

paint, but at last one ambitious little cottage blazed up, fired a tree of the palm species, which fell on to the roof of a large family mansion, and in a few minutes the entire town was burning merrily. The wooden population stood and stared at the destruction like blockheads, as they were, till they also caught and blazed away without a cry. It took some time to reduce the town to ashes, and the lookers-on enjoyed the spectacle immensely, cheering as each house fell, dancing like wild Indians when the steeple flamed aloft, and actually casting one wretched little churn-shaped lady, who had escaped to the suburbs, into the very heart of the fire.

The superb success of this last offering excited Teddy to such a degree, that he first threw his lamb into the conflagration, and before it had time even to roast, he planted poor dear Anabella on the funeral pyre. Of course she did not like it, and expressed her anguish and resentment in a way that terrified her infant destroyer. Being covered with kid, she did not blaze, but did what was worse, she *squirmed*. First one leg curled up, then the other, in a very awful and lifelike manner; next she flung her arms over her head as if in great agony; her head itself turned on her shoulders, her glass eyes fell out, and with one final writhe of her whole body, she sank down a blackened mass on the ruins of the town. This unexpected demonstration startled every one and frightened Teddy half out of his little wits. He looked, then screamed and fled toward the house, roaring "Marmar," at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Bhaer heard the outcry and ran to the rescue, but Teddy could only cling to her and pour out in his broken way something about, "poor Bella hurted," "a dreat fire," and "all the dollies dorn." Fearing some dire mishap, his mother caught him up and hurried to the scene of action, where she found the blind worshippers of Kitty-mouse mourning over the charred remains of the lost darling.

"What have you been at? Tell me all about it," said Mrs. Jo, composing herself to listen patiently, for the culprits looked so penitent, she forgave them beforehand.

With some reluctance Demi explained their play, and Aunt Jo laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, the children were so solemn, and the play was so absurd.

"I thought you were too sensible to play such a silly game as this. If I had any Kitty-mouse I'd have a good one who liked you to play in safe pleasant ways, and not destroy and frighten. Just see what a ruin you have made; all Daisy's pretty dolls, Demi's soldiers, and Rob's new village, besides poor Teddy's pet lamb, and dear old Anabella. I shall have to write up in

the nursery the verse that used to come in the boxes of toys—

'The children of Holland take pleasure in making,
'What the children of Boston take pleasure in break-
ing.'

Only I shall put Plumfield instead of Boston."

"We never will again, truly, truly!" cried the repentant little sinners, much abashed at this reproof.

"Demi told us to," said Rob.

"Well, I heard Uncle tell about the Greece people, who had altars and things, and so I wanted to be like them, only I hadn't any live creatures to sackerrifyce, so we burnt up our toys."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HUGH MILLER.

By Peter Bayne, M.A., author of "The Christian Life," &c. In two volumes. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

These long-expected volumes are at last completed. Mr. Bayne has been fitfully engaged on this task for the last ten years, often interrupted in the work and forced to go again and again over the same ground. Of this process he says: "The delay may have been in some respects inconvenient; but it has had the advantage of making me live all these years in constant converse with Hugh Miller. Nothing, I believe, of considerable importance, which he did, said, thought, or felt, has escaped me, although, of course, it was only a portion of these materials which could be used in this book. The better I have known him, the more deeply have I revered, the more entirely have I loved him. A man of priceless worth, fine gold purified sevenfold, delicate splendor of humor, sensitive and proud, perfect sincerity and faithfulness in heart and mind." We have, however, in these volumes not the indiscriminate praise of an enthusiastic admirer. Mr. Bayne is a careful critic, and his praise, when bestowed, is worth something. He is in a position to appreciate the full value of Hugh Miller as a man of science and an editor, and there is, perhaps, no one better able to write his biography. He tells how he was impressed by the first full view of Mr. Miller:—"The spell of his personality fell upon me at once. The large shaggy head, the massive bust, the modest grandeur of demeanor, the unmistakable impress of power on calm