

to soul and body, after the severer labours of the day.

When her evening lessons were concluded, the little flock would gather round her knees, by the red firelight, to hear her sing in her melodious voice, the ballads of "Chevy Chase," and "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen," or tell the story of "Hans in Luck," or the less practical fairy tale of the White Cat.

Harry, the eldest, a very sensible boy of nine years, greatly admired the ballad lore, but was quite sceptical as to the adventures of the cat princess.

"I don't believe a word of it, Dolly," he said. "I never heard a cat speak. My cat is nearly white, but she never says anything but mew. I like the story of Hans, it sounds more like truth, for I think, I should have been just as foolish, and made no better bargains than he did."

"Oh," cried little Johnnie, "I love