

written poetry), the rules which we con, with more or less diligence, in drcary prose. E. g.,

For crime let *crimen* never come,
But *scelus*, *facinus*, *flagitium*.

We should say as a ready illustration of this rule that "*scelus*, *facinus*, *flagitium*," would certainly, therefore be the proper word to apply to such a couplet.

Tears, we fear, were a too frequent ingredient in Latin lessons then as now; but surely there was the addition of a smile when one was asked to commit to memory the following:—

"Let that translated be by *quo*,
When with comparatives it does go."

["It does go"!]

Or take the following:—

"*Vereor* ne, I fear he will;
Vereor ut, I fear he won't;
Turn future by Subjunctive present
After *fear*: forget it don't."

I should think one wouldn't after such a quaint warning.

What do you think of this!—

"The boy has but a stupid head,
Who always for a *but* puts *sed*."

In those days of "optional" Latin, "the boy" clears himself of the charge of having a "stupid head" if he can even remember among the thousand and one other things with which his head is crammed, that *sed* is *EVER* the word for *but*.

Just one more.

"By *ut* translate infinitive,
With *ask*, *command*, *advice* and *strive*;
But never be the rule forgot:
Put *ne* for *ut* when there's a *not*."

On the *English* of the last two lines we might add, just to show that the art of memorial verses is not completely lost,

Use *forgotten* not *forgot*,
For participle past 'forget it not.'

SOLON.

SECRETS.

BY CLAUDIA.

"Really, father, I have done my best." The blue eyes were clouded, the sweet lips grew tremulous.

"Don't talk to me about doing your best! Your mother was but seventeen when I married her, and never—no never! even in the first year of our married life, did she set before me such a meal as you have to-day. I tell you plainly, Mildred, I can't stand it. Week in, week out I come home after a hard day's work, and am forced to choose between raw beef, burnt fish, and going hungry. There! there my girl! don't cry about it. I didn't mean to be unkind. Good gracious, what babies some women are!" and the fussy, middle-aged gentleman rose hurriedly from the table, upsetting in his haste the direct course of his wrath—a dish of pasty, greasy substance, which Millie honoured with the name of gravy, but which Mr. Ross dubbed "swill."

For barely two minutes Millie sat struggling with her tears. In the next she had seized a knife and was scraping the offending mixture from the cloth, and the close of the fourth found her singing "Rosy O'Grady," with a bright, happy light on her bonny face. "How happy I'll be," warbled she, as a lump of grease, roused by her energetic

movements, soared upward and plastered itself upon the dimple in her charming chin. "For I love sweet Ro—" The slamming of a door in the front of the house brought the singing to an abrupt close.

"Poor papa!" sighed she, raising her apron and hastily rubbing the grease spot before she went to the window to watch his progress down the street. "Oh! I say Jack, come in here this very minute; Jack! Jack!" throwing open the window, and trilling after the retreating figure in a very unlady-like manner. "Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; I was sure you were my cousin Jack." In some confusion Millie closed the window, and turning, beheld in the mirror opposite, her own pretty face, adorned with a great black smutch across the chin. "I don't care one bit!" with a stamp of her foot; for this much-tried young lady's temper was getting the better of her by this time. "Jack's never 'round when you want him, anyway. I won't tell a single soul about it; I'll do it all myself."

A long room, brightly lighted, spotlessly clean, and peopled by a bevy of white aproned misses, gathered in groups of four about unpainted wooden tables placed at regular intervals. Up-to-date gas ranges and other cooking appliances ranged along one side, and, flitting hither and thither, a tall, stately lady with a sweet expression, becomingly costumed, like her pupils, in a dark dress, with white cap, fichu, cuffs and apron.

"Cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs. Yes, Miss Ring, I have everything I want, thank you. Cup of but—; Lillie, pass me that wooden spoon, please. Don't you think these big white aprons are awfully becoming? Oh, dear! I will have to get another egg," and Mildred Ross made her way swiftly and gracefully among the busy, happy throng of girls to the provision table at the end of the room.

For nearly three months had our young house-keeper been attending the cooking school, and still did she call the secret her own, as far as all outside of that institution were concerned. Mr. Ross congratulated himself, every time he sat down to his well-cooked meals, upon the splendid effect of his hastily-delivered lecture, and his daughter received all compliments with a demure face, but a roguish light in her sparkling eyes.

"Lillie, got any Christmas presents made?" she asked, deftly cracking the last egg into a china bowl.

"Oh, have you?" whisking them lightly with a wire spoon; "wish I had! I shall have to buy all mine; I am so busy, you know. Papa is going to bring a gentleman home to dine with us Christmas day, a Mr. Fairfax,—awfully clever, they say, and I am going to cook the dinner all by myself. Lillie, don't you think that's light enough? So kind of Miss Ring; she is going to let me cook my turkey here Christmas day, under her supervision. She says she has to be here, anyway, and I am so anxious for it to be nice. Please tie my apron strings again? You see, it is such a short run in the cars, and I can place it right in the oven again when I get home. Yes, Miss Ring, I am coming," and the little chatterbox once more threads her way among her fellow-pupils, bearing a pan of cake to the range.

"Hello! seems to me I have seen that face before! By jove, I have, too! It wasn't as clean as it is now, either," and there is a suspicious twinkle in the eyes that meet Mildred's horrified gaze, as she, slightly panting under her rather heavy basket, is helped into the cars. She has recognized him too, but will never betray it, she inwardly determines, closing her firm little teeth together, and thus giving her mouth a stubborn curve. How long the car seems! and the only vacant seat is quite down at the end. Horrors! what a lurch! it gave that time. She has lost her balance. With a frantic gesture, she clutches for a strap, then resigns herself to the inevitable, and gracefully seats herself, basket and all, upon the lap of the very gentleman she has determined to avoid. "Oh! I beg your