

a most uproarious, jolly time of it. I lost Flora, but some way I did not seem to think about her, not even when going-home time came; and indeed the provoking way my cloak acted when I went to put it on, was enough to make me forget my greatest friends. No matter how much I turned it right, it would stay on the wrong side, and after I had turned it, and it would not stay turned, why I had to wear it as it was.

Jerry Bunn made a speech at the dressing-room door, in which he declared we were all, what he elegantly termed, "as tight as bricks," and that he was going to drive half a hundred of us home in the "bubs," by which I subsequently became aware he meant a bob-sleigh. The sleigh-bells played the "Jenny Lind" polka, and there was a great deal of singing and laughing going on in the "bubs" all the way home. The confusion of my memory of the events of the latter part of this evening, not to mention my being so stupid as to wear my boots to bed, was a subject of wonderment to me for a long time, and it did not occur to me till years afterwards that the "poort" had had anything to do with it.

And as here endeth my early recollections, I will say, with Mr. Artemus Ward, "Adoo, adoo!"

Original.

A STORY BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY AURAL MEAD, CAMDEN EAST, ONT.

It was a Canadian January evening, and the wind was blowing the sleet against the window-frames, and swaying the leafless branches to and fro. But dreary although it was without, it was forgotten in the warmth and comfort of Mrs. MacDonald's sitting-room, in a farmhouse, where she was seated near a fire-place, by a table, with her two elder children, Harry and Nellie. Mr. MacDonald was gone from home, and the younger children had retired to bed. Harry, a manly-looking fellow of eighteen, was deeply engaged in "Livingstone's Tra-

vels," while Nellie, an intelligent girl of sixteen, with her knitting in her hand, which was lying idly in her lap, was absorbed in a history of Greece.

"Nellie, Nellie," said her mother, suddenly, busy with her own knitting, "what should we do for stockings if we depended on you for knitting them?"

"Really, mother," said Nellie, starting as though just awakened from sleep, "I was so interested in this description of the battle of Marathon that I had forgotten all around me, and was fancying myself in the sunny clime of Greece, instead of the stormy one of Canada."

"And I," said Harry, looking up, mischievously, "was imagining myself in Africa's sooty clime, and believed you and mother here were blacks, and was just beginning to lose my identity, when mother broke the spell by calling you to your knitting."

"You have a most fertile imagination, Harry," said his sister, laughing, in spite of herself, at his remark, although she was a little provoked at him for laughing at her poetical ideas.

"Well," said Harry, yawning and closing his book, "I am getting tired of reading. Let's coax mother, Sis, to tell us a story."

Mrs. MacDonald seemed nothing loth to be "coaxed," and so she said, smiling,

"What shall it be?"

"I should like a ghost story," said Nellie.

"Oh, that is the way with you girls," said Harry, with that provokingly patronizing air which boys are generally fond of showing towards their sisters. "You build everything on fancy, likely to tumble down at the first gust that blows. Now, boys always want everything they read to be true, to have a solid foundation, to be capable of being reasoned out."

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken there, my lord logician," replied Nellie. "Sir Walter Scott was a boy once in his lifetime, I believe, and his boyhood was spent in reading works of the most romantic and fanciful kind; and, besides," she continued,