

that illumined the whole place, accompanied by a roar like the wind in the chimney on a fierce winter night.

Sometimes the smith built a ring of fire outside the shop and on it heated a big hoop of iron until it resembled a halo for the devil himself and I expected to see him come forth, horns, tail and cloven foot—to claim it. But he never appeared and the “halo” prosaically adorned a cart wheel.

Another time the worker took a bar of red-hot metal from the fire and placed it upon the anvil; hammered it for a while, very carelessly, talking all the time, dipped it into a tub of water, making it hiss like an angry snake, hung it upon the side of the tub and behold, it was a horse-shoe.

There was a peculiar odor about the shop; earthy smell, combined with iron and burning hoof that offended my sensitive nostrils; but even that could not keep me away from my haunt. Even a *small* philosopher knows when the good outweighs the evil and unconsciously submits to the law of compensation.

A REVERENTIAL REVERIE.

Imagine yourself in the spacious chamber of a good old-fashioned country farm-house. You are seated in the old fantueil, honored heirloom long before our paterfamilias parents were children, at the broad window which presents a melancholy view of the dreary, winding turnpike road below. It is late in the afternoon. Apparently the “Deestrick Skule” has closed its tedious session for the day, for there goes the thrifty neighbor’s shiftless son. Do you not see him? He just picked up a stone to hurl at the unsheltered bird which nestles in the tree at the roadside. The wind is changing now. It will blow up a cold autumnal rain, I suppose. Yes! there are that shiftless neighbor’s sweet little children, boy and girl, hand in hand, scampering along. What serious faces! Well you see, they must hurry if they get home before it rains.

Why even now its raining quite hard. See! the school-mistress now appears, struggling with an unruly umbrella. She also is hurrying, although deep in thought. As she trudges along, what are her thoughts? This causes you to fall deep in reverie, and you then pass into one of those pleasant dreamful slumbers, soon to be awakened, however, by the cheery old farm-house bell only to find that dear, kind grandma has meantime ordered a fire