant glanced over the top of the magazine in which she was vainly trying to forget her anxieties, and watched, first the whirling storm without,—the dreary, leafless forest through which the cars were struggling,—and then the faces of the two young girls who were travelling under her charge. Laura, the elder, was absorbed in reading the last chapters of “Leslie Goldthwaite,” with her head pressed closely against the window to catch the fading light, quite heedless that the damp pane was taking all the crimp out of her fair hair. Her sister Emily was leaning back in the other corner of the seat, fast asleep, in spite of the jerking motion of the laboring train.

“If they were but safely at home,” thought Mrs. Durant, “I should not mind

much being snowed in here all night. Alfred and I could bear it very well, but they—”

At this moment the train gave a sudden lurch and stopped. Emily was aroused, and began to rub her eyes and look around her; but Laura only said, “O dear! what a jerk!” and went on with her story. Mrs. Durant appeared absorbed in her magazine, lest the girls should notice the uneasiness she felt, as man after man left the car, and an audible murmur of dismay was heard.

Now the door opened again, and a bright-faced boy of fifteen came in, with a great rush of cold air, but an equally unmistakable cheery influence. He came straight to our party, and all three looked up to hear the news with which he was evidently excited.

“Well, girls, here we are in a jolly fix!—stuck fast in a snow-bank! No chance of getting to the city to-night, and perhaps not to-morrow. Don’t you want to come out and help shovel, or had you rather tear down the fences to keep the fires going?” and perching himself on the back of a seat, swinging his feet and wringing the snow-water out of his buckskin mittens, he gave himself up to the boyish delight of being the fountain of important knowledge, which he dealt out in aggravatingly small supplies, at his mischievous pleasure, to his cousin and sisters and the neighboring lady-passengers. “Stuck fast? I guess you’d say so, if you could see the poor old engine with her head and ears in a twenty-foot drift; only two shovels on board, and the snow drifting in behind us all the time! You’d better say ‘O dear!’ Laura. You’ll say it fifty times before morning, if you keep up to your usual average! Wood, did you say, Cousin Nannie? Well, no,—not much on board; but plenty of fences alongside, and a good axe in case we need trees too. No danger of our freezing,—more chance of starving. What do you say to that, Em? Our lunch-basket empty, and the nearest town five or six miles beyond, *more or less*,” added the roguish fellow, while poor Emily’s eyes grew absolutely pathetic in their earnest searching of his face to discover whether he were in jest or not. “I’m fiercely hungry already,” he continued, “and I can’t stand it long. I think I shall begin on that fat baby that has been crying so in the corner there. Telegraph? O, that’s broken long ago, ma’am. The most hopeful man on board has given up all idea of getting through, and has just started off on foot, on a foraging expedition. I hope he’ll live to reach the next town. Coming back again will be harder still; but I’m going to start with him,” he added, jumping down and buttoning his coat with an air of great resolution.

Emily’s eyes were already dilated to their utmost, and now they filled with tears. Laura looked pale, but started up impulsively, saying, “I shall go too, then, Alf; but I don’t believe you’re in earnest.”

“In earnest? Indeed, I am though; and won’t you be sorry for all the times you’ve teased me, when I’m brought back all frozen stiff, with a chain of raw

sausages round my neck, that I perished in trying to bring to you?"

"Alfred, Alfred," remonstrated Mrs. Durant, as Emily's distress increased, and Laura again started up and said, "I *shall* go with you."

The boy was now satisfied, and became reasonable, kissed Emily, laughed at Laura, and assured Mrs. Durant that the village was only a mile distant, and the walk tedious, but by no means dangerous. Half a dozen others were going. He would probably get back by seven o'clock at the latest. It was now nearly five, and they should see what a jolly supper he would bring them; and away he went, brave and boisterous, and with a sense (indescribably dear to the boyish mind) of being the protecting head of the party.

All this time the train was motionless; and people began to resign themselves to the necessities of the occasion, with more or less grumbling, according to their tempers. By the conductor's advice all the ladies and children in the three cars—with the gentlemen belonging to them—arranged themselves for the night in one car. As the day had been stormy from its beginning, the train had not been very full, and so this was easily done. All the single gentlemen adjourned to the smoking-car, and thus only two fires were needed. These were fed from time to time with huge armfuls of hastily split fence-rails, and the temperature alternated from breathless heat to almost freezing-point, in a manner somewhat trying to the passengers. There was fortunately but one baby among the company, and but four young children. Every one who had anything eatable left brought it out for their benefit; a kindly Scotch woman took the baby from its weary mother, and paced up and down the aisle, crooning "Bonny Doon," till it went to sleep. Beds of shawls were improvised for the other children, and soon they too were happily unconscious, and the elders waited patiently the return of those who had gone forth to forage. Some enterprising ones waded out to the baggage-car and brought supplies from their trunks,—such as books, dressing-gowns, cards, dominoes, and extra wrappings. Emily kept up her courage pretty well, but worried at intervals about "poor Alf." Mrs. Durant, in the change of seats, discovered a dear old school-friend, and almost forgot all the inconveniences of the situation in the pleasant surprise. Laura wondered how "Leslie Goldthwaite" would have felt and behaved in such an emergency as this, and tried to weave stories about the rather commonplace people around her.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the skirmishers returned. Alfred's cheeks were like carmine, his eyes flashing, his breath coming very fast, his pockets stuffed out with parcels. "Plunder me," he cried, sinking down on a seat, and waving off his sisters, who would have embraced him in their joy. "Pick my pockets, but don't ask me to talk yet," he gasped.

Mrs. Durant saw that he was really exhausted, though he tried to keep a bright face, while the girls dived into his pockets, and brought out, with

delighted and amused exclamations, baker's bread, hard crackers, tea, sugar, sage cheese, Bologna sausage, ginger-snaps and cocoa-nut cakes.

"A mixed-up supper,—isn't it?" he laughed; "but grub is grub when we're all hungry, and you must make the best of it. I got a little of everything there was in the store, I believe, and the hopeful old chap I told you about has some more of my things in his basket,—a few eggs and a tin dipper to make your tea in, Cousin Nannie."

"You're very kind and thoughtful, Alf," returned Mrs. Durant. "Are you rested enough to be introduced to an old friend of mine, whom I've discovered since you went away,—Miss Dora Challis?"

Alfred sat up and bowed, blushing. "It must have been your father, I was talking about," he said. "I saw the name on his basket,—and here he comes."

It proved to be so; and Mrs. Durant felt her cares immediately lightened as the tall, fine-looking man of fifty-five joined their group.

Thus the two parties became one, and every one was pleased. Alfred's fatigue made him gentle and affectionate; Laura declared it was as good as a picnic; Emily forgot all her fears, and Mrs. Durant and Miss Dora felt like girls again; while Mr. Challis showed himself an experienced traveller in his numberless devices for the general cheer and comfort. He showed his daughter how to make tea with the aid of the stove, the new dipper, and melted snow; set the girls to toasting crackers and cheese, and made Alfred go to sleep, while he and Mrs. Durant curtained the windows with shawls, and improvised a tea-table from two valises overspread with newspapers, and managed to convert brown paper into plates.

The meal passed off very merrily. To be sure there was no butter and no milk; but the bread and crackers and tea were relished well, nevertheless, with the aid of the sausage and cheese; and the snaps and cakes, though rather fossil-like, disappeared in due time. Alf himself carried a share of the cheer to the mother of the baby he had scolded about all day, and when every one's hunger was satisfied, a good store remained for breakfast.

"And now, how shall we amuse ourselves till bedtime?" asked Mr. Challis, as our party settled down again,—his daughter and Mrs. Durant on one seat, he and Emily facing them, and Laura and Alfred just behind. "I suppose you and Mrs. Durant, Dora, could talk all night about old times; but we shall not allow that. Can't you suggest some game in which we can all join?"

"O, if we only had a parlor board, we could play croquet," exclaimed Emily.

"O, if we only had a pond and a boat, and some trolling-lines, we could go fishing," added Alfred, mockingly.

"But *can* we play anything, Miss Challis?" said Laura. "We have no cards, or dominoes, or checkers, or squails."

“O yes, indeed, I know several good games that only need our wits and voices,—‘Characters,’ ‘Comparatives,’ ‘Proverbs,’ ‘Capping Verses,’ ‘Twenty Questions,’ &c., and many more that can be played with the help of pencils and paper, like ‘Oracles,’ ‘Consequences,’ ‘Crambo,’ ‘Cento Verses,’ and ‘Favorites.’”

The girls opened their eyes wide with surprise and delight, and Alfred whispered, “Ain’t she a jolly one to be snowed in with?”

“We might try ‘Characters,’ first,” continued Miss Dora. “You must all mention some celebrated person in history, fable, fiction, or modern times, whose name begins with A. Then take B and C, and so on, through the alphabet. We must speak in turn, and of course those who come last have the hardest work.”

“Let me begin, then,” cried Alfred and Emily, with one voice.

“Let us go by ages, beginning with the youngest,” said Cousin Nannie; and Alfred led off bravely with Alexander the Great; Emily followed with King Alfred; Laura with Adam; Miss Dora named Apollo; Mrs. Durant, Aristotle; and Mr. Challis ended with Archibald Alison. B went off very fast with Bonaparte, Byron, Burns, Ben Bolt, Bryant, and Edwin Booth. C brought up Charlemagne, Cooper, Charles I., Christopher Columbus, Cleopatra, and Cæsar. D, E, F, G, H, I, and J were not found difficult, but K required more thinking. Kossuth, Kosciusko, Kriss Kringle, Keble, Keats, and Kingsley made up the list at last.

There was no trouble about L. Lincoln, Sir Launcelot, Longfellow, Lalla Rookh, Lafayette, and Sir Launfal. M and N were easy too. Then Obadiah Oldbuck, Ole Bull, Ophelia, Oberlin, Ovid, and Othello. P was soon filled, but Q was harder,—Quilp, Don Quixote, Quintus Curtius, Quince, Quincy, and De Quincey. R, S, and T went off rapidly; but U knit the brows again, yet was not unconquerable. Of course, Alf chose Uncas, and Emily Una, and Laura Undine; the ladies gave Urania and Urso (Camilla); and Mr. Challis made every one laugh by adding Miss Ullin, which was his version of “Lord Ullin’s Daughter.” V was met with Victor Emanuel, Victoria, Vashti, Venus, Vulcan, and Virgil. W, Washington, William Wallace, Wellington, “Wept of Wish-ton-wish,” Whittier, and A. Ward. X was at first deemed impracticable; Xerxes, Xanthippe, and Xenophon having been given by the young people, there was a long pause; but Miss Dora suddenly remembered Cardinal Ximenes; Mrs. Durant could do no better than Ex-President Pierce; and Mr. Challis insisted that “Exeter Express” would do his share. Y was hardly better; Senators Yates and Yancey, Yulee, poor Yorick, Yellowplush, and Yellowley (in Scott’s “Pirate”). Z was quickly finished with Zachary Taylor, Zacchæus (he), Zenobia, Zeno, General Zollicoffer, and Zoroaster.

All had been so eager and interested, the time had passed very swiftly, and



the girls could hardly believe that more than an hour had gone by.

“It’s a jolly good game,” said Alfred. “Almost as good as ‘Cleveland’s Compendium,’” added Laura; and Emily looked happier than she had since the train stopped.

Many of the people in the car were now asleep, and it was past nine o’clock; but our friends had not yet even thought of yawning. Alfred went out to take an observation, and reported the snow still falling and drifting, and the night very cold. The brakemen kept the stoves well filled, however; and though the three flickering oil-lamps lent but a feeble light, and the windows were crusted with snow, and the wind wailed mournfully in the trees all around, yet within were comparative comfort and cheerfulness. Alfred was glad to return to his party and nestle down beside Laura again. “What did you say about Cento verses, Miss Dora?” he inquired; “let’s try those next.”

“I will repeat you one I heard made a few evenings since; you will see that it is made up of quotations from different authors, and yet has a sense and connection of its own:—

“ ‘Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow,  
The frog he would a-wooing go.  
None but the brave deserve the fair,  
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.’ ”

“What a comical mixture!” cried Mrs. Durant. “Goldsmith, Mother Goose, and Collins, all chopped up together. Let us try if we cannot do as well.” So Miss Challis began with Scott’s—

“O young Lochinvar is come out of the West,”  
*Laura.* “Whence all but him had fled”;  
*Mrs. D.* “Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,”  
*Laura.* “Nobody asked you, sir, she said.”

Mr. Challis and Alfred and Emily had been busy by themselves on another, which they now displayed:—

“At midnight in his guarded tent,  
Across the sands of Dee,  
The child of Elle to his garden went,  
And a jolly old soul was he.”

Then Laura and Miss Dora constructed another:—

“The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
(For thirsty and hot was he),  
With Lady Clare upon the hill,  
Under the greenwood tree.”

And now it was past ten o'clock, and even Alfred showed signs of drowsiness. Head-rests and foot-supports were improvised from shawls and handbags; and after much snuggling and sighing and trying of different positions, all dropped off at last into the blessed forgetfulness of sleep. Many were the wakings and turnings, the moans and cramps in the car that night; many the frightened starts of the younger ones, beautiful the patience of many, comical the crossness of a few. At last the morning came, and the awakened travellers began to sympathize about cold feet and aching shoulders, arms asleep, and a general sense of hunger and forlornness. The brave, sunny spirits shamed the grumblers; a few desperate jokes and hearty laughs made every one feel better. Then the ladies took turns in smoothing their hair at the little mirror in the end of the car, and freshening their faces with scanty washings in melted snow. Those who had no children helped those who had; and it was quite remarkable what a genius for cooking under difficulties the gentlemen present developed. Tea and toast were made, eggs boiled, and sausages fried, at the blessed, much-enduring stove; and though the drinking-cups were as one to every six persons,—though plates and spoons were *minus*, and pocket-knives were forks as well,—yet snowballs made very good napkins, and no one was so ungracious as to remark that the baker's bread was sour, or to call for butter or milk.

The snow had ceased falling, but the drifts were very formidable on all sides, and no one could say when aid from Boston would arrive. “At least we have light,” said Laura, after breakfast; “and now we can try some of those paper and pencil games,—can't we, Miss Challis?”

A muster of stationery was now called, resulting in the display of two rubber pencils, two wooden ones, half a dozen fly-leaves, as many letter-backs, and ten pages from a pocket note-book. These materials being distributed, and the wooden pencils halved, all was ready.

“Let us try ‘Oracles’ first,” said Miss Challis. “You must each write some question, fold the paper, and drop it into this hat. Then take a smaller paper, and write on it any word you choose, and drop that in.” This being done, she resumed, “Now each one must draw from the hat a question and a word,—that is, a large paper and a small one,—and you must answer that question in rhyme, and bring in the word.”

A perfect chorus of remonstrances followed these directions. “*O dear!*” cried Laura. “We *never* can,” said Emily, in despair; and all declared they

never had written and never *could* write verses. Miss Dora only laughed, and passed the hat. As each one read the question drawn and the word to be used in the reply, the consternation increased, and every one insisted that his or hers was the most difficult of all.

Miss Challis settled herself quietly to her own share, and the question being, “O where and O where is your Highland laddie gone?” and the word “*moonlight*,” she had quite enough to do in composing her reply without attending to the complaints of the others. At first her ideas refused to come; but finally these lines grew under her busy fingers:—

“He’s gone, ah, too soon, quite!  
To dance in the *moonlight*  
With fair elfin maidens more lovely than you.  
O, pray for thy lover,  
Lest he be won over,  
And never return to his sweetheart so true.”

The others, meanwhile, having exhausted all the despairing adjectives and interjections, gradually settled to their tasks, and here are the results:—

Mrs. Durant’s question was, “Where are the swallows flown?” The word drawn was *spice-box*. The answer was:—

“The swallows are flown where the spices grow,  
That are in my *spice-box* found;  
There’s allspice and mace, and nutmegs and cloves,  
And cassia (that’s cinnamon ground).”

Laura’s, “Who will care for mother now?” Word, *celery*. Her verse read:—

“O, I’m going far away,  
Far away from poor dear ma.  
O, who will trench her *celery*?  
I’m going to be a tar.  
When I am on the ocean blue,  
She’ll be bluer, I dare say:  
O, who will care for mother dear.  
When I am far away?”

Alfred’s, “Are men or women most constant?” Word, *word*:—

“O, don’t say a *word*,  
They’d make such a pother;  
'Tis six of the one,  
Half a dozen of t’other.”

Emily's, "Where, O where, are the Hebrew children?" Word, *owl*:—

"Where the *owl* doth flit and fly,  
There they live and there they die."

Mr. Challis's, "When shall we three meet again?" Word, *pea-soup*:—

"When the dinner-bell rings,  
And the *pea-soup* is hot,  
If *you* come, and *I* come,  
We'll meet on the spot."

As Miss Dora read these effusions aloud, they were received with enthusiastic applause. All were astonished at their success, and were eager to try again. Fresh questions and words were soon written, and after fifteen minutes of silence came another reading, as follows:—

Alfred's, "Who killed Cock Robin?" *Grand*:—

"He was killed in a *grand* free fight;  
O, it was an awful sight!  
No one knew who dealt the blow  
That laid the poor young songster low."

Emily's, "Where do all the pins go to?" *Honest*:—

"Where do all the pins go to?  
That is more than I can swear to.  
But if the *honest* truth be known,  
To the four winds they must have flown."

Laura's, "What was the name of the Man in the Moon?" *Idiosyncrasy*:—

"The name of that unfortunate will never now be known;  
It was his *idiosyncrasy* that his card should not be shown."

Mrs. Durant's, "When shall we reach Boston?" *Dust*:—

"Ere summer's *dust* begins to blow,  
The sun must melt these banks of snow.  
Yet let us hope another night  
Will find us in our homes, all right."

Mr. Challis's, "O, why will you leave a dying man to perish in the snow?"  
*Ghost*:—

"As I don't see the *ghost* of a chance of saving him,  
I think that's a good excuse for *laving* him."

Miss Dora's, "Why do summer roses fade?" *Thunder*:—

“They sometimes fade in the scorching sun,  
And droop, his fierce beams under;  
Till the dark clouds gather overhead  
With the welcome sound of *thunder*.”

At this point the laughter and exchange of compliments was interrupted by a loud and repeated whistling. Yes, the looked-for aid had arrived at last!—four engines and a snow-plough. Papers were thrown aside, and all was confusion and delight as the train began to move; but Miss Dora picked up the crumbs of the mental feast, and kept them for the benefit of other young folks who may sometime, in house or car, be similarly snow-bound.

*L. D. Nichols.*

# MARY'S FIRST SHOES.

How well do I remember  
The first shoes Mary wore,  
While yet with shy, uncertain step  
She toddled round the floor.

So small, you'd not believe they  
Were ever meant for use,  
Her fairy foot alone might wear  
Our Mary's first new shoes.

We lived up in the country,  
Mary, mamma, and I,  
And at the village shop no shoes  
To suit our pet could buy.

Her baby feet so tender  
Had, until now, been clad  
By gift of knit and needle work,  
With what poor skill we had.

But now mamma was going  
A journey to the town;  
And she would bring a real pair  
To fit our precious one.

Left thus alone, to charm her  
What carols did I sing,  
Of beautiful new slippers that  
Mamma from town would bring!

With rapture I imagined  
How, in the June day sun,  
Along the lawn and all around  
Those pretty feet would run.

I sang the theme to sweet tunes,  
    To solemn and to gay;  
I soothed her unto sleep with it,  
    I sang it all the day.

But when at last mamma came,  
    And when, with eager hands,  
The small, brown package I received  
    And, trembling, cut the bands,

O heavens! how lovely were they!  
    The shoes I therein found,—  
The bronze morocco tiny ties,  
    With silk cerulean bound!

The work but of a moment,  
    I snatched her from the floor,  
And hid her dimpled feet in them,—  
    The first shoes Mary wore!

I led her forth upon the lawn  
    Her small hand in my own,  
'Till, softly sliding from the clasp,  
    She bravely stepped alone.

I seem even now to see her,  
    With doubtful, dainty tread,  
Holding her skirts aside to see,  
    Bending her beauteous head.

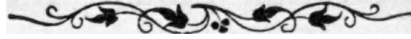
Mary's first shoes! Their story,  
    In simplest phrase rehearsed,  
Brings back as 'twere but yesterday  
    The day she wore them first.

I have them still, and love them  
    For her dear sake who wore  
Their fragile beauty, but whose steps  
    Shall need such aid no more.

She treads not now the greensward,  
    Nor where the earth-flower springs:

NOT where the carn-flower springs,  
But upward, through eternal space,  
She soars on angel wings.

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*





# WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER. THIRD PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

Lame Betsey gave me something to put on my wrist that cured it. I went there to ask how much money must be paid. I had sold my football, and my brass sword, and my pocket-book. They told me they should not take any money, but if I would saw some wood for them, and do an errand now and then, they should be very glad. When I told Dorry, he threw up his hat, and called out, "Three cheers for the 'Two Betseys.'" And when his hat came down, he picked it up and passed it round; "for," says he, "we all owe them something." One great boy dropped fifty cents in. And it all came to about four dollars. And Bubby Short carried it to them. But I shall saw some wood for them all the same.

Last evening it was rainy. A good many boys came into our room, and we sat in a row, and every one said some verses, or told a riddle. These two verses I send for Aunt Phebe's little Tommy to learn. I guess he's done saying "Fishy, fishy in the brook" by this time. Dorry got them out of a German book, he said.

"When you are rich,  
You can ride with a span;  
But when you are poor,  
You must go as you can.

"Better honest and poor,  
And go as you can,  
Than rich and a rogue,  
And ride with a span."

This riddle was too hard for me to guess. But Aunt Phebe's girls like to guess riddles, and I will send it to them. Mr. Augustus says that a soldier made it in a Rebel prison. Mr. Augustus is a tall boy, that knows a good deal, and wears spectacles, and that's why we call him Mr. Augustus.

## RIDDLE.

“I’m one half a Bible command,  
That aye and forever shall stand;  
And, throughout our beautiful land,  
’Tis needed now to foil the traitorous band.

“I’m always around, yet they say  
Too often I’m out of the way,  
Thereby leading astray;  
I’m decked in jewels fine and rich array.

“Although from my heart I am stirred,  
I an utter but one little word,  
And that very seldom is heard;  
My elder sister used to keep a bird.

“Reads the riddle clear to you?  
I am very near to you:  
Both very near and dear—to you,  
Yet kept in chains. Does that seem queer to you?”

That about being “stirred from the heart” is all true. So is that about being “*around*.” The “Bible command,” spoken of at the beginning, is only in three words, or two words joined by “and.” This word is the first half. But I mustn’t tell you too much.

They are all *dear*. But some kinds are dearer than others.

I wish my father would send me one. It would be so handy when I am too far off to hear the school-bell.

That about the bird is first-rate, though I never saw one of that kind of—I won’t say what I mean (Dorry says you mustn’t say what you mean when you tell riddles). But maybe you’ve seen one. They used to have them in old times.

I’ve launched my boat. She’s the biggest one in school. Dorry broke a bottle upon her, and christened her the “General Grant.” The boys gave three cheers when she touched water, and Benjie sent up his new kite. It’s a ripper of a kite with a great gilt star on it that’s got eight prongs.

My hat blew off, and I had to go in swimming after it. It is quite stiff. The master was walking by, and stopped to see the launching. When he smiles, he looks just as pleasant as anything.

He patted me on my cheek, and says he, “You ought to have

called her the 'Flying Billy.' ” And then he walked on.

“What does 'Flying Billy' mean?” says I.

“It means you,” said Dorry. “And it means that you run fast, and that he likes you. If a boy can run fast, and knows his multiplication-table, and won't lie, he likes him.”

But how can such a great man like a small boy?

From your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. When the boys laugh at me, I laugh too. That's a good way.

P. S. There's a man here that's got nine puppies. If I had some money I could buy one. The boys don't plague me quite so much. I'm sorry you dropped off your spectacles down the well. I suppose they sunk. I've got a sneezing cold.

W. H.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

I suppose if I should tell you I had had a whipping you would feel sorry. Well, don't feel sorry. I will begin at the beginning.

We can't go out evenings. But last Monday evening one of the teachers said I might go after my overjacket that I took off to play ball, and left hanging over a fence. It was a very light night. I had to go down a long lane to get where it was; and when I got there, it wasn't there. The moon was shining bright as day. Old Gapper Skyblue lives down that lane. He raises rabbits. He keeps them in a hen-house.

Now I will tell you what some of the great boys do sometimes. They steal eggs and roast them. There is a fireplace in Tom Cush's room. Once they roasted a pullet. The owners have complained so that the master said he would flog the next boy that robbed a hen-house or an orchard, before the whole school.

Now I will go on about my overjacket. While I was looking for it, I heard a queer noise in the rabbit-house. So I jumped over. Then a boy popped out of the rabbit-house and ran. I knew him in a minute, for all he ran so fast,—Tom Cush.

Now when he started to run, something dropped out of his hand. I went up to it, and 'twas a rabbit, a dead one, just killed; for when I stooped down and felt of it, it was warm. And while I was stooping down, there came a great heavy hand down on my shoulder. It was a man's great heavy hand.

Gapper had set a man there to watch. He hollered into my ears, “Now I've got you!” I hollered

too, for he came sudden,  
without my hearing.

“You little thief!” says he.

“I didn’t kill it,” says I.

“You little liar!” says he.

“I’m not a liar,” says I.

“I’ll take you to the  
master,” says he.

“Take me where you want  
to,” says I.

Then he pulled me along,  
and kept saying, “Who did, if  
you didn’t? If you didn’t, who  
did?”

And he walked me straight up into the master’s room, without so  
much as giving a knock at the door.

“I’ve brought you a thief and a liar,” says he. Then he told where  
he found me, and what a bad boy I was. Then he went away, because  
the master wanted to talk with me all by myself.

Now I didn’t want to tell tales of Tom, for it’s mean to tell tales.  
So all I could say was that I didn’t do it.

The master looked sorry. Said he was afraid I had begun to go  
with bad boys. “Didn’t I see you walking in the lane with Tom Cush  
yesterday?” says he. I said I was helping him find his ball. And so I  
was.

“If you were with the boys who did this,” said he, “or helped  
about it in any way, that’s just as bad.”

I said I didn’t help them, or go with them.

“How came you there so late?” says he.

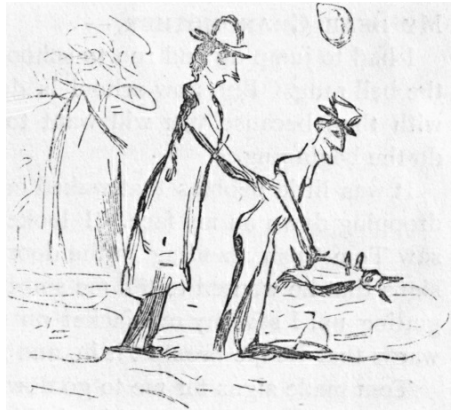
“I went after my overjacket,” says I.

“And where is your overjacket?” says he.

I said I didn’t know. It wasn’t there.

Then he said I might go to bed, and he would talk with me again  
in the morning.

When I got to our room, the boys were sound asleep. I crept into  
bed as still as a mouse. The moon shone in on me. I thought my eyes  
would never go to sleep again. I tried to think how much a flogging  
would hurt. Of course, I knew ’twouldn’t be like one of your little  
whippings. I wasn’t so very much afraid of the hurt, though. But the  
name of being whipped, I was afraid of that, and the shame of it.  
Now I will tell you about the next morning, and how I was waked



up.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

I had to jump up and run to school without stopping to sign my name, for the bell rang. But, now school is done, I will write another letter to send with that, because you will want to know the end at the same time you do the beginning.

It was little pebbles that waked me up the next morning,—little pebbles dropping down on my face. I looked up to find where they came from, and saw Tom Cush standing in the door. He was throwing them. He made signs that he wanted to tell me something. So I got up. And while I was getting up, I saw my overjacket on the back of a chair. I found out afterwards that Benjie brought it in, and forgot to tell me.

Tom made signs for me to go down stairs with him. He wouldn't let me put my shoes on. He had his in his hand, and I carried mine so. So we went through the long entries in our stocking-feet, and sat down on the doorstep to put our shoes on. Nobody else had got up. The sky was growing red. I never got up so early before, except one Fourth of July, when I didn't go to bed, but only slept some with my head leaned down on a window-seat, and jumped up when I heard a gun go off. Tom carried me to a place a good ways from the house. Our shoes got soaking wet with dew.

Now I will tell you what he said to me.

He asked me if I saw him anywhere the night before. I said I did.

He asked me where I saw him. I said I saw him coming out of the hen-house, where Gapper Skyblue kept his rabbits. He asked me if I was sure, and I said I was sure.

“And did you tell the master?” says he.

I said, “No.”

“Nor the boys?”

“No.”

Then he told me he had been turned away from one school on account of his bad actions, and he wouldn't have his father hear of this for anything; and said that, if I wouldn't tell, he would give me a four-bladed knife, and quite a large balloon, and show me how to send her up, and if I was flogged he would give me a good deal more, would give money,—would give two dollars.

“I don't believe he'll whip you,” says he, “for he likes you. And if he does, he wouldn't whip a small boy so hard as he would a big one.”

I said a little whipping would hurt a little boy as much as a great whipping would hurt a great boy. But I said I wouldn't be mean enough to tell or to take pay for not telling.

He didn't say much more. And we went towards home then. But before we came to the house, he turned off into another path.

A little while after, I heard somebody walking behind me. I looked round, and there was the master. He'd been watching with a sick man all night.

He asked me where I had been so early. I said I had been taking a walk. He asked who the boy was that had just left me. I said 'twas Tom Cush. He asked if I was willing to tell what we had been talking about. I said I would rather not tell.

Says he, "It has a bad look, your being out with that boy so early, after what happened last night."

Then he asked me where I had found my overjacket. I said, "In my chamber, sir, on a chair-back."

"And how came it there?" says he.

"I don't know, sir," says I.

And, grandmother, I almost cried; for everything seemed going against me, to make me out a bad boy. I will tell the rest after supper.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.



## CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

*Andante.*

JULIUS EICHBERG.

First system of piano score. Treble clef, common time. Bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics: *dol. p*. Includes accents and slurs.

Second system of piano score. Treble clef, common time. Bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics: *dim.* and *rinf.*. Includes accents and slurs.

Third system of piano score. Treble clef, common time. Bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics: *p* and *pp*. Includes accents and slurs.

MELODY FOR PIANO.

*Moderato.*

JULIUS EICHBERG.



1 2 3 4 5 1

*p*

*legato.*

3

This system shows the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with five measures, each starting with a finger number (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) above the notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff. A slur labeled *legato.* spans the first three measures of the bass staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure in the bass staff. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' below it in the final measure of the top staff.

1 5 4 3 1

This system continues the musical score. The top staff has five measures with fingerings 1, 5, 4, 3, and 1 above the notes. The bottom staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure in the bass staff.

3

*1 ma volta.*

*2 da*

This system features a first ending in the top staff. The first measure is marked with a '3' above the notes. The first ending is enclosed in a dashed box and labeled *1 ma volta.* The second ending is also in a dashed box and labeled *2 da*. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure in the bass staff.

This system continues the musical score. The top staff has five measures with various note values and rests. The bottom staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure in the bass staff.

*cres.*

This system continues the musical score. The top staff has five measures with various note values and rests. The bottom staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure in the bass staff.

*f*

This system continues the musical score. The top staff has five measures with various note values and rests. The bottom staff continues the eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure in the bass staff.



dim. *p*

5 3 3

This system shows the beginning of a piece in G major. The treble staff starts with a *dim.* marking and contains chords and eighth notes. The bass staff features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes with a *p* marking. Fingering numbers 5, 3, and 3 are indicated below the bass staff.

This system continues the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, also featuring a triplet.

cres.

This system shows a gradual increase in volume. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked with *cres.*

*f* *dim.*

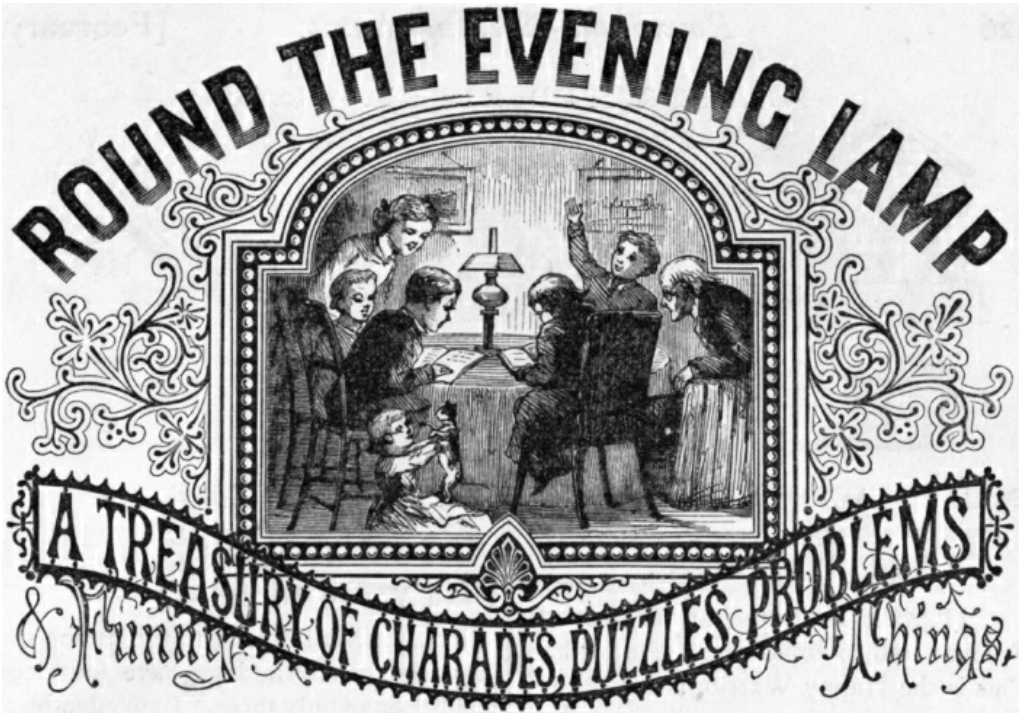
This system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet and a *dim.* marking. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, also marked with *dim.*

*p* *pp*

This system shows a decrease in volume. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet and a *pp* marking. The bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked with *p*.

Ped.

This system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet and a *Ped.* marking. The bass staff continues with eighth notes.



ROUND THE EVENING LAMP  
A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES,  
PROBLEMS & Funny Things.

CHARADE.

No. 8.

The east was gray and the stars were pale,  
The trumpet had given warning,  
There was saddling of horses and buckling of mail  
In the royal camp that morning.  
Sir Richard rose at the break of day  
And sang, as he armed for the coming fray:—

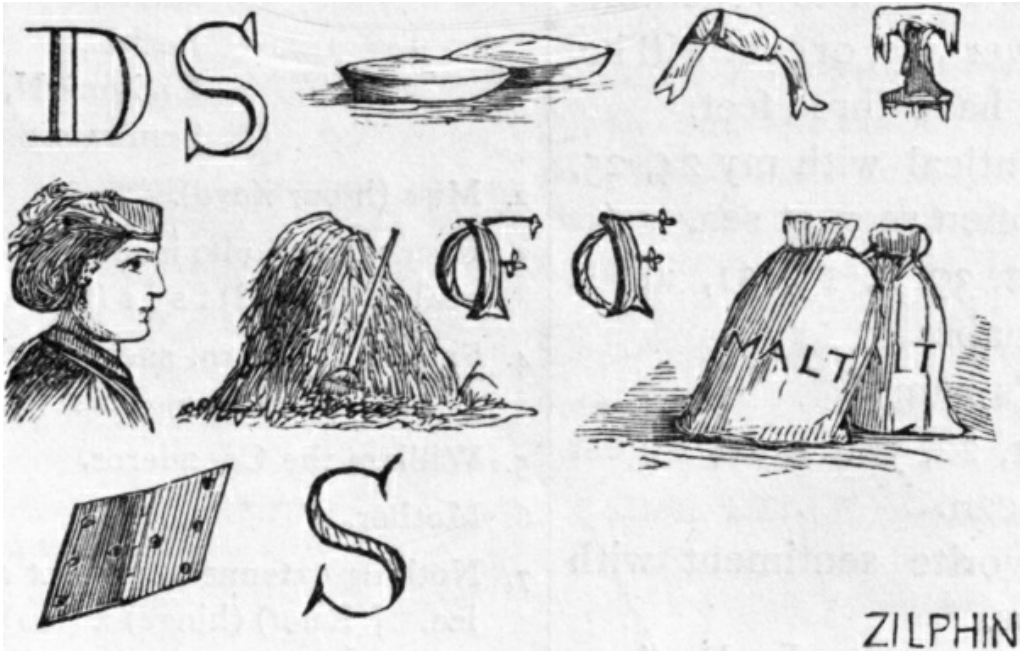
“My *first* is ever as free as air,  
And will not be bound by a chain;  
Both squire and knight must yield to its might,  
And swell the victor’s train.  
Then mount and ride, whate’er betide,  
My life for my king, my *first* to my bride.

“As he pines away in his lonely cell,  
The captive curses my *last*,  
While the dull chimes toll, and the slow hours roll,  
And the weary days drag past.  
But mount and ride, though ruin betide,  
And my *last* should keep me away from my bride.

“Under my helmet is gathered my *whole*,  
My steed begins to neigh,  
My comrades all for my presence call,  
No time for more delay.  
So mount and ride, if death betide,  
Then take my *whole* to my weeping bride.”

CARL.

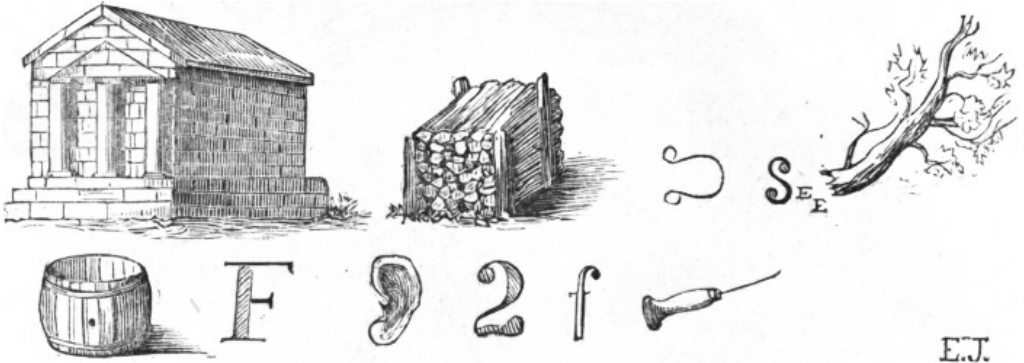
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 9.



ZILPHIN

ZILPHIN

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No 10.



E.J.

E.J.

# DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 11.  
FOUNDATION WORDS.

“Praise of him must walk the earth  
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth.  
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he  
That every man in arms would wish to be.”

His country.

CROSS WORDS.

What lawyers love.  
The flame that lit his breast.  
A city of Japan.  
The germ of a tree.  
A monster of Eastern Story.  
Its opposite.

A. R.



## ENIGMA.

No. 12.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 14, 14, 33, 22, ruled Rome under the Empire.

My 26, 35, 22, 8, 23, every baby ought to have.

My 17, 34, 38, you get from China.

My 11, 29, 3, 20, London is famous for.

My 19, 10, 37, 13, are what we see with.

My 12, 32, 29, 9, keeps us from starving.

My 30, 31, 31, 30, is a favorite vegetable.

My 39, 18, nobody ever was, or ever will be.

My 18, 5, 33, 27, 8, have three feet.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, is identical with my 24, 25, 26, 27, and is often seen at sea.

My 6, 33, 2, 11, 4, 2, 39, 2, 15, 21, are a part of the alphabet.

My 16, 36, is a girl's name.

My 28, 15, 31, 30, 1, 22, you must digest as well as you can.

My whole is a favorite sentiment with Irish politicians.

L. R. A.

## PUZZLE.

No. 13.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

I claim that I belong to the canine species, though most dogs have four legs, while I have only three. I am often black all over; but sometimes my head, neck, and forelegs are yellow. I sleep standing, and live a great many years. I think naturalists might trace my ancestry to the iron age, when I chanced to originate. I am a beast of burden. I can bear a heavy load of wood and bark without opening my mouth. Strange temperature mine. In winter I am usually hot, and in summer cold. One bright boy looking at me says, now that he has guessed me, that he does not see anything very marvellous in me. Let me answer,

*Nor I.*  
*D. N. A.*  
WILLY WISP.

## ANSWERS.

1. ConchoiD,  
HourI,  
ArseniC,  
RackK,  
LethE,  
EndymioN,  
SemiramiS.
2. Miss-(h)our-i(eye).
3. Concealing faults is but adding to them. [(C on seal in G) (fall) t s i s  
(butt *adding*) 2 t (he) m.]
4. Speech is silvern, silence golden. [S (peaches) (sill) v (urns) (eye) (lens)  
(goal) (den).]
5. William the Conqueror.
6. Mother.
7. Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. [(Knot) (hinge) x (ten)  
(ewe) a (ten) (oars) e (tea) dow (naught *in mal*) (ice).]



## OUR LETTER BOX

*Contadina* sends us a letter all the way from Italy, and for a reward she shall have it all printed, especially as she gives us good help in it:—

“DEAR EDITORS:

“Last December I neglected to send for ‘Our Young Folks,’ forgetting how far from home we are; and when in January I wrote to a friend asking to have it sent to me, some misfortune must have happened to the letter, for I waited till May without any answer to it and then wrote to a cousin, and on returning from a pleasant journey in beautiful Switzerland, I found waiting for me all the numbers from last January down to this October. I cannot tell you how delighted I was to see their dear faces—or backs, rather—once more. They reminded me so much of the good old times at home when they were read aloud in the evenings. In the ‘*Letter Box*’ of the September number I notice that a ‘family of children’ wish to know ‘who can make the largest and most splendid soap-bubbles.’ I do not know how to make the largest, but I can make them last a very long time. Perhaps the information will be acceptable to my friends, so I send a receipt for the liquid from which to make them, which I take from Sir John F. W. Herschel’s ‘Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.’

Speaking of soap-bubbles, he says: 'M. Plateau gives the following recipe for such a liquid: 1st. Dissolve one part, *by weight*, of *Marseilles soap*, cut into thin slices, in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the liquid A. 2d. Mix two parts, *by measure*, of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of 66° Fahr., and, after shaking them together long and violently, leave them at rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. The lower is to be sucked out from beneath with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid. A bubble blown with this will last several hours, even in the open air. Or the mixed liquid, after standing twenty-four hours, may be filtered.' I hope our friends will be successful in their attempts at making these bubbles if they should try. The book speaks of making the colors more beautiful than they generally are—which seems to me almost impossible—by the following process: 'If a soap-bubble be blown in a clean, circular saucer, with a very smooth, even rim, well moistened with the soapy liquid, and care be taken in the blowing that it be single, quite free from any small, adhering bubbles, and somewhat more than hemispherical, so that, while it touches and springs from the rim all around, it shall somewhat overhang the saucer; and if in this state it be placed under a clear glass hemisphere, or other transparent cover, to defend it from gusts of air and prevent its dying too quickly, the colors, which in the act of blowing wander irregularly over its surface, will be observed to arrange themselves into regular circles, surrounding the highest point, or vertex, of the sphere. If the bubble be a *thick* one (i. e. not blown too near the bursting point), only faint, or perhaps no colors at all, will at first appear, but will gradually come on, growing more full and vivid, and that not by any particular color assuming a greater richness and depth of tint, but by the gradual *withdrawal* of the faint tints from the vertex, while fresh and more and more intense hues appear at that point, and open out into circular rings surrounding it, giving place, as they enlarge, to others still more brilliant, until at length a very bright white spot makes its appearance, quickly succeeded by a black one. Soon after the appearance of this the bubble bursts.'

"Now for a few questions: Would it be breaking trust for you to give us a clew as to the age of *Willy Wisp*,—whether he is fifteen or thirty? (We fear it would.) Will you tell me whether monkeys ever really do make bridges as described in 'Afloat in the Forest'? (Yes, they do.) I must tell you how very much I like 'A Summer in Leslie

Goldthwaite's Life.' It is one of the most charming stories I ever read. After lending it to a great many friends here, I sent it to Rome, where it had immense success. I hope you will pardon me for taking so much of your time, and believe me to be

“Always most truly your little friend.”

---

*Salome.* The language is well chosen and well put together. Is the idea of the sketch your own, or founded upon something German?

---

*Hezekiah H., Fictitious, Forget-me-not, Willie and Sophie and Maggie, Parker M., Alice (of Stamford), Blue Jay, Edwin H. Vinton (your ambition is yet in advance of your ability), Jack Spratt, May M. (excuse us for not printing your request,—please to spell handsome with a d), Juvenis, E. M., T. B., Ida B., L. & G. C., Alice S., S. E. B., Dot, Arthur, C. W. B., Yankee Middy, Sprite.* Thanks, one and all, for your favors and your efforts.

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*Kitty.* Puzzles and other “Evening Lamp” matters are not paid for. The other portions of the magazine are all bought.

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*Grade and Ellie.* Glue the leaves to stiff paper or pasteboard, and then coat them with fine varnish.

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*Carrie Kent.* Thank you for your kind letter. We don't like to use puzzles about ourselves.

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*Michigander.* The books you name are not on any of the premium lists.

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*Dimples* wants to know whether animals of the higher class reason and think. It has always been held that the brute has in his instinct what supplies the place of man's reason; but Professor Agassiz and other philosophers of our day begin to claim reason for animals. Certainly beasts do many things which can hardly be explained if they cannot think, at least a little.

---

*One Interested* will find Pitman's books on Shorthand the best, we believe. They may be had in Boston of Otis Clapp, and in New York of Fowler and Wells.

---

*Drawer.* Ruskin's “Elements of Drawing” will probably suit you. Any bookseller can supply it. It costs about \$1.75 or \$2.00.

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*Sydney Cuttlebell.* You didn't send your *work*.

---

*Seraphina.* You can make your picture of "Bo-Peep" flat and smooth by laying it face downward on a clean ironing-board, dampening it *very slightly* on the back, and pressing it gently with a warm flat-iron. If you are careful, there will not be a crease left in the sheet.

---

*Hautboy.* Your long rebus is clever, and nicely sketched; we shall use it by and by.—Lyceum is derived from the Greek word λύκειον [Greek: lykeion], which is based upon the neighborhood to an early lyceum (or place for philosophical and other instruction) of the temple of Apollo λύκειος [Greek: lykeios],—that is, Apollo the wolf-slayer, wolf in Greek being λύκος [Greek: lykos].—Nucleus, which means the central point of any mass or collection, comes from the Latin *nux* (a nut), and meant originally a kernel.

---

*Albert Dare.* Your story is very well for a beginner, but of course it is not good enough to be published.

---

In the last scene of "Hamlet," *Hamlet*, asking pardon of his old friend *Laertes* for any wrong he may have done him, says:—

"Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
As that *I have shot my arrow o'er the house,*  
*And hurt my brother.*"

The words in Italics are the subject of last month's picture-puzzle. This month we give you another of Mr. Day's drawings, into which he has put the whole of a remark made about himself by silly old *Dogberry*, in the Second Scene of Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV.





# TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

[The end of *Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. Volume 4, Issue 2* edited by J. T. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom]