

INTO MISCHIEF.

Dancing feet and busy fingers,
Never still the whole day through,
For the little brain from dreamland
Brings them work enough to do,
Racing through the gorgeous parlor,
Romp on the winding stair,
Tearing books and breaking vases—
Into mischief everywhere.

Picks the cakes and tastes the jelly,
Breaks the window, slams the door,
Throws the statues from their brackets,
Scatters playthings on the floor,
Tearing little coats and trowsers,
Rumbling up his curly hair—
Busy, naughty little fingers,
Into mischief everywhere.

Spilling ink upon the carpet,
Dashing pictures from the wall,
Breaking mirrors, singing, shouting,
In the attic and the hall;
Tracking mud across the entries,
Turning over desk and chair,
Cutting up the morning paper—
Into mischief everywhere.

But no look of hate or malice
Darkens o'er those laughing eyes;
Not a thought of harm or sinning
In his little bosom lies;
For his soul is pure and guiltless,
What'ere harm the fingers do—
Though the little feet are straying
Into mischief all day through.

Spare Moments.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr. ———," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like."

"Can I see Mr. ———?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "You do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. What account can you give of your spare moments.

MARK TWAIN says: "There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesome returns of conjecture out of a trifling investment of fact."

FACTS AND FABLES ABOUT FLOWERS.

Why is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent, that no home is considered complete without them—no festival duly honored unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the merry-maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his joy; and the mourner, the insignia of his grief. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty, or a bunch of coloured

cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl it is usually wrought into the form of flowers. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz, or a paper, that does not include flowers in its pattern. Our china tea and dinner services are richly enamelled with groups of these graceful objects; and on our Parian jugs and butter-coolers, our vases and chimney-ornaments, we find the moulded forms of lilies and snow-drops, and other such delicate floral imagery. Whence comes this all-prevailing taste? Surely it is a gift from God, planted by him in the heart of his creatures; for the capability of the heart to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it as free to the one as the other. This taste depends not on wealth or on education, but is given, if not to all individuals, yet to some of every class. From the infant's first gleam of intelligence, a flower will suffice to still its cries; and even in old age, the mind which has not been perverted from its natural instincts, can find a calm and soothing pleasure in the contemplation of these gems of creation. The little peasant-boy who basks on the bank in the corn-field, while his parents are busied in gathering in the golden grain, amuses himself by weaving a bright crown of the glowing scarlet poppy, and the brilliant blue corn botter, wherewith to bind the auburn curls of the tiny sister whom he has been left to watch; and the feeble old woman will totter on her crutch at early day to inhale the scent of her sweet double gillyflowers, and mark the unfolding of the clustering petals. The sick and dying love flowers; for they remind them of that sweet home at which they are hoping soon to arrive, where, as sings an old poet—

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green—
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

And the young and healthy love flowers—oh, how dearly!—and delight to ramble through the lanes at the sweet April-time in search of the first young violets

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring;

or in July to wander in the dewy meadows by the river's side, and stretch far over its waters—even at the risk of getting an untimely and unwelcome bath—for the sake of attaining some of the pearly cups of the delicate water-lily (*Nymphaea alba*), or gathering a bunch of the turquoise clusters of the lovely water 'forget-me-not' (*Myosotis palustris*). The costly gems which adorn the prince or the noble are obtained only by the few; but those more pure, more fragrant ones, may be had freely, abundantly, without asking them at the hand of men.

Flowers are the subject of poet's dreams: we may cite in token Chaucer's sweet tale of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and Dunbar's—

Methought sweet May before my bed up stood,
In weed deparit of many diverse hue, &c.:

and plenty of other instances. They are emblems of nations. They serve as badges of clans, and display themselves in the blazonry of heraldic devices. They have formed the insignia of party strife and hatred, as in the fatal and long-sustained wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. They have been used as indications of renewed amity and friendship, as when the reunion of these two houses did 'unite the white rose with the red;' and as Drayton sang—

In one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and purer white;

and the striped red and white rose, called at this day 'The York and Lancaster,' was worn peacefully by both parties alike.

That the love of flowers of which we speak is a true thing, and that it has pervaded all nations, and existed throughout all times, the many legends in which we find flowers bearing a prominent part, and forming the basis for traditions and fabulous tales, supply prove sufficient.

The tulip, albeit in its own characteristics not especially suggestive of poetic thoughts, has, nevertheless, been the subject of more interest in later days than perhaps any other flower of modern or ancient celebrity. The facts, however,