



Far away in the white north, amid endless reaches of untrodden snow, under the polar stars, the Little Wind was born. It was a desolate world, a world of shadows and half night; of solemn stillness, yet more awful—and cold—bitterly cold. There was nothing there but the snow, the sky and the sea, yet the Little One loved it well, for cold is the life of the North Wind. Her playground was the wide sweep of the Arctic snows. Here, day after day she fled, rolling, tumbling in a mad game of romp, with no thought but her wild glee in the present. She loved the free wild life, but, best of all, she loved the sea, and, like a child, she clung to it.

So time went on; the Little One grew tall and strong, and by and by, the days of her childhood were past.

"Come," said the Mother Wind one day; "come, you are old now; it is time to show you other lands. Come, spread your wings and fly with me."

She took the Little One by the hand, and they spread their great broad pinions and went flying away up into the blue sky. They cleft the air with mighty strokes, across the ocean they sped, and the Little One laughed as she felt the stinging brine on her lovely locks.

"I dread the sun," the Little Wind said. "His rays are sharp; they prick my skin like needles."

The Mother smiled.

"He is our enemy," she said; "he fights the cold, which is the North Wind's life."

At last they came to a beautiful garden, where the flowers were all blooming. "Ah! how lovely," said the Little One, and she knelt down and kissed the flowers. But at her caressing touch the blossoms withered; the world grew sad and gray.

Amazed, the Little One rose to her mother's side, her eyes wet with horror.

"Oh, mother," she sobbed, "I loved them so, and see they are dead. Are there none to love or bless our coming?"

"No," said the mother, "a flower cannot bear our icy touch. It is the South Wind who is the flowers' friend."

"I will be a South Wind," said the Little One.

"Consider well," replied the mother: "you will have to journey through hot lands, where the North Winds pine and perish; the suffering will be terrible."

"Yet will I go," answered the Little One; "even if I die."

She spread her wings and rose higher and higher into the blue ether, her crown of frost sparkling like a wreath of stars, and the smile of an angel on her pure pale face. She felt the faintness of fatigue, the sun scorched her wings, but she still pursued her journey. Her crown had long since melted from her brow; the sun's sharp rays fell pitilessly upon her.

At length she could go no further.

"It is over," she said, and closed her eyes. "I can endure no longer."

Then, from out of the stillness she heard a voice say: "Go back, Little Wind, you have won the victory. Wherever you pass a blessing will linger in your footsteps."

So the Little Wind returned to the beautiful garden, and, taking the withered flowers in her blistered hands, she gently kissed them, and they bloomed again.

"A cruel wind," they said, "had slain us in our youth, but thou, O gentle Southern Breeze, has given us me again."

And the Little One was happy.

The Baby.

Only a baby small
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Two sunny eyes;
One chubby nose;
Only two cherry lips,
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

2.
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft.
Only a little brain
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart
Troubled with nought

3.
Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small.
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us.
God knoweth best.

A Thing of Beauty is a Joy For ever.

"I have many a time paid half a Dollar for a much worse show," was the remark that we heard the other day from a Gentleman who had just left the Store of Messrs, Barre Bros, Main St. Anxious to know the cause of the remark we entered the Store and took a turn around. To say that we were delighted with all that we saw is a very mild expression, the sight was a great surprise to us, in fact we did not think it was possible outside an Old Country city. At the present time, these enterprising gentlemen have in stock some of the most beautiful Dresden Chinaware it has ever been our good fortune to see. Their goods in Antique Silver are such exquisite reproductions of the art of a by-gone age as almost to defy detection by the Antiquarian. Their Ormolu Clocks are very old fashioned and quaint, then there is quite a lot of beautiful Statuary, and cases of all kinds of useful goods in Crystal and Silver. We would particularly call the attention of our lady readers to the very beautiful belts in solid leather and fine corded silk, with their handsome jewelled solid silver buckles and fittings. These really make one think of the age of Chivalry and of the apparel of the fair ladies whose names have become household words through the witching spell of Walter Scott. The collection of Canes and Umbrellas is without exception the best we have ever seen. In fact the whole display in the store reflects the greatest credit on the taste of Mr. Barre, who has just returned from an extended European trip in which he visited the English, French, German, Italian and American markets.