

We had several snow-shoe and coasting parties, but for my part I enjoy skating and driving much better.

CANADIAN.

MARY GREY.

Mary Grey was a happy little girl, when her father decided she might attend boarding school, at Mrs. Carrs'. Fifty years ago to attend boarding school was thought a great privilege by the friends of the fortunate boy or girl.

What a time the Grey family had preparing clothes for Mary. Mother worked hard day after day making new dresses, fitting over old ones, and knitting stockings. Mr. Grey did his share of the work by going to town for materials, sister Jane, and even baby John, helped in the work.

Mary was so delighted that she went singing through the house daily, but as eventide came, there was a something she could not tell what, made her feel a choking sensation in her throat when she looked around the dear old kitchen.

At last the day came when she must prepare for school. Mrs. Grey brought down from the attic the old family trunk, and commenced packing, all the common things were put in first, and then the dresses, that had cost so much money and work.

The last night home, poor little Mary cried herself to sleep in mother's arms. Morning came, and with it vanished tears and fears. At ten o'clock the "good byes" had been said, and the child on board the train bound for boarding school.

Upon arriving at her destination she was met by a lady, who asked her, if she was the little girl going to Mrs. Carrs'. Mary replied "yes." In a few moments she was seated in a carriage, and soon arrived at "Elm Grove."

"Elm Grove" stood about a quarter of a mile from the road, and was approached through an avenue of elm trees, hence the name of the school. The school itself was a large two-storied building, painted white, with green shutters; the entrance was in the front, with pretty green vines climbing over the door-way, some reaching the windows above.

With trembling steps Mary followed Mrs. Brown into the house. She was taken to a room, where she was soon comfortably seated by a glowing fire. When left alone, Mary had a good cry, but, as after a storm comes sunshine, so with my little friend, she wiped her eyes and resolved not to be such a baby again. In a few minutes Mrs. Brown came in and took her out to dinner, where she was introduced to her future companions.

I will not attempt to describe all of Mary's troubles and trials the first few weeks, but before Thanksgiving she had made many friends, and began to feel herself more at home.

Thanksgiving came, and Mary went home; never had the dear old house seemed so nice before, and every person was so pleased with her.

The thanksgiving dinner was the best that had been in the house for years, the largest turkey had been saved, Mrs. Grey had exhausted her supply of receipts in the many good things with which the table was loaded. These things tasted all the better after boarding-school fare to our little friend.

The time came when she again had to bid "good-bye," and leave the happy home once more behind. Very different was her reception at school this time for the girls all rushed to meet her, and bid her welcome back again.

The three weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas passed only too quickly, and Mary was on her way home once more. As the train stopped at Wellington, she saw the dear faces of father and mother. In a few minutes the old red pung quickly carried her home, and soon she was seated by the log fire in the old kitchen, telling about the merry times she and her companions had at school, and thus we leave her, but not before wishing her "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"LILLY."

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BY M. CARROLLTON.

Perhaps one of the best chances to study characters is at a railway station. In making a tour through Nova Scotia this summer we were obliged to remain for some time at Digby. People were bustling in all directions with "little box, big box, band-box, bag."

One person who arrested my attention was an old woman with a huge bonnet tied under her chin, an old shawl pinned across her shoulders, and a black dress—much the worse for wear—(reaching some distance above her boot-tops.) In one hand she carried a carpet-bag and a bird cage, in the other a basket containing a frisky kitten, beside many other bundles. She seemed to be impressed with the idea that the train was coming every minute, as she kept walking back and forth between the station and the edge of the platform, dropping first one and then another of the bundles. Her movements seemed to be particularly trying to a gentleman who sat on the other side of the room, and who was constantly dropping his newspaper and spectacles in his anxiety to see what "that" was going to do next. At length his patience gave out completely, and rising he exclaimed, "For goodness sake, madam, can't you trust to the brakeman to look after you till the train comes?" He then looked at her in such a way that the poor little woman kept her seat for at least *three minutes* when off she started again.

My attention was next attracted to a young lady, somewhat pretty, who was listlessly reading "Lorna Doone." She impressed me as having more than her share of pride, so we were rather amused when a rough looking farmer came in and seating himself by her—not noticing the way in which she drew herself up—began to ask her questions as to the arrival of the train. As she remained quiet, he turned, and looking at her in a fatherly way, said "Are ye deaf? Did ye ever try Johnson's electric ile? My ole woman she got deaf, and put some in her ear an' it done her a lot o' good." At this his fair companion arose and seated herself at the other side of the room.

She was no sooner settled than a colored woman dressed in the brightest of blue gingham entered, looked around and seating herself by the proud young lady, said "Please, miss, will ye please hold on to this here bag while I get my specks out?"

Just at that point my meditations were interrupted by the whistle of the fast approaching train, and my friends were lost to view in the crowd.

Question Department.

Who is the most popular writer of the day?

Marion Crawford is an American and supposed to be the best writer.

Can the editor tell us how to preserve seaweed?

Seaweed is put in a kind of gum and dried, then pressed. It is very often pasted on cards with light back ground. This gives a pretty effect.

What is the derivation of the name Nova Scotia?

The name Nova Scotia means New Scotland. It was called New Scotland by the people that first discovered it.

Who invented the clock?

The water clock was perhaps the first. It was used by the Greeks. Clocks were first introduced into England about 1100. They were introduced first by the Catholic clergy.

Where was Alfred Tennyson's birth place?

He was born in Somersby in England.

What is the real name of Mark Twain?

The real name of Mark Twain is Clemens.