

house; and, say what you will, these humans have the most delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter-time."

So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there. The trouble of all this was, that, as Mrs. Red was a notable body, and got up to begin her housekeeping operations, and woke up all her children, at four o'clock in the morning, the good people often were disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night. Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband vigorous curtain lectures in the night, which made him so indignant that he would rattle off to another quarter of the garret to sleep by himself; and all

this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do about it? Would you let the squirrels live in your house, or not? When our good people come down of a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden-chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and jaunty and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think that they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret to-day. And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

Domestic Economy.



Original.

A LEAF FROM EVERY-DAY SUBJECTS.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

"What shall I do now, ma'am?" said a tired-looking workwoman, resting her scrubbing-pail upon the floor, as she leant against the door-post of a handsome dining-room. "I have finished upstairs."

"Ah, well, let me see," said the lady, laying her book upon her lap, and casting her eyes upon the mantle clock, which pointed to a few moments of five; "You can go downstairs. Mrs. Ryan, and wash out the kitchen dining-room."

The woman lifted her pail, and moved away; but there was something in the wearied tone of her "yes, ma'am," that struck upon the chord of Pity in her mistress' breast, which, in its twanging, touched that of Remorse, and gave out the following notes:

"Poor thing, how tired she looks! and no wonder. She has worked hard all the week, and to-night is Saturday night, too.

It is only five o'clock though, and she has another hour to work"—here Christianity gave a sharp tug at the chord Remorse, and the lady started up quickly, adding—"how cruel of me to keep her! I am not doing as I would be done by; and she has such a lot of little children, too."

A ring of the bell brought up a fat, good-natured-looking cook.

"Hannah, I intended Mrs. Ryan should wash out your dining-room for you, but as it is Saturday night, and she has a lot of little children, I wish you would give her her tea at once, and let her go."

The lady spoke deprecatingly, forgetting the ready warmth of a servant's heart, and willingness to do "what she can" of charity to those who need it. She was gratified with the prompt,

"I will, indeed, ma'am. Never mind the dining-room; I shall scrub it myself. The poor creature! and she has a young baby, too. I'll not keep her. She shall get her tea right off."

Money in hand, the mistress summoned the charwoman.