

the chaplain, "would you love God and try to serve him?" "Why yes," he answered, "I always did love him," as though, in his childlike trust, he had no cause of enmity with the Father to whom he had been drawn in grateful confidence. After his first hard cry, the thought of death did not seem to occupy him.

He was too much of a child to fully realize it. Just before he went out to be shot, he turned to the chaplain and asked as in boyish curiosity, "If I die to-day will my soul go to heaven to-day?" Arriving at the field of execution he was not at all disturbed by the terrific preparations. He walked up to the open grave and looked inquiringly into it without a shudder, and then he turned to look at the firing party as though he saw only kind-hearted comrades there. He kneeled again to pray as calmly as if he were to

lie down in his own little crib at home. Just as his arms were being bound a bird flew by, and he twisted his head around to follow with his gaze the bird in his flight, as though he should like to chase it; then he looked back again at the bright muskets with a soft and steady eye as before. "Let me kneel on the ground and rest on the coffin," he said, as they fixed him in position. "No, kneel on the coffin," was the order. So kneeling there he settled himself into a weary crouching position, as though he were to wait thus a long and tiresome time. He had hardly taken his place before he fell back dead, with every bullet of the firing platoon directly through his chest—three through his heart. He uttered never a groan, nor did his frame quiver.

Even such boys as that are here shot if they desert.

ITEMS.

THE BEAUTIES OF EDITING.—An editor says, in a recent letter to a friend, "At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years editorial life—bad eyes, crooked back, and broken nerves, with little to show for it." Any one would think the three articles enumerated were quite enough to show for it.

THE DUTIES OF A MISTRESS OF A FAMILY.—The duties of a mistress in regard to time, room, food, clothing, comfort, health, tempo and every temporal and spiritual good under her administration, is to endeavor that there be nothing wasted, nothing wanted; but all employed, and all enjoyed.

BOSWELL complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put in it," said Johnson. "Has sense that effect upon the head?" inquired Boswell. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "on heads that are not used to it."

NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE.—What a unique and meaning expression was that of a young Irish girl, in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

If a lady in a red cloak were to cross a field in which was a goat, what wonderful transformation would probably take place? The goat would turn to butter, and the lady into a scarlet runner.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHANGE.—A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings wrong side outward. "Because," said he, "there's a hole on the other side."

AN EXASPERATING WITNESS.—"I wish you would pay a little more attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer at an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.