

one; that's my fare, and the best—far the best for me."

Tears came into Mysie's eyes as she said, "Tian't such a luxury, father; and I toasted it myself—just as I used to toast it for—"

A look and gesture from Marian kept the speaker from finishing the sentence. She stopped rather awkwardly, and made no further attempt to press her handiwork; a very welcome interruption to the rather marked pause being made by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a youth with a portfolio in his hand.

"What! home so soon, Norry?" said Marian.

"There's no class this afternoon, and I thought I might do something for the master." He bent his head as he spoke to Mr. Hope.

The setting sun whose slanting beams fell athwart the little room, kindled up the face of the young speaker, and made it look its best. This Norry was a tall, rather loose-limbed boy, with a dark, strongly-marked, and sallow complexion. Plain, most people would have called him—that is, if they had not chanced to look into his eyes and see him smile. It was very certain the dark, well-defined brows could frown, and even in the repose looked heavy. His hair clustered over and half concealed the height of his forehead, and as yet the carelessness of boyhood had not been superseded by the coxcombry of youth. He did not care to smooth off his hair from his brow or to let his dark face often break into a smile, whether people called him ugly for his carelessness or no.

He was certainly a contrast to Mysie, who, tall like himself, was a brunette, with the hazel eyes, white teeth, red lips, and the daisy-bush blush on the cheek that is so sparkling and attractive in a dark beauty.

Marian, whose age might be twenty-one or two, without anything that could be called beauty, had a face that won upon you by its look of goodness. No one noticed whether the features were regular, or complained that the complexion was nearly colorless, when they saw the mild intelligence of the clear grey eyes, or the tranquil sweetness of the mouth. Are there not some faces so full of spiritual graces that every one feels the presence of a lovely soul, and in meeting them is reminded of a better world? And yet these are rarely called beauties.

"How are you getting on, Norry, my boy?" said Mr. Hope, adding, "Mysie will not be satisfied unless her brother has the makings of a clever man in him—will she?"

There was evidently an effort on the part of the house to enlighten the gloom that seemed to be gathering over this little party, and so he spoke cheerily.

"I have regretted as a great misfortune your looking so much older than you are. Let's see, was it eighteen that neighbor Godfrey took you for last week? Why, that must be more than three years older than you are."

"I wish I knew my birthday like other people; then I should be more willing to believe that I am not fifteen yet," said the youth.

"We do have a birthday, Norry, and a very happy birthday, I'm sure, every year. The day we came to our dear mamma and papa Hope is surely the best birthday we could have," said Mysie.

"Ah, that's because you're a girl, that you

say so; and girls never think—not they—about the rights of a thing—whether its true like a line, or like a sum. It'll do for them if it just hits their fancy. I should like to know the true day."

"Now, Norry—for shame!"

"Hush, dear," interposed Marian. "I'm sure Norry does not undervalue the birthday we have always kept."

"Norry," said Mr. Hope, "ever be rigid for the right—true and exact as a sum in all things. But you will learn—ay, both of you will learn, as you advance in life—that it is not in mere human strength either to attain or keep that moral exactitude without higher aid and a loftier motive than human reason will supply. Be content, my boy. There are doubtless many orphans who do not know or have forgotten, their exact birthday; and I think there are few or none that have been more tenderly cared for than you both have been by me and mine."

A blush mounted to the brow of the boy, turning his sallow face to a dark crimson, as he said—

"Mr. Hope—father—I know it. Forgive me!"

And Mysie, running towards the old man's chair, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Poor children! theirs had been a chequered history, more so than they knew; and yet Mr. Hope had not, as he thought, kept anything from them. For he was a Christian in word and deed, and strove to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. But the mystery was not the less.

(To be continued.)

Games of History.

THERE are plenty of card games dealing with historical events and noted personages; but there are a few others, less formal and allowing more play to individual taste and preference, for which no such ready-made help as printed cards is required.

To play them, no special number of persons is necessary, no apparatus, and no gathering close around the table under the rays of a hot lamp. Like most good games, they are but novel modifications of old forms; but they are little known, and worthy of wider practice.

The simplest, yet often one of the most entertaining, is the guessing of historic characters, described by the players in turn, each narrator trying—while obliged to adhere strictly to accepted truth—to give the characteristics and events of his hero's life in such form, or with such emphasis upon less known points, as to prevent the task of the guessers from being an easy one.

It is not obligatory to narrate the whole career, but the guessing players have the right, after failing to solve the problem on its first presentation, to ask twice for further information, which the narrator, if he has not already exhausted his subject or his knowledge, is obliged to give, though he need offer but one additional fact in response to each inquiry.

It is curious how puzzling the career of the best-known persons, such as Queen Elizabeth or George Washington, may be made by presenting it partially and disproportionately, though with entire correctness. The winner is he who has guessed the most characters among the number described by all the players.

A more elaborate game, and an extremely interesting one, is played thus: One player is sent out; the others select the name of an historic personage having as many letters in it as there are of themselves, and to each in proper order, a letter is assigned. Each then chooses—without telling it—the name of another character, of which his letter is the initial.

When the exiled player enters, he begins at the head of the line and asks twelve questions of each person, guessing, when the dozen are complete, the name of the character concerning whom they are asked. Failing to guess rightly, he must pass on. Of course, if he guesses all, or a sufficient number to divine the remaining letters, he will have spelled out the name of the character chosen by the whole, when his task is accomplished.

The ignorance of the others concerning the name taken by each keeps them practically guessing with the questioner, and lends to the proceedings an acute interest.

The next person to go out is the one being questioned when the interrogator makes his final guess, for he often does not have to complete the round. To make the assignment of characters plainer: If the name chosen in common were Caesar, the first person in line might describe Charles I., the next Alexander, then Queen Elizabeth, then Semiramis, then Alaric, and lastly Richard Cœur de Lion—C, A, E, S, A, R.

A third game is one sometimes called "Champions." A jury of three is appointed, and the rest of the players divide into sides. The jury give the name of a well-known historic character, but one concerning whom there is difference of opinion—as Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I., Napoleon, Brutus. Each side then appoints a representative, one taking the defence, the other the attack; and each representative may take counsel with his side, or accept suggestions from them, but he alone must conduct the argument.

The case closed—a time limit determines when—the jury decides, according to the facts presented, whether the person described was predominantly a base or noble, useful or detrimental, character in history.

After three or five cases have been tried, the two sides taking defence and attack alternately, that side wins which the jury has oftenest upheld. Different representatives may be chosen to speak each time. As will be readily seen, this is like a miniature debating society, and its brief sessions often prove both amusing and exciting.

NO MAN is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tell him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

LOWELL.

EDISON, the inventor, prefers women machinists for the delicate details of his electrical machines. He says that they display more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men do in their whole existence. He backs up his statement by having 200 female employees in his works.

THAT'S what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise.—Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede."