

table. You wouldn't like to be treated so. 'Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

'When you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little Book Mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good comfortable rest.

'Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.'—Selected.

Upon a Crutch.

Upon a crutch—her girlish face
Alight with love and tender grace
Laughing she limps from place to place
Upon a crutch.

And you and I, who journey through
A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew,
We cry to heaven overmuch.

Not rail and frown at fate, while she
And many more in agony
Are brave and patient, strong and true,
Upon a crutch.

—Robert Loveman.

The Sprite of the Maple-wood.

(Leigh A. Safford, in the 'Homestead.')

'John Williams,' I said sternly, 'what have you there?'

The big maltese cat slowly arose from his easy position on the lawn and looked up at me with a grieved expression in his eyes. Injured dignity reproached me in his solemn face, and injured dignity vibrated in the tip of his tail, sky-poised and majestic. Silently he looked at me.

'Now don't pretend that you have forgotten that last whipping I gave you for bringing in chipmunks. I didn't think it of you, sir.'

John Williams solemnly replied 'Prrr-meow.'

'Now John—why, it's a flying squirrel!'

Stooping down I picked up the little velvety object and smoothed its soft gray coat with my finger tips. The creature stirred suddenly and set its teeth into the fleshy part of my thumb. As dexterously as possible, I caught the tiny assailant by the loose skin back of the neck, gently choking him until he gasped for breath and let go his painful grip, and then I marched into the woodshed with my new acquisition, followed at a short distance by John Williams, triumphantly vindicated of the chipmunk charge, majestically waving his tail in the most complacent and approved manner.

In the empty white mouse cage I put the little squirrel, and named him Chief Tiny, for his princely manners. He was much smaller than a full grown chipmunk, slender, gray, silky-furred, with a round chubby face expressive of much more intelligence than most rodents possess. The most curious thing about this species of squirrel is the web of wonderfully expansive skin stretching from each hind leg to the corresponding fore leg. When the animal wishes to leap from one tree to the top of another, he simply spreads out this wing-like membrane and sails like a bird across distances up to 100 feet. The flying squirrel is semi-nocturnal in habits, and this fact is responsible for its being so little observed. The little rodent is really very common, throughout North America.

In spite of his hostile greeting at our first introduction, Chief Tiny proved to have a very affectionate disposition, and within three days developed so great a fondness for captivity that I gave him the right to go where he pleased, and his new home seemed to please him very well, for he never evinced any desire to run away. Along with Micky, the bat, and half a dozen other strange pets, he made his headquarters in the old unfinished shed chamber and drowsed through the sunlit hours in the big pocket of my yellow shooting jacket which hung from a sloping rafter. If disturbed, he only curled up tighter and

refused to open his eyes unless the interruption was kept up beyond the limits of flying squirrel etiquette. Then a gentle nip would give warning of the sharp teeth ready to punish if the matter went too far.

At that hour of the early summer evening when sunset glories are fading in the sky and dusk creeps up from the east, when frogs begin their bass rumblings along the cove, and white mists rise ghost-like from the silent water, out would spring Chief Tiny from his cosy nest. His day had begun. Along the bark rafters he would run, out on the sill of the broken window, and poise there looking down at the verandah where I sat. With a gleam of mischief in his soft dark eyes, he would leap 60 feet to my shoulder, drop here precisely, and before I could recover from the start it gave me, he would be eating linden seed and beech nuts from a vest pocket set apart for his own particular use. By the way, I suspect strongly that much of his fondness for me was due to that pocket of nuts.

He was a dainty eater, was Chief Tiny, dainty as a wood sprite in all his ways, and two or three nuts were a mighty feast for him. While he was satisfying his Lilliputian appetite, his dark, intelligent eyes would keep twinkling up at me in half comic interest, as if to say, 'You're a funny kind of a beech nut tree.'

The Chief had beautiful eyes. Big and soft and brown they were, with a trimming of dark lashes, the miniature of other eyes I once knew and still remember. Sometimes, in the twilight, I would look into his eyes, and, forgetting, stroke his head lingeringly, calling him by a name not his own. Then again he would sit and watch me with the trustful wondering gaze of the wild thing strange to man, and once a presentiment came to me and I murmured, 'Your home is not here, oh best loved of pets, and sometime you will hear the wood-call, and be with me no more.' But the discourteous pickpocket already had his head in my vest again, and did not hear me.

After supper the Chief was ready for play, and many a merry war did he wage with the half-grown kittens that romped in the yard. Although disproportionately smaller than his antagonists, the little squirrel was absolutely fearless, and his quickness made him more than a match for them all. On a favorite perch at the tip of the barn gable, he would lie in wait to swoop down at the most unexpected times, and he would be away before the kittens could recover to return his playful buffets. After a few of these mysterious attacks, they grew timid and sped for shelter at the very sight of the squirrel. All this time John Williams would sit by, mindful of my threats, but watching, watching, with a look in his eyes that seemed to say: 'Just the same, I believe that thing is good to eat.'

Before Chief Tiny had been many weeks my friend, there came an evening when the little gray-velvet creature failed to appear upon the verandah at his accustomed hour. Missing his presence, which had grown to be as much a part of my evening's enjoyment as my easy chair, I whistled the peculiar call which was wont to bring him saffling from the attic window to his nightly feast and frolic. Again and again I puckered my lips in vain, and then I softly crept up the old chamber stairs and felt in the big pocket. It was empty.

When the next night came, and the next, and the next, with no sign of the lost pet, I sadly gave up the quest, half suspecting that John Williams knew something of the matter.

'John,' I said, very sternly this time. 'John, did you touch Chief Tiny?'

John Williams, stretched out at the foot of the piazza stairs, blinked lazily at me, arose slowly, and stalked into the garden.

There are days in midsummer when the woods call to me softly, sweetly, compellingly. On such an afternoon, when the sun broke through the clouds and a breeze shook the fresh rain drops pattering from the trees. I threw aside my pen, donned cap and jacket, and hied me to the forest. In the shimmer of the beechwood vireos were singing, a scarlet tanager poured out his exotic melody from the top of a maple, thrushes were calling in the far distance. All that afternoon I wandered, blissfully forgetful of time or care,

knowing only that I was where I loved best to be, and when night was at hand I found myself sitting on a rock close by the wood's edge, some distance from home. Just above me, the maple wood left the steep slope of the mountain side and thinned away into freshly cleared pasture, and far down the valley I could see the river coiled beneath the night-mist. In the twilight, moist with recent rains, the distant tinkle of a cow bell came to my ears with that sense of harmony which all things gain from association with nature. It was the ripest hour of the day, and I reached for my pipe, thinking to sit there awhile, when suddenly something fell lightly upon my shoulder and a little gray creature slipped into my pocket.

'Chief Tiny! Where have you been?' I cried gladly.

Lovingly he lingered, rubbing his soft furry head against my face, then leaped down and was gone, back to his home in the woods above. So the big maltese cat was proven blameless, and when I reached home I apologized with a dish of milk. John Williams, being of a generous nature, accepted the apology.

What is Dying?

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: 'There! she's gone! 'Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me—and not in her.

And just at the moment when some one at my side says: 'There! she's gone!' there are other eyes that are watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, 'There she comes!'

And that is—'dying.'—'International Sunday School Evangel.'

Gems.

'It takes an immense amount of grace to sit down by the roadside and see the procession march by when one still longs to be in the van, stepping out after the drums and thrilling at the call of the bugles.'

It is nothing to a man to be greater or less than another, to be esteemed, or otherwise, by the public or private world in which he moves. Does he, or does he not, behold and love and live the unchangeable, the essential, the divine?—George MacDonald.

Lynda's Influence.

(Mary Spaulding Hatch, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'Come, girls; now that Nannie has come over, let's go into the parlor and have some music.'

'All right! All right!' was the responsive chorus.

'Nannie, Kate and I have a new duet—it's so lively and pretty. Let's take along our fudge—you certainly know how to make it, Lynda,' said Evylin.

'Yes, Lynda does know—she does everything well. Now, I've watched her, and have made it by her recipe, but I don't have anywhere near such success as a candy maker,' said Kate.

'It's a knack—a real talent, in fact,' commented mother; then she added, 'Why, you are not taking all the fudge, are you, girls?'

'Why, the ideal!' exclaimed Kate, turning back and leaving a generous portion on the kitchen table for Lynda. 'How could we be so thoughtless—after you have been so kind to make it, too.'

'Never mind. I don't care for it—I really don't,' answered Lynda; but Kate laughingly pressed a piece between her teeth; then followed the gay group into the parlor.

Lynda watched them with wistful eyes; then she turned to the table, wiped off the bits of candy and sugar, washed and put