

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EVENING HYMN.

CLOSE, little weary eyes,
The day at last is over;
To-night no more surprise
Shall they discover,
Nor bird, nor butterfly,
Nor unfamiliar flower,
Nor picture in the sky,
Nor fairy in the bower.

Rest, little weary feet,
The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet,
The owl is watching only;
No buttercup is seen,
Nor daisy in the meadow;
Their gold, and white, and green
Are turned to purple shadow.

Fold, little busy hands,
Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
The mill-wheels are not going.
Within the darksome mine
Are hushed the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
The cock withholds his clamor.

Still, little restless heart,
Be still until the morrow;
Till then thou hast no part
In either joy or sorrow.
To new and joyous day
Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
With strength renewed betake thee.

THE THREE MISTAKES.

CHAPTER IV.

NO remark was made on the subject that night, nor for several days; and except that Lewie involuntarily kept at a respectful distance from her, it might have been supposed that the whole thing was forgotten.

Finding her misconduct so gently treated, she became more and more convinced that she had not been in fault, but that the true offenders had been Wellington and Lewie.

Mrs. Colchester perceiving this to be the case, told her the truth, and what her impression was of her conduct; she immediately began to vindicate herself, saying they had no right to tell stories.

"Nay," said Mrs. Colchester, "if you think they did, you are greatly mistaken; your hair is red, as Wellington told you; and you are decidedly plain, as Lewis told you; and always must be so, while you allow your temper to bring that scowl upon your face."

This was very mortifying; the more so, because she was sure that Mrs. Colchester wouldn't say what she didn't think; and she began to cry.

"We can none of us help being plain," said her kind friend, "but we can help being foolish; you are surely not crying because you are not handsome!"

It was some time before Beauty would allow herself to believe that there was any flaw in her; and she didn't give up her faith in her personal appearance till she was forced to make a still greater confession.

"I can't think how it is," she said one day to Helen, "that you all remember history so well; when you play in those puzzle games, Liny has answers directly, before I can think of one."

Lewie was on the point of saying that Liny's capacity for learning was greater than hers; but a wholesome remembrance of past experience kept him silent. The matter, however, was soon set straight by Uncle Winford, who came to make one of his occasional examinations of his nephews and nieces for Mrs. Colchester's satisfaction.

"Come, come," he said to Beauty, who was retiring from the group, "I shall take you with the rest; you haven't been here long, so I'll make allowances."

Beauty's colour rose; hadn't she always been told that she was wonderfully clever? hadn't her father and mother listened to her smart sayings as if she were an oracle?

She came off, however, very poorly in the examination, which was not confined to things of memory, but embraced also those of understanding. What mortified her more than anything else, was, that Lewie, nine times out of ten, could answer where she was deficient.

At the close she looked very gloomy, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Now, my dear," said Uncle Winford, drawing her to him, "don't be discouraged; remember that we are not all equally gifted. It isn't the possession of talent that we should care so much about as the improving of what little talent it may have pleased God to give us; if you will only do your best, you will do very well, though you may not be so sharp as Lewie the philosopher."

The children had gone off when Uncle Winford began to talk to Beauty; so that her feelings were not tried by their hearing this very humbling address; still it was very much more than she could bear, and once more she longed for home, where, and where only, she believed that justice was done to her.

But home she was not to see for a long—long time. Scarlet fever raged there, and it was pronounced quite unsafe for her to return till every trace of it, and fear of the infection, had disappeared.

Two of her mistakes had however been dealt with; she was convinced that people did not think her perfect within and without; and although she would scarcely allow it to herself, she had doubts as to whether she had any right to expect that they should do so.

What greatly helped her with regard to the latter case, was the entire absence of conceit among her companions, although she was on the alert to take offence at any assertion of superiority on their part, after the examination that placed her so far below them—their genuine humility prevented her from doing it. They never seemed to be thinking of what they were; their thoughts were directed to what their mother and Uncle Winford wished them to be; their conduct and their spirit gradually made an impression upon her; she began to feel thoroughly alone among them all; she was no longer quarrelsome, for none would quarrel with her.

CHAPTER V.

A slight incident showed her what it was. Uncle Winford had desired them all to choose a favourite historical character, and write an essay upon it. Beauty was quite at a loss whom to choose and how to write. Moreover, she didn't relish the idea of being subjected to a further comparison with her young associates. She saw Lewis composing most vigorously up in a corner of the room on his slate, making what he called his rough copy, and transmitting paragraph after paragraph to paper. With something like melancholy, she went up to him and asked him whom he had taken.

"We are not to tell one another," he answered; "but I don't mind telling you, if

you will promise me not to take the same. "Why shouldn't I take the same?" she asked.

"Oh, because you are so much older than I am!" he said with great simplicity, "and, course, you'll do it better."

This gratified Beauty, though she knew wasn't the fact.

"Should you mind my doing it better," she asked.

"No, it wouldn't be any disgrace," said: "of course, only you see, if it's written on the same person, one would prefer the other."

He was sitting on a stool, and he held the bottom of his slate upon his knee, his chin resting on the top of it, the writing being turned inwards; and he looked very earnest at her as he spoke.

"Well, I won't take yours," said Beauty, "who is it?"

Lewie didn't like to tell; but he was afraid to refuse for fear of making a dispute. So he answered in a whisper, "Tis a lady; beautiful, noble, rich, learned and good: all, very much every one of these. Can you guess?"

"No; but I should think she was very happy; you ought to put that at the end," said Beauty.

"Every body would know that," said Lewie; "because I said good, you know."

"I wish I were the lady," said Beauty.

"Do you?" said Lewis. "Well, I was just going to put, when you interrupted me, that she is now much more beautiful, and noble, and learned, and rich than ever she was."

"Who is she?" asked Beauty, impatiently.

"She was queen for a few days; and the —was beheaded," said Lewis seriously.

"I musn't say her name; can't you guess?"

"Oh, you mean Lady Jane Grey," said Beauty, having wavered for a few moments between that princess and Mary Queen of Scots.

Lewie nodded and looked as if he would be glad to be left in peace to go on with his composition.

"But how do you know that she is all you say now?" asked Beauty without any pity for his authorship perplexities.

"Because she was good," he replied, with much surprise; "don't you remember what she said in her letter to her sister. 'Rejoice in Christ as I do; follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross; lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him; and as touching my death, rejoice, as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered from this corruption and put on incorruption.' The child's eyes glistened, and his face glowed as he repeated this, saying at the close, 'Isn't it beautiful?'"

"Ah, yes," said Beauty, turning away.

"You see her beauty, and her being a peeress and a wonderful scholar were not the things that were of most consequence to her. They are all at an end now, and it doesn't matter to her about them; but because she was a true Christian, she has more happiness now than all of them ever gave her on earth; she is as beautiful as an angel: and all the Queen Marys in the world can never hurt her any more!" Lewie was so excited by his subject that the tears fairly dropped on his slate, as he said this; adding, "I was just going to put that when you came."

(To be continued.)