

A SUMMER BREEZE.

A GENTLE breeze, in its summer joy,
Waved freely the locks of a fair haired boy
And ever it breathed as from time to time,
It hovered around, this noble chimbo:
"Doy wouldst thou deeply drink of the stream
Whence knowledge flows in its faddeless gleam?
Then waste not thy youth in dreams of air,
The worker alone drinks deeply thereo."

"Malden," it sung as it kissed the brow
Of a gentle beauty, "what seekest thou?
Wouldst taste of the purest joys that spring,
As the years flit by on their tireless wing?
Then seek thou the home of the tried and sad,
Smooth the path of ago, make the hungry glad,
Yea tenderly cheer the mourner's woe,
And thy soul shall with rivers of peace o'erflow."

The voice of the breeze grew firm and clear,
As its message addressed a manly ear:
"There are wrongs to be righted, truths to be taught,
And battles untold to be bravely fought.
Wouldst thou work for the noblest crown of life?
Then arm for the conflict, rush to the strife,
With ease let the dreamer dock his brow,
When the battle is hottest be foremost thou."

Once more spoke the breeze that summer day
Ere its mission fulfilled, it died away,
But its tones were more gentle; they fell on the ear
Of a servant of God whose end was near:
"Thou hast drank of the stream whence knowledge
flows,
Thou hast cheer'd the sad, chased the mourner's woes,
Thou hast taught the truth, fought the battles of right,
Go—rest from thy labours in realms of light."

GARDE.

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE HUGH AND THE FAIRIES.

IT happened a long time ago,—so long ago that the very old man who told the story could not remember how many years before he was born it occurred. It was a long way off too;—down in a wild and desolate part of England, called Cornwall, where Jack the Giant-killer slew the giant of St. Michael's Mount; where the brave King Arthur kept his Round Table, at which the bravest knights in the world sat at meals, and where he was slain by his treacherous nephew Mordred; where Tom Thumb lived; and where the beautiful land of Lionesse, with all its cities and palaces and churches, was swallowed up by the sea, so that fishermen say they can hear the church-bells ringing down in the water when the winds are blowing and the waves are tossing. Everywhere there are high hills and wide barren moors covered with great rocks, scattered around, some people say, by the giants who lived there before they were killed by the valiant Jack, thousands of years ago. Long after the giants were dead, came the Druids, with their white robes and long beards, and wreaths of oak-leaves on their heads. They piled the rocks one on the other to make altars, on which they built great fires, and burned the people that they killed as sacrifices to their savage and terrible heathen gods. The rocks and the altars can be seen now, but the Druids have all been dead long ago, almost as long as the giants have been.

Little Hugh Carew lived with his grandmother at the foot of Carn Bre, a lofty hill with very steep sides, on which great masses of rock were scattered about, so that it was very difficult to get to the top.

From its lofty peak could be seen the far-off sea on the north, and the sea on the south, the strange hill of St. Agnes's Beacon, and the far distant peak of St. Michael's Mount, crowned with towers and battlemented walls. But there were many strange stories about the hill of Carn Bre. It was there that the great Demon fought with the Holy Men who sailed over from Ireland on millstones to drive him away. They tore up huge rocks to throw at each other, and there the rocks lie now, just as they fell. The Demon was driven off the hill, but the stories say he is always wandering around, seeking to get possession of it again. A wicked giant, too, so big that he could step from the top of Carn Bre to the top of St. Agnes's Bea-

con, miles away, was many thousand years ago buried alive beneath the hill, all but one hand, which still sticks out, turned into stone near the top of the hill. His fingers are longer than the tallest man, so that he must have been a giant of mighty size. Sometimes the earth would shake, and dismal groans filled the air, as the giant strove in vain to throw off his heavy load. So it is no wonder that any little boy who believed these strange stories should be afraid to mount the dreadful hill.

But little Hugh's grandmother sometimes talked about other strange people, who visited the hill, and she told him how in Midsummer Eve night the Fairies, and Piskies, and Elves, and all the curious and beautiful little creatures, swarmed out of the holes in the rocks, and from the woods, and had a grand frolic on Carn Bre; and how other strange sights could be seen there,—the old Druids coming once more and performing their mysterious rites, and the ruined castle on the hill-top sending out strange visions. She said, too, that these sights could be seen by any one who climbed Carn Bre hill on Midsummer Eve, and who did not speak or cry out, whatever might be seen or heard.

Little Hugh had heard these tales so often, that at length he became very anxious to visit Carn Bre on Midsummer Eve, and see the wonders for himself. So when the night came he lay in his little cot, and thought the matter over; and the more he thought about it, the more anxious he became to go. He thought to himself, "The pretty little Fairies will not hurt me, and, who knows? they may give me a piece of fairy gold, or grant me three wishes, or turn my ragged clothes into velvet and diamonds. And as for the Piskies, I know they are fond of fun and mischief, but they are good-hearted after all, and will not hurt a little boy." The end of his thinking was his getting up and dressing himself for the journey.

The moon had not risen when little Hugh set out, but the sky was dotted all over with stars, and some of them were very bright, and winked encouragingly as he looked up at them. It was a very pleasant night, and it was such a new thing for the little traveller to be out of doors so late that he enjoyed it greatly, and went along without a thought of fear. When he reached the foot of the hill he looked back, not certain whether to make the attempt or not; but the starlight was so deceptive that he could not distinguish the way he came, and he was afraid he could not find his way home if he tried, so he grasped the charm with one hand, whilst with the other he took hold of the rocks and bushes to help himself up hill.

He had gone but a short distance, when, on going around a huge rock that lay in his path, he heard a sort of little cry beneath his foot, and started back in affright. The tiniest and most comical little fellow that can be imagined stood right before him. He was but a few inches high, dressed all in green, with a neat little red cap on his head, and funny long peak-toed boots on his feet. The little fellow was very angry, and scolded Hugh fiercely for being so careless with his feet; but Hugh, although truly sorry, could only bow and express his sorrow by his looks, for if he had spoken all his chance of seeing the wonders of Midsummer Eve would have vanished. The Pisky, for it was one of those little creatures, saw that Hugh knew the consequences of speaking to him, and would keep a still tongue, so he nodded to the boy and offered to show him the way. On they went, among the rocks, over the heath, and through the low bushes, going so fast that Hugh was almost out of breath trying to keep up with him. At last, after climbing the hill and stumbling about among the rocks for a long time, Hugh fell into a pit full of brambles, that scratched him so badly that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. As he scrambled out he heard a loud laughing, and saw his treacherous guide standing on a rock, with several little fellows like him, laughing heartily at his misfortunes. In a moment they all disappeared, but he heard their loud laughter ringing in the air, and echoed from rock to rock until it died away in the distance.

Hugh was very tired with his long walk, and sat down to rest. As he did so, he heard a knocking noise in the ground beneath him, and

lay down with his ear close to the ground to listen. There it was, plain enough, the regular knock, knock, knock of the miner's pick, with now and then a rumble as of the fall of the loosened rock. Presently the noise stopped, and he heard a voice under the earth say, "Stop work, for the Bael-fire will be lit on the hill soon, and we must obey the Midsummer Eve's summons."

Then another voice replied, "We must leave a guard to watch our work, or the thievish mortals will find our treasures of tin and copper, and carry them off."

Hugh jumped to his feet, for he thought it was time to be going, or he should lose the sights on the hill. But whilst he had been resting it had been growing darker, for a black dragon of a cloud had rushed up the sky and swallowed the stars, one by one, until none were left.

Hugh was now very much frightened, and his knees knocked together; but soon the moon lifted its great round, good-humoured face above the distant hills, and smiled so pleasantly upon the little traveller that he gathered courage, and once more set out upon his journey.

Then came a flash of light from the hill-top, and suddenly the whole mount was lit up with the ruddy glare of the Bael-fire, which for thousands of years had burned on every Midsummer Eve on Carn Bre. Then on St. Agnes's Beacon, and on the far off St. Michael's Mount, flashed up the answering fires. The old castle on Carn Bre, that was built ages and ages ago, and had long fallen into ruin, was lit up by the red fire, and strange shapes passed in and out of its walls and among the huge rocks on which the castle was built.

Then the moon climbed up the sky, and the black dragon cloud was driven away out of sight, and the merry little stars played at hide and seek among the fleecy clouds, that were scattered over the sky like beautiful white sheep on a broad field. The lights and shadows went dancing about over the hill, and among them went Hugh, still climbing to the top. Piskies ran along the path before him; Fairies peeped up shyly from banks of flowers; Goblins grinned at him from behind rocks; Hobgoblins with horrible grimaces endeavoured to frighten him from the path; Elves pulled his hair, and hung on to his jacket to keep him back; and strong Brownies piled up big stones to stop his progress; but he kept straight on towards the old castle and the big fire until he was close to the top itself. The great strong hand, as he passed it, clutched at him, and the whole hill trembled with the struggle of the buried giant to free himself; but he was fixed down too tightly, and Hugh passed on in safety.

It was a strange scene that little Hugh saw; one that few people have looked on, and which no one now living has seen, for since the steam giant has come upon earth to work mighty machines, drag long trains of carriages full of people and goods up and down the world, and push vessels about on the water without caring for wind or tide, the inhabitants of fairy-land have all disappeared, and taken fairy-land along with them, so that Our Young Folks can only get a peep at it now and then through a story or a picture. But when little Hugh took his Midsummer Eve walk, it was ever so long ago, and the steam giant had not awakened from the long sleep into which he had fallen after the world was made, so that the Fairies and other strange creatures could have their mysterious meetings on Midsummer Eve, as they had done for ages and ages.

And now they came trooping up the hill, and gathering in a crowd on the top;—delicate little Fairy ladies, in short skirts and thin gauzy veils; handsome Fairy men; no taller than your hand, dressed in splendid clothes, made of rose-leaves, and violets, and cuckoo-bells; lively little Piskies, in their grass-green suit and bright red caps; funny Goblins; with big mouths and odd little twinkling eyes; ugly Hobgoblins, going about making frightful faces at each other and every one that they passed; Jack-a-Lanterns, dancing around with their lights, and offering to show every one the wonders of the hill; and big, clumsy, good-natured Brownies, always ready to do hard work for pleasant people, or to torment those who were ill-tempered and cross. They were like a great crowd of people who had