

"keeps his carriage," may be seen sitting proudly, if not softly, upon the axle itself.

It is curious to watch the drivers of these bullocks. They make a loud, sharp, clucking noise with their mouth, they use their whip, both the lash and the sharp nail in the handle, pricking the "prime steaks" very severely; and, in urgent cases, scold, and kick with their bony heels, adding insult to injury, so that even a bullock tries to get away from it.

The Indian bullock-drivers used the "screw propeller" long before it was thought of for driving our big ships; for, when all other means fail, a sharp twist of the creature's tail is sure to make it go.

But it must be pleasanter to have a driver who

"Never takes the harsher way,  
When love will do the deed."

I have frequently been amused with the way in which the men will sometimes talk to their tired beasts, dragging up a hill, or over a rocky or sandy bed of a river. "There now, brother, all over, all over. Just a little! Only another pull! A hand-breath more! Done! Done! Ah, the least bit more!" If this fail, then "How is this, brother? Well, this *is* something new. Never knew you hesitate at a difficulty before. This little hill! Why, a mountain used to be nothing to you. What! Going to stop? Is it you? Surely, I have yoked another by mistake! Let me see. The colour is the same. Come, let me see you go, brother!" Or, "Well, well, has it come to this? You going to disgrace the family. Your father was a splendid ox. Your grandfather was a fine ox. And you have always been equal to them. And now you go like this! Are you not ashamed of yourself? If you don't do better than this you will catch it when you get home. If your wife hears how you've behaved on the road she'll slam the door in your face."

I must say that this reasoning is generally effectual; but whether owing to a sense of honour in the bullock's breast, or a sense of nervousness in his sides, which get a sharp blow with each exhortation, I must leave you to determine.



#### THE MIGNONETTE AND THE OAK.

MARK'D a child—a pretty child,  
A gentle, blue-eyed thing;  
She sow'd the scented mignonette  
One sunny day in spring;  
And while the tiny grains she sow'd,  
The stream of thought thus sweetly flow'd:

"On this dear bed the dew shall fall,  
And you bright sun shall shine—  
'Twill spring, and grow, and blossom then;  
And it will all be mine!"  
And the fair thing laughed in childish glee,  
To think what a harvest hers should be.

I saw a man an acorn plant  
Upon the hill-side bare—  
No spreading branch, no shading rock,  
Lent friendly shelter there;  
And thus, as o'er the spot he bow'd,  
I heard him—for he thought aloud:

"Frail thing! ere glossy leaf shall grace  
Thy wide and sturdy bough,  
I may be laid amid the dead  
As low as thou art now:  
Yet wilt thou rise in rugged strength,  
And crown this barren height at length."

Each had a hope: the childish heart  
Look'd to a summer's joy;  
The manly thought—strong and mature—  
Looks to futurity.  
Each trusts to nature's genial power—  
*He* wants a forest; *she*, a flower.

Who sows the seed of heavenly truth,  
And doubts Almighty power?  
Will years less surely bring the oak,  
Than months the summer flower?  
*Then sow*, although no fruit you see;  
God, "in due time," will raise the tree.

—S. S. World.