

HOME & SCHOOL

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A Chain.

BY MARIA WOOSTER.

She wore a chain of shining gold,
With costly gems that sparkled rare;
"I feel above no one," she said,
"I wear my chain because 'tis fair."

"I'm better for the constant charm
Of polished gold and purest gem,
Their beauty all my life refines,
I'm sure, I do not worship them."

I saw a beggar lame and old,
Not worse than many of more weak,
Yet in the wide and busy world
None seemed his happiness to seek.

But one whose dress was not "in style,"
Gave needed help of love and gold.
The flushed cheek and brightening eye
Spoke gratitude that words ne'er told.

The lady wore her jewelled chain,
As coldly passed the needy by,
Better to me than jewel's shine,
The heart light in that beggar's eye.

A chain whose links are deeds of love,
Has charms that will forever last;
And o'er the path of future life,
A glory like the sun will cast.

Rooks' Nests.

This is the time for nest-building, and the rooks are hard at it. Rooks are a sort of crow that abound greatly in Great Britain. They live in large societies. Their resorts, called rookeries, are very extensive. One near Edinburgh contained 2,000 nests and about 30,000 birds of all ages. They are fond of groves near old mansions, where they are protected. They go many miles for food, and when hungry will pillage grain fields. They are very intelligent birds, and can be taught to imitate the cries of various animals. The nest is a clumsy-looking one, made of sticks, but makes a cosy home for the little rooks.

Somers of Romsey.

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

In the New York Observer of the 4th October was an article headed "Romsey Abbey Church," which reminded me of a visit I made to that old town some years ago, which from its vicinity to Southampton and its connection with the South of England, where the results of the Conquest were first felt, has a history of its own. I was met at the station by a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and taken to his most hospitable home, where I was



Rooks' Nests.

placed immediately at ease, as strangers always are in English homes.

On the morrow I was taken by my host about the town to see its antiquities, and then to his place of business, the largest by far in the town in his line, that of a draper. The town has

many breweries and public-houses—grog-shops—and our talk turned upon topics suggested by them and their relation to the general good. My host said:

"On the first of April, 1840, I was a drunken journeyman tailor with a

wife and two children, and not a penny in my pocket, and with no credit by which I could obtain a loaf of bread. On that day I signed the pledge and have never tasted strong drink since. I sometimes had jobs of work on hand for myself outside my master's shop, and I had then a suit of clothes to make. I kept closely to my house until this was finished, and on carrying it home I received the price—thirty-six shillings and sixpence. On my way back I was seen and accused by two of my drunken comrades."

"Hallo, Somers," they said, "where have you been the week? We've not seen you at the White Hart."

"No; I've been busy at work." "Come, old fellow, let's go in now and have a drink."

"No; I've done with that, no more drink for me."

"Whew! you don't mean it; you've not joined the teetotalers?" "Yes, I have, and I'm bound to stick."

"What! have you signed the pledge?" "Yes, and the best job I ever did."

Somers took the money from his pocket, all in silver, and showing it to them, said: "I've got that by it, any way, thirty-six and six, and by this time next year I'll make it thirty-six pound ten."

"O-o-o!" said his interlocutors; they had never seen before so much money at one time.

Within the year I made it ninety five pounds, and this was the way of it. In my little home of only one room, I stuck closely to my work. Wife, children, I and the tailor shop, all in one room. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, who knew me as a drunken vagabond, pressed my shop every day, and occasionally stopped to exchange a few words with me, and in that way learned of me what my resolution was for the future. One day in passing he stopped and said:

"Somers, this place you have is a very poor one for your business."

"Yes, sir; I know that, but it's the best I can have at present; by and by, perhaps, I can venture to hire a better place."

"If you had some drapery and some ready made clothing to sell, couldn't