


A Vagary.

 NE of the most cherished memories of my childhood is that of a quaint castle, which used to excite my wonder and admiration as I passed it in my daily walk. But, though the exterior, with its high tower, rugged battlements, and odd windows, pleased me, I knew nothing of the interior, till, one day when I had almost attained the dignity of womanhood, I obtained possession of a large key that would unlock the heavy doors: and I gaily set off to visit the enchanted palace.

On opening the main door, I found myself in a spacious hall. Beyond were the apartments of the castle, and over an arch which led to the interior was the inscription—*Contemplare et disce*. Just to the right of the door, a magnificent staircase, of the most exquisite workmanship, led to the summit of the tower. After examining for some time the intricate and delicately executed carving in the balustrade, I entered a large room at the top of the castle.

The room was furnished after the old English style, with massive oak chairs and tables, and heavy tapestry-draperies. There were also many curious ornaments scattered about, and the walls were decorated with Latin mottoes. But, happening to glance out of one of the windows, I forgot to examine the furniture more closely, for my eye caught sight of a wonderful scene below.

It was a scene of unusual activity. Numberless human forms flitted here and there, each apparently absorbed in the business of the hour. Upon closer scrutiny I saw that each person carried a ball of colored cord which he unwound, as he walked, and let fall to the earth, where it was caught and held in place by a slightly cohesive