

ing to the assistance of Roberval in the fall of 1543, but the evidence of this is not very clear. The balance of his days he spent in his natal town or in the village of Limoilon, of which he was created Seigneur by his patron, Francis I. He was alive in 1552 but the exact date of his death and his place of sepulture are unknown.

TOM'S LETTER HOME.

I WROTE a letter home to-day—had little news to tell,
Just asked the old folks how they were, and told them I
was well.

When I had sealed the letter up and put the post-stamp on,
It struck me that I hadn't said a word to brother John.

I opened up that envelope, and why, I can't just tell,
My throat got aching as I wrote: Dear boy I hope your
well,
And having good luck on the farm—you patient plodding
John—
How are the horses and the cows and crops now coming on?

Suppose you have to work hard now, since my big help is gone,
And can you manage better when you're running things
alone?
Isn't dad getting most too old to plough, and pitch, and sow?
And does he still swear he's forgot more than we'll ever know?

I'm awful glad you aren't built like me—; now you can take
The fault-finding of poor old dad, and bear it for his sake;
Your temper isn't much like mine, you're steady, slow, and
true;
There must be comfort in the thought, that mother's proud of
you.

Say, does the little mother speak of me sometimes, and cry,
When she sees Dick, or some of my chums go passing by?
And maybe she forgets sometimes that I'm so far from home,
And leaves the old lamp burning clear, waiting for me to come.

I'm homesick as can be to-night, John, will you tell her—low,
That I am not the headstrong boy I was a while ago?
Then there's our little Nellie's grave, be sure you keep it neat,
The flowers ought to grow their best above a child so sweet.

Be good to dad and don't you let dear mother fret or sigh
I'll rush in on you all some day—

God bless you John—good-bye.

ARCHIE MCKISHNIE.