

Children's Department.

"She Noddit to Me."

The following poem, which recently appeared in *The Bon Accord*, a weekly comic journal, published in Aberdeen, attracted the notice of the Queen, and her Majesty wrote expressing a desire to be furnished with the name of the author:—

I'm but an auld body,
Livin' up in Deeside,
In a two-roomed bit hoosie,
Wi' a too-fa' bedside.
Wi' my coo and my grumpy,
I'm as happy as can bee;
But I'm far prooder noo,
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't;
I'm gey trig and hail,
Can plant twa-three tawties,
An' look after my kail;
And when oor Queen passes
I'm aye oot to see,
Gin my luck she nicht notice
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,
And the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her veesit cam' roon,
I waved my bit apron,
As brisk's I could dae;
An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly
And noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae use to freit—
And yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet;
She may feel for my sorrow
She's a mither, ye see—
An' maybe she kent o't
When she noddit to me!

The Origin of the Moss Rose.

There is a very pretty German tradition not generally known which accounts in the following manner for the existence of the moss rose. The legend is to the effect that once upon a time an angel, having a mission of love to suffering humanity, came down

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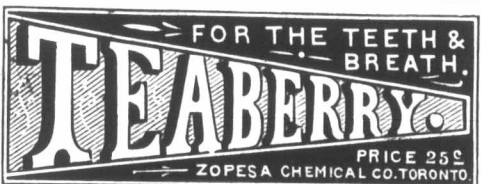
Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

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on earth. He was much grieved at all the sin and misery he saw, and at all the evil things he heard. Being tired, he sought a place wherein to rest, but, as it fared with his master, so it fared with him: there was no room for him, and no one would give him shelter. At last he lay down under the shade of a rose and slept till the rising sun awoke him. Before winging his flight heaven-ward he addressed the rose, and said that as it had given him that shelter which man denied, it should receive an enduring token of his power and love. And so, leaf by leaf, and twig by twig, the soft green moss grew around the stem, and there it is to this day, a cradle in which the newborn rose may lie, a proof, as the angel said, of God's power and love.

Christabel's Enemy.

"Christabel." That was the name grandfather wrote in his prim hand under "Susan," "Nancy," "Martha," and Jane.

"There," he said, as he finished his pains-taking task and closed the big Bible reverently, "there's another lamb enrolled, if she does suffer under the cross of a most worldly name."

"There!" said Susan triumphantly to Martha, Nancy and Jane, "now we've got a name in the family to be proud of—Christabel—blessed bit of a baby that she is!" And to the last part of the statement everybody agreed.

And truly she was a winsome little lassie as she lay blinking up into the faces above her, all unconscious of the proud distinction of her name. Was it the name itself, or the fact as she grew older, that her eyes were big and blue, while her sisters with the prosaic names had pale hazel-colored eyes, and wore their hair in unpretending braids, while Christabel's curly locks ran riot over her shoulders—was it because of these, or one of these things, that Christabel wanted yet one more thing at all times and in all places—her own way?

Now you know that in this life of ours where the ways are so many, no

one can follow or have his "own way" without crossing the rights of some one else; but Christabel was not a wise little girl, and went on persisting in having her own way, and crying or flying into a passion if she could not have it, until she was nine years old. By this time grandfather had come into a chronic state of skaking his head over his little granddaughter with the worldly name, and plain Susan and Martha, Nancy and Jane, were sometimes of a divided mind as to whether a pretty name and a lovely face could make up for a temper which ruled the family or made everyone uncomfortable at times, while Christabel's mother looked graver after each little tempest, which usually ended in Christabel's tearful promise to do better, and a kiss all round the family.

"She is so dear and sweet, mother, that if it wasn't for her little temper she would be almost perfect!" said Susan half apologetically on Christabel's ninth birthday, as she and her mother paused in the hall at the sound of the angry tones that came up from the garden.

The mother did not answer, but went slowly out and down the garden path toward her little daughter, standing flushed and breathless with anger, while her cousin Dick called teasingly: "Now you're caught, Miss Criss-cross!"

Christabel's hand closed tight around her mother's, and her eyes flashed as she walked away to the other end of the garden, where her mother paused by a rustic bench. The silence grew oppressive, and Christabel hung her curly head and poked the ground with the shining tip of her boot as she tried to look unconcerned, and failed entirely.

"Christabel, do you remember the story Jane was reading last night about the army that lay encamped so many months before the city?"

Christabel nearly tumbled from her seat in her astonishment at this question in her mother's most cheerful tone, but she bobbed her head eagerly.

"Oh, yes, indeed! And about the poor general who had nobody to trust him at last?"

"Can you remember how it ended?"

"Oh, yes!"—with another and more decided bob of the head. "After they had been there for, oh, ever so long, and all the army was anxious to get home again, 'cause they said it was no use trying, they couldn't take the city at all, not if they tried forever, the poor general was nearly stracted. He just wouldn't give up, and he was so very brave that after awhile the army was ashamed and said they'd stick to him, and the very next day the city had to give up, 'cause they had nothing to eat! Oh, mamma, don't you s'pose the general was the happiest man that ever lived when all the kings and everybody said there was nobody braver nor stronger than he was?"

"Christabel, do you remember how sad papa was when he got that letter last week, telling of the death of his old friend?"

Christabel's expression of astonishment passed to one of horror as she shuddered: "Oh, mamma! and to think that his own son killed him! How could he?"

The mother's fingers tightened as she clasped her daughter's hands in hers and said: "He was always a passionate child, and was uncontrollably angry when he did the deed which caused his own father's death."

"I speak not out of weak surmises,
but from proof."

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