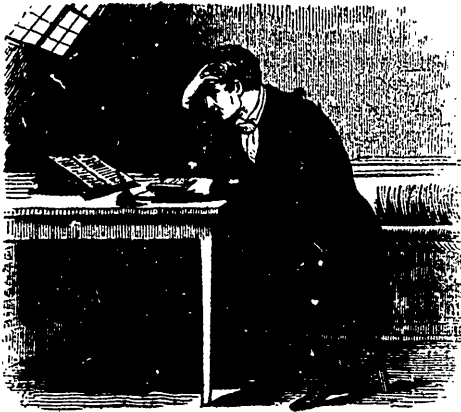


dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master.

A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towser on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow."—*Simeon Green; or, the Man that cured his Bad Neighbours.* Library B. 160.



MY GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY.

Honoured be the name of my grandfather. My first recollections of my venerable relative were so intimately connected with his library, that I scarce ever think of him aside from it.

He was always there, when I used timidly to raise the latch and steal in, and would raise his eyes from his volume, they alone speaking a grave welcome.

The library was in the shadiest and most retired part of the house, where quiet, best suited for contemplation, ever reigned. High trees, with clustering foliage, came closely up to the windows, concealing the distant view of hill and mountain and shutting out the sunshine. The room was small, and furnished with almost rigid plainness, but

suiting to his old fashioned taste.— One side of it was lined with books, while the others were unadorned save with a full length portrait of Cromwell, dimmed by time, while in a corner stood a bust of Washington. A single chair covered with leather, stood by a small table, in front of the window, and whatever he might be reading, his old family Bible was always lying on the table. It had been a splendid edition, covered in velvet, richly chased, with gold clasps, a legacy from a German friend. It was his most frequent study, and his constant delight, and an unfailing source of pleasure to him. I would often see Fox's Book of Martyrs lying beside it, another of his favourite works, and great was my joy when I could