

but amongst her own children—France was even then close on the terrible disgrace and disaster of the day at Sedan—but here there was not so much as a breath of wind, not a ripple on the surface of the Channel, which lay like a sea of glass mirroring the pure stars in its depth. Mary sat at the side of the vessel near the helm, apart from the strangely miscellaneous crowd which thronged the deck; even those under whose care she was travelling were strangers to her, and she preferred to be alone with her own thoughts; they had wandered back, although she had so much to occupy her in the present, to the night of her own birth, when her unknown father had found a grave in just such calm and waveless waters. Ever since she had known, through Laura Wyndham's heartless revelation, the share that Mr. Lisle had unfortunately taken in her father's death, she had felt a yearning compassion for the parents she had never known; but of Mr. Lisle, her kind and constant friend, she thought only with a tender regret for all the remorse and suffering he had endured by a wholly unintentional act; she knew him far too well to suppose for an instant that he had been to blame, and she well remembered how the reproaches of his over sensitive conscience had poisoned all his subsequent life. She went on to think how glad she was that he too was now at rest, so that he was saved all the misery he would have endured in the knowledge of his dear son's danger, and became quite absorbed in her recollections.

Ever since Mary had sat down and lost herself in these reflections, a man, enveloped in a large cloak with a broad brimmed felt hat over his forehead, had been standing close to her, leaning with his arms folded on the rail of the vessel, and looking steadily back to the English coast. But she had not noticed him among the numbers round her, and she was suddenly startled by his addressing her.

"Does not this seem almost like the rest of Paradise after the battle of life is over, Miss Trevelyan?" he said in a low, deep-toned voice. She looked up at him in great astonishment. How did he know her? who was he? He saw at once that she was at a loss, and taking off his hat, he said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Trevelyan, I thought you had recognized me." She did recognize him, for the face, so strangely worn and altered, was that of John Pemberton. He looked at least ten years older than he had done when he left Chiverley, and there was a settled sadness on his heavy features, but the dark honest eyes seemed brighter than they used to be, and met her own with a more open fearless gaze.

"Mr. Pemberton," she said, cordially giving him her hand; "I am so very glad to see you again; but how do you come to be here, are you going to Paris?"

"Yes, I have joined the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded, like yourself, though I cannot hope to be so useful as you will; be; still if I can do nothing better I can fetch and carry for others."

"You will find enough to do," said Mary; "I think men are almost more likely to be useful than women; but excuse me, I am ignorant in such matters, you have not had time to become a clergyman, have you?"

"No, oh no," he said with a shudder; "after such a career as mine for the last two years, I must put myself to some severe test before I dare to seek so high an honour; it is for that reason I am going among the victims of the war. I think I may find the means there to suffer for others."

"Alas! I fear there is no doubt that you

will suffer, as all must do in the midst of such unparalleled miseries," said Mary.

"Suffering, torture, death, oh, how gladly would I welcome them all if only through the last extreme of pain I might struggle up to the feet of my forgiving Saviour!"

And as he spoke, John Pemberton stretched out his arms for a moment towards the midnight sky, then letting them fall once more on the railing, buried his face upon them, and Mary remained by his side in silence.

(To be continued.)

#### SOME QUEER ANIMALS.

Before Columbus sailed so bravely off out of sight of land, to discover the half of the world he felt sure was on the other side, people had very queer ideas about the countries that were beyond Europe. Animals so strange were thought to inhabit them, that almost any story a traveller chose to tell would be believed.

Such creatures as Basilisks, Griffins, Mermaids, Sirens, Harpies, Centaurs, Unicorns, Phoenixes and Dragons, were never seen by any one; but they were written about in poems and stories, and some of them were used in this way to express various symbolic meanings, so that, in writing at least, it seemed difficult to get on without them. One of the most absurd of these animals was the Basilisk, a most unpleasant creature in every way, and not one that could possibly be made a pet of. People were silly enough to believe that it came from an egg laid by a very old cock and hatched by a toad, and that it had a cock's head and wings, a lizard's body and tail, eight feet, and wore a kingly crown as monarch of all the serpents and dragons, who ran away whenever it came near them. Its breath was poison, and the fearful glare of its eyes killed both animals and men whenever they encountered it.

The Basilisk, sometimes called the Cockatrice, lived in the deserts of Africa; it could only live in a desert, for its dreadful breath burned up everything that grew, and no animal would venture near it except the weasel, who would bravely fight with it. The weasel got the better of the Basilisk by eating an herb called rue, which poisoned the monster when it bit him—but the poor little weasel always died too.

When the Basilisk was dead and burned to ashes, the people took a little comfort in it, for the ashes were said to turn all kinds of metal into gold; and it would seem almost worth while to have a live Basilisk about for the chance of getting a dead one.—*St. Nicholas.*

#### AN ITEM FOR THE BOYS.

The amusement of flying kites does not prevail quite as extensively at the present time as in former years. The amusement is a very ancient one. In Central Asia it is as popular as in America or Europe, but is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by an emission of soft, melodious murmurings, at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, bird-like motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of an æolian harp, and thus the flight and song of winged warblers are both imitated in the ingenious plaything.

A traveller gives the following description of these musical kites:—"Each kite is a square formed upon two diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected by a tight string, forming the sides of the square. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and a tail is fastened to

its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal or cross stick is then bent back like a strong bow and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite, and as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest."

#### THE LITTLE HAND.

A little boy, a Sunday scholar, had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death.

As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best; but as her child repeated the request, she took the cold hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in that of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears—the tears of affection and love—and said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me!"

What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or a sister take your hand, when it is cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me?"

#### TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN YOUR HEAD.

Little boys and girls have a kind of telegraph office in the head, and another also in the heart. The brain and blood are like electric batteries that furnish the electricity to carry messages over the wires. The eyes, ears, nose, mouth and hands are windows through which the wires enter the office. The light, atmosphere and nerves are the wires to bear the messages. For instance, when you see your mother approaching you, the light from her face enters through your eyes into the head, and down into the heart, with the telegram that she is coming; and then it is, as if there were a little man in there as operator to take down the message, and it is written on the memory. And so when she speaks, the words run along on the atmosphere through the ears, and the message she sends is written down on the mind. Thus, through the five senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and the feeling, messages reach your head and heart constantly.—*Uncle John, in Children's Friend.*

#### TAXING WHISKEY.

The following is the proposal of the Governor of Virginia in his last annual message: I hereby invite your attention to the outline of a bill for raising revenue by taxing spiritous liquors, which accompanied my last annual message. It will be found that a tax of thirty cents on the gallon (a tax of less than half a cent on every glass of spirits consumed within the State) will yield a revenue of three quarters of a million of dollars, will cover any possible deficiency in the treasury, will solve the financial problem, and restore the public credit by insuring the punctual payment of interest on the debt.

In proportion as you have the love of Christ shed abroad in your heart, in that proportion shall ye have the heart of a weaned child.