

descendants have always been watchmen at the Dieppe Light-house. Scarcely a year has passed in which some one of them has not distinguished himself in saving a vessel or human lives.

On the parapet of the pier stands a post, firmly planted in the rock and plated with copper. To this post a chain is fixed. Since 1777, in every storm by day or night, a Boussard is lashed to this post. From hence he calls out, through his speaking-trumpet, his warnings and directions to the sailors who have to struggle with the storm and waves. And though sometimes the waves dash high over his head, the next moment the faithful watchman appears again, and his voice sounds about the roar of the storm and the raging of the sea. Since 1777 the townsmen of Dieppe enquire, when a ship or a man is to be saved, "Is there no Boussard there?" And as yet one has never failed. Nearly a century, therefore, has the race of the faithful pilot endured.—*In Chatterbox. J. F. C.*

MOTHER'S DARLING AND CLARA'S PET.

THE GRAND CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"Now, Miss Maud, as the morning is fine, suppose we go out for a drive. What was that you said, dear? You think it too cold; do you? I do not think it at all too cold, my dear. There is a fine bracing air, and we shall see a host of grand company. The wind will bring a nice color into your cheeks, and make them quite rosy for dinner. Stop, though! On second thought, as mother says, I had better prepare you for the weather, especially as you have not been out for two or three days. So we will put on this beautiful mantle which will keep you warm, if the air should be chilly. That's it! It fits you sweetly, my pretty. And now for the hood. Hold up your dear little chin. There, that's a beautiful bow I have made for you. And now, Miss Maud, looking at you altogether, I am prepared to say, there is not a prettier sight to be seen anywhere."

The young lady who took delight in thus soliloquizing was Clara North; and she would have been surprised indeed, if you had entered into an argument to prove that "Miss Maud" could not hear a word of her pretty speech. For the secret

must be told that Miss Maud was only a grand new doll, and that the carriage in which she was seated, "just like a pretty princess," as Clara said, was only a handsome doll's perambulator. Nevertheless, that person would have been one of a very matter-of-fact kind, and one that Clara would not have cared to have reckoned amongst the number of her friends, who would have ruthlessly destroyed that beautiful little Wonder-world in which she delighted to live.

It had been a present on which Clara had long set her mind, and one that had not been given her by her excellent mother without due thought. For, the truth must be told, there was a time when our young friend, Clara North, was anything but the neat and attractive little person she looked, when she took Miss Maud out for a carriage drive.

"Mother," she said, one day, "I have seen to-day such a beautiful sight."

"What was that, my dear?"

"I have seen a doll dressed so sweetly, that I can hardly describe it to you."

Her mother was silent for a minute or two, during which time she looked at Clara, who this morning was more untidy in her appearance than usual.

"Was her hair all over her eyes, Clara, my dear," asked her mother presently without looking at her.

"Oh no, mother," said Clara, slightly coloring, and quietly putting back the hair which "would come down," she used to say.

"And I suppose her face and hands were beautifully clean, and fit to shake hands with the Queen, my dear?"

Clara said they were, but somehow, as she said the words, although her mamma was not looking at her, the words were somewhat faintly spoken, because she happened to catch a sight of her own hands, which were rather "grubby," to use one of her own expressive words.

"And I daresay her bow was beautifully tied under the chin, and not under her ear, dear."

"Oh yes, mother," said Clara, more faintly; and presently, not able to bear this kind of examination any longer, she burst into tears. Mrs. North of course did not like to see this, and quietly soothed her.

"It is quite plain to me, my dear," she said presently, "that you, who admire neatness so much in others, have only to take a little thought and care, always to appear perfectly neat yourself.

And I faithfully promise you that, when I see you improve, you shall have as pretty a doll, and as pretty a carriage for it, as father can buy."

"I am afraid it will be a long time, mother, before I have the doll then," said Clara, with a pretty little sigh.

"It need not be long, my dear," said Mrs. North encouragingly; "if you will try, I will help; that is a fair bargain, is it not?"

And so the bargain was made; and all will be pleased to learn that from that day forward, Clara began not only to admire neatness and prettiness in others, but paid such attention to her own appearance that in a very little while she had fairly won the handsome present which had been promised her. It was always pleasant to her mother to see that "Miss Maud" and Clara were so neatly dressed that they were "a lesson" to some young folks whose clothes, though of richer materials, never seemed to fit them, and never looked well, because they were thrown on without the slightest regard to neatness. Clara's "carriage drive" thus became useful to many who saw it, and perhaps it may give a hint to some who will read about it.—*British Workwoman.*

THE HOLY WELL AT OUGHTERARD.

In the lonely valleys of Connemara, close by the outer cliff, or Oughterard, lies a field long famed for the supposed virtues of its "Holy Well;"* and as I passed it one lovely summer evening, a curious scene presented itself.

The well was situated somewhere about the centre of the field; a few trees stooped over its hidden waters; and round it was a stony space, over which a number of people were passing on their knees, mumbling sounds which, though rather indistinct, resembled prayer. The sight was very picturesque—the poor women in their bright scarlet cloaks, and the old men with their grey hair fluttering in the wind, painfully making their way round the prescribed circle. In the background stood the grand old mountains of Connemara, and the soft rays of the declining sun lighted up the whole.

As each pilgrim or penitent passed a little thorn-bush, just

* This well is now stopped up by a Scotchman, who bought the field in which it was situated.

over the well, he or she hung a small piece of colored stuff on its branches, till the whole tree presented something of the appearance of a patchwork quilt, so many and so mixed were the colors which nearly covered it.

One young girl forcibly attracted my attention. Her face was pale, with the calm, resigned look upon it which we sometimes see accompanying the expression of fixed ill health; the large, Irish grey eye shone bright and clear; but a slight, though constant cough told the tale of incipient consumption. She had finished (and with difficulty) the number of rounds assigned to her either as a penance or a means of restoration to health, and now lay panting feebly on the short, green grass. Still, with something like a look of satisfaction on her face, she glanced towards the piece of stuff with which she had decorated the tree, as if feeling that a duty had been performed, and that her devotion to her patron saint had been marked by the piece of red and blue plaid which fluttered in the wind so as to attract his attention and insure his protection.

"You seem tired," I said to the poor girl.

"Oh, yes, sir, but what signifies whether I am tired or not, if the blessed Saint Joseph will look down upon me this day? For it's in honor of him, sir, that I'm after goin' the round of the well six times."

"And what could he do for you?" I said; "or what do you want from him?"

"I want, sir,—I want first the blessed health that would make the night short and the day bright; and sure I drank of the well for that same rason. And then, sir, I want to do penance for my sins, for sure, sir, we're all sinful craythures, and some way, since I got sick, I feel the sin on me more than ever."

Just then I heard the workmen's dismissal bell ring from an adjoining demesne, and I knew it was time for me to open the evening lecture which I intended to hold in the school house at six o'clock.

I do not think I shall soon forget that meeting. We opened it with the hymn—"Glory to Thee, My God, this night"—and so simple are the words, and so touching the strain to which they were sung, that my audience, composed as it was of untaught Connemara peasants, seemed spell-bound till the voices ceased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)