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The Children.

When the lesson and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that endrele,
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood so lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows so weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the path, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging over them;
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh! there's aching on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are angels of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
And his sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
And his glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh! those trants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how our Saviour could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
My prayer would bound back to myself:
Ah! a scribble may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bent,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My from is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse the threshold no more;
Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn'g at the door;
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the push of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers,
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn'g and at evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tap of their delicate feet.

When the lesson and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

THE LONG PACK.

"Auntie, tell me a story," I said, as I sat with my maiden relative in a huge tapestried apartment in a rambling, old-fashioned house in the country.
"What kind of a story do you want, Harry?" she asked. "Grave or gay, true or untrue, pleasant or sad? For my life has been long, and my experiences many," she added, as she gazed dreamily and thoughtfully into the fire that blazed on the hearth before us.
"O, something lightening and thrilling, fearful and shocking, and, above all, true—there's a dear auntie!" I exclaimed, as I drew closer to her side, and gazed shudderingly around the large gloomy room.
A little pause ensued, while auntie gazed meditatively into the fire, and I watched her face in eager hope of the exciting tale that was coming.
"I was about sixteen (Aunt Betsey began at last), when I was invited to go and stay with some relatives in Sussex, whom I had never seen. My life in this old house—where I was born and have lived all my days—was somewhat monotonous. I was a lively girl then, and, with delight at the prospect of a change of scene, I looked anxiously for my parents' permission to accept the invitation.
After some deliberation, the desired permission was given; so, early one morning, accompanied by my father, I set out in high spirits for my destination, arriving there in the pleasant twilight of an autumn evening.
Our friends gave us a cordial reception. "Squire and Mrs. Oldham were staid, good tempered, rather elderly people, and their two daughters—girls of eighteen and twenty—were as merry and as wild as I could desire. Their names were Mildred and Janet.
The house, standing on its own grounds, and surrounded by lofty trees, was old and spacious, with many long corridors and passages, and plenty of rooms of all sizes and descriptions. I can recall so well the great entrance hall. It was of immense size and gloomy, and from it ascended a wide staircase, which led to an opal gallery above. Many merry evenings I had spent in that old hall.
During my stay with my Sussex friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from their own, and it was while they were absent that the alarming occurrence I am about to relate to you took place.
The household consisted of the butler and four maid-servants. The coachman, who lived in a cottage on the grounds about a quarter of a mile distant, was now absent with his master and mistress. The butler was a pompous, stately, middle-aged man, given somewhat to boasting, though always respectful in his manners to my young people; he evidently considered the safety of the house as his peculiar charge, and was very particular in looking after the safety of the fastenings of doors and windows.
We had heard of one or two robberies being committed in the neighborhood; but we did not feel nervous, and my cousins placed great dependence on a huge black dog which always slept at night in the hall.

"I think it was about seven o'clock—when there came a pull at the front door-bell, and, after a short delay, the butler answered it. Presently, hearing a somewhat prolonged parley outside, we opened our room door, and peeped out.
Two men, apparently much exhausted, stood at the lower end of the hall, while on the ground at their feet lay a large, long package. Opposite to them stood the butler and one of the maid-servants, and a stormy discussion seemed going on between them. Mildred, my elder cousin, after a few moments' pause, walked forward and requested an explanation. One of the men, rather a respectable-looking individual, I thought, advanced toward her, and making a low bow, began to speak.
"Madam," said he, "we have brought this bale of goods to your house by mistake; we were to take it to Mr. Needham's," mentioning a gentleman's house about five miles distant, but have carried it here instead. We are much exhausted, for we have walked far, and the night is tempestuous, and we feel that we can take it no further. Will you kindly allow us to leave it here till morning?"
Mildred looked at the butler inquiringly, but he answered that the old servant shook his head, with a doubtful and suspicious air, whereupon the man who had just spoken observed, hastily: "We do not ask for a lodging for ourselves, madam; we shall make our way to the nearest public house. It is only the pack that we wish to leave. It is very heavy, and we will call for it in good time to-morrow. We throw ourselves upon your compassion."
"Let the poor men leave their large package, Mildred," said Janet, my younger cousin, "and have it put away in the ante-room until to-morrow."
Mildred assented, and in disregard of the butler's and ominous looks of the old servant, ordered the pack to be carried into a little room near the entrance.
"This was done; and glad and thankful was I to see the dog bolted and barred behind the formidable strangers.
It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in our thinly-peopled household, to admit two strangers at that time of the evening. I had noticed, too, that they glanced about the hall in a surreptitious manner, and especially eyed the dog, which stood with us in the hall, and had at first begun to bark, but had been quickly silenced by a low command from Mildred. I saw that the maid-servant, who still stood by, shared my uncomfortable feelings, and she assisted very readily, after the departure of the men, in barring the door, and seeing to the safety of the window-fastenings.
Later in the evening I met her on the stairs, and she stopped me.
"Do not look like that, child! it looks to me alive, and twice I have fancied I saw it move—once when it was lying on the hall floor, and again now, for I have been in to look at it."
I smiled, and, telling Harriet "not to be whimsical," passed on, and, rejoining my cousins, I told them what Harriet had said to me, and proposed going to take a look at the mysterious package.
Taking a lamp with us, we proceeded to the little apartment wherein it was placed. It lay on a wooden settle which stood on one side of the room. It was enveloped in a brown wrapper, very long, and thicker at the middle than at the two extremities. Somehow I did not like the looks of it at all; but my fears were of such a vague nature that I did not like to express them. As we crossed the hall on our return to the sitting-room we encountered Harriet, who was hovering about with a very uneasy and mysterious expression on her face.
"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked Mildred.
"O, miss, I am so frightened about that pack. I cannot rest, and while it is in the house I cannot get to bed while it is here."
"You are very ridiculous, Harriet," replied Janet. "I am sure the men were very respectable-looking individuals—only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack, and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you."
Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head very warningly.
"Ten o'clock came, and my cousins and I were thinking of betaking ourselves to our sleeping apartments, when we heard a door in the hall violently shut and locked. Immediately afterwards Harriet rushed in upon us, and, with a loud shriek, declared her violent hysterics. She was speedily followed by the butler, looking pompous and still as ever, but with a certain expression of uneasiness on his fat, grave face.
"What is the matter, Jones?" asked Mildred, starting to her feet. "Tell us quickly. Do try to be quiet, Harriet."
"O, the pack is alive," shrieked Harriet.
"Hush, Harriet," said Mildred, calmly; let Jones tell us. I heard you lock a door. It was that of the ante-room in which this unfortunate pack is placed, I suppose?"
"It was, miss," replied Jones, sententiously; and the dog is in the hall," he added.
"So far good," said Mildred, composedly. "And how, pray, do you know that the pack is alive?"
"You see, miss," replied Jones, "ever since that pack has been left here, Harriet has been in a distracted state of mind—frightened out of her senses, in fact. The thing move when it was laid in the hall," sobbed Harriet.
"Go on, Jones," interposed Janet.
"Jones continued: "So before we went to bed, Miss Harriet persuaded me to come and take another look at the package. You know I did not at all approve of its being left here."
"Never mind that," said Mildred; "tell us what you have seen."
"Well, miss, I thought it great nonsense, but I went. We took hold of the bundle, and turned it about a little, but could make nothing of it. Presently Harriet found a small hole in the wrapper. She pulled the rent rather more open, and looked in. I saw her face change. She turned and drew me out

of the room, pulled the door to, and locked it. That is all I know at present, ladies," and here Jones bowed to us politely.
Harriet had become quieter, so Mildred inquired: "What did you see, Harriet?"
The girl shivered, and covered her face with her hands.
"Come, Harriet, speak," said Mildred, becoming a little pale.
"Yes, tell us, and instantly!" cried Janet.
Harriet took her hands from her face, and looked up.
"It was an eye, miss," she said, in horror-stricken tones, "such an awful-looking eye, and it glared at me!" she added, with a repressed shriek.
We looked at each other in mute consternation.
"Was it a living eye, do you think, Harriet?" I asked.
"Yes, it was, miss, I am sure," she sobbed. "O, what shall we do? It looked so malignant and terrible!"
We looked at each other for a few moments, and then Mildred spoke.
"I can scarcely believe that you are right, Harriet," she said; "I fancy that your imagination must have been making a goose of you."
"Shh! Mildred," I ventured to say, "Harriet may be right, and it would be well to do something at once. This may be a plan to rob the house when we are all in bed."
"And murder us all!" shrieked Harriet.
Janet began to cry, and meanwhile the butler had left the room.
"What has Jones?" inquired Mildred, suddenly observing his absence. "Let us go find him, and see what is best to be done."
She passed into the hall, and we followed. Jones was rummaging in a large closet, the door of which stood open; he had a lamp in his hand. The other servants stood by, and we together waited for him to emerge. He was rather a long time, so Mildred went close to the door and whispered: "What are you doing there, Jones?"
Jones made no reply, but came out, armed with an old rusty-looking dagger and two pieces of strong rope.
"You are not going to kill him?" implored Janet.
"Never fear, miss," replied Jones; "a little prick, however, will do no hurt. I must take care of my master's house."
"We will come with you," whispered Mildred.
"Very good, miss," he answered. "Please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him."
So off went Jones with his lamp, his dagger, and his ropes, and the servants following closely behind with the dog, who seemed to possess a strong consciousness of something being amiss.
Jones opened the door of the little room quietly, and went in and placed his lamp on a small side-table which stood near. Then at once, dagger and ropes in hand, he walked towards the pack, which still lay on the settle; but I now observed that there were one or two openings in the wrapper.
There was a deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growlings of the dog, who became manifestly more and more uneasy, and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a sense of noise and confusion. Jones reached the pack, and throwing the ropes over his arms, and still clutching the dagger, stooped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I had ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently, they rolled over and fell heavily to the ground, while a choked voice begged for mercy; at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of the servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, and the loud howlings and whinnings of the dog, who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room, made a din that I never can forget.
"Remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the man in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper, Jones had managed, despite his opponent's struggles, to pass the ropes several times round and round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this we had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced, and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants—the terrified Harriet not being one—went into the room.
The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been split open from the centre upwards, and displayed the figure of a man, apparently about thirty years of age, lying in it, the ropes wound round him. He had a long, pale face, a brown, grizzly beard, and eyes that gazed doubtfully from beneath a black hood which knelt beside him—to us, as we approached him. He was perfectly mute, and refused to answer any question.
"See, he has got a whistle," cried one of the servants.
Jones instantly seized it, and after a few moments' consideration, beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.
"Young ladies," he said, "the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter much before midnight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid, if I slipped down to the coachman's house, and got his wife to send down the village for assistance? We could then probably secure all the villains."
"But you may be attacked by one of them on the way," urged Mildred.
"No fear, miss; I can slip unseen behind the shrubs in the darkness."
"Go, then, and quickly," said Mildred. "You are sure that the man is quite safe behind?"
"Quite so, miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you."
Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of a small side door. In about twenty minutes—which had seemed like two hours to us—he returned, and his low tap was instantly answered.
"It is all right," he said; I have

seen and heard nothing of the two men. The boy is sharp enough; he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the same way that I took."
More than an hour passed away; then a low tap was again heard, and a man appeared, accompanied by the boy who had been sent to bring them.
About midnight Jones opened the shutters of a casement window in the hall and blew a loud whistle; the whistle was responded to by another, and two men presently appeared at the open casement. Jones drew back into the darkness of the hall and silently allowed them to enter. The moment their feet touched the hall floor they were secured.
"And where were you, auntie?" I said.
"Yes, during this scene in the gallery above. The boy, who had received his directions, soon brought forward a lantern, and we also had lights at hand in the gallery."
"Were the men tried, auntie; and what was their punishment?"
"Yes, they were conveyed to the county prison, and on their conviction were sentenced to transportation. The butler, as you may imagine, was handsomely rewarded."

Expert Boatmen.

There being no keel to the Esquimaux kayak, and its bottom nearly flat, the occupant would seem to make it top-heavy, but with the practice and nerve of the kayaker, he does not hesitate to brave a middling heavy sea, riding over the waves as gracefully as a duck. Armed with his rifle, harpoon, and bird spear, and a few other useful uses, he shoulders his kayak, carries it to the beach, and launches it. There is no opening in it except a round hole midway between each end, just large enough to admit the boatman as far as his hips. Surrounding this midship hole is a wooden rim, with a groove around the outside, and a sealkin covering, over which the hunter bees the lower edge of his water-tight jacket, and thus fastens himself in and keeps the water out. He then grasps his two-bladed oar in the middle, propels himself along by dipping it in the water on each side alternately, and off he goes at a very rapid rate of speed, until he reaches his hunting ground. When he sights a seal, and gets within thirty yards of him, he throws the harpoon, and seldom misses his mark. As soon as the seal is hit, it starts off to escape. The staff is then detached from the dart which is attached to a strand of raw hide, fastened to the other end to a buoy or float carried on to the deck of the kayak, ready to cast off when the line has been all run out, but kept tight by the kayaker, who soon exhausts the strength of his victim, and then captures him.

The Largest Bee Hive in the World.

In Los Angeles county, California, on the eastern slope of the San Fernando range of mountains, and in the immediate vicinity of the Learning mission, there is a region where there is the most wonderful collection of wild honey in existence. The hive is located in a rift which penetrates the rock to the depth of probably one hundred and sixty feet. The orifice is thirty feet long and seventeen feet wide; with four passages. This rift, fastened by the rim of the opening, is of a swarm of bees, that is seen to come out in nearly a solid column, one foot in diameter. Certain parties have endeavored to descend to the immense store of honey collected by the bees, but were invariably driven back, and one man lost his life in the effort. Others have, at the expense of much labor and money, built a scaffold one hundred and twenty-five feet high, in hope of reaching a place where they could run a drift into the rock and extract its well-hoarded sweets, but finally ceased their work. Within four years the bees have added not less than fifteen feet of depth to the treasure, as ascertained by actual measurement, and it is thought that at the present time there cannot be less than eight or ten tons of honey in the rock. A gentleman by the name of B. Brophy lives in a cabin not far from the spot, and obtained from the melting of the honey by the sun's heat more than enough for his family requirements. Although the region stores of wild honey are found in trees, in the rocks, in nearly every place where its industrious manufacturers think, (for they seem to think) that it will be secure. They consume a very small portion, as the climate enables them to keep up operations nearly every day in the year, and flowers of some sort are always in bloom. It must be a very severe season indeed when the little fellows are not seen abroad in vast numbers, busily engaged in their mellifluous work.

Hereditary Deformities.

The heredity of anomalies of organization, says a science monthly, has been demonstrated in several instances. One of the most singular of these is the case of Edward Lambert, whose whole body, except the face, the palms of his hands, and the soles of his feet, was covered with a sort of shell, consisting of horny excrescences. He was the father of six children, all of whom presented the same anomaly at the age of six weeks. The only one of them who lived transmitted the peculiarity to all his sons, and this transmission, passing from male to male, persisted through five generations. Mention is also made of the Colburn family, where the parents for four generations transmitted to the children what is called scurgedigitism, i. e., hands and feet with six digits each. Albinism, halting, harelip, and other anomalies are in like manner reproduced in the progeny.

A Lepers Home.

The lepers of the Sandwich Islands occupy what is known as the Plain of Kolano. The plain contains about 16,000 acres, and looks like an absolute flat, bounded on three sides by the blue Pacific. It is believed to have been once the bottom of a vast crater, of which the Plain formed one of the hills, the other being sunk beneath the sea, leaving a few traces on one side.
The whole great plain is composed of lava stones, and to one unfamiliar with the habits of the Sandwich Islanders, would seem to be an absolutely sterile desert. Yet here lived, not very many years ago, a considerable population, who have left the marks of an almost incredible industry in numerous fields inclosed between walls of lava rock, well laid up; and in what is yet stranger, long rows of stones, like the windows of hay in a grass field at home, evidently piled there in order to secure them from the long, narrow bands of cloud of lava which lay between, to plant sweet potatoes. As I rode over the trails worn in the lava by the horses of the old inhabitants, says a correspondent, I thought this plain realized the Vermonters saying about a piece of particularly stony ground, that there was a rock in it, and to pile on the rocks it contained. Yet on this apparently desert space, within a quarter of a century, more than a thousand people lived contentedly and prosperously, after their fashion; and this though fresh water is so scarce that many of them must have carried their drinking water at least a mile or three miles. And here now live, among the lepers, or rather a little apart from them at one side of the plain, about a hundred people, the remnant of the former population, who were too much attached to their homes to leave them, and accepted sentence of perpetual seclusion here, to be confined with the leprosy rather than exile to another part of the island. When we had discovered the cliff, a short ride brought us to the house of a lama, or local overseer, a native who is not a leper; and of this house, being uncontaminated, we took possession.

By a law of the Kingdom it is made the duty of the Minister of the Interior, and under him of the Board of Health, to arrest every one suspected of leprosy; and if a medical examination shows that he has the disease, to seclude the leper upon this part of Molokai. The disease, when it is beyond its very earliest stage, is held to be incurable. He who is sent to Molokai is therefore adjudged civilly dead. His wife, upon application to the proper court, is granted a decree of absolute divorce, and may marry again; his estate is administered upon as though he were dead. He is incapable of suing or being sued, and his dealings with the world, therefore are through and with the Board of Health alone. In order that no doubtful cases may be sent to Molokai, there is a hospital at Kalihī, near Honolulu, where the preliminary examinations are made, and where Dr. Tromsæen, the physician of the Board of Health, retains people about whom he is uncertain.

The Esquimaux.

To one ignorant of their style of dress, and the similarity of the dress of both sexes, it would be difficult to distinguish the Esquimaux man from the woman. The man combs his hair straight down and over his forehead, only parting it sufficiently to enable him to see directly ahead of him, while the woman combs her hair in a long plait, forming it into a knot on the top of the head, which is elevated about four inches from the scalp, and tied with a strip of ribbon either of a black, blue or red color—the widow being distinguished by a black ribbon, the wife by the blue, and the maiden by the red one. The complexion is coppery like that of the Indian, their hair black, and their nose flat, while their cheek bones are broad and prominent, nearly hiding the eyes. 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