

dence of their usefulness. Time honors their labors, and from them history borrows important lessons. It is well that the fire-side and Sunday-school are not the only legitimate fields of their operations. Catechism, at least, has found its way into Libby. We cannot sleep until we have recited, whether the task be pleasant or otherwise. Now the gray-haired sire lifts his venerable head, and with his ancient, solemn, sepulchral voice, propounds his important questions to his listening, numerous family, who, by the promptness of their replies, evince a thorough study of the lesson. No subject is allowed to escape. The whole course of Libby experience is thoroughly canvassed, and wo to the man who has made himself subject of remark. Whatever men have *on the brain* (if they have *any* brain), whether bread or bones, French or Spanish, exchange or escape, all must be reviewed. Whatever one has done publicly, privately or secretly, by some magic power of the catechist, is brought to judgment. Such questions as these are asked, "Who hid behind the big gun?" "Who has Star on the brain?" "Who offered to enlist in the Rebel army to escape imprisonment?" "Who undertook to wash his clothes in the coffee-kettle?" etc. The names of the several offenders are thrown out in answer, much to the amusement of the crowd. Thus many sleepless moments are whiled away in the midst of jokes almost too severe to be mirthful, and of facts almost too startling to be true.

Gradually the pounding on the floor with fists and feet dies away, the roars of laughter cease, and "Sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer," comes to drive away our cares and to put our sorrows in oblivion. We now wander through dreamland, where kind friends are met, loved ones held in