



A ROLLING BRIDGE.

A FAIRY'S MONDAY.

A fairy washerwoman, down in a dell,
Set her acorn-cup tubs under a drooping
harebell.
She washed her clothes (queer little duds)
With the greatest of care in sea-foam for
suds.

To make them look as good as new,
She rinsed them well in the fresh morning
dew,
And for indigo used a bit of blue sky;
Then, on a cobweb for clothes-line, they
were hung up to dry.

A ROLLING BRIDGE.

BY ALICE WOLCOTT.

This curious little bridge is in the north of France, and is called by the French the "Pont Roulant." A lady who is visiting there has written this account of it. The bridge moves across the water like a ferry-boat on wheels. The little stream it crosses is an arm of the sea, and runs between the towns of St. Malo and St. Servan in Brittany, and they cannot have a fixed bridge over it, as it connects the harbours of both towns with the big sea, and ships large and small of all kinds are continually coming and going. Now you will ask, "Why not have a real ferry-boat?" Well, one of the wonderful things about this beautiful coast is the height of the tides; they rise and fall from twenty-eight to forty feet. So when the tide has run half-way down you would have to go down a steep ladder to get on a ferry-boat, and when entirely out there would be no water at all for the boat to float on. They have therefore laid rails on the bottom of the river and this funny, movable bridge runs across, backwards and forwards, high tide or low, pulled from side to side by an endless chain worked by a steam engine.

Lately a fine causeway has been built around the harbour, with a drawbridge,

which though much further, sadly interferes with the "Pont Roulant" in taking the most of the passengers.

They tell us in old times they often took 8,000 people over the bridge in one day, and though they only charge a sou, equal to one of our pennies, for each passenger, that makes a good sum at the end of the year.

I crossed one day and did not like the bridge at all; the tide was low and we seemed a long way above the water and in great danger of tipping over, and the motion is most disagreeable. However, they say it never tips over, but sometimes sticks in the mud which accumulates on the rails.

One day this happened when among a number of other people a nun was crossing. All the passengers but herself were taken off in a boat, but she did not think it was proper to go down a ladder, so sat solitary and forlorn all day till the trouble was remedied and the poor bridge with its one occupant reached the shore.

MAMMA'S LETTER.

Mamma had been away two months, and home was forlorn to the children left behind. Aunt Emily took care of them, but though she tried hard, she couldn't take mamma's place.

Every two or three days little letters came, first for Herbert, then for Hilda. Herbert read his easily, and always offered to help Hilda. She said yes, to please him, but she spoilt the letter out herself afterward.

They were cheery letters, telling about the beauty mamma enjoyed. Perhaps, if she had told how hard it was to be sick, the children wouldn't have got strange notions.

Now, no one knows, though every one knows how quickly bad feelings grow. Hilda and Herbert made up their minds

that since mamma and papa were away, and they were lonely at home, they wouldn't try to be good. They would just live along till better times came.

They stayed home from school, they wouldn't study, they wouldn't keep their playthings in order. In short, they grew very idle and unhappy.

Poor Aunt Emily couldn't hide the trouble, and Herbert's letter told mamma, anyway.

"Hilda and me are waiting for you. We won't be good again till you come."

Then mamma wrote a long letter. She told how hard it was to be away, and what a comfort her children's love was. Love, she said, would make them do what she would like if she were home.

Herbert read the letter aloud. He read every word, though it made queer feelings in his heart.

"Why are you crying, Baby?" he asked very loud, to keep from crying himself.

"I'm so sorry," sobbed Hilda.

"You'd better show it by being good, then; I shall!"

Aunt Emily's letters were so happy afterwards that mamma got well much faster.

That is how we can love Christ best; by doing his will while we wait.

GOING CALLING.

Maisie liked to go calling with her mother. It was not often mamma took her, but when she did it was usually to the house of dear friends.

Once she took her to a lady's who was a stranger to Maisie. The lady had just come in from calling herself, so she had not taken off her bonnet.

After they left the house Maisie said to her mother, "I do not think that lady has any little girl of her own."

"Why do you think that?" asked mamma, smiling at her little girl's thoughtful face.

"'Cause there wasn't any little chair in the parlour; and she never gave me a picture book to look at, and she didn't speak to me at all. I'm sure I never had any little girl of her own to love."

Perhaps Maisie was right, but possibly she thought too much of herself and her own pleasure during the call.

Perhaps there might have been a cosy room other than the parlour where children could find things to make them happy, even though the lady had no children of her own.

Suppose Maisie had thought a little less of what might be done to please her, and had shown that her sweet, bright face proved a contented and patient heart while she waited. Would it not have been all right then?