

The Inglenook.

The Essay Bob Did Not Write.

BY GRACE S. RICHMOND.

Continued from last week.

Mostly stolen, with more or less clumsy disguises; not more than one really original in language—and small wonder. How can they learn to write English with their thoughts in a muddle?"

He unfolded the twenty-seventh paper with a long breath as if he nerved himself to a disagreeable duty. But, as his eye fell upon the title, his brow cleared and a relieved smile curved the corners of his fine mouth. At the head of the first page, in a round boyish hand, stood the frank confession:—

"What I Do Not Know about Mozart as Composer."

Washburn settled back in his chair, crossed his feet comfortably, tucked his blue pencil behind his ear, and began to read as if he had at last found congenial labor. The paper was a short one, and ran thus:—

"What I do not know about Mozart is in the encyclopædias. I have read what they say, but I do not seem to get any nearer understanding my subject. I think perhaps it is because it is not one which interests me.

"I suppose I could crib a paper on Mozart. To tell the truth, that is what I did at first. I became ashamed of having done it; so I tore it up. That was not because I am more honest than any one else, but because I am not clever enough to put what the encyclopædias say into my own words.

"I do not like to hear my sister play Mozart's compositions on the piano. She says that is because I have an uneducated taste. I suppose it is, but I did not find that studying about him in the encyclopædias made me like his music any better.

"I do not mean to be impertinent in handing in this substitute for the essay I was told to write. If I could write about electricity or Klondike, or the latest locomotives I should like to study up those subjects and do my best. As it is, I can only say that I am sorry that I could not do what I was asked to do."

The paper was signed "Robert Dean Kendrick." When he read it twice over, Mark Washburn laid it aside by itself. He was smiling and his eyes were bright. He plunged into the other essays with renewed vigor.

On Tuesday, when Bob's class in English came into Professor Washburn's recitation-room, Bob's feet dragged. His heart was thumping uncomfortably. He had seen just enough of his new instructor to admire him very much, to feel that he was going to like him heartily, and to fear his possible displeasure more than he had ever feared anything in his life. He remembered his unconventional essay with a thrill of uneasiness.

Professor Washburn began abruptly. "I have here," he said, "three papers out of those I received from the class, which I am going to read aloud. I shall do this from time to time during the term, because I think it is a practical way to illustrate certain points which I wish you to note. I hope that those whose work I use in this

way will feel no sense of injury; for I shall mention no names, and it will be the turn of others next time."

He then read aloud a remarkably well written paper, the author of which turned all colors of the rainbow during the process. He was that rare individual, the modest "star" of the class. The professor looked up, smiling.

"This is the best paper I have," he said; "and it is one which is, I think, as nearly original as a paper can be for which the material has to be gathered entirely from other articles. The writer has dealt with a somewhat difficult subject in a way which does him credit."

The second paper was one which made Bob start in his seat as he recognized certain sentences from the "Britannica" which he had himself copied for his first paper. "How should I be feeling now if I'd handed that in?" He congratulated himself as he saw the embarrassment of the boy at the end of the row.

"Across this paper," said Professor Washburn, without looking up, "I have written one word; possibly you may guess it. There are several other papers which have received the same treatment."

Bob guessed it. So did every other member of the class. It was the significant word, "Cribbed." There was a silence in the room which could be felt.

Then with a throb Bob's heart turned over, for the professor's clear voice was reading aloud the title of the third paper. "What I Do Not Know about Mozart as a Composer."

The class were laughing in a relieved way and they continued to laugh as Bob's frank sentences were read to them. Bob sat with a scarlet face, so that the fellows knew in an instant whose paper it was. He expected something scathing from his new instructor's lips. So did they, and they listened expectantly.

"This paper," said Professor Washburn, "is not impertinent as its author seems to fear. It is simply honest. It is well written. It is a good example of simple, straightforward English. I respect it. The student who wrote it is capable of writing something worth reading on a subject interesting to him. Gentlemen, when you have really tried to do your best and failed, do your next best. Be honest with me, and we shall get on well together."

And the class to a man, applauded. When the class was dismissed, Bob found himself detained by a gentle tap on his shoulder.

"Robert," said Mark Washburn, "should you like to go on a long tramp over to Elt Thompson with me after school to-night?"

"You're right, I should," responded Bob promptly. —The Christian Endeavor World.

The First Thermometer.

The first sealed thermometer was made some time prior to 1654 by Ferdinand II, Grand Duke Tuscany; he filled the bulb and part of the tube with alcohol, and then sealed the tube by melting the glass tip. There seems to be considerable doubt as to

who first employed mercury as the thermometric liquid; the Academia del Cimento used such an instrument in 1657, and they were known in Paris in 1659. Fahrenheit, however, appears to have been the first to construct, in 1714, mercury thermometers having trustworthy scales. The use of the boiling point of water was suggested by Carlo Renaldini in 1694.—The Engineer.

Sunny Rooms.

At this stormy season, when so often snow and cold make going out an impossibility for old or infirm people, a sunny room is a requisite for healthful cheer. When the bright sun comes in flooding floor and walls with its golden radiance, the most melancholy person feels a throb of pleasure. There is something exhilarating in a clear, sweet atmosphere, full of sunshine. One thinks of the sunshine as a gift direct from that loving hand which sends so many good things straight from the heart of God.

"I wish," said an invalid the other day, "I could go to a sanitarium. There is so much excitement in our house and so little repose, and I grow so nervous and feel so sad. If I were away from it all I could get well faster."

No doubt there was some truth in this, but one cannot always leave home easily, and the thing to do is to look for cheer where you are. One who has a sunny room may make her own sanitarium, and there is such a thing as having a little sanctuary for one's retreat, even in an unrestful environment and in bewildering confusion.

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far by faith we meet
Around one common Mercy Seat."

A Cradle-Song in the Fifteenth Century.

From a book of translations from the German.

Sweet Jesus Christ, my Lord most dear,
As thou wast once an infant here,
So give this little child, I pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day:
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

Since in thy holy heaven, O Lord,
All things obey thy slightest word,
Do thou thy mighty succor give,
And shield my child by morn and eve,
Sweet Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard thou this babe of mine.

Thy watch let angels round it keep
Where'er it be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy cross now let it bear:
That it thy crown with saints may wear:
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard thou this babe of mine!

Now sleep, oh, sleep, my little child!
Jesus will be thy playmate mild;
Sweet dreams he sendeth thee, I trow,
That full of goodness thou mayest grow:
O Jesus, Lord divine,
Guard me this babe of mine!

A Child's Answer.

"Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?" asked a child of its mother. The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think that it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it, and then you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—Selected.