

she has the smile of Him to whom she has consecrated, not only her wealth and her time, but herself.—*Chas. E. Reed, in New York Observer.*

SCOTT, LAMB, AND BYRON.

Scott's letters are like all else that came from that brave, manly, whole-hearted genius; they are sincere, unaffected, friendly, cheerful, and humane. "You know I don't care a curse about what I write!" This was the temper to make a good letter writer. Charles Lamb, of course, has a high rank among the letter-writers of mark and genius, with his inexhaustible vein of whim and drollery, with his many strokes of pathos and tender humor, with the flashes of serious and admirable criticism in the midst of all his quips and jestings. Byron's are undoubtedly the best letters after Cowper, and some may possibly choose to put Byron first; their happy carelessness, their wit, their flash, their boldness, their something dæmonic, all give them a place among the pleasantest and liveliest reading for idle hours to be found in any library, whether English or Foreign.—*John Morley in Nineteenth Century.*

BABY'S EYES.

A few years ago, says *Harper's Bazar*, it was predicted that the children of the present day would be troubled with defective vision as a result of using the gayly colored canopy for the baby-carriage, a fashion which prevailed so generally at that time. But now a well-known physician protests against the white parasol so much in vogue, and claims that it is even more harmful than the colored one.

"It is surprising," said he, not long since, to the writer, "that an intelligent mother should canopy her baby's carriage like that," pointing to one passing at the moment, in which lay a baby dainty and sweet under a white lace-trimmed parasol.

We looked at the pretty picture and then at the doctor inquiringly.

"Yes," he continued, "it is strange, indeed, that in this day of such general information among women, mothers should not know the proper care to bestow on the precious eyesight of their children in helpless infancy. I consider it criminal to subject an infant's eyes to the glaring light of a white canopy, and the sight of thousands of babies is being burned out while lying under this deceptive shelter.

"The bright colors of a few years back were nearly as bad, and it is no wonder that after a course of such treatment so many of our young children are obliged to wear glasses.

"The proper color for a canopy is green of some dark shade, and the material should be thick enough to exclude as much light as possible.

"Nature provides a screen in the way of green foliage. Why do not we take the hint, and shade our babies' eyes with a like grateful hue? If you want to know just how it seems to the tender eyes of a little child, place yourself in a position where the eye can be upturned to a sunny sky with nothing intervening but a white translucent parasol; lie that way for an hour, and note the effect on eyeball, brain and nerves; then think how cruel an injury is being done to the children who are exposed daily to such an intense glare—an injury that never in this world can be repaired."

As the doctor ceased speaking he walked slowly away, and looking back to smile a good-by, said, "I wonder why the Health Board has not done something to prevent this 'slaughter of the innocents.'"

A FATHER'S DARING FEAT.

A curious lion story which recently appeared in an English journal runs as follows:

An English missionary in Africa was sitting in his tent door when he saw a party of natives approaching. They were bringing to him a boy, whose head was covered with a piece of calico, on removing which the missionary saw two deep furrows, one on each side of the scalp. The wounds had been made by a lion a few evenings before. The boy had been brought to the Englishman for treatment, and while he did what he could for the sufferer, the men related the following tale:

The party were on their way to the coast, and at night had made fires and laid down to sleep. Suddenly they were awakened by the deep growls of a lion. It had leaped among them, and had already seized a boy, whose screams mingled with the horrid growls of his captor.

The men ran this way and that in their terror, each thinking of his own safety.

Not so the boy's father. He was big and strong, and besides, it was his child who was screaming. He had no time to snatch up so much as a spear, but went straight at the lion, and struck it again, and again, full in its face with his clenched fist, all the while uttering fierce cries of anger.

The lion was cowed, it relinquished its hold of the boy, and sprang away into the darkness, leaving the father with his bleeding son in his arms. The scattered company came together again, replenished the fires, and took care of the lad's wounds as best they could. Then they brought him to the missionary who carefully washed his wounds with carbolic acid and water, and bound them up.

The patient was doing well when the missionary last saw him, more than a week after.

ORIGIN OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"Three Blind Mice" is a music book of 1690.

"A Froggie Would A-Wooing Go" was licensed in 1650.

"Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century.

"Pussy Oat, Pussy Oat, Where Have You Been?" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"Boys and Girls, Come Out to Play," dates from Charles II., as does also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket."

"Old Mother Hubbard," "Goosey, Goosey, Gander," and "Old Mother Goose," apparently date back to the sixteenth century.

"Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Blue Beard," and "Tom Thumb" were given to the world in Paris in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

"Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. His history was put into a riddle the meaning of which is an egg.

"The Babes in the Wood" was founded on an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out upon a mantel-piece of which is carved the entire history.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILDREN.

Only to keep them so!
Soft, warm and young;
The wee, feeble fingers,
The babbling tongue;
Tears that we kiss away,
Smiles that we win;
Careless of knowledge,
As guiltless of sin.

Only to keep them so!
Frank, true and pure
Of our full wisdom,
So lovingly sure;
Our frown all they shrink from,
Our fiat their law;
Our store, whence all gladness
They fearlessly draw.

Only to keep them so!
Sweet hands that cling,
Sweet lips that laugh for us,
Sweet tones that ring;
Curis that we train to wave,
Feet that we guide,
Each fresh step a wonder,
Each new word a pride.

Only to keep them so!
Women and men
Are the times that circled us
Lovingly then,
Gentle and good to us,
Patient and strong,
Guarding our weaknesses,
Bearing us long.

Tenderly mocking us,
Old thoughts and ways
That scarcely keep measure
With life's rapid days.

Good to us—waiting,
Our sunset shows fair!
But only to have them so,
Just as they were!

—*All The Year Round.*

AN ASYLUM FOR ANIMALS.

The members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would enjoy a visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decrepid Animals at Bombay, where birds and beasts are as carefully nursed as are human beings in well-appointed hospitals. The establishment was founded by a wealthy native, and here bullocks, cows, horses, dogs, cats and birds, otherwise homeless, find excellent care, food and shelter. These animals are never killed, and it matters not how aged or badly injured they are, an experienced doctor and nurse give them every attention until nature ends their lives. The kind consideration shown all animals through the East, especially in India, is marked, indeed, and this fact accounts for the tameness of these creatures on the streets of all the large cities. In a hotel at Allahabad I made my toilet in the morning while two bright plumaged birds were hopping on my floor, and on several occasions I have dined while rooks were perched in the open windows of the dining-room, looking at me with their heads turned to one side, as if to say, "Hurry up, there; my turn next!" If I was an American cat, rat or jaybird and possessed my present knowledge of the world, I would hie to the land of the Hindoo and defend his religion with all my teeth.—*Dr. Tupper in Baltimore Sun.*

GINGER.

"Ginger is a curi's cat." If Zebedee has said that once, he has said it one hundred times. Zebedee is my husband. Ginger came to us one dark night in a basket, a well grown cat of the tortoise shell breed. She spurned her new home at first, and went back to her old quarters over a road she had never seen. After being returned to us three times, she consented to stay, and soon her devotion was complete.

Look at her now! Asleep in my own rocking-chair! "Ginger, I want that chair myself." She does not raise her head from between her paws; her eyes slowly

open, and her small black ears begin to move; she begins to coax; she stretches out her pretty paws, and throws back her head and yawns, and exposes her radiant throat and breast, black and salmon and white and yellow, mingled as richly as any of her relatives in the jungle. "Ginger, you are a beautiful cat!" Then snuggling and hugging follow. I feel of her shapely paws, press my fingers on the inside and squeeze out the white, sickle-shaped claws. She is soothed, and purrs herself off to sleep again. Yes, she rules the house, that is, Zebedee and me. Some cats have a superb air, and she is one of that kind, and will have all the consideration due to the Queen of Sheba.

She knows nothing of scolding. Oats of high degree never need any scolding. Let them do just as they like, and if they are well fed, they are always well behaved. Now a notion of Zebedee's is to read the morning paper before breakfast, and a notion of Ginger's is to sit in his lap while he reads. Sometimes he begins to read standing; then she comes up and pulls softly at the leg of his trousers, with her little black paw, and asks him to sit down.

For years she has travelled with us every summer to our country home. Once I made ready to start a few days ahead, leaving her for Zebedee to bring. She knew I was going away, and followed me up-stairs and down stairs, inspecting every bag and box and acting worried. At last I tried to slip away, but could not elude her. She followed me into the busy street, crying so that I had to take her up and return to my home. She knew I was going on a journey, for she never followed me outside the gate on ordinary occasions.

A more faithful mother than Ginger cannot be found, and her ways with her kittens are a lesson to all mothers. It is possible to have too many cats, and if all her progeny had lived, we should have a "bunch on 'em." Would you like one, little blue-eyed lassie who loves kittens so? Mice? Ah, yes! Mice! It is with sorrow I acknowledge she will catch mice, and worse yet, play with them, and still worse, let them get lost under the rugs, and if it is night time, come to Zebedee's bedside and awake him to show him her mouse. "Ginger is a curi's cat."

Fond as she is of her babies, she is so fond of being with Zebedee that as soon as the kitties get their eyes open, she will lug them by the nape of the neck from the nursery to the sitting-room, and lie down with them in a corner, so as to be with the family.

Her love for music is extreme. She will coax Robin, a young man in the family, to play the piano. If he begins when she is asleep, she will open her eyes, listen, get down from her chair, crawl near him, and begin to roll over.

As I have said, it is possible to have too many cats. Ginger learned that some of her kittens disappeared mysteriously shortly after they were born, and at last she would not let me touch them until they were larger, proud as she had once been to have me take up the little things and hug them before her eyes.

One Thanksgiving Day my sister came to visit us, and brought with her "Kitty," her magnificent Maltese cat. Before the day was over, Ginger had caught a mouse and given it to "Kitty." Who says cats are selfish? They will give their daintiest morsel to their kittens, and, as you see, sometimes to a friend. Ginger is a curi's cat! Her soft fur is sweeter to put your face down to than ten roses.