



## DAY DREAMS

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WHILE book, slate and pencil unheeded lay,  
The little maid dreamed of a fairy clew,  
A magic thread that led far and away  
The deep, tangled maze of the forest  
through.

"Oh, I wish there were things to do to-day,  
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to  
gain,  
Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,  
And that I, a queen on a throne might  
reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are  
dead,  
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and  
said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe that morn,  
And longed for a horse and a burnished  
shield,

To ride away from the pumpkin and corn  
To the tourney's lists on the tented field.

"Oh, I wish there were things to do to-day,  
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight;  
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray;  
I would fling a glove at the proudest  
knight!

"But honour is lost, and glory is fled;  
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and  
said.

And the poor little maiden never knew  
That knowledge was ready to crown her  
queen,  
And the clew that led his labyrinth through,  
Lay hidden the leaves of her book be-  
tween.

And the little lad never even guessed  
That the dragon Sloth conquered him  
that day,

While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest  
And his unused hoe in the young corn  
ly.

But honour and fame passed the dreamer  
by,  
And crowned brave Toil, who found  
time to sigh.

## THE PRAYING MIDSHIPMAN.

BY R. E. ELLIOT.

THE following narrative may encourage  
to perseverance in a right course, amid much  
opposition:—

On board a man-of-war there was a mid-  
shipman who, in spite of the ridicule of his  
companions, was in the habit of kneeling in  
prayer in his berth. This was such an un-  
usual practice, that the other middies re-  
solved to put it down; so they watched  
him, and the moment he knelt, he encoun-  
tered a volley of caps and shoes; this was  
repeated again and again, but still the mid-  
shipman persevered in his devotions. At  
last one of the superior officers informed the  
commander of the ship, who summoned the  
whole of the midshipmen, and calling the  
persecuted one in front, asked him to state  
his grievance. The lad said frankly he had  
no complaint to make. His commander  
said he knew he had good cause of complaint,  
and told him to speak out. But the praying  
midshipman persisted in stating he had  
nothing to complain of. The commander  
then dismissed them, at the same time  
signifying that he knew how matters stood  
and trusted there would be no more of it.

That evening the middy knelt as usual in  
prayer, but without experiencing the small-  
est annoyance. While so engaged, he heard  
footsteps quietly approaching, and was ex-  
pecting some disagreeable interruption; but  
to his surprise, a middy, the youngest on  
board, knelt down by his side; shortly  
afterwards came another and another, till  
fourteen of his companions, under the in-  
fluence of his noble example, were kneeling  
beside him.

## LINA AND THE DUCKS.

LINA went down to the brook one day  
and saw some ducks taking their ducklings  
out for a sail. What a good time they did  
have. The little ones were not afraid, but  
they acted as if they liked to stay close by  
Mother Duck; and Lina said, when she went  
home, "Mamma, little ducks act like little  
children; they stay close by their mother  
and keep looking to see what she does, as  
if that they can do so too."

Are our little folks like little ducks?