

he told her to look through the window and she would see a beautiful old white-haired gentleman—that was Longfellow. When he went in, he said, "Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl who wishes very much to see you." But Longfellow did better than that: he hurried to the door and called her in. When she had entered, he chatted kindly a few minutes and then showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut tree, and many curious souvenirs gathered during foreign residence and travel.

The following description of Longfellow's children, from a letter to "Emily A., written from Nahant, August 15, 1859," will be of interest. These are the children alluded to in stanza three of "The Children's Hour—Grave Alice and laughing Allegra" (accent on the second syllable), "and Edith:"

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls. The oldest is about your age; but as little girls' ages keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly just how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do. The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks which I sometimes call her 'nankeen hair,' to make her laugh. She is a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots. The youngest is Allegra; which, you know, means merry, and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw,—always singing and laughing all over the house. I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is no use to talk about them.

All teachers may not have at hand the story of the Bishop of Bingen, alluded to in the seventh stanza. Southey tells it in his poem, "Bishop Hatto," and the tale from Brewer's "Handbook" is that—

During the famine of 970, he invited the poor to his barn on a certain day, under the plea of distributing corn to them; but when the barn was crowded, he locked the door and set fire to the building; for which iniquity he was himself devoured by an army of mice and rats.

Stories from Natural History.

Cat and Squirrel.

There was once a poor cat whose kittens had all died, leaving her very sad. So the game-keeper brought from the wood a tiny baby squirrel whose eyes were not yet open, and who could neither eat nor drink alone. The children laid the helpless little creature by the mother cat and she gave him to drink and licked him as if he were her only baby. She kept him warm by night, and if a dog came near who might hurt her foster-child, she would put up her back, bristle her coat and fly at the enemy till he ran away.

But when the squirrel grew bigger and could run about alone, pussy took him for walks, showed him all about the house, and gave him lessons in

the art of catching mice. First she laid a dead mouse before him and instructed him how he should catch hold of it. Then she brought a half dead one, which could still run a little, and Master Squirrel was to catch it. Finally she brought a live one, let it run away and caught it again. All this her foster-child was to imitate, that he might learn to get his own living and shift for himself in the world. But the squirrel was most inattentive and clumsy during these lessons, for he cared neither to catch nor eat a mouse. He could not even learn to talk in cat language, and if pussy called "miau," he answered "mrr" in squirrel talk. The cat did her very best for him, but it was all no use. She was very troubled, thinking, no doubt, "What is to become of such an ignorant child? How is he to get on in the world? How is he to get his living?"

She led the way into the garden, and her squirrel son hopped beside her, till they came to the nut tree, beneath which the mice had a hole. Here the lesson in mouse catching was to begin. But the squirrel had hardly set eyes on the lovely tree before he had shot up the trunk. From among the rustling branches above he looked down upon his foster-mother. Pussy could climb, too; for she had been up into the nut tree before now, stalking sparrows. So she took a run at it and clawed her way up the trunk. Hardly had she reached Master Squirrel than he jumped from one branch to another right up into the thinnest branches in the crown. From there he peeped merrily down upon the world, picked a nut hanging beside him, cracked it, ate up the sweet kernel and threw the shell down to mother cat.

That was more than puss could understand. She climbed down again from the tree, and thought the matter over. By and by the two lived happily together in the garden, each one took care of himself and went on his own way. The cat crept after the mice below, caught them and ate them, while the squirrel rocked high up among the branches and munched nuts. We each have our own lives to live, and everyone must make the best of the gifts he has.

A Little Bird in an Eagle's Eyrie.

Once upon a time there lived in a great forest a yellow wagtail, who wanted to build a nest so as to hatch and rear a brood of young. But where was she to hide her nest away from the many beasts that prey upon the lives of young birds? If she built it on the ground, concealed in soft moss or