

and in some way the tube through which the air was pumped to me got twisted, or caught on a rock, so that the air failed to reach me. The first I felt of it was a sort of choking, and a feeling as if my head was getting a great deal too large. There was a small rope let down with me, which I was to pull in case of accident, and I had just presence of mind to pull that. They hauled me up as fast as possible, and when they got me on deck, and opened the armor about my face, so that I got the fresh air, I was very nearly gone. But I came out of it after a while, and that was the only serious alarm I had during the whole season."

"Just let me ask one more question," said Nancy. "How could you see under water. I should think it would be dark there."

"O no, indeed. The light was not quite as strong, perhaps, but it was quite light enough. The water seemed heavier and thicker than the atmosphere, but otherwise it didn't seem very different, as long as it couldn't touch our bodies. And whether it was the effect of looking at things through the water, or through the thick glass which was over my face, I never could tell; but everything looked a little larger than it was, and a little nearer, as if it were seen through a magnifying glass. I very often put out my stick expecting to touch a rock, which was really several feet away. But it was very much like walking on the land. And I suppose the water feels to the fishes, as the air does to the birds. Now, children, I'm going out into the field to your father, but I'll spin you another yarn one of these days."—*Mrs. A. S. McFarland, in Little Corporal.*

"WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?"

It is a nice, rainy day, and out-door sports being impossible, "What shall the children do next?" becomes of immense importance in every household.

It is a good idea to collect the experience of mothers in providing amusement and harmless occupation for the busy hands belonging to our little ones, and I, anxious to find some new employments for three pairs of the most active kind of little hands, am waiting, with interest, answers to the question.

By way of "doing as I would be done by," I will contribute my mite to the fund.

An amusement which has whiled away many a long hour in our nursery, is the

making of scrap books. Have some old account book, which is better than any other because the paper is stiff, cut out every alternate leaf, and into the book paste pictures, puzzles, conundrums, and short stories, if the children are old enough.

I always keep a "scrap box," where I put pretty pictures taken from old magazines or papers, and when winter comes, the store is brought out and pasted up. A long-sleeved apron will keep all neat.

Besides the pleasure of filling the book, it is, when done, an unfailing source of entertainment to look at. When this begins to pall, and you have explained every picture (as, I warn you, you will have to do), just bring out a box of paints, and teach the uneasy fingers to paint the pictures. You have no idea of the amusement this will afford, for bright colors are very attractive to little eyes.

If you have some unsoiled pages in the book, you can vary the entertainment by forming pictures for yourself of figures taken from other pictures, forming groups of figures in various attitudes, which often has a very funny effect, and affords endless amusement.

Another play, found attractive by little girls expert with scissors, is the cutting out of paper dolls, furniture, cattle, horses, sleighs, waggon, and everything, from a kitten to a grand piano. A little practice will enable one to do this with ease, especially if you first cut out a set of the printed doll's furniture to get the idea. These, also, can be painted. In fact, I know of no investment so profitable in furnishing amusement as a few sheets of paper of different colors, the same of cardboard, a bottle of glue, and a pair of sharp scissors.—*Little Corporal.*

BEDTIME.

Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head,
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.
"Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And he comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful home where his angels stay;
I gather red roses, and lilies so white,
I sing with the angels through all the long night;
And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep,

He gives back the soul that I gave him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."
—*Little Corporal.*