

him, kissing him at regular intervals. He did not seem to mind.

"Little Mother Mary, listen!" he said. "There's something I want to 'fess'—it's heavy on my mind. Girls are not cowards—one girl isn't. One girl is a hero, Mother Mary!" Forward.

The Still Alarm.

Slam! went the doors that breezy morning all through the house, from basement to parlor, with a skurry of little feet and an excited jumble of shrill voices, and the next minute into the quiet sitting room, wildly rushed Annabel with her braids all loose, dragging Ned by main force, and after them came Jamie and Sumner, and Sammy and Dicky Todd who lived next door, and last of all, Baby Bluet, straggling as hard as the rest, to tell Aunt Hope how Ned had pushed Dicky Todd off the basement railing and pulled his hair, and had thrown the hammer at Sumner, and slapped Baby Bluet "awfully."

"You told me not to say 'bust' for 'burst'—you know you did, Aunt Hope!" shouted Ned, tearing himself away from Annabel's grasp, "and they laughed when I said my teacher had a burst of Byron on her parlor mantle, and then I hit Dicky Todd—and then they pulled my hair first, and called me firebrand—and I'll show 'em!"

Poor little Ned was trembling with rage; his freckled face flaming under the curly red hair like a firebrand, sure enough.

"Oh, Neddle!" pleaded Aunt Hope. All the other grown people happened to be away from home, just then, on various errands. Aunt Hope had sprained her foot yesterday, getting out of a street car, and had to lie on the lounge, with no prospect of being able to walk for a week.

"Please go out, children," said Aunt Hope, "and leave Nedly with me. Bluet can stay, too."

The children obeyed, and Ned leaped up against Aunt Hope's yallows. "I didn't hit Bluet hard, Aunt Hope," he said, "I just whiffed her curls a little, 'cause she got in my way when I went for Dicky Todd."

"The worst of it was in getting so angry, Nedly," said Aunt Hope. Her arm had slipped around Ned's solid little waist, and he cuddled close. The coarings of love he never could resist—that fiery little Ned.

"But when you get mad, you're mad, and can't stop yourself," he argued. "Seems if I'm all on fire inside, Aunt Hope."

Then Aunt Hope asked him if he remembered what the fireman told them when they were taking a walk yesterday morning and stopped at the engine-house to ask what the big engine went dashing full speed through the streets for, just then, when the alarm bell had not sounded.

Ned remembered. The fireman told them it was in answer to the "still alarm," an electric signal from somebody's house, sent in that way to avoid the gathering of a great crowd, with all the noise and excitement.

"Whenever we're in danger of that angry fire raging up inside, we can send a 'still alarm' for help, Neddle," said Aunt Hope. "I always do. It can be done as quick as you can think. It's perfectly still. No one else need know. And before you know it, the fire's out!"

"How'd you do it?" said Ned. There was a wistful little quiver in his voice.

"I say in my heart, 'Dear Lord Jesus, please keep me from being angry. Help me to be gentle, like Thee.' Then He sends His gentle love into my heart, and it puts the fire out before anybody else has guessed a thing about it."

"I like the 'still alarm'!" said Ned.

"I like the 'still alarm'!" repeated Bluet, after him.

Ned broke away from Aunt Hope's encircling arm and moved threateningly toward Bluet where she sat in her little chair.

"Stop that mocking me, or I'll!"—he stopped and swallowed hard, his back toward Aunt Hope.

Half a minute of silence. Then he was down on his knees, his arms around the mite in a caress.

"You do like the 'still alarm' same's brother, don't you, Baby?" he said, lovingly. And Bluet softly stroked his face, murmuring, "Yes, I do, Nedly."

Then Nedly looked at Aunt Hope, his face all sunshine. Neither of them spoke a word—but they knew.—Pacific.

The Lass O' Coshogle.

Coshogle on the hill sits bonnie,
And a bonnie larn rin's by;
But the bonniest thing at Coshogle
Mains
Is the lass that milks the kye.

The mavis haunts Coshogle wuds
In summer when they're green,
And sweetly sings he on the braes
As I gae by at e'en;
But ne'er a bird wad tempt my fit
That weary hill to try,
Gin it dirlo lead to the bonnie lass,
That milks Coshogle's kye.

Week out, week in, by mune or milk,
Whene'er mo darg is dune,
I lusk myself as weel, I dowe
In Sunday sark and shoon;
And up the lang and lonesome glen
Richt joyfully I hie
To haud my tryst wi' the bonnie lass
That milks Coshogle's kye.

And aiblins at the yett we'll meet,
And aiblins down the brae;
But gin I've spier'd her for her health
It's little else I say;
For though I'm gleg enouch at times,
A muckle coof an I
When I look i' the e'en o' the bonnie lass
That milks Coshogle's kye.

Syne i' the ben and heartsome byre,
Wi' lauchin' lip and e'e
U'turn'd frae crumnie's gauzy flank
She fairly dauntin's me;
But just afore I leave her hame
She jits her daffin by,
And kisses me richt afore my face,
And a' Coshogle's kye.

Then doon the hill I rin wi' speed,
As cany as a king;
And through the lown and listenin' night
Gar a' the echoes ring;
Or mune and still as ony ford
I haud my heid fa' high,
And vow that never anither night,
She'll milk Coshogle's kye.

She's no' nineteen till Martinmas,
And I'm but twenty three;
But we're auld enouch to have some wit,
Although sae young we be;
And we've made a paction 'tween us twa
To pit the siller by
That the rood may be redd for anither lass
To milk Coshogle's kye.

Robt. Reid.

Mr. Robert Reid, Poet Laureate of the Montreal Caledonian Society, has once more gained the Kin-near Weath. "The Lass O' Coshogle" was the prize poem.

A Bit of Biography.

Early Carlyle wooed and won one of the most brilliant girls of his day, whose signal talent shone in the crowded drawing-rooms of London like a sapphire blazing among pebbles. Yet her husband lacked gentleness; slowly harshness crept into Carl's voice. Soon the wife gave up her favorite authors to read her husband's notes; then she gave up all reading to relieve him of details; at last her very being was placed on the altar of sacrifice—fuel to feed the flame of his fame and genius. Long before the end came she was submerged and almost forgotten. One day two distinguished foreign authors called on Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. For an hour the philosopher poured forth a vehement tirade against the commercial spirit while the good wife never once

opened her lips. At last the author stopped talking and there was silence for a time. Suddenly Carlyle thundered: "Jane, stop breathing so loud!" Long years before Jane had stopped doing everything else except breathe. And so, obedient to the injunction, a few days afterwards she ceased breathing so loud. When a few weeks had gone by Carlyle discovered, through reading her journal, that his wife had, for want of affection, frozen and starved to death within his own home like some poor traveller who had fallen in the snow beyond the door. For years, without his realizing it, she had kept all the wheels ciled, kept his body in health and his mind in happiness. Only when it was too late did the husband realize that his fame was largely his wife's. Then did the old man begin his pathetic pilgrimage to his wife's grave, where Froude often found him murmuring: "If I had only known! If I had only known!"

Meaning of Boer Terms.

Possibly the best quoted word just now of Dutch South African origin is Uitlander, sometimes written "Outlander." "Newcomer" or "outsider" is perhaps the nearest that can be got to this translation; and the word is pronounced as nearly as possible like eightlander. The name of the President of the Transvaal Republic is written Kruger, but it is neither sounded as Kroeger nor Krowger, but—as near as can be indicated Kree-er. The word Transvaal is, literally, "across the yellow" (or yellowish-brown) river. Rand, short for Witwatersrand, is pronounced as if spelt rant. The word veld the final "t" is sometimes add d—means field or common, and is pronounced "felt."

Kopje—a hillock, or piece of raising ground—is neither kop-jay nor kep-jee, but koppy. Dr. Leyds' patronymic is pronounced Lides. The Boer Parliament house is called the Raadsaal, and the Parliament the Volksraad, the "v" being sounded like "f." Berg is mountain, the plural being formed by the addition of "en" after the "g." A drift is a ford, and a dorp a town or village. Thus we have Krugersdorp, Ledsoorp, etc.

Stad also means town; and winkel—pronounced vinkel—a store, where almost everything is sold. Fontein, as the name implies, means spring, and krantz, a cliff or precipice. Boschveld (pronounced bushfeld) is an open plain covered with bush. To trek is to travel; voortrekkers meaning pioneers.

A vlei (play) is a pool of water, mostly formed in the rainy season. Roséneck is the term of contempt applied to Britishers, and means "red-neck"—London Daily Mail.

A Kruger Story.

A South African correspondent of The London Daily News says of President Kruger: "I have often enough heard him quote passages to prove his points, but his quotations have been misquotations. When I was a boy I had to learn my Bible very thoroughly, so I could tell his errors. Sir Bartle Frere found him out too. Did you ever hear the story? When Sir Bartle Frere came down from Zululand, at the time the Transvaal was British territory, and just before the breaking out of the rebellion, he and Kruger had a conference. The men who were there tell me that at the beginning Kruger started quoting Scripture. But Sir Bartle had two texts ready for every one of his, and, not content with that, Sir Bartle carefully pointed out to him how each one of his texts was misquoted and bore quite a different meaning from that he put on it. Finally Kruger stopped altogether and sat gazing in wonder at Sir Bartle's apparently unending stock of verses from the Bible."

Christian Endeavour is advancing in Aberdeen. Special union meetings have been very successful, all the societies have been visited by the Pioneer Committee, and three new societies have recently been formed.