

But I would learn music, Amy, if your father does not approve of it. Could not your mother hand you the needful without saying anything to him."

"O, no, Lucy, that isn't to be thought of. Mother would never do anything that father disapproved of. But I really wish I could learn."

"Well, Amy, I think it is your duty to learn, if it is only to convert such a benighted old gentleman. Let him hear you play and sing, and his prejudice would melt away in a twinkling. I'll tell you what, Amy, I'll give you lessons myself. I'm called a pretty good musician, and I intend to teach music sometime. I'll commence with you if you will consent—will you?"

"I hardly know what to say, Lucy. Father would be very much displeased if he knew it."

"I tell you if he were to hear you he would alter his mind in a hurry, but you can do as you please. If you want a teacher I am at your service."

"You are real good, Lucy, and I am so much obliged to you; I believe I will try first to see if I can learn."

"That's right—come on then," exclaimed Lucy, as they neared the seminary. "There's no time like the present, Mrs. Manvers says. Now for your first exercise."

And from that time, during recreation hours, did Amy practise on the piano with her friend who proved a patient teacher, by her side, and the exercise was beneficial to teacher as well as pupil. It assisted her to fix the lessons permanently in her own mind, so that she won much credit with the music teacher for improvement. Term after term passed on and Amy progressed rapidly in her education.

During the vacations she astonished her father with talking French, which "sounded as sensible," he said, "as the quacking of the geese." Yet his merry laugh and frequent glances at her bright, young face, wherein was discernible the lineaments of intellect and womanhood, told that he was proud of her attainments.

At length she graduated with high honors, and her proud father would not have exchanged places with a prince, as in the midst of the crowded audience he listened to the thrilling essay, which received the prize above all others. After receiving the congratulations and kind wishes of teachers and scholars, Amy bid adieu to school life to return to her home. At noon they stopped at a hotel for dinner. Amy was shown into the drawing room, while her father went to the stable to see that his horse was carefully attended to.

The first object that met Amy's eye as she entered the drawing room was an open piano. With a sigh given to the thought that her loved music must not now be thought of, she seated herself at

the piano and played a simple air. She then played and sang with beautiful distinctness the song, "O! Woodman, spare that tree." The melody stole out on the air, and reached the ear of the farmer. He started and advanced to the door, where he stood silently until the song was finished, and then moved forward. Amy started but she could not meet his eye. She burst into tears and sobbed out:

"O, father, forgive me. I could not help playing."

Farmer Brown was obliged to clear his throat several times before he could reply. Then he said:

"Well, Amy, you have taken me by surprise, but really I hadn't any idea that there was so much music in a piano."

"Then am I forgiven, father?" asked Amy, and the smiles came to take the place of tears.

"I don't know, you hussy. It isn't best to encourage disobedience, but I will this once, and I will get you as nice a piano as can be found into the bargain."

He turned to the window as he spoke, and used his handkerchief vigorously. The father's prejudice was conquered. After another song and eating an excellent dinner, they resumed their journey, and ere nightfall had reached their home. But the old squire could not rest until he had dispatched an order to the city for a superb piano, which in due time arrived. The old farm house was henceforth filled with music, and years afterwards, when the squire's eye grew dim and his step feeble, it was his dearest solace to listen to his daughter's voice, as it blended with the tones of the piano, as she sang of a better world to come.

COME TO MOTHER.

How much love is expressed in those three little words! Have you not often beheld the young mother hasten her steps as she entered the nursery, after a short absence, and holding out her arms to her unconscious little one, murmur fondly, "Come to Mother!" And when the babe first begins to know its nurse, its faintest cry will call forth those loving words; no matter how feeble the arms may be, they will always be willing to enfold the darling, and "come to mother" will soon soothe it to rest. By and by the little feet totter about the room; the slightest obstacle soon brings the poor head bumping on the floor; but, come to mother quickly heals the bruise, and smiles take the place of tears when the little head rests on the mother's breast. Now see the mother watching her baby at play; does a thorn wound him, or a bee molest him, "come to mother" is the only salve required. Years pass, and the boy must leave his home, perhaps for school, perhaps to labor for bread; for boys must sooner or later leave the sheltering arms

that still long to enclose them from pain and danger. But let sickness, or trouble or even disgrace threaten him, if that mother is still living, and has a crust to eat, she will soon send forth those dear old loving words, "come to mother;" and he comes and is comforted. Again he wanders off, far, far away; he is strong now, he no longer needs the protection of his feeble, loving mother. She is old, lonely and perhaps in want, but she must not trouble him; she will suffer in silence, rather than interrupt her boy in his pursuits. At last she feels that she is dying, and longs once more to look upon that much-loved form; with trembling fingers she writes once more the words, "come to mother." Does he come now? Alas not always; the mother's head now needs a resting-place upon his breast, but the arms do not open so quickly to receive that aged form. Oh, young man, think of it; fly to her as you did in your childhood; the words are the same, only you are the comforter now. Make some return for the love and devotion of past years; obey that last loving call, and "come to mother."

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—When Louis Philippe was staying at the Star and Garter, Richmond, he walked one day by himself to Twickenham, for the purpose, as he said, of seeing some of the old tradesmen who had served him when he resided there. As he passed along the road a man met him, pulled off his hat, and hoped his royal highness was well.

"What's your name?" inquired the ex-king. He was told.

"I do not recollect it," said the king. "What were you when I lived here?"

"Please your royal highness," replied the man, "I kept the Crown," meaning an alehouse close to the entrance of Orleans House.

"Did you indeed!" said Louis. "Why, my good fellow, you did what I was unable to do."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Sir Isaac Newton, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had been recently lighted. By degrees, the fire having completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance, by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher, "remove the grate, ere I am burned to death!" "Please, your honor, might you not rather draw back your chair?" said John, a little waggishly. "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."