



THE MUZZLING ORDER IS CANCELLED TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

—'Home Words.'

The Awakening.

(Annie L. Hannah in 'American Messenger'.)

Miriam Roswell drew her little shawl closer around her shoulders with a slight shiver, and moved her chair nearer to the fire as a great blast of wind shook the farmhouse till it trembled again.

'It's going to be a wild night,' she said to herself. 'I wish——' But then she paused suddenly, while the red spots on her cheeks grew deeper, and the hand which lifted the half-knit mitten from the lamp-stand beside her trembled perceptibly, trembled with anger and surprise. That Roger should have spoken to her in such a manner was almost beyond believing! Why, if the canary in the cage had flown down and pecked her she would not have been more utterly astonished than at such words from her sweet-tempered, affectionate young brother! After all the care which she had bestowed upon him, too! And yet, now that she came to think it all quietly over, was there no truth or justice in his outburst? How handsome he had looked as he stood there before her, his eyes big and dark with indignation, his boyish face flushed with anger, while the

hot words fell in quick succession from his trembling lips; for in spite of all that he could do he could not hide their trembling. He was tired, he told her, of being always found fault with; there was nothing he could do that ever gained a word of kind acknowledgment from her; nothing that seemed perfectly to suit her. Perhaps he was careless; he was willing to acknowledge that he might have remembered to brush the snow from his boots before coming into her clean kitchen; but he had forgotten; he had not meant to trouble her, and it had been because he was in such a hurry to——. But never mind that—he was tired of constant fault-finding! he would rather live with the pigs than always to be badgered for misplacing a paper or bringing a speck of dust into the house. He would not mind being spoken to about those things if she did not rub it in so! He had tried to do his best to please her, but she was not to be pleased; he had loved her, but as she could not love him—— And with that he turned abruptly and left the room, and after a few moments she heard him come down from his own room and go out; and since that time, almost an hour ago, she had scarcely moved

in her chair where he had left her sitting as though turned to stone.

Not love him! not love him! Why, what else in the wide world did she love but just him! She loved him with all the strength of a deep, abiding affection, as why should she not when they two alone were left out of a large family, the eldest and youngest, to love one another. But how had she shown that love? She half raised herself in her chair as she summoned herself to answer before the bar of her own justice. Had she ever told him in so many words, even by her actions, what he was to her? how even to see him come whistling into the room sent a warm glow to her heart? No, never. And how was he to guess that it was her anxiety to see him grow up to all that was in him that made her love and solicitude take the form of fault-finding and peevish complaint? It worried her beyond words to explain when he began to make excuses to go into the village of an evening, and she felt hurt that he was not utterly content with her society as she with his. Ah, yes, she had loved him! but her love had been selfish. She had looked for that from him which she had never shown to him. And even in such little matters as his tastes she had not yielded much. Why, it was only that very day that he had begged her to make him some cookies, of which he was particularly fond, and she had fretfully responded that she had planned doughnuts and he must content himself with them. What harm would it have done to please him even if she had 'planned?' Were her plans those of the Medes and the Persians, that they could not be changed? And, suppose that she had encouraged his inviting friends up to the farm now and then to supper, or to pass an evening, might not that have done instead of those frequent visits to the village which were such a terror to her? It seemed as though a veil had been suddenly torn from her eyes, and she understood that she had been looking for a perfect being, and was disappointed when she found only a careless, affectionate, honorable human boy, whom she had loved passionately while resenting the fact that he was only human.

Well, her eyes were opened now, and her heart gave a great throb of joy at the thought of the real luxury that it would be to allow herself to pet him, even. She had always had a vague impression that a boy was a being easily spoiled by kindness, but she had learned that to this boy, at least, the opposite was the danger. Why should she not make those cookies for which he had begged? It would help pass the time till he returned; and though no one had ever heard of such a thing as making cookies after supper—why, no one had ever heard of doing (her doing) several wild things which had suddenly taken form in her mind, such as making Roger's room so pretty and comfortable that he would love to stay in it and bring his friends to see it. Well, she would get those cookies made. How glad she was that the oven had kept hot! So she got up with the lightest heart which she had carried for many a day, and brought flour, butter and eggs from the storeroom, and had soon a great pile of the dainty little cakes heaped up on a platter ready for him. She was frightened, when she took time to notice it, to see how the snow was banking up against the window-panes, and her heart beat quick when she saw the lateness of the hour. But he would be home soon; surely he would be home very soon now. To make the time pass more quickly she would just run up and glance about his room to see what was needed there. So catching up the lamp she hurried up the