

be given another cot, and the greatest invalid can be put in the Lionel corner."

And the thought seemed so kind and wise that it was so arranged. So the Children's Aid has always at its disposal a bed at St. Monica's Home, but it is the boy whose hours are made longest and dreariest by fatigue and pain, who lies in the bright little bed of blue and brass, looks at the books and trifles on the cabinet, amuses himself with the musical box, and is watched over by the young brown eyes which seem to say, "Good-night—sleep well—wake up refreshed. God bless you, dear."

The Princess Mary Victoria of Teck (now Duchess of York) consented to become the patroness of the Aid. She was then known to the people as the Princess May, and was, I believe, the only young and unmarried princess who had so far occupied this position in connection with a charity.

It seems a specially charming and fitting thing that these little creatures, who are so sadly placed, should have for their friend a young girl—a young princess who is much beloved. This seems to give the situation a touch of the fairy story. One can easily imag-

ine how pretty a story it would seem to a worn, squalid little being, in a bare and squalid room, that a young princess was his or her friend—one whose very name has somehow a suggestion of the golden-haired princess in the fairy story—the one whom all the princes loved and tried to solve impossible riddles for.

"She is called the Princess May and everybody loves her. She is always doing kind things, and she is the Friend of all your little ones who are cold or hungry or in pain."

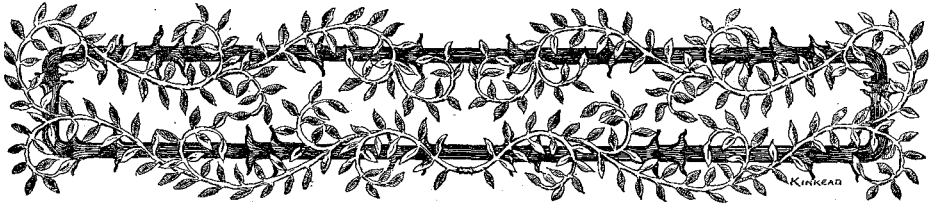
What a picture this might call up in a little starved soul. One might imagine his lying awake in the dark in his wretched room, and making the gloom bright with his fancied image of her—adorning her fairness with strange, rich royal robes, and surrounding her with story-book splendors—if he has heard stories, or has been given the imagination which itself may make them in the darkest hovel in the world. To such a child mind we may be sure that one of the many charms of this Beautiful Thing would be the final touch given to it by this "Princess May," who wandered forth from her fairyland regions to hold out to them in pitying tenderness her fair young hand.

LIFE.

By Edith Wharton.

LIFE, like a marble block, is given to all,
A blank, inchoate mass of years and days,
Whence one with ardent chisel swift essays
Some shape of strength or symmetry to call;
One shatters it in bits to mend a wall;
One in a craftier hand the chisel lays,
And one, to wake the mirth in Lesbia's gaze,
Carves it apace in toys fantastical.

But least is he who, with enchanted eyes
Filled with high visions of fair shapes to be,
Muses which god he shall immortalize
In the proud Parian's perpetuity,
Till twilight warns him from the punctual skies
That the night cometh wherein none shall see.



JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER.

By George W. Cable.

XXXV.

ANOTHER ODD NUMBER.

FANNIE expressed to Barbara one day her annoyance at that kind of men—without implying that she meant any certain one—who will never take no for an answer.

"A lover, Barb, if he's not of the humble sort, is the most self-conceited thing alive. He can no more take in the idea that your objection to him is *he* than a board can draw a nail into itself. You've got to hammer it in."

"With a brickbat," quoth Barbara, whose notions of carpentry were feminine, and who did not care to discuss the matter. But John March, it seemed, would not take no from fate itself.

"I don't believe yet," he mused as he rode about his small farm, "that Jeff-Jack will get her. She's playing with him. Why not? She's played with a dozen. And yet, naturally, somebody'll get her, and he'll not be worthy of her. There's hope yet! She loves me far more than she realizes right now. That's a woman's way; they'll go along loving for years and find it out by accident—You, Hector! What the devil are you and Israel over in that melon-patch for instead of the cornfield?"

"I've been too young for her. No, not too young for her, but too young to show what I can do and be. She waited to see, for years. The intention may not have been conscious, but I believe it was there! And then she got tired of waiting. Why, it began to look as though I would never do anything or

be anybody! Great Cæsar! You can't expect a girl to marry an egg in hopes o' what it'll hatch. O let me make haste and show what I am! what I can—'Evermind, Israel, I see you. Just wait till we get this crop gathered; if I don't kick you two idle, blundering, wasting, pilfering black renters off this farm—as shore's a gun's iron!

"No, she and Jeff-Jack'll never marry. Even if they do he'll not live long. These political editors, if somebody doesn't kill 'em, they break down, all at once. Our difference in age will count for less and less every year. She's the kind that stays young; four years from now I'll look the older of the two—I'll work myself old!"

A vision came to the dreamer's fancy: Widewood's forests filled with thrifty settlers, mines opened, factories humming by the brook-sides, the locomotive's whistle piercing the stony ears of the Sleeping Giant; Suez full of iron-ore, coal, and quarried stone, and Fannie a widow, or possibly still unwed, charmed by his successes, touched by his constancy, and realizing at last the true nature of what she had all along felt as only a friendship.

"That's it! if I give men good reason to court me, I'll get the woman I court!"—But he did not, for many weeks, give men any irresistible good reason to court him.

"Ah me! here's November gone. Talk of minutes slipping through the fingers—the months are as bad as the minutes! Lord! what a difference there is between planning a thing and doing it—or even beginning to do it!"

Yet he did begin. There is a season comes, sooner or later, to all of us, when