

afraid, perhaps, of incurring the king's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of smallpox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.—*From the Century.*

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

The speech that day doth utter, and the night,
Full oft to mortal ears it hath no sound.
Dull are our eyes to read, upon the ground,
What's written there; and stars are hid by light.
So, when the dark doth fall, awhile our sight
Kens the unwonted orbs that circle round,
Then quick in sleep our human sense is bound,—
Speechless for us the starry heavens and bright.
But, when the day doth close, there is one word
That's writ amid the sunset's golden embers,
And one at morn; by them our minds are stirred:
Splendour of Dawn—and evening that remem-
bers—

These are the rhymes of God; thus, line on line,
Our hearts are moved to thoughts that are divine.

—R. W. G. in the *November Century.*

THE STORY OF CHUB.

Everybody about the depot knew Chub, the basket boy, for he was always limping through the rooms crying, "Apples! Peanuts—peanuts—ten cents a quart! Apples—two for a penny! Right this way, Mister, for your fresh-baked peanuts and ripe red apples!"

Where Chub came from, or to whom he belonged, was a mystery. He was always at his post from early morning till nine at night. Then he would disappear, but only to return punctually the next day.

He wasn't at all communicative and said but little to any one in the way of conversation. Yet everybody liked him; his pale face and withered limb were sure to appeal to their sympathies. I used to like him myself, and it always pleased me to see him get a good day's custom.

But it's over a year now since Chub sold apples and peanuts at our depot, and I miss him yet. There is a real lonesome place over in the corner; here he used to sit and eat his lunch at noontime. It was his favourite seat, and it never seems filled now.

I often hear our agents and Simons remark when they glance in that direction: "It seems kind o' lonesome not to see Chub around."

I remember as if it were yesterday, the lady coming in leading that little witch with a blue silk bonnet crowning her curls. It was the sweetest baby I ever saw. As she ran about the depot laughing and singing she happened to espy Chub limping his rounds.

She ran right up to him, and putting out her tiny hand touched his crutch.

"Oh, oo poor 'ame boy," she cooed, "I'se dot a tiss for oo."

Chub's face fairly glowed with delight as he bent his head to receive the kiss from the rosebud lips. He reached her a handful of peanuts, which she took and placed in her little sack pocket.

"Ise love oo, poor 'ame boy," she said, softly, "tause oo was dood to me."

"Come here, Birdie," called the lady.

"No, mamma, no! Ise doing with poor 'ame boy," she said resolutely, sticking close to Chub.

But the lady came and took her away, and Chub hobbled into the other room.

The lady was busy with her book and didn't notice her child slip out, but I did, and every now and then caught stray glimpses of the little figure as she ran up and down the platform.

By and by we heard a whistle. 'Twas the fast mail going up, but it don't stop. I thought of the baby and so did her mother.

"Birdie," she called, but no Birdie answered. Just then I glanced out, and there stood the little one in the silk bonnet right upon the track.

I fairly stopped breathing from very terror. The mother ran forward shrieking. "Will no one save her? Will no one save her?"

"Yes," shouted a voice. I saw Chub limp wildly out and snatch the little form from its perilous position, and throw it on one side just as the train thundered by.

The baby was saved; but upon the track was a crushed and mangled form. They lifted him sadly, and laying him down upon one of the seats, went for help.

It was too late; for he only opened his eyes once and whispered, "Is she safe?"

They brought her to him, but he did not heed. She stroked the still, white face with her tiny hands, and cooed in sweet baby fashion as she looked around upon the crowd:

"Poor 'ame boy done fast seep! done fast seep!"
—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser.*

JENNY LIND'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Once at Stockholm Jenny Lind was requested to sing on the Sabbath, at the King's palace, on the occasion of some great festival. She refused; and the King called personally upon her—in itself a high honour—and as her sovereign commanded her attendance. Her reply was—"There is a higher King, sire, to whom I owe my first allegiance." And she refused to be present.