



IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

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These two young men have managed to find their way into somebody's studio, and whether they ought to be there or not is hard to say; but anyhow we are sure they will be very careful not to make a mess of the paints and pictures which are lying all around them. Perhaps some day they will both become artists themselves and paint beautiful pictures, or perhaps they have already begun and are in their own little studio in the picture. If so, all the better for them to begin so early.

WHAT FREDDIE SAW.

"A great many years ago, there was a little boy named Freddie," began papa, who always told the children a story Saturday nights.

"Oh!" interrupted Fred, Jr., "that's my name."

"Yes, but this was many years before you were born; and the Freddie I'm talking about lived in the country, on the edge of a deep wood. There were no other houses nearer than five miles to the one he lived in. One winter, his father was cutting logs for the timbers for a big barn he meant to build when summer came again, and Freddie carried his dinner every day. The big trees grew deep in the woods on a ridge called 'Hard Wood Hill.'

"Freddie found his way by the blazes his father cut on the trees as he went along."

"What are blazes, papa?" asked both children together.

"Blazes are the white marks on the trunks of trees where the bark has been cut off with an axe. You could see the white wood a long way off. Well, as I

was saying, Freddie was carrying his dinner to his father one winter day, when almost at the foot of Hard Wood Hill he saw something strange. A big log began to move. It rolled a little one way and then it rolled back. Now, logs don't roll about that way on the snow of their own accord. Freddie looked and looked, but he could see nothing touching it. 'I'm just going to find out what's rolling that log,' said Freddie to himself. So he went boldly up to it and around it. When he came to the end he saw that the log was hollow. He stooped down and looked in. With a growl, a big brown bear rolled himself out and stood looking at the boy who had dared to disturb him. Freddie did not wait to find out what the bear would do, but ran screaming up the hill. His father, fortunately, heard him, and rushed down with his gun. That bear's skin is in the nursery upstairs now."

"Oh, you were the little boy. I just knew it!" shouted Fred, Jr.

"I'm so glad the bear didn't eat you up, or I wouldn't have had any dear papa," said Elsie, with a loving hug.

TALKING SWEDISH.

Susy—six years of age—had noticed that the girls of foreign nationalities who served in her mother's kitchen spoke English in a way somewhat different from the English she was accustomed to hear from her father and mother.

One day her mother sent Susie downstairs with an order to the cook not to prepare any soup for dinner. Presently the little girl came back.

"Well," asked her mother, "did you give Mary the order?"

"Yes, mamma; I told her in Swedish."

"Told her in Swedish! Why, child, what did you say?"

"I said to her, 'You needn't make no soup, Mary!'"

TO A WATERFOWL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last step
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink,
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and
sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose cars
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
phere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is here.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds
shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast
given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
tain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

A WONDERFUL THING.

"A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless for ever;
For ever old, and for ever new,
Utterly faithful, utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.
Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow."