

to my side, and I resolved, there and then, that she, and she alone, should be my bride. Before we reached that red brick house, overlooking the Grand River, and which had been my summer home a year ago, our troth was plighted, and Velvet Throat became Mrs. Warbler Martin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRANDFATHER.

A LITTLE DOG WITH A LITTLE TALE (TAIL.)

A little Scotch Terrier puppy was introduced into our family circle a long time ago—when I was two years old. I suppose he was happy there, judging by his frolics. He made excursions to shed or barn, and carried off old shoes and rubbers, which he kept with the bones that he used to gnaw, and there worried them unmercifully, till they were rescued from his destructive teeth. He was called Dot, and I being a Dot as well as he, he loved to chase me, and catch at my little dress, when I ran about the yard. He loved to worry rubbers, oh, so much, and to gnaw great bones still better. But when the night came! When everybody was asleep, and he outside and alone in his box, with no mother to keep him warm; when the dreadful, chilly, dark spread itself over all, and the ghostly wind rustled among the trees, and brushed the grass, and came right to where he lay, a poor, little shivering dog! I do not know if he ever noticed all this, but he did notice his loneliness, and gave vent to it in the most doleful howls, so that somebody had to get up and go out to quiet him. Then morning came, and the sun shone, and the tall leaves clapped their leaves together: but better than all, he had his breakfast, perhaps a bone, and then he was not alone, for one or

other of us was sure to be in the yard, and he would frisk and frolic all day in the sunshine. I do not know if he carried a long tail, I am inclined to think it was short, but he did not leave a long tale behind him, which was not his own fault, poor little fellow, for some scamp stole him. Let us make room for something more important. His tale is ended. Bow-wow-wow---!!

D. W. K.

THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

One peaceful eve I fell asleep and slept;
I slept and saw strange visions;
and in one
That I remember better than the rest,
The seasons four appeared in human shape.
I heard the rushing of a mighty blast,
Then entered Winter, like unto the night;
Her chariot was all of white snow-clouds,
And drawn by the cold North wind,
and made soft
With fleecy snowflake cushions. As she came,
The great trees groaned and trembled; and the brooks
And rivers froze beneath her icy breath.
Hers was a stately and majestic form;
Her limbs were shapely, and her features clear,
As chilled marble, and as cold and white.
Yet on her lips there played a fiery hue,
Like to the Northern lights, and this strange red
Was half reflected in her still, white cheek.
As when those lights cast colour on the snow.
Her eyes were keen, sharp, blue;