

The Red Breast of the Irish Robin.

Of all the merry little birds that live up
in the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and
chestnut,
The prettiest little gentleman that dear-
est is to me,
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet
waistcoat.
It's cockit little Robin!
And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose
him;
For he sings so sweetly still
Through his tiny slender bill,
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the
snow upon the ground,
To other little birdies so bewilderin',
Picking up the crumbs near the window
he is found,
Singing Christmas stories to the chil-
dren;
Of how two tender babes
Were left in woodland glades,
By a cruel man who took 'em there to
lose 'em;
But Bobby saw the crime
(He was watching all the time!)
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his
bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn
around us thickly fall,
And everything seems sorrowful and
saddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a
wall
Slugging what is solacing and gladden-
ing.
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,
And sings to those in grief just to amuse
'em;
But once he sat forlorn
On a cruel Crown of Thorn,
And the blood it stained his pretty little
bosom.

HOW PHILIP SAVED THE KING.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.
BY ROBERTA B. NELSON.

The battle of Worcester had been fought and lost; the king was fleeing for his life. Worcester, the "Faithful City," as Charles the First had called it on account of its loyalty, was now in the hands of Cromwell. His soldiers were killing and plundering in every street. The quaint old houses, built of oak and painted black and white in the style of the period, were ruthlessly pillaged and left desolate. In the grand old cathedral which was the pride of the city, Cromwell's "Ironsides" stabled their horses. Nothing was safe from those men of godly names.

There is no record to show that Praise-God Barebones, who became famous later, was at the battle of Worcester, but Heavenly-Justice Johnson was there, and The-Lord-is-Righteous Dighton and Holy-Salvation Ormond, and they sang hymns while they laid waste the loyal old city.

Cromwell, the Lord General, with his stout, ungainly figure, his coarse features and large red nose, did not make a very dignified commander, but his military genius was undeniable. Charles the Second was now galloping through Saint Martin's Gate on his way to Barbourne Bridge, where he awaited the coming of the few cavaliers who were able to escape from the city. Charles, at first, refused to leave his faithful friends, but they prevailed upon him to escape while they held the enemy at bay, promising to join him at Barbourne Bridge.

He was soon joined by several small parties of his fugitive followers, the Royalists or Cavaliers. A consultation was held to decide upon the safest place for the king. He wished to go to London, but his friends persuaded him not to do so, as his pursuers would surely find him there; some of them advised Scotland, but the king had had enough of Scotland and refused to return there.

At last, all agreed that in France lay the greatest safety, and that he must get to Bristol and sail for that country; but he must hide for a time, for the enemy would be searching for him as soon as they discovered that he had escaped from Worcester. It was decided that all should proceed at once to the house of a gentleman known to be true to the king; this house was in charge of a forester of undoubted loyalty. Most of the old houses throughout the country had well-concealed hiding-places where, in troublous times, many a fugitive found refuge. The king was to depend upon these hiding-places for safety until he could get to Bristol and sail for France. So Charles and his friends, about fifty or sixty in number, rode rapidly away in the twilight. In the meantime Cromwell, supposing that the "young man,"

as he called Charles, was still in the city of Worcester, caused a thorough search to be made for him. Before morning, however, he learned that Charles Stuart and some of his followers had fled; thereupon, four regiments were ordered to follow the Cavaliers; the companies of militia, stationed at the various towns, were commanded to arrest all fugitives, and also to search all houses belonging to Royalists; a proclamation was issued offering one thousand pounds to any one who should discover Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason was declared against all who concealed him.

On and on, all through the long night, rode the king and his nobles, avoiding the towns lest news of the battle had preceded them, choosing dark forest paths, riding hard, riding for dear life. Day was breaking when they reached their destination, the old house in the forest. The king rode up to the door and called aloud, "What ho!" The door was soon opened by the forester's wife, who welcomed the king and cavaliers gladly. The forester had not yet returned from Worcester, but his wife did all in her power for the comfort of the weary fugitives. While they were enjoying a hearty meal in the great hall, a door to an inner room opened and a queer little figure entered, dressed as a court fool, in motley, with a fool's cap and bells upon his head and a bauble (a short stick with a grotesque head on the end) in his hand. "Oddsfish!" cried the king gaily, "here I have a court fool, although I have no court. Methinks 'tis Archie Armstrong, my grandsire's fool, come to life again."

"Faith, my liege," said the forester's wife, "he is the grandson of Archie Armstrong, who was jester at the court of King James. He is my son, Phillip, and is ambitious to be a court fool. His coat and cap belonged to Archie Armstrong, and the bauble came from Muckle John, the fool of your father, King Charles the First."

"Come hither, fool," said the king, and, noting the lad's shrewd face and bright eyes, added, kindly, "for this one day, at least, you shall be the king's fool, and if ever the king comes to his own, you shall come to court and be Sir Bauble."

Filled with delight, Phillip, with song and jest, sought to amuse the king and noblemen. All day they rested, and, at nightfall, the nobles prepared to leave. They had decided that the king would be safer if left entirely without escort, as he could then make use of the various hiding-places in the neighbouring country houses. Before leaving, they disguised the king as a woodman, dressing him in clothing of the forester's—cap and suit of coarse green cloth and leather and heavy hob-nailed shoes. They also cut off his hair, which he wore long, in the fashion of the day.

It was hard for the cavaliers to leave their king alone among strangers, but they knew he would be safer without them, so, with many a sad farewell, they rode away in the darkness, taking the king's horse with them lest its presence might betray the king. Before they had gone many miles, however, they met a detachment of Cromwell's troops sent in search of the king, and a fierce fight ensued, but the cavaliers, being few in number, were overpowered and killed or taken prisoners. Ten troopers were then sent to continue the search for the king, while the rest returned with their prisoners.

In the meantime, King Charles, whose gay spirits were never long depressed, even in adversity, listened to Phillip, who, in cap and bells, did his best to entertain him. Suddenly, the boy's quick ears caught the sound of galloping horses, and, darting out of the house, he listened intently; yes, there were horses coming and they were very near. He rushed back into the house, crying, "The Roundheads! The Roundheads!"

The king sprang to his feet, and then, remembering that he was unarmed and playing the part of a woodman, stood as if paralyzed. But Phillip kept his wits about him. "This way," he cried, and fairly dragging the king into the adjoining room, he opened a trapdoor in the floor and helped him to descend; "this hole opens into a tunnel," he explained rapidly, "crawl through that to the stable; close by the door you will find my horse, Bet; take her and ride to the Grange, there are fine hiding-places there."

"But I know not the way."
"Bet does; just let her go but do not leave the tunnel, my liege, until the troopers have put their horses in the stable and are in the house, then take Bet and ride, ride hard; it's ten miles to the Grange, but I will keep the rebels here until you have time to get there."

Then Phillip hastily shut down the trap-door, while the king murmured, "So

my life is left to the care of a boy and a horse!"

Running into the great hall, Phillip gave hasty counsel to his mother. "Get ready a great supper, mother, one that will keep the troopers long engaged, and bear in mind that I am not your son, but the king's fool."

The forester's wife hastened to the kitchen, and Phillip had just time to fling himself down on the steps which led into the inner room, when the ten Roundheads came storming into the hall. They at once caught sight of Phillip. "Faith, we have found the young man, for here is his fool!" cried Lauter, the leader. "And how is thy master, Beaulb?" "He rests well," responded the fool, affecting to yawn.

The troopers laughed loudly. "Faith, he'll not rest long," one said, sneeringly, "sleeps he in yonder room, fool?" "Think you I would be sitting on these hard steps from choice, gossip?" said Phillip, stretching himself as though cramped from long sitting.

The man laughed and turned to Lauter. "Shall we take him now?"

"Ah, bide a bit," roke in Phillip, "the good dame is preparing a fine supper, perchance you like that as well as I do. What ho!" he cried, imitating the king's manner. His mother appeared at the summons. "Haste with supper, good dame," said the boy, "these guests are hungered, as they have ridden far, and, perchance, have ridden fast."

His mother disappeared, and the troopers, laughing at the boy's allusion to their pursuit of the king, flung themselves upon the benches and waited for supper, thinking the king already in their hands.

"How long hast been here, fool?" questioned Lauter.

"As long as I've been anywhere, gossip."

"Faith, you did not linger long on your way from Worcester."

Then the forester's wife brought in the supper, and the soldiers fell upon it with a relish, while Phillip, amazed at the rapidity with which they were devouring it, and wishing to gain all the time possible for the king's escape, entertained them with many a tale and song and jest, handed down from Archie Armstrong, the jester of King James. Soon after the arrival of the soldiers, Phillip had heard a disturbance among the horses in the stable and divined that it was aroused by the king's leading out Bet.

One moment Phillip's heart beat high with hope, and the next it was filled with dire misgivings. Would old Bet go straight to the Grange? He hoped the king would not seek to guide her, for he knew not the road through the forest. How long would the journey take? The king ought to be nearing the brook now; could it be possible that he had not yet reached the old fallen tree? He knew every step of the road; if only he could have gone to show the way! But he had to stay and play the part of a fool, for thus could he best serve his king. Never did any fool of any of the old courts seek so desperately to amuse his hearers as did this loyal boy who was gaining time for his king. He knew every moment was precious. He gave not one thought to himself, though he knew that his life would be of little value if the rebels found that he had assisted the king to escape.

When the supper had been dispatched, the troopers prepared to secure their royal prisoner and depart. Lauter ordered the men to bring the horses from the stable, while he remained in the hall to keep watch over the door leading to the inner room where he supposed the king to be hiding. And still poor Phillip tried to gain time; he had won his way into the good graces of the troopers, so they did not object when he offered to go with them to the stable; they did not mind if the fool did run away, just so they secured the king.

Once out in the darkness, Phillip ran quickly around to the kitchen, "Quick, mother, give me the king's clothing," he whispered, and she drew from a chest the suit the king had so recently exchanged for that of the forester. There were his buff coat, his sword-belt, his riding-boots and his feathered hat. He had left his heavy armour behind when fleeing from Worcester.

Phillip then sped to the stable; just behind the stable there was a deep pool, and on its bank Phillip scattered the king's clothing, placing it as though it had just been discarded there. By this time the Roundheads were leading out their horses; one of them spoke to Phillip. "Doat know where we can find water for our horses, fool?"

"Methinks there is a pool n'er-by, gossip," answered the boy, and then added, "is not that water gleaming just there?"

The men led their horses to the pool, and there on the bank found the rich apparel of the king. Great was their consternation and rage, thinking the king, finding flight impossible, had drowned himself in the pool.

And Phillip still playing his part, began to cry and bemoan the king—"My poor master! My poor master!" and then—"I am the king's fool, and the king is gone!"

The troopers hastened to the house to tell the news to their leader, Lauter. They examined the inner room, and as it had no door save the one into the great hall, they concluded that the king must have escaped through the window, though, in very truth, it was much too high and too small for that purpose.

The forester's wife fled from the house in terror while the angry Roundheads were raging there, but they soon returned to the pool, and sought to recover the body of the king, but the pool was deep, and they finally abandoned the attempt and began to mount their horses. Phillip was making such an outcry that Lauter threatened to throw him into the pool to keep his master company, but one of the men, feeling pity for the desolate lad, said, "Perchance our Lord General, Cromwell, will now establish a court, and thou mayst still be a fool at court."

"Methinks Old Noll hath fooled enough," retorted the boy, contemptuously. But, fortunately, the men were too much occupied to pay heed to his meaning.

It was with thankful heart that Phillip saw the Roundheads ride away, fully convinced of the king's death. Old Bet had faithfully borne the king to the Grange, and there he tarried a few days, but Cromwell soon learned that he still lived, and sent various searching parties. However, Charles had many loyal subjects and by using various disguises, and fleeing from one hiding-place to another, escaped his enemies, and, as all the world knows, finally landed safely in France.

JOKE ON THE DOGS.

"Slims has a bull-terrier, and Torton, who lives next door, owns a big St Bernard. The two dogs began an argument through the fence, and the larger one simplified matters by crashing through a board into Slims' yard. The whole neighbourhood was soon engaged in an effort to part them. Clubs were freely used, water was dashed upon the belligerents, and the stern orders for them to 'break away' could be heard blocks away. When Mrs. Slims appeared on the scene she seemed to grasp the situation in one glance. She flew into the house, dashed out again, and inside of a minute the savage fighters slinking away from each other.

"How did she do it?"
"Bottle of ammonia. Surest thing on earth to break up a dog fight. Why, those two beasts quit like pot sheep, and the joke of it is that each dog thinks the other administered the dose. They never see each other now that they do not curl their noses as though sniffing ammonia, and trot briskly in opposite directions."

Be Kind to Irrational Creatures.

BY J. PARCOE.

God the Creator, great and wise,
Who formed the earth and built the skies,
Beholds the creatures he hath made,
Of every kind, of every grade.
He sees the sparrows, hears their cry,
Nothing escapes his watchful eye;
All living things are by him fed,
Creatures we love, creatures we dread.
His open hands supply the food,
Both for the wicked and the good.
All on the providence depend
Of him: Creator, Lord and Friend.
Our every way to him is known,
Who sees from his exalted throne
All things in earth and air and sea;
Things which he formed and bade them be.

Man, blest with a superior mind,
Should show by speech and actions kind,
That to the brute creation he
Will ever kind and gentle be.
He will not hurt, nor cause them pain,
By actions cruel, wanton, vain;
He will by no means condescend
To hurt the thing he should defend.
I hope our children will be wise,
And never good advice despise;
To them I would in kindness say:
"Hurt no dumb animal, I pray.
Hurt not the bird within its nest,
The little bird which God hath blest,
The bird which warbles all day long,
And cheers the village with its song;
Be kind to little birds, I say,
And do not hurt them in your play."
All children, with unlightened mind,
Will be to all God's creatures kind,
Kind to the horse, the cow the sheep,
To things that walk, to things that creep,
To things that swim, to things that fly,
Things in the earth, the sea, the sky.