

Home and School.

IMPROVISINGS.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Ah, sune ye'll lay yer mither doon
In her lanely bed and narrow :
But till ye're sleepin' by her side,
Ye'll never meet her marrow !

A faither's love is strong and deep,
And ready is a brither's,—
A sister's love is pure and sweet—
But what love's like a mither's ?

Ye mauna greet ower muckle, bairns,
As round the fire ye gaither,
And see the twa chairs empty then,
O' mither and o' faither ;

Nor dinna let yer hearts be dreich,
When wintry winds are blawin',
And on their graves, wi' angry sugh,
The snelly drift is snawin' ;

But think of blither times gane by,
The mony years of blessing,
When sorrow passed the door, and nane
Frae 'mang ye a' were missing.

And mind the peaceful' gloaming hours
When the outdoor wark was endin',
And after time, when auld g'ay heads
Wi' yours in prayer were bendin'.

And think how happy baith are noo,
Aboon a' thocht or tellin' ;
For they're at hame and young again,
Within their Father's dwellin'.

Sae, gin ye wish to meet up there
Yer faither and yer mither,
O love their God, and be gude bairns,
And O love one anither !

OVER TO CHARLEY'S.

BY FRANCES LEE.

I knew mamma didn't want I should
play with Charley ; course I did. And
I wasn't glad to see him ; he knocked me
over, pretty near.

But mamma always lets me go to

Frank's house, and I couldn't tell
Charley would be there ; now could I ?

Frank was having fun with his rabbits.
He has thousands and thousands of them,
as many as four hundred ; and they
were all out over the everywhere, and we
had fun.

Eliza was sitting on the fence too, with
her doll Maria. She wants to keep her
good till her aunty come, that gave her
to her. Her dollies are all good, but her
Johnnie has his leg broken. Bessy got
her leg broken too, but they tied it up
with a string, so I guess he'll have to
have his leg tied up. The sawdust is
coming out of him too. It'll soon be
all out if they don't tie it up. They've
made a bed for Maria of tusks. I don't
mean tusks. It is the skin of corn I
mean.

Charley didn't do anything so very
bad, either, only he cheated. He said
he could play bent ways in checkers if
he wanted to. We spatted down the
dirt in the road and made a checker-
board in the dirt. and he didn't play
fair, and he squealed. You know what
a high talk he has—harsh. And I'd
rather he wouldn't have been at Frank's.
He had his dog Fridget with him too.
They call him *Fridget* because he always
fridgets about. And sometimes Charley
dresses him up in the baby's gown, and he
walks into the room on his hind paws
just like anybody, with his tail sticking
out behind.

So when I went home my mother told
me if I had been over to Charley's, and
I said, No ma'am, I hadn't ; and I
hadn't, so it wasn't a lie. But when I
said it, something choked me. And it
kept choking me worse after I went to
bed, so I couldn't go to sleep. I got
wider and wider awake, and the clock
struck and struck and struck, and then
I could not go to sleep. The moon shone
in just as lonesome, and I heard a dog
bark—Fridget, I thought. And I wish-
ed it was last week, or next week and that
there wasn't any such a boy as me. And
I wished I was Fridget, or one of the
chickens out in the coop. I'd rather