

never leave the face of the speaker, and they keep so quiet that one cannot doubt their comprehension of, as well as their interest in, the subject. It must be gratifying to a speaker to be able to hold the attention of such little people and at the same time retain that of the older ones. Last summer, when a popular tenor was charming the audience with his singing, he seemed particularly pleased with the manifest appreciation which beamed up to him from those front benches, and when the sympathy between them grew so strong that the little voices with one accord took up the air of the chorus and accompanied him in a low, sweet hum, he was apparently delighted, and at the end of each verse looked his expectation of its repetition. The little creatures seemed to know instinctively just how far to go and where to stop.

The mothers of Grimsby Park have the hardest time of any class. If it were not that they find their chief joy in making their families happy, they would need much sympathy. Especially is this true during their first experience there. It takes two or three seasons to learn, "past all doubting truly," that your boys are not going to be drowned at the Park. At the end of that time you can sit calmly on the bank with your sewing and see them dive off the very end of the pier and come up again safely without a tremor. You can even admire the dexterity with which they will upset themselves out of a boat, and disappear under it for an *awful* long time before they bob up serenely, and roll into the frail bark like young porpoises. So far as human intuition can reach it does seem as though they were safe from the danger of drowning, and you have no more worry on that score; but oh, the anxious days, the evenings of