

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

HERE are questions in physics and grammar
That would puzzle you somewhat, I know;
Can you tell what is meant by inertia?
Can you clearly define rain and snow?

Do you know there's a valve in the bellows?
Can you tell why your clock is too slow?
Why the pendulum needs looking after?
Perhaps it is swinging too low.

"They was going up town in the evening;"
Do you call that bad grammar, I say?
I'm sure Mary Jones and her mother
Say worse things than that every day.

But I s'pose "was" should be in the plural,
To agree with its old subject "they,"
According to rule,—my! I've lost it.
There's two per cent. gone right away.

And now, only look at the parsing,
And it will surely take in every rule,
And, down at the end, more false syntax,
With authorities given "in full."

Arithmetic? my! how I hate it;
I'm stupid at that in the class;
So how, in the name of creation,
Can I be expected to pass?

Here's a ten-acre lot to be fenced in,
Here is a duty to find on some tea,
Here's a problem in old alligation,
And a monstrous square-root one I see.

Can you tell who defeated the Indians?
Do you know who was killed in a duel?
Do you know what the first tax was raised on?
And how some just thought it was cruel?

Perhaps I may pass on an average;
If three-fourths are right I'll get through;
But my teacher calls such things shabby,
So what is a poor boy to do?

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

A TRUE STORY.

IT is no romance, but a little story of humble life, the incidents of which I know, and though dating back over twenty years they are yet fresh because never told.

It was in the town of D— where dwelt a family named C—. Mrs. C— was a godly woman, whose faith and prayer carried every thing, both small and great, to the throne of the King, and waited for, and received, conscious answers of comfort and direction. Now a special matter arose for the exercise of her faith and prayer—her husband's father died, leaving some property, and leaving also an incomplete will, which would have distributed the property very unequally; this occasioned some controversy, and gave this good woman pangs of pain, for next to "peace with God" she cherished "peace and good-will among men." For many days she carried this matter to that audience chamber where God was wont to talk with her, as friend with friend. yet the Lord answered her not. One afternoon she passed from her closet out into the garden amid fruit trees and flowers, to meditate, and further plead with God, when suddenly there lighted upon her shoulder a young and beautiful dove, white and pure as the driven snow. She put up her hand and took the symbol of peace, and folding the gentle creature to her bosom said, Father of love, I take this as thine own answer of peace, and will trust thee for all I have asked. Her quenchless faith was rewarded, for a few weeks after, when her husband and his family met to settle the property matter, they first bowed in prayer, and then sat down together and arranged their business without a word of controversy. Whence came the beautiful dove they never knew, though diligent enquiry was made through the whole neighbourhood.

Peter, for this was the name given him, was allowed the freedom of the premises. He never mated with other doves, and seemed not to care for their company, though they sometimes tried to coax him away, but preferred the companionship of the family in his adopted home. He was the loved and loving companion of the children in their play hours, and joined in all their sports with real relish. A pet rabbit which had the freedom of the woodhouse was his companion at night, and the two would nestle together in some chosen spot with real affection. Peter knew the dinner bell, and always insisted on dining with the family, for being allowed this privilege at first, he always after regarded it as his right, even in the presence of company, and this privilege was not denied, for he never soiled the house, and never set foot on the table, but would often sit on some one's arm and take crumbs laid on the edge of the table for him. The children who read this story, or who have it read to them by their mothers, cannot think what a sweet dove this was; for I do think in all the world there was not another dove so pert and pretty, so cunning and kind, as Peter.

But a day of trouble came. One morning the children came down stairs and called "Peter! Peter!" but he came not; then they went to look him up, and found him in the wood house dead, a cruel cat had found his night rest and killed him in cold blood. There was a day of general sorrow, for every one in that house mourned the loss of their pet. That afternoon Peter received a decent burial. A little box was obtained for a coffin, and four little children followed the bier, and with tears in their eyes, performed the last sad rites over the grave on a little mound not far from the home where Peter and the children had lived happily together.—T. W. C.

MAKING AN ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

OF course, you know that such pictures as you see in books or in *St. Nicholas* have to be engraved upon some surface from which an impression can be taken, before they are printed in the book or the magazine. And you probably know that the kind of engravings generally used in such books are wood- engravings.

In wood-engraving the lines that are to ink the paper are left standing, while the parts between are cut away from the surface of the block, so that when an ink-roller is passed over an engraving of this kind it leaves all the lines tipped with a coating of ink, to be picked up by the sheet of paper which comes in contact with it. So, you will see, the wood engraver must sink two lines in the block to make one line which will print.

Of course, considering the hardness of the wood and the delicacy required for the lines, this is very slow and tedious work. You may easily form some idea of how tedious it is by placing a penny over any portion of an engraved picture—such as that of Monkstown Castle in the December number of *St. Nicholas*—making a light mark around the penny with a black lead pencil, and then by the aid of a magnifying glass counting the lines within the circle. You will see

that you penny has covered more than one hundred lines; and then you must remember that at every place where the shading in the drawing which the engraver is engraving grows lighter or darker he has to change the width of the line; for just in proportion to the thickness of the black line left between the two white ones, will be the "tint" or "color" of the corresponding portion of the printed picture.

These changes are called by engravers "stops." And where there are many of these one square inch of engraving is a fair day's work.

I have spoken of a drawing, for the engraver has a drawing to work from. Sometimes it is made upon the wood-block, but it is more frequently made by the artist much larger than the block on which it is to be engraved, and a reduced copy of it produced upon the block by photography. By this plan the artist can work much more freely, and the engraver is enabled to have the large drawing in front of him, besides the reduced copy of the same which he is cutting into lines upon the block.—*St. Nicholas*.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE SERVICES HELD IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—ONLY THE ROYAL FAMILY PRESENT.

THE Duchess of Albany visited the Memorial Chapel, where the body of her husband was resting, and remained a short time alone with the dead.

The funeral services took place at 11:30 o'clock on Saturday in St. George's Chapel. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice went from the castle through the deanery to the chapel. The Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and the other royal personages assembled in the Memorial Chapel and marched in procession to St. George's Chapel. The Prince of Wales followed the coffin as chief mourner.

The Dean began the services as the coffin entered the door. The choir sang "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and Spohr's anthem, "Blessed are the Departed." The coffin was then lowered into the vault. As the Queen retired the choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Chopin's "Funeral March" was played as the other royal personages withdrew. The Queen sat during the service weeping bitterly. All the young Princes were sobbing. The Prince of Wales was very pale. After the service the Seaforth Highlanders (the Duke's regiment) played "He will return to Lochaber no more."

A REAL BOY.

A REAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, if he cannot lead the prayer meeting, or be a church-officer or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb,

and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can eschew it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against larger boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party to mischief and deceit.

Above all things, he is never afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do anything because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother" will not like it if I do so and so. It is only your sham milk-and water boys that are afraid to do right. Everybody respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.

THE GRAY HEAD BY THE HEARTH.

A PRIVATE letter from a lady who is spending the year among the peasants of Tyrol, says, "The morning after our arrival, we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast,—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighbourhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in this house?" I asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said, "We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday."

"The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."—*Youth's Companion*.

EVERY sower must one day reap
From the seed he has sown.
How carefully, then, it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own.