### LAUGH AND SING. YE HAPPY CHILDREN.\*

(Song and Chorus.) BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

Mem'ry often hids me wander To scenes that long since gone by; Childhood passes by before me. My heart cannot suppress a sigh. Oft I watch the happy children. My heart cannot suppress a sign.
Oft I watch the happy children.
Laughing and sin ing while they play.
And wish that I was young again
That I might drive dull care away.

Choovs:—Laugh and sing, ye happy children.
Youth's bright hours are fleeing fast:
Soon these blissful happy moments
Will have vanished in the past.

Often in your happiest dreams
You'll live your school days o'er again;
When your cheerful youth has flown
You'll wish it back—but all in vain.
Cherish, then, your hours of sunshine,
For, life's black clouds will surely rise,
And darken all the brightest joys
Of childhood's ever-beaming skies.

CHORUS:-Laugh and sing, &c.

111.

Sadly does my recollection

Go back to dear old days at school—
Days of joy and sweetest freedom,
Aitho's spent under rod and rule,
Where are now my gay companions
Of those old happy years ago?

My mem'ry almost hates to tell
The tales that my sad heart would know.

CHORUS :- Laugh and sing, &c.

# GOLD OF CHICKAREE

# SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

## CHAPTER IX.

BOLLO'S EXPERIMENT.

"You can do that," said Rollo; "and that is just what you will do admirably. Did you think I was going to set you to teach school?" "Are you quite sure you are not?" said she, laughing up at him. "I could, Mr. Rollo,—if

I might learn first."
"You could not teach these creatures. But you see another use for my nondescript building

over there. Shall we go and look at it?"

The short walk was enlivened for Hazel by the encounters that met them. Every child gave a full smile, and every man a salutation gave a full smile, and every man a salutation with good will in it. On the other side the master had a word for every one, gracious as well as discriminating. It was evident that he knew them all, and their ways and their needs.

The schoolhouse, if it were that, was found to be rather a spacious erection. The main

to be rather a spacious erection. The main apartment was lofty, large and light; the fittings were not in yet. On each side a narrous and land the whole rower and lower room or hall ran the whole length of the central one which was lighted from a clerestory. The workmen were putting in window-frames and hanging doors, and fin-ishing the roofing. All the halls communi-

"This is for the children by day, and for the nightschools and my entertainments in the evening. The hall to the west is for a coffee oom. My coffee and buns are popular."

"Where do you get them? From the top of

the hill?

Rollo shook his head. "No, that would not do. I arranged an old office for a bakery, found my people, and got Gyda to teach them. So several of the women in the Hollow turn a penny that way; and then the bread is sold to the men at cost prices. Coffee the same. And Sunday nights the throng is in earnest. Then they come to me in good humour."

"Well, do many of the older women work in the mile."

"They all work that can," said Rollo gravely.
But Mr. Rollo!—then I will tell you another thing you want; and that is a room and a keeper for the little children. Don't you know?" keeper for the little children. Don't you know? she said, facing round in her eagerness, - "such a place as I have read of in Franc, I think, where the women who go out to work leave their children all day; so that they cannot hurn themselves up, nor fret themselves to death, nor do anything but play and be happy."

Dane looked at her with a smile.

"I told you I wanted your help." he said

"I told you I wanted your help," he said.
"That is something I have not thought of."
"I am glad!"—She could not say another word, for sheer pleasure, and those were as

word, for sneer preasure, and those were as quiet as three mice.

"I am but making a beginning as yet, Hazel," Dane went on. "The first obvious things it is easy to get hold of. This for one: every child shall go half the day to school. I will not have then on any other understanding. will not have them on any other understanding. There are few adult scholars at present; their numbers will grow. What shall I do with the hall on the north side of the school-room?"

"The people work from morning to night,

every day?'

"From seven to seven. But come, you must not stand here any longer looking at carpen-

\* Set to music by the author.

ters. Come on to Gyda's. I want you to see one or two cottages on the way.'

Empty buildings. One was a little frame house; the other was quite a pretty, low, gray stone cottage. Neatly furnished, provided with snug little kitchens and small sheds adjoining for wood: the paling fence, unpainted yet, enclosing a bare space that might one day be a

"Here will be work for you, Hazel, you see.
All these garden plots must have something in them; and as soon as may be I want to see roses and vines creeping over these walls. But we must go slowly. You and I cannot do it. The only way for permanent results, is to rouse the desire, excite the ambition, and then supply the means. Outside the gardens I mean to plant trees, of hardy shade kinds: but I have

"I think you have done a great deal," said Hazel. "No wonder you were too busy.—How do you expect to rouse the desire, Mr. Rollo By a specimen cottage !-- or by tea-drinkings down at Chickaree?

He smiled and said "they were far from that yet. But desires grow," he added, "and one thing leads to another. Now come away."

### CHAPTER X.

ROLLO'S COMPANY.

Gyda was expecting them, and certainly looked glad enough in her quiet way. She took yeh Hazel off into an inner room, a little bit of a clean, coarse furnished place, to remove her hat and refresh herself. When she came out, Rollo was busy making one of the great settle chairs into a resting place for her, with cushions and shawl as once before. He put her in it and sat down beside her.

You have helped me to-day, Hazel. True help. But you know what was said of some of the early Christians—"they first gave their own selves to the Lord"—so I want you to do. You will not be the less, but the more, mine.

She did not answer a word, only by the drooping head and the curious pale alternations of colour—sure tokens with her of excited feeling. That thought had so run through the morning had so half spoiled it for her at times.

'Not a word?" said he softly.

"If one word would do it-But it would take

"Many words? to do what?" he asked in the soft musical tone that in itself was a caress.

"To tell why I cannot answer, —why I cannot promise—to be all you wish."

"Lay your head down and rest," said he; and don't promise, but do it. Are you tired?" He left her and went to help Gyda in serving her luncheon. This was rather a more enjoy-able meal than the last one, when nobody could eat. There was happiness in every line of Gyda's shoulders, and in every movement she made between the fire and the table; and Dane was at home and at play. He was changed since a year before. The always bright, gay, masterful face was full now of a deeper purpose and a more centred energy; but the eye quick and as flashing as ever. And Wych Hazel, not as mistress in her own house but as guest in anothers, was waited upon—how shall I ay !—as such men can do it. And that is ra-

ther a rare kind of petting.

A week? was it only a week ago? Hazel wondered. Those three days of prostration had seemed to put whole continents of time between her and the wild walk across the hill-top though the traces of that day, and of the weeks that went before, were still visible enough. Not strong yet, to withstand and manage the in-coming tide of new thoughts and prospects and responsibilities, she took all the petting and pleasure and care with the most gravely girlish face imaginable. Watching her two companions. listening to them, and giving them now and then a bright blush or smile out of the midst of her thoughts, yet all the time conscious of the thoughts as well.

No, she was not quite all he could wish; not all that he ought to have. She knew that; she had known it ever since last winter; and whatever love and devotion could do, let the supply be never so unlimited, they could not do all. There would be ground he would occupy, where she could not stand by his side; there would be work he would do, which she was not fit to share. Would be? there was now. This coming in among his labours and plans had brought it home to her keenly. All the same, she could take no new stand just to please him; it would not be true, she could not keep up to it, could not act it out. Was she ready, for other reasons, to take such a stand ! The old tangle of perplexed questions seemed closing her in again; and now and then, between whiles, when Rollo was looking away, the brown eyes studied him; as if studying his face would magnetize her out of her difficulties,—the one person in all the world who belonged to her, and to whom she belonged. But it was intensely like Wych , that the more she realized this, the more she hung back from following in the steps of his Christian life merely because they were his. They should be true for her, or she would not them at all.

The talk at the table ran a good deal upon matters and things in the Hollow. Gyda knew the ins and outs of many a house there; she could illustrate and prove the truth of some of Rollo's statements, and she could suggest wants, even if she did not know how to contrive the

"There's something you havn't thought of yet, Olaf," she observed. "There are just heathens and savages down there."

"What makes you think I have not thought

of it?"
"Well, you haven't begun to plan for it."

"How can you venture to say that? "I haven't heard you say a word."

"Do you think, Hazel, that proves any-

thing?" "It would not with me," she said. "But Mrs. Boërresen should know you."

"She should," said Rollo. "It appears she

"You talk of a great many other things," id the old woman smiling. "I've been waitsaid the old woman smiling. "I've been waiting to hear when that would come up. What are you going to do, lad?"
"Gyda is quite right" said than turning

"Gyda is quite right," said Dane, turning again to Wych Hazel. "They are little better than heathen, and do not know much more. You remember our first visit here? A party of the children had made a plan to throw stones at our horses as we passed through the Hollow on our return. There is no danger of that now. But what would you do with such a community?

"I could not do much," said the girl gravely. "I suppose, if I were you -You should ask peo-ple who know what they are talking about, Mr.

Rollo. Not me." "But I ask you. What occurs to you, as a good first step?"

"It did not 'occur' to me," said Hazel,-"you made me think of it. I suppose, then—if I knew what you know, Mr. Rollo; if I felt as you feel; I should want to tell them that, first of all. I should set them the lesson you set me," she added, her voice changing a little. "And—very much as you set it for me." A swift deprecating glance begged him not to think that she was either criticising his work, or assuming that she knew what it was; or in general, that she knew anything about anything

"And when and where would you do this?" said Dand, his manner quite grave and quiet, his powerful eyes nevertheless absorbing every indication of the changes in hers.

"I should think they would come any time when you wanted them," she said, making revelations in her unconscious way. suppose they would have most time. And Sundays, too, they would be a little more dressed up and ready for the best things you could tell them." The words came simply, but very sothem." The words came simply, but very so-berly, as if she remembered all the while that in

such plans she had nothing to do.
"Well," said Dane, "our thoughts lie sufficiently near together. That is just what I have proposed to do, Wych."
"Yes. I knew you would."

"Yes. I knew you would."
"Do you think," said he slowly, as he was helping her to something, "do you think one ought to wait for anything but an opportunity—before telling good news to people whom it concerns."

concerns

"But I did not think you had waited."
"No," said Rollo gravely. "I started a gen-

ral proposition."
"Opportunity is only the sand-paper," said Hazel in her quick way. "Of no earthly use

Rollo's eye danced; nevertheless he answered as demurely as possible—"What do you consider a match?"

"Hidden fire. The complement of the op-portunity,—waiting for it,—ready for it. I sup-pose I meant that—"she said, retreating into herself again.

herself again.

"I suppose you did," said Rollo smiling, "for it is a sharp truth. But Hazel, there is also hidden fire in the good news we carry; and if we cannot make it catch, perhaps (fod will. Suppose you have nothing to give but the naked truth in your naked hand—won't you take it to the people whose lives it may light up for agent?" the people whose lives it may light up for ever?

She did not answer him, thinking of the time—not now long past—when her own life had been like midnight. Hazel pushed away her plate, and folding her hands in her lap, sat looking down at her, or at her ring, or possibly

seeing neither.
"Olaf," said Gyda, suddenly coming back from the outer door to which she had been summoned, "somebody is a wanting you down you-der. There's always somebody wanting him now, my lady."

Who is it this time? "Hans Heinrich-he has got hurt in some o'

the wheels and things."

"He is not one of my hands."

"He is not; but he wants you, my lad, for all that. He's hurt bad; and there's no one to tell 'em what to do; and Lina Heinrich, she sends word to you to come for Christ's sake."

Dane hesitated but a moment and turned to Wych Hazel.

Can you wait for me?"

"O yes,—I wish I could help."
"You had better lie down and take a sleep.
Look after her, Gyda." And he went off, losing

no time.

Gyda had been clearing her table, and as soon as everything was in order she took a chair and sat down opposite Wych Hazel.

"What do they want him for so often, Mrs.

"Help, my lady. O there's sore need of it, certainly. But these are not his own people; nevertheless, there is no help but his for them." Hazel mused over the words, her own eyes going off to the fire now. She understood it all

going off to the fire now. She understood it all well enough,—felt from the depths of her heart what delight it would be to help him, ever so little. And what could he think of her, that she was not more ready? Ah, if he only knew all the history of this year! all the questions and sorrows and perplexities she had been through!—And it was just what she could not

tell him, and just what he could never guess. So she gazed at the twinkling fire, shewing brighter and brighter as the afternoon began to die away; until at last, with her head somehow nestled against shawl and cushions in the extemporised easy chair, one sort of weariness claiming the right of way, Wych Hazel went fast asleep; and Gyda might study the fair young face at her leisure. Gyda's own face looked happy the while; and noiselessly she made up the fire, and softly her old lips whispered prayers oftentimes as she moved hither and thither.

The afternoon was waning, though evening had not yet set in, when the door opened gently and Primrose Maryland appeared. Gyda's finand Primrose Maryland appeared. Gyda's finger at her lips stayed all but softly uttered words, till Primrose came up to the fire and looked at the sleeper in the cushioned chair.

Prim looked, and looked away. ment first was to go to the table and take off her bonnet and lay down her shawl and right herself a little. Yet Prim was nothing of a co-quette, not the least in the world, and never thought about her dress but to have it respecta-Neither did she think about it now; for there was no glass in the room, and the move-ment with which she pushed the hair further back from her brow assuredly had no origin in regard to appearances. However, she came back after that and looked at Hazel more steadily, and then sat down by Mrs. Boërresen to talk in a soft undertone which could disturb nobody. a soft undertone which could disturb norogy. The two girls had scarcely seen each other since the fall before, except in the most casual manner at church or in some chance meeting. Hazel had had good reasons for keeping herself out of the way, and when they met had wrapped her-self in a triple veil of defences; so that it was rather a revelation to see her as she looked now. A tired child asleep, instead of the energetic young lady of Chickaree. Her three days' slumber had but partially done their work, and Hazel slept on now in the profoundest way ; her face and hands in rather noticeable acceptance of the gray shawl, considering whose it was. Prim looked, and looked, from time to time in the intervals of talking, until the talking seemed to die away; and she sat drawn back into herself. The light was failing now. Gyda mended her fire again, and the heavy iron tongs slipped from her hands and fell with a harsh clang upon the hearth. Wych Hazel awoke.

The greeting then was very affectionate.
"Wherever in the world did you come from?"
said Hazel. "Does it take two people to keep
watch of me?"

watch of me?"

"I came here to be out of the way," said Prim. "Dane wanted Arthur, or at least the hurt man wanted him. What in the world are you here for, Hazel?"

"Oh I have been inspecting the mills," said Hazel with a laugh; "and of course after such profound work I was tired. But I did not mean to go to sleep. Has averyhody also gove. mean to go to sleep. Has everybody else gone home?—it is dinner time this minute."

'Nobody has gone home," said Primrose; "and they cannot help it's being dinner time,

you know. Were you ever here before !—in this house, I mean."

"Yes—O," said Hazel with sudden recollection, "has it taken all this time to attend to that man?"

"Arthy in these."

"Arthur is there."

"Is he?—that is good. But all this time?"
-with a shiver. "I do not see how I could sleep!"—she stood looking grave, as if rather disapointed in herself.

Yes," Primrose went on, -" Arthur and 1 were driving through the Hollow, just to see the things; and Dane laid hold of Arthur and sent me up here. He didn't tell me I should sent me up here. He didn't tell me i should find you." Primrose paused, as her eye fell on Hazel's cushioned and draperied chair. "You have changed your mind about Dane, haven't you Hazel?" she asked abruptly. Hazel faced round upon her in undoubted surprise.

"Changed my mind!" she repeated, flushing.

"Changed my mind!" she repeated, flushing all up, —"what was my mind!"
"You remember—last year."

"What about last year

"Why you remember, Hazel. You did not like him at all, and used to get out of patience with him.

"Of course I did. There is no particular call to get out of patience just now. And even generally wait for a reason."

"Have you made up you

"Have you made up your mind you will never get out of patience again?" Prim asked, with a keen look to the answer.
"No."

Prim's eye fell on the cushions and the gray

"You aren't going to vex him, Hazel, are you?

""Why, Prim "—Hazel took hold of her shoulder and gave her a gentle shake, though with a queer mixture of softness and sharpness, -"do I look like the good little girl in storybooks, that you put me through such a cate-

"No; but I find you up here,"—and again Prim's eye went to the grey shawl and came back to her friend's face.

"I am not specially responsible for that. The thing just now is to get away. Mr Falkirk will be out of his wits."

Prim was uncertain and dissatisfied, and sat