

change once in a way. I quite enjoyed myself yesterday!"

Ephraim Pottlesby was like Reuben, too, in believing that "a man's a man and a holiday's a holiday," and he held further that "a woman's a woman and a child's a child"; so he spent his holiday in taking his wife Phoebe and little Janet across the fields three miles away to see Granny. Oh! such a happy time they had; and as they walked home in the evening, Phoebe linking arms with Ephraim, and little Janet being carried part of the way on Ephraim's shoulder, "just for the fun of the thing," not that she was a bit tired, Phoebe couldn't help saying to Ephraim from a full heart, "What a real nice day we have had," while Janet

wanted to know if they "couldn't have another Easter Monday to-morrow!"

Ephraim wished they could, but was sure they couldn't, which made Janet frown and get nearly ready to cry, until he kissed the trouble away with the promise that "Please God, if we are all spared, we'll have another happy holiday next Easter Monday!"

A Happy Easter to all our readers. May they all enjoy a pleasant time, and spend the holiday in such a way that, on the next morning they can look back upon it as a happy holiday on which they have given enjoyment to others as well as enjoying it themselves. For "a man is a man and a holiday is a holiday" when properly spent.

TWO BOOKS.

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III.



THE HUMMING BIRD.

out, and the housemaid. It's a deadly shame. It isn't decent. What did you give for that bird?"

"A shilling."

"WHAT have you got in that there box?" asked Jemima Anne, the housemaid, as Jessie entered the kitchen of the Rectory.

"What do you think now?"

"I can't think. Where have you been?"

"I've been to Mr. Timmins' shop. And I've got a bank book."

"A bank book! You are a silly! I wouldn't have one if it was given me. What did you get beside the bank book?"

"Something beautiful. A humming bird for my hat."

"Let me see."

Jessie opened her box.

"Oh my! Is that a humming bird? Where does that come from?"

"I don't know, America or Australia."

"Australey, I'm sure. What a mussy we ain't in Australey!"

"Why so, Jemima?"

"Lawks! with them blazing and painted humbugging birds flying about, nobody would have eyes to cast on us poor girls. Fancy now! You got that at Timmins'. I'll go and get some too."

"There are no more."

"No more humbugging birds?"

"I got the last."

"That was a shame. I could cry my eyes out. I wish I'd known it. But that's just my luck. I never hear of nothing good till 'tis too late. And that you should have it,—and only a kitchenmaid—and me to be with-