

and Pepper was finally so drilled that Steve took him out of the awkward squad, and entered him as full private in his company of "Invincible Fusileers."

Now I like Steve's perseverance in drilling Pepper, and Fred, and the wooden horse. But I regret to add that Steve was a dunce. He loved hunting rats with Pepper better than he did that delightful study, the multiplication table, or those glorious rambles round the world on which boys and girls are led by their geographies and maps; or even that charming pursuit known in school rooms by the name of "parsing." It was a pity that Steve did not choose to apply himself to these school duties with the same patient persistence which he applied to Private Pepper's drill. If he had done so, he might have grown up to be a useful and respectable man. As it is, he is now likely to be nothing but a *poor day labourer* all the days of his life. Rat hunting with ugly terriers, and training dogs to play soldiers during boyhood, are not likely to bring forth much fruit worth eating in the time of manhood.

Boys and girls, let me whisper this truth in your ears—your acts and thoughts of to-day are the seeds of your future life. If, therefore, you sow nothing but play now, you will be sure to reap a harvest of poverty, hard work, regret, and shame hereafter. While, if you dig as hard at your studies as you do at your plays—if you love work and duty now—you will grow into useful, happy men and women. Do you understand? Will you adopt this motto:—"I will play hard, study hard, work hard, and do every duty *with all my might*?" If you will, I will huzza for you!

REMEMBER the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying, "Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to praise and pray." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep too than wake to censure your brothers." No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's wrongs.

THE GRAY SWAN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

"H, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip.
"What little lad, what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad? do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise;
"The other day? The Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise,
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be—so!
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back."

"And did the little, lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had;
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man, what would you have?"