

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free ;
The busy hands have trimmed her sails—
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach ;
A mother's arms have pressed him,
A sister's hand is linked in his,
A father's lip hath blessed him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright
Are swollen with many a tear ;
His young heart feels a choking pang,
'To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob—
And now the struggle's o'er ;
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam ;
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him ;
The ocean is his home !

THE GIRL AND THE MICE.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

During one cold but sunny day in winter, when I was a very little girl, I asked permission of my mother to go over to the barn, where father was engaged in thrashing grain. To my surprise, my request was granted, and snugly wrapped in a warm flannel blanket, I ventured out. The snow was very deep, but perfectly level, and a narrow, well-trodden path led through the orchard to the barn, which was quite a distance from the house. But there was no fear of loosing the way ; for the snow stood in walls on either side of the path almost as high as my shoulders. As far as my eye could reach, one vast sea of pure white snow, like a beautiful mantle, covered the earth. Although it was extremely cold, I enjoyed the walk very much, and my sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks spoke my joy, as I entered the barn. Father wrapped my blanket still closer about me, and seated me on a bundle of straw, and seemed as happy as myself, while engaged in

his work. Presently he removed the straw from the floor, accended the mow, and threw down a great many bundles of grain. Then he arranged the bundles with the heads inward, preparatory to thrashing with the flail. While thus employed he discovered an old mouse, with several young ones, upon the floor. They soon became so much chilled, that they were captured without any difficulty.

"Come, my daughter," said my father, "take these mice, and carry them home to old pussy !"



I jumped with delight, held my apron, and soon the dear little creatures were in my possession.

"Now," said he, "run to the house, and be sure not to move your hands, for if you should, the mice might escape."

"No sir," said I, and started off as fast as I could. When I had got half the distance, I began to think that I should like to know how they looked—whether they were safe or not. But I had promised not to move my hands, and I did not like to disobey my father. But then I was all alone no one would know it. I would certainly like to have just *one peep*. Thus I reasoned with myself, till curiosity triumphed: "Just one peep," said I, as I stopped suddenly, and looked cautiously into my apron. The old mouse was now warm and active, and not liking her