

would have taken up the cudgels there and then. Even as it was, he could not but remark hurriedly, and somewhat shame-facedly, 'It seems to me that our duty to our neighbor is to help him to use self-control, and not to put it to the strain.'

Norwood Hayes, however, was not to be tempted to take up the gauntlet.

(To be Continued.)

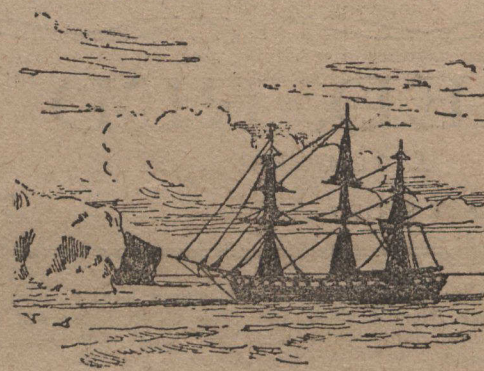
Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns'.)

Preface.

In this part of the wonderful travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, we have the great giants, huge monsters, thinking themselves very important because they are so big, but we can see just such creatures if we look at our neighbors through a magnifying glass; and that was why this story was written. It was to let us see ourselves through a magnifying glass. It is not a pleasant sight, for none of us would like to believe that we could be as

side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I re-



turned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men were already in the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holloa after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and

tion of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I



coarse and rude and violent and ugly as these Brobdnagians. But if we could see ourselves magnified, we should often be very much like them. To the ants and the bees, and even to the birds, the least boy or girl who reads this book must seem a greater giant than the Brobdnagians did to Gulliver; and it will do you good all your life if you sometimes try to imagine how you look to the clever little creatures who see you, but who never speak.

I will now tell you the still stranger things that befel me among the Giants of Brobdnag. I left England on June 20, 1702, in the 'Adventure,' bound for Surat. After leaving the Cape of Good Hope we were caught by a storm north of Madagascar, which drove us east, past the Molacca Islands, and then still farther east, until on June 16, 1703, a boy at the topmast discovered land. Next day we anchored a league off a great island or continent, and the captain sent the longboat ashore to seek for water, but found none.

I walked alone about a mile on the other

took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him about half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I could not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computa-

could, but was forced to move, with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distance, so that I could hardly squeeze my body between them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations.

(To be continued.)

Lesbia's Second Coming Out.

(Jane Ellis Joy, in the 'American Messenger'.)

'She says she's well; but she doesn't seem to have any vim or spirit,' remarked Grandma Norwood to Miss Amanda one October afternoon, after Lesbia had gone out.

'I do wish I knew what would please her,' said Lesbia's aunt regretfully. 'She hasn't touched a penny of her allowance yet, except for church dues and charities; so if she wants anything, it's something that money can't buy. Yes, I can see that there is something the matter with her. Actually I had to coax her to go to the meeting of the Young People's Circle this afternoon. Such a pretty girl as

she is too! Really, I'm disappointed in our Lesbia.'

In the spring Lesbia Norwood had graduated at a young ladies' seminary, and this was her first season in that 'world,' or 'society,' to which as a little girl she had looked forward with vague expectations of finding happiness.

Lesbia's prettiness had never been disputed. But it was a doll-like prettiness rather than beauty developed by character. At school she was always spoken of as a 'nice girl.' She never offended anybody, or departed from the standard of good manners. Yet it was equally true that if one of her young friends had a sorrow or a joy, Lesbia was never the one selected to hear about it.

Nobody disliked Lesbia. Some liked her. So

many admired her that compliments to her personal appearance became almost tiresome. But it is doubtful if any one sincerely loved her except her grandmother and Aunt Amanda; and—yes, one other—homely old Miss Jinks, who was always delighted with the little doll-like smile that Lesbia bestowed on her every Sunday morning, coming out of church.

Lesbia was acute enough to perceive that something was wrong with herself; that other girls of her age and social position received. She had had a vague hope that, after her 'coming out,' things would adjust themselves differently. She would find her place. But instead of getting better, things appeared to be getting worse.

This is what was vexing Lesbia. She hoped