

College. But, as each girl does for months in succession her special task, it is impossible for her to learn general housework in a four years' course.

Probably no school has ever had more loyal alumnae, and the traditions of the Seminary have been jealously guarded. This has been the more easily possible by reason of the policy which decreed that its teachers should be chosen only from its own graduates—a policy that was maintained, with but few exceptions, till within very recent years. With the evolution of the College this rule has become null and void, and of the thirty-seven names on the resident Faculty about one-third are graduates of other institutions. All the teachers, except some of those in the new music school, are women.

For many years the Seminary retained the rigid system of rules which characterized the schools of the olden time; but in its evolution it has done away with boarding-school restrictions and given to its students the freedom and self-government which college students require and demand. The old reporting system is no more; "hall exercise" is a thing of the past; and though attendance at morning service on Sundays is required, the number of religious services has been lessened, and the whole religious system placed on a healthy basis. Morbid introspection and spiritual self-consciousness are not encouraged, but naturalness and wholesome soundness in things spiritual urged upon the students. Sunday is "a day of rest and gladness," and no longer a period of repression, heavy-heartedness, and toil.

There are, as at Smith College, three distinct courses leading to a degree—the Classical, Scientific, and Literary, conferring respectively the degrees of A.B., B.S., and B.L. For many years the scientific work has been the specialty at Mount Holyoke, but at present the literary course is the most popular.

Personal influence has been the distinctive feature in Mount Holyoke's policy and power. The small number of students—compared with the numbers in other colleges—the domestic system, conducing to community of interests, the isolation from outside interests or social demands, have thrown teachers and students upon each other and made the connection a very vital one.

With its inheritance of sturdy principles, intellectual and moral, and its background of honorable history and tradition, Mount Holyoke College starts well endowed; and a liberal and progressive policy will doubtless cause its future to "copy fair its past."



Our Experience and the Other's

By Rachel Dunkirk

The first warm days of spring had followed each other until the summer seemed realized in the promise. The city streets grew unbearable, and the green fields, the blue skies, and the dimpled clouds that lay beyond were ever present in imagination. Sunday morning, in spite of the eloquent sermon, the sunlight streaming in the upper part of the church window revealed through it the rough brick walls of the neighboring houses, and constantly drew the thoughts to the outer world where life was throbbing through meadow and wood. As the amen of the benediction fell on the ear, there came a sense of freedom, and soul and body refused any longer the imprisonment endured in the past sunny days. The much-despised trolley ran from the next corner to the green fields, and five cents would enable us to get there. Quickly we passed through the almost silent streets, where drawn shades and closed doors told that trade rested on Sunday. The city park, that pleasure-ground for rich and poor of the city dwellers, though the buds were only showing on tree and shrub, had drawn to it hundreds of workers. We sped on beyond its stone walls, which we could not endure that morning—we must find the fields where the blue sky touched them.

Into the old village we came, passing houses that are historic, now elbowed by the "Queen Annes" in their

smart new paint, with gay hammock and reclining chairs on the broad piazza, telling of a generation whose standards differed greatly from those of the staid, dignified, thrifty settler who turned the forest into field and meadow, and whose successors had turned field and meadow into the far more profitable villa and city lots. Passing these evidences of population to the remoter lands where the truck-garden was sturdily fighting the surveyor's chain, the startling cry of the conductor, "All out!" roused us to the limitations that always meet the poor man. We left the car reluctantly, but when once on the ground, the country roads that stretched out on either side, the rolling fields, the lights and shadows made by sun and trees, told us that our wish had been granted—we were in the country. A fussy little building caught our eye, bearing on its side this sign: "Bergen Beach, round trip, five cents." A rickety stage, with horses to match, stood waiting. We inquired, and found that the stage for that unknown part of the country, "Bergen Beach," would leave in five minutes. We climbed in and waited. In fifteen minutes the stage-driver mounted in front, there was a straining at the much-mended harness, which suggested the joints of the bones they failed to cover, a creaking of the stage, and we were off. Could it be possible that forty-five minutes ago we were in the city? Here was an old farm-house with lean-to and stone chimney, with moist brown wagon road-way to the tall gray barn, through the open door of which we saw the horses' tails switching, the hay hanging from the mow, the strutting cock leading his obedient followers, the barrels with their slatted fronts, telling of the new generation that would displace the present ruler. The plowed field, in which the plow still stood in the furrow since Saturday's setting sun, told of a day's work done. The gnarled trees in the old orchards, whose twisted limbs and crowded twigs reminded one of the day when grafting was unknown, added to the sense of remoteness of time and place. Privacy was secured by the hedge of just-budding lilacs.

Low stone fences, moss-covered and broken, bound the road on either side, while grazing cows in a field through which a brook ran made the near-by city a dream.

On we went, each turn of the wheel revealing new evidence of the farming life that almost rubbed elbows with commerce.

At last we reached a road made of oyster-shells which skirted the salt marsh over the bridge that spanned the channel twisting its way, now seen, now lost in the tall grass, but proving its presence by the mast of a sail-boat that seemed to lie on the bosom of the grass meadow. At last we reached the oak woods in which the dogwood was in blossom. The century of fallen leaves made a roadway of velvet. Suddenly we came in sight of the ocean, blue and rippling against the bluer sky.

A low, rambling house with stone chimney, the roof almost touching the ground, with porch protected by wings, appeared.

The knocker on the Dutch door had come from Holland almost two hundred years ago. Indoors, the big open chimney with the iron crane, large enough to make a modern hall bedroom, told of the days when space did not represent a man's life-blood. The rafters overhead still bore the marks of the woodsman's ax. A low sideboard filled one side of the old dining-room now turned into a restaurant. The lawn, broad and sweeping to the sea, with an old orchard reaching to the distant point, was cut into city lots, and bore signs at the corners of avenues and streets. The proprietor of this departed ease and comfort pointed with pride to the site of the new hotel, called attention to the driveway that would surround this new city, to the proposed route of the trolley which would bring the residents of the houses to be built within an hour of the city. We took dinner in the old dining-room in company with the old owners, shutting out all thought of the "boom" that had robbed the old house of its dignity and had defaced its exterior with big signs; then rambled to the sea through the new-laid avenues and streets, and, under the old trees, tried to imagine what we had lost when the old farm fell under the "hustler's" sway. We took

the old stage back at sunset, rested and grateful that we had seen the old house before improvements had mastered it. That was our experience.

The story of the journey was told.

"Well, we went to see your old farm-house, and of all the horrid journeys it is the worst. The cars were so crowded that a fly could not get in. The lovely road about which you talked was so dusty we nearly smothered; besides, the stage was so full we could not move. There wasn't any dogwood; the ride over the oyster-shell road nearly put my eyes out, it was so glaring; and the old house is horrid. There wasn't any shade, and I don't see how you can endure the place." That was the other's experience.

Picked Up

A ladle with a tube has been invented for taking soup from the pot below the grease-line.

The Farmers' Bulletin No. 19, just issued by the Department of Agriculture, gives the names and methods of application of the most useful of the insecticide agents. The proper use of insecticides, it has been proved, has saved more than fifty per cent. of the crops.

Some idea of the cleanliness of the Japanese can be gained from the fact that between eight and nine hundred bathing establishments are maintained in the city of Tokio; these baths are patronized by at least three hundred people every day. The bath privileges are so cheap that the poorest of the citizens can afford to patronize them.

Some amusing stories are told of acquaintances made remote from home of almost next-door neighbors. The story is told of two New Yorkers who met on shipboard, formed an acquaintance which proved mutually agreeable and which was renewed at many places of meeting in Europe. At last one of them mentioned the name of the street where he lived when at home. The other asked his number, and responded, "Then you're my next-door neighbor but one!" Two ladies met at one of the seashore hotels. They formed an acquaintance which ripened into an intimacy before the summer was over. One day one said to the other, "Is it not singular that we never spoke to each other before?" These women had occupied corresponding seats on opposite aisles in the same church for eight years, and had never bowed when they met. Their children were in the same Sunday-school class.

The Rindge Industrial School at Cambridge, Mass., has substituted the fire drill for military drill. One of the Fire Commissioners, commenting on the change, says:

Instead of theoretical soldiers, Superintendent Ellis is making practical firemen. The modern methods of fire-fighting are sufficiently scientific and exacting to produce as large results, whether physical or disciplinary, as any sought by military drill. He has his forces well organized, officered, and equipped. They operate, in somewhat reduced form perhaps, all the appliances and machinery that are used in large city departments. They throw ladders, connect and run lines of hose, work hand-engines, and respond to their local alarm system with a promptness, enthusiasm, and system worthy of emulation by more veteran organizations. Of course not all these youthful amateurs, or even a very large percentage of them, will become firemen. But the benefits of their drill will remain with them, whatever callings they pursue. Certainly they will have gained what so small a portion of the public has to-day—a clear apprehension of the gravity of fire risks in cities and towns, and intelligent ideas with respect to both prevention and cure.

A party of Laplanders recently passed through New York on their way to Alaska. The United States Government is compelled to maintain postal and courier services in Alaska, and can maintain them only by Eskimo dogs in winter-time. For a long time it has been the hope of our Government to establish some more rapid means of communication and transit between the Pacific coast and the frontiers of Canada. The Alaskan Department of the

Board of Education sent a Laplander to Lapland for the purpose of selecting some families to go to Alaska for three years and there introduce the reindeer. The Government owns a number of reindeer, but the Alaskans do not know how to take care of them. It is hoped that the attractions of Alaska will hold the Laplanders in that country. The Laplanders were in their native dress when they arrived in New York. The youngest of the Laplanders was a little baby three months old, who was in a basket like an oyster-basket, with a hood. The appearance of the Laplanders on the streets of New York created a good deal of excitement.

The Vacation Fund

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged, \$3,879 38	
A. W. R., New York.....	5 00
Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5 00
G. D. F., Bartow Landing, Vt.....	15 00
M. O. M., Calais, Me.....	2 50
East Orange.....	2 00
C. B. O.....	10 00
Two Sisters, Annapolis.....	20 00
H. A. W., Pequabuck, Conn.....	6 50
"A Working-Girl".....	1 00
Helpers' Circle, Morristown.....	1 00
A Friend, New Haven, Conn.....	20 00
F. S. C., Selkirk-on-Hudson, N. Y.....	15 00
J. M. S., Chicago, Ill.....	20 00
A Warm Friend, Burlington, Vt.....	2 00
W. L., Cincinnati, O.....	1 00

Total..... \$4,005 38

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

The Boy's Prisoner

An Ojibway Tale

By Elaine Goodale Eastman

"Father, my father, O take me, too!
My heart is strong, and I hate the Sioux!
Let me count my *coup*¹ as the others do.
I know that I can,
For I'm almost a man!"
Two black eyes heavy with unshed tears
The chieftain sees, and unwillingly hears
A child's beseeching assail his ears.
He leads a party across the snow
To the Thousand Lakes, where full well they know
Is the winter camp of their tribal foe;
A task gigantic as ever yet
The chief's ambition his braves has set.
And now—these children would fain be men!
Thus pleads with the warrior his boy of ten.
"My son" (there's honey on his tongue!),
"I doubt but you are still too young.
The way is hard, the way is long;
Think you those tender limbs are strong?
For should they fail to keep the pace,
No seasoned brave will grant you grace.
Art not of hungry wolves afraid?
The trembling novice must be made
To face the hardest test
Of manhood, with the rest;
And fastings long and perils dread
Are in the path that we must tread."

Undimmed the scornful courage high
That lights the little warrior's eye;
That pygmy form, it seems to swell
With the high thoughts that in it dwell—
He answers eagerly and well:
"The Ojibway should love danger more than food:
Am I a coward to disgrace your blood?
No—if your son indeed survive,
And from the fight return alive,
He'll stand among the braves and wear

¹ The *coup*, or blow, is counted by the Indian upon the body of an enemy.

An eagle's feather in his hair !
 But if beside the way he faint,
 These lips shall utter no complaint,
 And, dying bravely there without a groan,
 My father will not blush to own his son !"

Now the dark chief betrays an inward joy ;
 The stern lip smiles upon his daring boy ;
 Yet, ere the pride he feels has wrung consent,
 He'll try if fondness make the child relent :
 "'Tis bravely said, and, judging by that sign,
 Thy trophies may in time outnumber mine.
 Yet pause ! Thy mother, boy—will she not weep
 To lose the son she hoped awhile to keep ?"
 In childish tones these words unchildlike fall,
 A burst of mocking laughter crowning all :
 " Surely ! the women always cry ! But then,
 Who stays at home for that ? Are we not men ?"
 With such bold words his cause is won ;
 And, ere the morrow's wintry sun
 Has cast his pallid glow
 Above the fields of snow,
 An hundred warriors glide into the west—
 Unholy shadows, on a secret quest—
 And a child's footprints mingle with the rest !

The journey is ended, its hardships passed,
 The painful march and the lingering fast,
 And the " Mille Lacs " country is reached at last.
 A ragged and foot-sore and hungry crew,
 Like wolves the Ojibways close in on the view,
 And spy from the hill-tops the homes of the Sioux.
 With dark, gaunt faces and gleaming eyes,
 And stealthy movements and keen surmise,
 They plan for the morrow a bold surprise.
 In the grim hour before the dawn—
 That dark and cold and torpid hour
 When life her lowest ebb has found,
 And death asserts his awful power ;
 When sunk in sleep the village lies,
 With senseless ears and sealed eyes,
 The hearth-fire dwindled to a spark,
 Not even a wakeful cur to mark,
 With fretful whine, the crackling snow—
 Then rush the Ojibways on their foe !
 No sound to give the prompt alarm !
 No time to wake ! no chance to arm !
 So quick, so close, so deadly is the strife,
 The startled Sioux may scarce defend his life :
 He hears the yell, and straightway feels the knife !
 The cloven tent sinks to the snowy plain ;
 Mother and sleeping babe, without remorse, are slain ;
 Like shadowy fiends, the invading company
 Strike home, then flit from sheltering tree to tree ;
 And few there be resist, and few are spared to flee !
 The gray dawn comes, and stares aghast
 Upon the ravished camp. At last
 Vengeance is sated. Sack and burn—
 There's nothing living left to mourn !
 These shapeless forms that strew the blood-stained snow
 Are cold and passive now, and cannot know
 Where lies a heap of robes, of costly garments rent,
 And where the smoldering fragments of a tent.

Beyond the limits for the village set
 A solitary lodge is standing yet ;
 And while each brave would snatch some trophy won,
 Thither in haste the chieftain's little son
 Has bent his steps, and bursts on hands and knees
 Through the low door. What is it that he sees ?
 What dreadful thing in this weird, early light
 Makes him recoil in wonder and affright ?
 A full-grown warrior, seated in his place,
 Turns toward the lad a fixed, impassive face ;
 His arms are folded, but the mighty spear
 Stands upright at his side—his bow is near.
 A second's pause, then what a blow
 The brave boy deals his powerful foe !

Counts his first " coup," and holds his breath,
 Expecting only instant death ;
 But, finding no resistance, in amaze
 Essays a second stroke, and boldly says :
 " You are my prisoner !" In a trice the tent
 Is full of braves, who all, with one consent,
 Leaving unharmed their silent captive, lace
 His limbs with thongs, and bear him from the place.

And now the marauders are hastening back,
 For dread Retribution is hard on their track !
 Though the very last man of the village were slain,
 Yet kindred and friends of his kindred remain,
 Who will sleep not, nor rest, till the foe be pursued,
 And the print of his moccasin dyed with his blood !
 Their prisoner is silent—unmoved as a stone. •
 There's no better man in the party—not one !
 The frame of a giant, as stout as his spear !
 The face of a warrior who never knew fear !
 Yet he humbles his pride, and is dragged through the wild
 To grace the triumphant return of a child !

The village is near—what a welcoming then !
 The women and children, the boys and the men,
 Pour forth from their lodges, and deafen his ears
 With their singing and crying, their laughter and jeers ;
 While the boy, in the arms of his mother held tight,
 Makes boast of the captive *he* took in the fight !
 At last the prisoner speaks—all throng to hear ;
 The gaping village lends a curious ear,
 When, to the wonderment of old and young,
 He tells his tale in the Ojibway tongue :
 " Mine enemies—my kindred too
 Ye are ! My father was a Sioux ;
 My mother, an Ojibway maid,
 Was won by force, and ever said,
 If chance should favor the design,
 Her much-loved people must be mine.
 She sleeps—her words are ne'er forgot !
 My two half-brothers love me not ;
 Upon the eve of yonder fight
 We quarreled, and I dreamed that night
 My mother stood beside me there
 And said the gods had heard her prayer ;
 Her friends were near—one life alone
 They meant to spare—mine was that one !
 She bade me take in hand nor bow nor spear,
 But yield to whomsoever should first appear.
 I, coward though it seemed, I bowed to her request ;
 Passive throughout I sat, with knife and lance in rest ;
 Thus, by a child, a warrior has been ta'en,
 And in your hands, my brothers, I remain."

His speech is ended. Motionless he stands,
 Until the generous boy, with eager hands,
 Loosens his bonds, and, 'mid loud acclaim,
 Hails his tall prisoner by a kindlier name—
 " My uncle, you are free !" That name must always stand :
 By the chief's son adopted, he's member of their band !



An Honest Boy

The boyhood of Mr. Lincoln, as its many incidents tell us, was full of promise of a noble, upright man. The " Youth's Companion " tells the following story, one of many that prove how distinctly Mr. Lincoln was entitled to the name of " Honest Abe :"

" He was closing the store one evening when a woman called for a half-pound of tea. In the morning he saw from the weight in the scale that he had given her only a quarter of a pound. Leaving everything else, he weighed out the other quarter and carried it to her.

" Another customer paid him six and one-quarter cents more than was his due, and when the store was closed at night he hastened to correct the mistake, although she lived two miles away."

For the Little People

Selfish and Lend-a-Hand

By Mary F. Butts

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled,
The wild-flowers bloomed for the happy child,
Birds greeted her from many a tree;
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—
The weather was bad, the folks were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."

Trink's Chucky

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall

One day, long, long ago, there was a very happy little girl staying with her grandmother in the country. She had such a long name for a short, chubby girl that every one called her "Trink." As Trink's father and mother had gone across the great waters to Europe, she had been left with her grandmother on the farm away back in the country.

In pleasant weather Trink played out-of-doors all the day long. She had no playmates to help her pass the time away; but the birds in the lovely green-leaved trees, the velvet-coated bees buzzing among the flowers, the grasshoppers and toads, and the funny little squirrels with their bushy tails, were all her friends. I really believe that the bees would rather have stung one another than harm a hair of Trink's head.

Trink also possessed a kitten of which she was very fond. It was a Maltese cat, and Trink had given it the original name of "Blue Kitty," on account of its pretty color. But Blue Kitty often wanted to take a nap on those warm summer days. Trink never wanted to sleep in the daytime. The days were short enough without taking time for naps.

One good playfellow of Trink's was Uncle Jack. He was a man, to be sure, but when he had time to spare, no one could be a jollier or better companion. But Uncle Jack was busy at his work in the fields most of the time, for farmers are very busy folk.

One day Uncle Jack went off to hunt, and in the afternoon he came home with something soft and small tucked down in the bottom of his game-bag.

"Trinket," said he, "I'll give you three guesses at what I have in my bag."

"Oh! oh!" cried Trink, patting the outside of the bag, and finding that it held something very soft. "Do tell me what it is, Uncle Jack. Something for me? What color is it? I'm sure I can't guess."

"Well," said her uncle, "you may have it if you can guess what it is. It's about ten inches long, has black hair on its back, sort of a chestnut-red colored breast, thick, short legs, bushy tail, rather flat head, long whiskers, and looks as if it had no neck at all. Now guess."

Trink laughed. "I never heard of such a funny animal. 'Tisn't a cat, is it?"

"Ho!" laughed Uncle Jack. "That would be a funny cat, surely. Two more guesses now."

"A rabbit?" asked Trink.

"Wrong again—one more guess."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Trink, wrinkling her brow as she always did when thinking hard. "Do tell me."

So Uncle Jack untied his bag, and, opening it, took out something which looked like a muff.

"I suppose you'll have to have it, even though you didn't guess. Now look," said he; and Trink, bending over, found it had bright little eyes staring up at her. She was afraid to touch it until Uncle Jack laid it in her arms, saying that it wouldn't bite unless she hurt it.

"Oh, how lovely and soft!" exclaimed Trink. "Why, I never saw anything like it. What is it, Uncle Jack, and where did you find it?"

"It's a young woodchuck," explained her uncle. "I shot his mother in the clover-field this morning, and found this little baby trying to get back to his house again. Woodchucks, you know, Trink, dig deep holes in the hills for their houses, slanting them upward so that the water won't run in, and then stay in them all winter, sleeping. When the warm weather comes, they wake and leave their houses to look for food, going back to them to rest and hide. They are very fond of eating my red clover, and I have to shoot them or they would destroy it all. You can tame this little fellow easily, and keep him for a pet."

So Trink gave her new pet as much bread and milk as he would eat, and fixed a basket for him to sleep in. After a few days he became very tame, and Trink taught him many tricks. He would beg just like a dog, sit up on his hind legs, charge, and play hide-and-seek by the hour with his little mistress. She would give him vegetables of all kinds, and clover for a treat once in a while; and when autumn came, Chucky had grown to be quite a large animal. It was funny to see Trink running about with Chucky under one arm and Blue Kitty under the other, but I dare say they all enjoyed it. She was so small and they so large that the little girl was almost hidden.

When the weather commenced to grow chilly, Chucky was not lively at all, and had to be thoroughly warmed before his eyes would shine and he would be his old self again. Woodchucks always retire to their houses to sleep all winter at that time of the year, and he felt, I suppose, that he ought to keep up the habits of his forefathers. At night Trink would put him in the stove-oven after the fire had gone out, and it was just warm enough in there to make Chucky full of fun, and in the morning he would be as bright as a button.

Alas for poor Chucky! One night, before going to bed herself, Trink placed Chucky in the oven and shut the door. Unfortunately for the little animal, cook made a hot fire in the stove early the next morning before Trink was dressed, and never thought of poor Chucky. When he was taken out he was baked too much, and he never came to life again.

Trink shed buckets full of tears over his untimely death, but she was comforted after a while by the hope that Uncle Jack would some day find another in his clover-field.

To this day (and Trink is grown up now) Uncle Jack has never brought her another woodchuck; and I ought to know, for I used to be Trink.

The Hill of Gold

The ragged rail Fence just loafed along
In a leisurely, zigzag line,
Down the side of the Hill, and wandered out
To the murmuring slopes of pine.

And I had only to climb the Fence,
Or go through a crumbling gap,
To let gold spill down out of my arms,
And overflow from my lap.

And the Fence never cared a single bit,
For all it was there to guard,
And I might have doubled my golden spoils,
Untroubled of watch or ward.

A careless old Fence, and yet the Hill
Broke splendidly on the eyes—
Gold clear out to the west, my dear,
And gold clear up to the skies!

And you needn't say, "Oh, it's a fairy tale!"
With that odd little scornful nod,
For it happens to be our own East Hill
Grown over with goldenrod.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Grateful Dog

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells the following story of a collie dog in her book, "Our Home Pets." Mrs. Miller thinks that collies

make the most attractive house-dogs, because of their intelligence. The dog in this story was not only intelligent, but grateful:

"The dog was a great pet in the family of a Colonial soldier, and was particularly noted for his antipathy to Indians, whom he delighted to track. On one campaign against the French the dog insisted on accompanying his master, although his feet were in a terrible condition from having been frozen the preceding winter. During the fight which ended in the famous Braddock defeat, the collie was beside his beloved master; but when it was over they had become separated, and the soldier, concluding his pet had been killed, went home without him. Some weeks later, however, the dog appeared in his old home, separated from the battle-field by many miles and thick forests. He was tired and worn, but over his sore feet were fastened neat moccasins, showing that he had been among Indians who had been kind to him. Moreover, he soon showed that he had changed his mind about his former foe, for neither bribes nor threats could ever again induce him to track an Indian. His generous nature could not forget a kindness, even to please those he loved enough to seek under so great difficulties."

What the Winds Say

What does the South wind say

On a holiday?

It says: "Come out with me;
I'll chase you 'round the tree,
And toss your pretty curl;
Come out, my little girl!"

List what the West wind says

On the holiday.

It says: "My little man,
Just catch me if you can;
I'll hide behind the tree,
As still as still can be!"

Can't you hear the North wind say

On a holiday—

"See the tall oak, as I come,
Toss its arms in jolly fun;
And the brown leaves whisk in glee,
Scat'ring off right merrily?"

Often doth an East wind say

On a holiday,

"Stay indoors, my child, and play,
For I send the rain to-day;
Storm or sunshine, all is well.
Everything God's love doth tell."

—*Child Garden.*

Some Feathered Friends

A pretty story is told of some birds in Boston. Some small birds had been attacked by some larger birds in the Common. One of the birds was so injured that he was too weak to move, and lay sprawled out on the column of a building on the edge of the Common. Some of his companions held what was evidently a consultation, and decided that the first thing to do was to feed the injured bird. Three of them started off, and returned in a short time with a supply of crumbs which they carefully fed him. This gave the little bird strength, and he got up on his feet, but could not stand. Another consultation was held, and they decided that the bird must be moved. They caught him in their beaks and attempted to fly. They got the sufferer up a little way, but could not carry him; he fell and did not move. The little feathered friends watched him a few minutes, and then flew sorrowfully away.

Mowing Under Water

Grass has grown so thick on the bottom of one of the canals that men are mowing it. The mowing-machine is attached to a scow that is towed through the canal, and is manned by two men. Tons of grass float to the top of the water.