

GRANNIE MADGE. BY KATE FITZPATRICK OSKOD. The shadows lie sleeping on field and hill; The cows come home an hour ago; The bees are heard, and the nests are still— Where can the child be lingering so?

Grannie's Quilted Petticoat.

BY MARY K. DALLAS.

"My housekeeper is gone," said Mrs. Cameron, "and I actually do not know how to fill her place. The idiot has married an old hachelor. He was the baker around the corner, and I never guessed when she was sobbing about choosing all the pastry herself, what was going on. I let her have her little girl with her, too, and I paid her high wages; but there's no depending on widows. They are always wild to marry again. O, dear me!"

tries to steal it away, she cries aloud like a baby. She says she will never give it up. It is a funny object. Margaret coaxed her to show it to me one day. She held up her gown a little way and said: "It's not so old and worn as Maggie thinks. I keep it mended neat, ma'am, and I think a deal of it, no! Let Maggie wear the new one herself; this will last me out."

Mrs. Bonnycastle. I'd trust Margaret with untold gold. One of your dear old servants has done it, of course, and you suspect the stranger, I'll go to Margaret. Suddenly she stopped. A wall rang through the house—an awful cry. Mrs. Cameron caught Mrs. Bonnycastle by the arm. "People only scream that way over the dead," she said. "What is it? Where is it?"

They rushed to the door. In the hall they met the servants. The policemen also hurried up stairs. The cry had come from the housekeeper's room, and thither they all made their way. It was Margaret's voice that they had heard, and there in her arm sat the cause; Grannie in her ruffled cap and apron, with her knitting in her hand, but stone dead. "She was all I had to love!" wailed Margaret; "all! all! all!"

There was nothing more said of the robbery that day. Mrs. Cameron was overcome by the incident and fainted, as she always did when startled. Mrs. Bonnycastle remained with Margaret. The old woman's form was stretched upon a bed, and a doctor sent for. She had simply died of old age. Nothing allied her besides that. For a long while Margaret sat and wept. At last she rose and bolted the door. "You are so kind to me, ma'am," she said looking at Mrs. Bonnycastle, with tearful eyes. "I think you'll be rewarded for it hereafter. You don't believe the things they say, I know. Poor old Grannie, I'm so glad she died a quiet death. I don't think she would have minded me if I had only been a little. I must save her from disgrace anyhow. She was always sweet and clean, and that dreadful quilt of hers; and I'll get it off and hide it before they see her. It's a pity to both of us, for I did my best to keep her tidy, only she begged to wear that patch."

And Margaret, busy about the solemn figure on the bed, amidst fast falling tears, drew off the many patched petticoat. She sat down on the floor when it was in her hands, and sobbed aloud. "We don't know how we'll feel when people are gone," she said. "How angry I've been about this. I feel lousy in it, Mrs. Bonnycastle. I fear it hurt the poor dear. There's something hard in it like stones. I can't guess what it is." Suddenly she gave a little scream. She had ripped away a rough flannel patch. "Look! look!" she cried; and Mrs. Bonnycastle looked and saw, stretched against the original material quite covered a moment before by the patch, something that glittered. "It's the pearl bracelet!" cried Margaret; "Oh, what shall I do?"

What Mrs. Bonnycastle did was to call Mrs. Cameron, and the three women together ripped up the poor patched quilt. In it, carefully basted and covered over, were the pilferings of years—the things that Mrs. Cameron had lost—the articles that Mrs. Coulter had lost—the articles that Mrs. Coulter's own property long missing. The petticoat was a perfect store house, and it was plain that Grannie Munn had, in her years of childhood, become a confirmed kleptomaniac—stealing without the least expectation of making any use of what she stole.

The discovery saved Margaret's character for honesty, of course, and she lives with Mrs. Cameron as housekeeper to this day. No one thought of blaming the old woman, who had been as honest as the sun in her young days. And Margaret still treasures a small odd looking bundle, of which no one could discover the meaning, as a de-votee would some precious relic. She never shows it to any one, and she often cries over it. "It is more like her, after all, than anything else," she would tell you, were you in her confidence. "It is that left over poor old Grannie's quilt."

The Government Hindering Other People's Business. A very powerful cause of the inefficient execution of Justice in society is, that government perpetually forgets its supreme function, in the pursuit of other ends. It attempts to do so many things that it does nothing well, and sacrifices the very object for which it was instituted. In the attempt to accomplish that which it had no business to undertake. Instead of confining itself vigorously to establishing justice in all the relations of society, and then allowing the widest liberty of individual action and enterprise, it meddles with everything and everybody, interfering, checking and restraining, where it should let things alone, and undertake to play the part of Providence in controlling the whole course of human interests. Justice is thus not only neglected, but injustice is wrought in all directions, so that government at last becomes the instrument and partner of the great agencies of oppression and wrong-doing in society.—Popular Science Monthly.

Independently of the wealth, influence and greatness which industry gains for us, it carries along with it another great advantage. It is conducive to the preservation of health. All things in nature are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness and in their luster, by motion; but when resting, they become corrupted or defiled. The air, when it is fanned by breezes, is pure and wholesome; but when inactive, it is thick and putrid. Metals, when in use, are smooth and sparkling; but, when laid by, they become rusty. The soil, when tilled, yields corn; but, when fallow, it is overgrown with weeds and thistles. In fact, everything in nature is preserved in its proper condition by constant agitation. So the mental and bodily faculties of man, when in constant exercise, are preserved and improved; but when employed, they become dull and heavy, as if they had contracted rust. By industry alone, then, do we preserve our health and perfect our nature. —Niagara Falls has been recommended by Archbishop Lynch of Toronto as a place of religious pilgrimage.