



The Sick Fairy.

(Continued from page 242.)

Presently the joy-bells were rung in the town, and everybody for miles and miles around knew that Squire Morton's lost little boy was found; but as to the when and the where and the how of it all, there were a hundred stories afloat, all, if possible, more wonderful than the actual fact.

"Now, good people," began the Countess, "when you are all assembled (and I see the Mayor and Corporation coming up the hill) I am going to tell you something which will astonish you."

She waited until the walled enclosure was filled with an eager crowd and then waved a little gold-headed walking-stick to command attention.

"Good folks all," she said, "I am not as you suppose, a descendant of the ancient earls who once inhabited yonder castle. No; I am still more of a stranger to you than you imagined. I come from a land beyond mortal reach,—I will leave you to guess it."

The lady's appearance as she spoke had undergone a change. She became less hard featured, less wrinkled, with every word, until all were beginning to wonder what could have made them think her old or ugly. The green and gold brocade, which was the Countess' favorite costume, still draped her form, but the color was more vivid, the gold embroidery shone with greater lustre—a lustre only rivalled by the fair ringlets which fell to her feet, unbound, except with a diamond fillet which encircled her head. Another wave of the gold walking-stick, which had now become a slender wand, produced a startling effect on the animal and vegetable life in the garden. Out of every blossom came a little elfin lady, out of every vegetable an elfin peasant. The bees, wasps and butterflies were observed to grow legs and arms and become little flying fairies. The Countess' secret was now indeed revealed, and frightened whispers of "The fairies! Oh! the fairies!" were heard.

The Mayor turned quite pale, not knowing in the least what his functions were under these exceptional circumstances.

"Why should you be afraid of us?" asked Chrysanthemum. "What harm have we done you?"

"Oh, indeed, ma'am, we feel highly honored," stammered the Mayor, whilst all the little children present, far from feeling alarm, began to dance round the fairy, clapping their hands and crying—

"Show us some more! Show us some more!"

This pleased the fairy, who replied: "Yes, yes; you shall have some more if you are good children."

She turned round to Mr. Parakeet, who had arrived with the other fairy servants.

"Call me a cab," she commanded.

Mr. Parakeet whistled, and a large snail came creeping up. He vacated his shell and slunk away. Then a dragon fly flew down and was harnessed to the shell by a spider, whilst the rose elves washed the fairy coach with dew and lined it with rose leaves.

The carriage when ready increased gradually in size till the snail shell became a very handsome coach, lined with pink, and the dragon fly became a flying dragon.

The children screamed with delight as the fairy got into her carriage. Creepy and Crawley mounted behind, Parakeet and Peacock on the box, whilst Firefly, with his lantern already lit, mounted as postilion on the dragon fly, which spread its beautiful gauzy wings half across the garden and prepared to mount in the air.

"Stop! stop!" cried a little sawn-faced man dressed in a buff suit.

"Excuse me, Doctor Camomile," said the fairy, "for starting without you, but why did you not come before?"

"I was curing a sick baby," replied the doctor, "wishing to profit by your good example, and recommend myself to the mortals. Pray don't wait, I'll find my own way home. There are plenty of wasps about, whose slender waists are very convenient to sit across; but it is getting chilly and I wished to recommend prudence. You should wear a shawl before ascending to the clouds."

"True, true, dear doctor, it was very heedless of me. Spiders, bring me a nice thick cobweb."

The spider elves immediately produced a lovely soft shawl of their own weaving, embellished with crystallized dewdrops, with which they enveloped the convalescent fairy. Doctor Camomile soon caught and mounted his wasp, which, duly enlarged, appeared a handsome but vicious steed. The doctor rode him with a firm hand on a curb bit. All mounted together, and the crowd gazed long after the fairy folk as they disappeared in the clouds.

The little children kept hoping they would return some day, but they never did, and the story of the sick fairy who had settled among mortals became legendary.

There are even incredulous people who affirm that someone must have dreamt it all.

M. COLLIER.

Cluster of Proverbs.

GERMAN.

"I have" is a better bird than "If I had." Neutrals think to tread on eggs and break none. Once in people's mouths, 'tis hard to get out of them.

"Your words are fair," said the wolf, "but I will not come into the village."

There are only two good women in the world; one is dead, the other cannot be found.

TURKISH.

Fame is not gained on a feather bed. Which are the most beautiful birds? "My little ones," said the crow.

The lazy man says, "I have no strength."

SPANISH.

There's no argument like that of the stick. Words will not do for my aunt, she has not faith even in deeds.

When God pleases, it rains even in fair weather. A secret between two is God's secret. A secret between three is everybody's.

The earth hides as it takes the physician's mistakes.

ARABIC.

A thousand cranes in the air are not worth one sparrow in the fist.

There are no fans in hell.

The man who makes chaff of himself will be eaten by crows.

If I were to trade in winding-sheets, my luck would make all men live.

"Now Look Pleasant, Please."



"Look pleasant, please Rover; don't move now, old dog, or take a good picture you'll fail! Your ears and your paws must be perfectly still. Don't you dare, sir, to waggle your tail!"

"Uncle Jack told me not to touch his machine, 'Cause I'd certainly break it, he said; But, really, I don't mean to hurt it one bit. So it's no use you shaking your head."

"I feel quite ashamed when you look at me so, And it makes me so sorry inside; I sink—perhaps—we'd better go right straight away,—Let me get on your back for a ride."

Recipes.

TO BOIL A HAM.

Place the ham over a slow fire, that it may heat gradually, then simmer gently fifteen minutes to every pound, from the time it begins to boil. When done allow it to cool in the liquor in which it was boiled. Then remove the rind carefully without cutting the fat. Brush it over with beaten egg, and sprinkle with dried bread crumbs; place in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes to brown.

LEMON PIE.

One teacupful powdered sugar; 1 tablespoonful of butter; the yolks of two eggs; 1 grated lemon, removing seeds and white skin; 1 teacupful of boiling water poured on 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Cream the butter and sugar and pour on them the hot cornstarch. When quite cold add the lemon and beaten egg. For the top, take the two whites, well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; pile this roughly on the pie after it has been cooked; set it in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes, the door being open should the oven be very hot.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

Take the yolks of 2 eggs, put them into a soup plate, add a little salt and begin to stir; add salad oil drop by drop until there is about 1 gill on the plate, stirring all the time; then add 4 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, or, better still, tarragon vinegar. The plain vinegar will do.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

The many kind comments passed upon our Memory Gems, and upon some of those letters in which I have given quotations from the poets, lead me to believe that a great love of poetry is latent in the hearts of many of our readers. This rose-crowned month should awaken all the poetry that may be slumbering within us, for in "leafy June" everything is so beautiful, and beauty and poetry are closely allied. When we gaze on the fair earth-blossoms so lavishly scattered around us we almost unconsciously associate them with those flowers of speech—the poems of the great ones of the past and present. We may preserve these fragrant blossoms indefinitely, and the more we use them the more beautiful they will become; age but mellows their hues and increases their sweetness. Goldsmith thus addresses poetry—

"Thou Guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every Virtue."

And Coleridge says—

"It has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

And this is just what I believe the study of poetry does for us all; so come with me for another little ramble in the land of song, that we may add to the bouquet we are culling to brighten the autumn hours that (sooner or later) come to all. Perhaps I may have shown a partiality in quoting from Canadian poets (who can surpass Canadians?), so this time let us take Lord Lytton, popularly known as Owen Meredith. We will not strive to cull from his longer poems, as we should have more than our hands could carry, and even then lack of time would cause us to ignore many charming buds. "Lucile," his best work, is beautiful; and among his shorter poems is one entitled "The Artist," which contains much that is charming to read and profitable to remember and practice.

"O Artist, range not over wide:
Lest what thou seek be haply hid
In bramble-blossoms at thy side,
Or shut within the daisy-lid.

God's glory lies not out of reach.
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea-beach,
Have solemn meanings strange and sweet.

Nor cross the sea for gems. Nor seek:
Be sought. Fear not to dwell alone.
Possess thyself. Be proudly meek.
See thou be worthy to be known.

Assert thyself, and by and by
The world will come and lean on thee.
But seek not praise of men: thereby
Shall false shows cheat thee. Boldly be.

Remember, every man He made
Is different: has some deed to do,
Some work to work. Be undismayed.
Though thine be humble: do it too.

Earth's number-scale is near us set;
The total, God alone can see;
But each some fraction: shall I fret
If you see Four where I said Three?

A unit's loss the sum would mar;
Therefore, if I have One or Two,
I am as rich as others are,
And help the whole as well as you.

Thou, by one thought thoroughly great,
Shalt without heed thereto, fulfil
All laws of art. Create! create!
Dissection leaves the dead, dead still.

While yet about us fall God's dew,
And whisper secrets o'er the earth
Worth all the weary years we lose
In learning legends of our birth,

Arise, O Artist, and restore
Their music to the moaning wings,
Love's broken pearls to life's bare shore,
And freshness to our fainting minds."

So simple in language, and so replete with meaning, are these verses that comments from me would be superfluous; they speak for themselves.

One of my young friends has a very nice custom which many might adopt and thus give much pleasure to others with no expense and but little trouble to themselves. Every spring when the wild flowers are in bloom she sends a box of them to those friends in the city who are debarred from the pleasure of gathering them. How sweet and fair must the shy sylvan beauties seem to eyes that seldom rest on any but the forced product of the city conservatories! Many of you have members of the family in town, so before our wildlings leave us send them a whiff of country fragrance and beauty that will carry them back to the dear old home. Although I am indebted to this young lady for this pretty idea, I must tell you that she is a dreadful torment to your poor old uncle. Small reverence does she show for grey hairs! She calls puzzles "nonsense" and makes game of our chats; in fact, she is a dreadful girl, but nevertheless she has not a warmer friend than—

UNCLE TOM.

None of the pictures sent in as headings for the Home Department are entirely satisfactory. We will therefore extend the time until the end of June. Remember, two bound books are offered to the boy or girl who sends in the best picture. Do not send clippings which are already used as headings in other papers. The pictures need not be small, as they can easily be reduced in size.