

him as peculiar ecstasy to keep a dancing-bear in his mother's room; he would prefer it in his own. But readers of our Grown-up's Anthology will like to have it. It will take them back to old days.

In the volume "Poems Written for a Child," from the pen of "A," is a very quaint little anecdote in the same kind, entitled "Wooden Legs." A girl and boy are telling each other what they would like to be:—

Then he said, "I'll be a soldier,
With a delightful gun,
And I'll come home with a wooden leg,
As heroes have often done."

This is a new and acceptable ambition, but some questionable love sentiment is then introduced and the interest evaporates. Indeed, in this variety of story writers are liable to go astray. Sentiment, a steed more apt than any other to get the bit between its teeth, runs away with them. In a desire to attain a dramatic effect dramatic propriety is lost sight of. Children are too near the savage state for symmetrical sentiment. Still, there are instances. Whittier's poem "In School-days" tells of one. He is describing the schoolhouse, through whose windows the sun is shining:—

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed,
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you."

It is prettily conceivable; but that kind of thing may well be postponed. Children who love each other in this way are not making the most of their

opportunities as privileged barbarians. To the same family belongs Mr. Dobson's "Drama of the Doctor's Window."

The best poetical expression of the love of girl and boy that I know is to be found in the two sonnets of George Eliot, called "Brother and Sister," which might well be our sole representatives of this class. Such love is always worship, always based on admiration; it is almost always one-sided. Affection, as we understand it—friendship on equal ground—being a civilized growth, comes later. Children are not of civilization as we are. In this connection I should like to quote the lines entitled "Dry Bread," from Victor Hugo's "L'Art d'être Grandpère," which enshrines for us a charming incident, where the actors are not, to the casual eye at least, girl and old boy, but girl and old man. The translation is by the Rev. Henry Carrington:—

Jeanne to dry bread and the dark room con-
signed

For some misdeed; I, to my duty blind,
Visit the prisoner, traitor that I am!
And in the dark slip her a pot of jam.
Those in my realm, on whose authority
Depends the welfare of Society,
Were outraged. Jeanne's soft little voice
arose—

"I'll put no more my thumb up to my nose;
No more I'll let the puss my fingers tear."
But they all cry, "That child is well aware
How weak and mean you are. She knows
of old

You always take to laughing when we
scold;

No government can stand; at every hour
Rule you upset. There is an end of power.
No laws exist. Naught keeps the child in
bound;

You ruin all." I bow my head to ground,
And say, "Your grievous charge I can't
oppose,

I'm wrong. Yes, by indulgences like those,
The people's ruin has been always wrought.
Put me upon dry bread." "I'm sure we
ought

And will." Then Jeanne from her dark
corner cries,

But low to me, raising her beauteous eyes
(Love gives the lion's courage to the lamb!)
"And I will go and bring you pots of jam!"