

"Avez-vous, avez-vous du fruit des poulets?"

I at last said in despair, for I could not remember the equivalent for eggs, and this was the nearest I could come to it.

They only smiled and shook their heads saying, "Je ne vous comprends pas, Monsieur."

I said, "Avez-vous du papier et de l'encre?"

They nodded assent, and got me paper and ink, and then I sat down and drew a hen and a hen's nest containing a setting of eggs. They now understood my meaning clearly, and laughed heartily as they looked at my sketch. The daughter brought the egg basket, and I picked out half a dozen, then asked, "Combien?"

She would only take ten cents. I then, much to their astonishment, broke the eggs into the boiling water and bidding the kind people, "Bon Jour," started for the camp. By the time I got to where the buckboard and tent was situated, the eggs were nicely cooked. C. F. Bridgeman in the meantime had got lunch ready, and we enjoyed our meal amazingly. 1st course, bread and butter and poached eggs; 2nd course, corn beef and cocoa and milk. It is now three o'clock and we must be off.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WORLD AS WE MAKE IT.

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.
But Mabel took no heed that day,
Of what she heard her grandame say.
Years after, when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,
Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame.

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."
She cleared her brow; and smiling, thought,
" 'Tis even as dear grandma taught!
"And half my woes thus quickly cured,
And other half may be endured."
No more her heart its shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.
A little child in love and trust.
She took the world—as we, too, must—
In happy mood; and lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view!
She made of life—as we, too, should—
A joy, and lo! all things were good
And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first He said, "Let there be light."

—Country Schoolma'am in Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Highland Scene.

WRITTEN BY A. S. S. SCHOLAR.

The scenery of the Highlands is grand in the extreme. Lofty and majestic mountains, divided by deep and narrow glens, beautiful little lakes and turbulent rivers, these are all found in this favored land. It is for the most part a rugged country, but in many places the scenes are of great beauty. Often after crossing some rough mountain, down whose steep side runs a little stream, tumbling and tossing over rocks and boulders, there bursts upon the view the strangely contrasting scene of a calm and peaceful lake, reflecting on its smooth surface the rugged mountains by which it is surrounded.

To the right rises a shaggy mountain, covered thickly with heather, and dotted here and there with great grey rocks. Rising to the left is another mountain, not so high and large, but covered with the same beautiful heather and dotted with the same grey rocks. Down at their feet runs a little mountain-stream, babbling musically along here, but tumbling noisily over the stones in the distance, always singing its little song of—

"Men may come,
An I men may go,
But I go on forever."

And far, far above the head, the white vapory clouds are lazily floating through the clear blue sky. Looking down through the glen, we may catch a glimpse of a lake, still and smooth, and far out from the shore is a tiny little islet, covered with foliage. The air is still as can be. Not a movement is perceptible, save that of the brook, and somewhere in the distance the birds are twittering their evening song. The day is done, and far off in the rosy western sky, over the surface of the little lake, the sun is setting.—E. M.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; refinement than fashion; to be worthy not respectable, wealthy not rich; to study hard, think quietly; speak gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely; await occasions—hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Of all God's gifts we value least,
A golden, priceless gem—
The present moment—what compares
In value to it, now, or when 'tis gone?—J. H.