

When Buttons had finished his dinner, he naturally took a little trot down to the gate, to see if his master was anywhere about; and seeing Jim, of course there was no harm in going through the gate to wag his tail, as much as to ask, "Do you know anything of Tom?"

But he must have been surprised when Jim took him in his arms, turned down the lane, and struck off hurriedly across some fields; after going some way, he carefully deposited Buttons in a bag, which he slung over his shoulder. He paused once for a moment, thinking he heard a sound; but no, it was only the church clock striking, so he walked on quickly.

Oh, Jim! Jim! it is not too late to turn back. Do listen to your conscience. It says, "Thou shalt not steal;" and Jim seemed to be walking in time to those four words, beating in his mind like the strokes of a hammer.

But alas! no; he is listening to temptation, whispering to him in a soft, persuasive voice,—"You want a sovereign far more than Tom wants his dog; you will be able to do so much with it—you will help your mother, you will send Susie to the hospital, you will make your fortune; and Tom, why, he will soon forget he ever had a dog." So Jim holds the bag tighter than ever, and almost runs along the road.

A man breaking stones pointed him out Major Browne's house, and then Jim's heart did begin to fail him when he found he had to ring at the lodge gate, and to wait ever so long for an old woman to come out and open it. He all but ran away then.

Ah, Jim! if you only had done it, what a great deal of pain you would have spared yourself and others! Buttons would never have mentioned to Tom that mysterious ride on your shoulder and you would have conquered evil. What a victory that would have been! But sin is like a great briar, when you once let it get entangled round you it is very difficult to pull yourself from it.

Jim stood at the lodge-gate, with Buttons in his arms, having taken him out of the bag, whilst the old woman looked him down from top to toe, as much as to say, "Whoever can you be?" and her inquisitive silence was even worse to bear than a rough question, Jim thought.

The footman was the next person he had to encounter, and he did more than stare at the boy and his dog. He burst out laughing when he heard what he had come about, and made some very rude remarks.

He didn't believe that master wanted such a brute of a cur; he would not touch it—no, not he! Jim could carry it himself, and he would show him the way to master's room.

Major Browne smiled when

the pair appeared in the doorway.

"So you have come for your sovereign, my boy?" he said. "Well, everything can be bought and sold now-a-days, I believe; even a true friend like your little dog," he added.

He mistook Jim's pallor for deep feelings; and, to comfort him, he gave him the sovereign at once, saying,—

"I shall be going away to-morrow, so there will be no fear of his running home again, for I shall take him with me. By-the-by, what is his name?"

"Buttons," mumbled Jim, and he turned on his heel to go, disregarding the footman's "Well-I-never!" sort of look, and, of course, taking no farewell of Buttons.

"Well!" said Major Browne to himself, "that is curious! I never thought the lad would have parted with his dog; he was so hot about it the other day, and quite angry with me for offering to buy it. Now, here he comes, leaves the dog, never even says 'Good-bye' to it, and pockets the sovereign! Yes, Buttons," he added, "I fear your master is like the rest of the world—greedy after gold."

Buttons shook himself free from the caress, as if to show he dissented from Major Browne's remark, and stood in the centre of the room, sniffing doubtfully, and looking the picture of misery, his tail drooping sadly and his eyes full of tears, for Buttons was a dog of feeling.

Meanwhile, what were the boys doing in Grove Coppice? Such a wood as it was for flowers and birds' nests, cannot we fancy how glorious it looked that bright spring day? Cannot we see those half-dozen boys eagerly vaulting the palings that divided the wood from the road? Cannot we hear them rushing down the hill, squeezing the soft, spongy moss under their heavy boots, crashing through the thick brushwood, and pressing down the delicate little green shoots?

Regiments of Lent lilies, waving their yellow flags brightly in the sun, looking as if they had marched boldly up the hill to confront that sturdy patch of primroses, the close-set primrose defying them to go further; whilst on all sides the gentle wood anemones swayed slowly up and down, too delicate and too pure to be any one's enemy, and therefore allowed to spread everywhere, even under the very roots of the jealous briar.

The shouts of the boys resounded through the woods as they threw themselves down in that yellow sea of daffodils, or rushed wildly about, thinking every tuft looked finer than the one they had just picked.

It was a very large coppice, extending all along the sides of a hill, becoming at last quite a thick wood, near which was an old, disused quarry. The road skirt-

ed the bottom of the hill, and on the other side of the road ran a stream, which, though noisy, was useful in turning the mill.

During the early part of the day the boys kept more or less together, busily picking flowers; for, as John suggested, it would be better to get their baskets full before they began birds'-nesting.

Fred had, indeed, many times dashed off to a "likely-looking bush," as yet with no success, the only result being that his basket was not so full as those of the others.

"Oh, I do wish the blackberries were ripe!" said George. "I am so thirsty!"

"You always are," said John.

"Well," said Tom, "before we go home, we'll all go and have a drink of water. I know where there's a good place." Just then a rabbit started up, at Tom's feet. "Oh! I wish Buttons were here! wouldn't he be pleased!" he exclaimed. "I must run and see where he has gone to, so as to tell Buttons about him," and throwing down his basket, off he started, crashing through the briar and brushwood till he was lost to sight.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT IN CASHMERE.

The Queen of England having presented to the Maharajah of Cashmere a small steam-vessel, its trial trip on the waters of the lake was a memorable day to the inhabitants of the valley. Steam power was a mystery to them, and never before had the mountains surrounding their homes echoed back the sound of the whistle—a potent uprooter of old ideas and prejudices. At an early hour the city was full of people, and the river crowded with boats. All were desirous of getting as good a place as possible to obtain a sight of the wonderful mystery of a boat moving over the water without the agency of hands.

It had been sent to the country in pieces, which were finally put together under the direction of a European engineer. As the hour for starting drew near, the occupants of the boats became more excited than ever, and shrieked, gesticulated, and swayed about on their frail crafts. The Maharajah took his seat on the deck in a solemn and dignified manner, and gave the word to start. The whistle sounded, the musicians blew, the drummers smote their drums, and the people shouted, but the vessel stirred not. It was not till the following day that the defect in the machinery which caused the failure was rectified. That having been done, the boat was brought through the canal from the lake into the river Jhelam, where its acquisition proved a source of great amusement to the Maharajah, who every evening steamed up and down the watery

highway of the city, much to the delight of his faithful subjects, who clustered like bees on every commanding point that afforded a view of the royal progress.—*D. Wakefield.*

WHITHER?

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Whither look you
With longing eye?"

"I search for trace
Of my home ^{as} high."

"Whither ^{climb} you
By night and day?"

"To ^{the} heavenly hills
I make my way."

"Why not listen
When we rejoice?"

"I have caught the tones
Of an angel's voice."

"Here are treasures
Of nature and art."

"A trues beauty
Hath ravished my heart."

"You seek a phantom
And find it never."

"That which I see
I will follow forever."

—S. S. Times.

A WARNING AGAINST MEDDLING.

When I was in the mountains this summer, there was a little dog in the house called Roary. He was not very pretty, and he was always barking at people and fighting with all the dogs who came near the place. One day he came home with his wool full of porcupine quills. You know that porcupines shoot out these quills when people or animals meddle with them. Roary had a hard time while his mistress was pulling these quills out of his flesh. I don't think he will want to meddle with or go near porcupines again. It does not do for boys and girls to go around scolding and quarrelling with all they meet. Once in a while they will get into a great deal of trouble by it, as Roary did, and besides that, they will never be loved. Roary was not. All the boarders would have been very glad, I guess, if he had run out of the house, and never come back again.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CALCULATING CROW.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1816 states that a carrion crow perceiving a brood of fourteen chickens under the care of a parent-hen, on a lawn, picked up one; but on a young lady opening the window and giving an alarm, the robber dropped his prey. In the course of the day, however, the plunperer returned accompanied by thirteen other crows, when every one seized his bird, and carried off the whole brood at once.