

one hundred carats, it is worth \$400,000.

Hard as the diamond is, it may be acted upon by fire. Diamonds have been burnt—burnt to ashes; or rather to a black powder called charcoal. Think of that beautiful diamond changed by fire into charcoal! It is composed of the same substance, called *carbon*.

R. But, papa, how can it change so? The particles of charcoal are *black*.

P. And so are the particles of many a transparent thing. The diamond is really only black particles of carbon arranged in such a manner that the light can pass through them, and arranged so close together that the diamond is very hard. By burning it, the arrangement of its particles is altered, and thus it is transparent no longer.

H. Where did the Queen find it, papa?

P. It was given to her Majesty. I almost forget its history, but it would be too long for me to relate it now. I believe it belonged to some Persian monarch, and was taken from him by one of the great Moguls who ruled India. It was then stolen, or taken by force from the great town of Delhi, by other Hindus; and in the last war, between the British and the Sikhs, it was taken from Runjeet Singh, and presented to Her Majesty. You know, I suppose, that Koh-i-noor means "Mountain of Light."

"TRY BACK."

"Try back, for you may find the fault within; And clearly see that sorrow comes from sin."

"Try back! Master Henry, try back!" said Alan, the gardener, to me on one occasion when I was a boy; but I will give the whole account.

I had been a ramble of a mile or two, and when, on my return, I came to the garden-hedge, Alan gave me a nice switch, that only wanted trim-

ming up a little at the end; but when I felt in my pocket for my knife, it was gone.

"And something also is gone beside your knife," said Alan; "for you have lost a piece off the tail of your jacket. Which way did you come?"

I told him every field that I had crossed and every lane that I had walked along; he then asked me if I had scrambled over any hedge?

"No," said I: "but I threw a stone at Harrison's savage dog in the lane; and as I thought he was coming after me, I got over the gate with the hooks on the top of it, in a desperate hurry, and ran across the turnip field."

"Try back, Master Henry," said Alan, "try back; for it strikes me that your knife is not far from the gate with the hooks on it."

We went together to the place, and found my knife in the road, and the piece of the tail of my jacket hanging by a hook on the top of the gate. As we came home together Alan talked to me, as near as I can recollect, after this fashion. "Never throw at a dog, Master Henry," said he, earnestly but kindly; "nor ill-use any creature that God has made. If a dog is quiet, it is cruel to fling at him: and if he is savage, you run a great risk of getting worse than you give. Harrison's dog is a vicious animal; and if he had laid hold of you with his teeth, you might have left behind you a piece of the calf of your leg, instead of a part of the tail of your jacket."

"Let me explain what I meant by 'Try back.' This is a phrase used by a huntsman when the dogs have outrun the scent, and are at fault. 'Try back,' then, means to try again ground that they have run over till they find out their mistake. You by 'trying back,' have recovered your lost knife, and found out where you tore your jacket. It is an excellent plan whenever you get into trouble, to 'try