

lookin' face will go a deal further in the way of cheerin' a man up, when he's down-hearted, than the brightest that ever shone from a June sky."

And Peggy appeared to be well-satisfied to be the mistress of the red house, and with the enjoyment of the privileges thereto annexed, particularly when her domestic duties for the day—to make use of her own expression—were fairly and squarely done, that of taking an airing in the "shay," either with or without her husband, as might be most convenient.

"If Simon isn't handsome, he is good," she said, the first time Mrs. Sedley made her a visit; "and then his takin' a fancy to me was the means of making Mr. Grant and his wife consent to the match between Dolly and Alfred March, who were just suited to each other."

If additional proof were wanting that Simon Dowley was sincere in felicitating himself on his good fortune in going to the wrong house, it might have been found in the following record in his Account Book, hedged in, so as to keep it from being mixed up with charges of sundry edibles, furnished to some neighbor not so fortunate as to own a farm, by some very remarkable-looking scrollwork done in red and blue ink:—

"PRIVIT MEMRANDUM.

25th of Jinwerry, 18—, the most fortinit day of my life. Take notis. It was the day I went to the 'rong howse. S. D."

RIDING.

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT RIDING, FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

BY G. L.

BEFORE I commence my subject, I must offer a few of those generally and justly-execrated things—a few prefatory remarks. I offer them in order that my purpose may be clearly understood at this the starting-point, and that so my endeavors may not lay me open to the derision of the thoroughly initiated.

It is a very customary thing to say, that a writer treats the special subject he writes upon as if he *alone* knew aught about it; and as if the subject alone was an interesting thing to the world at large. And this is stated in a manner that implies that a certain amount of self-sufficiency is imputed to him; and a certain amount of discredit is, therefore, attached to his manner of carrying through that which he has undertaken.

Now this is a natural, but at the same time permit me to observe, an unjust accusation. It is utterly impossible to teach the few who need teaching, and who wish to be taught, without boring the many who do not require it, with that of which they have heard before.

Another thing; the subject treated of *may not* be an all-absorbing one, or pre-eminent above all others, even in the mind of the author; still, unless he writes as if it were, he will not write *well*. Precision and earnestness must be his down to the smallest point, if a single lesson is to be conveyed, a single attention claimed.

Now I have not taken up a subject on which I am indifferent, consequently there will be no assumption of interest in my manner of writing, for not only do I dearly love riding, but I dearly love horses. I have had many happy hours in their company—much cordial, quiet sympathy from them—many true-hearted friends amongst them. This being the case, that which I say about them comes from the heart, and is not got up for the occasion with labor and difficulty.

These remarks can hardly be hoped to benefit the small town-bred lady, who, at the age of five, is placed on the back of an even-minded, smooth-stepping pony, and under the vigilant supervision of a riding-master. They are for the use of those who, like myself, may have to practise riding in a very rough school and owe to it all the pleasure of a far-off country life.

The little child—and it is for *childish* learners that these first pages are penned—running wild in the freedom of the country, will be sure, when very young indeed to find her way into the stables. The horses will "draw" her surely—the great strong horses, who carry Papa to the hunting-field or over the farm. Let her go; do not attempt to check her, if you mean that she shall *ride* in after-life, not simply sit upon a horse. Above all, do not check her, if she is going up fearlessly to the horses. A generous-tempered horse will never kick, step upon, or bite a child, if that child is taught that it must not clap, pinch, or startle the horse, that to do so is to tease, and that teasing is another word for cruelty, and, therefore will be deservedly punished.

If the child likes the horse, is not afraid of it, and *never* teases it, the horse will like the child, and will soon go over, at the sound of the little voice or step, with a promptitude not even its groom can command. Take her in with you when you visit your horses in the morning; let your little daughter's be the hand that gives the bit of sugar or the carrot; these trifling attentions will cement the friendship wonder-

fully. The bond will soon be a strong one, and when the child is old enough to sit upon its back, that horse may be trusted to carry her.

No matter what he is; he may be the showiest goer in the stable; he may have a mouth so hard that he tests the muscles of a man's arm; or one so fine that an untoward jerk will bring him upon his haunches. For the child he *knows* and *likes*—for the child who knows, likes, and is *not afraid* of him, he will be perfectly safe. Let him feel—no human being will be quicker to feel it—that the responsibility is with him, and he will deserve it.

The child must possess *unbounded confidence* in the horse, and in her own intentions, but not a fool-hardy reliance on a skill she does not possess. Teach her, before she begins to practise the accomplishments, that when the horse simply purposes to do that which is right and proper for him to do, that he is not to be idly thwarted.

Place her before him as he stands ready saddled: let him be patted by her, and spoken to by her. Encourage him to lower his crest and turn his head round sufficiently to enable him to see who it is that you are putting on his back (make the youthful equestrian mount from your hand if she possibly can). Then place the reins (they had better be double ones) rapidly and correctly in her hands, and make the groom quit hold of his head directly. Leave the horse and the child alone together, if neither have before approved themselves to be of a bad disposition. He has a little friend on his back, she is only "on" instead of "by the side of," an animal she loves; they may be safely trusted to their own devices.

I say the reins had better be double, because I think those who commence with the single rein will not afterwards adjust their fingers to the double ones with the rapidity that is not only desirable but essential. Whereas, if accustomed to it from the first, the tiny hand of the lady and the reins arrange themselves to each other in a moment.

The little girl should be made to stand in the correct position for mounting, even if she is too small to place her hand on the pommel. Her weight will be too small to render aid from herself necessary; but teach her that there are only two ways of getting on a horse—a right way and a wrong way; and that you intend from the first that she shall mount properly.

She must stand close to the horse's side with the reins *already in her hands*. I think it has a slovenly air, and is a sort of tacit admission that your horse is a poor-spirited Dobbin, if you wait

till you are firmly seated in the saddle before you gather up your reins.

Now that she is properly settled in the saddle with the reins *properly* adjusted in her hand, with the whip held with the handle under the palm, and the lash slanting away over the near side of the horse's neck. Now that all this is done, she should be made to understand that the next grand point is, that she should sit firmly, gracefully, easily.

The foot, whether it be placed in the old-fashioned slipper, or newer-fashioned Victoria stirrup, should be planted with the toe *up*, but inclining towards the side of the horse. The knee should be pressed against the saddle. Here I would observe, if you value your daughter's having a thoroughly good seat in the future, do not let her commence with the third crutch; it will give her a false balance, a false security and a false position. But to go on with what "should," and not diverge to what "should not" be. She should be "well-placed" immediately in the centre of the saddle; to hang the idea of an inch to the near or off-side is both hideous and unsafe. The elbow of the bridle-hand should be in so much of a line with the shoulder—straight down—as is consistent with ease; the hand should not be permitted to rest on anything, nor should it be allowed to hover, as it were, in an uncertain way in mid-air. The whip-hand should also be brought up to the front, in order (not only that it may be used, but) that it may keep the right shoulder from falling away, as it surely will if the whip-hand is permitted to hang down inane over the saddle-pocket. For why should it be in the latter position? None but an inefficient watering-place riding-master will hit, or teach to hit, on the flank; it has an awkward, ungainly look; it is essentially bad style; it tells the horse nothing if he has been well-trained, save that you are of a pugilistic turn.

Having told her so far, what to do and what to avoid, let her go off at a walk, and put your instructions into practice. Till she can perfectly balance herself, and accommodate herself to every swerve when the horse is walking, it is hopeless to expect her to do so when he trots. Make her "let her arms go" when he ducks his head suddenly, but be cautious to impress upon her that she holds the reins very firmly the while. She must let her arm go down with his head—not bending her body more than is necessary—and come back with it; in fact she must let her arm act like a spring.

Do not keep her entirely to a straight piece of ground; give her an opportunity of turning a

corner, or, at least, of turning her horse. From a child, the turn-back of the wrist will not be a sufficient indication to the horse, if she desires him to go to the left. Make her, therefore, take the near snaffle rein in her right, or whip hand, and bend him round. She must take the rein close up against the bridle-hand, and she must place the hand with which she grasps it *palm* upwards, else the action will be ungraceful. If, however, she should want to turn him to the right, she must take an over-hand grasp of the off-rein with her whip-hand. In either case she is to avoid leaning forward and taking a far-off clasp of the rein, as if her arm was going out walking, and the precise spot she desired to touch of the rein was a long way off.

The horse you teach your daughter to ride upon should be no wooden goer, no stiff-legged awkward pony; he should be a smooth, elastic-paced horse, with a fine action in order that she may learn at once what is good, and so by-and-by correct what is amiss in the gait of less perfectly trained horses. Teach her that she is never to let a horse continue in its evil ways. When it starts in a canter with its wrong, or left leg foremost, she must bring him up directly in order that he may feel that he has done something that he ought not to have done. Some horses are clever enough to alter at once in their stride without stopping; but this can scarcely be expected of them under a childish hand. Be very particular on this point; do not allow her to let her horse drop into this evil habit; tell her (the first day you put her on horseback) that if her horse canters with his wrong leg forward (after having clearly explained to her what that means) it will give her a bad seat, and her steed an awkward gait. Tell her also that she is never, on any pretence whatever, to draw her reins up sharp (in the way children too often indulge in) in a purposeless manner, and that she is to understand that if her horse throws his head about, or tosses it up and down, that she must be holding the reins too tightly. Then make her sit "well back" in the saddle, with her head carried "forward" enough not to look as if it were blowing off behind, and let her have a short canter—just one—as a reward for the patience she has shown under your instructions; but the canter had better not be repeated; so, before she is permitted to indulge in that luxurious pace, she must learn to trot.

VICE can never know itself and virtue; but
virtue knows both itself and vice.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY M. C. GORDON.

As a weary child on its mother's breast
Sinks sweetly to repose,
So droops the sun, in the golden west,
As the evening shadows close;
The day is done, and the fading light
Gently whispers, Good-night! good-night!

Good-night, good-night, to careless youth,
With their ringing laugh of glee,
They only dream of love and truth,
Their hearts are wild and free;
Life still to them is clear and bright,
Gay, happy ones, Good-night! good-night!

Good-night, good-night, to the sad and weary,
Whose hearts are filled with grief;
Oh, life to them is lone and dreary!
Despairing of relief.
But joy may come with the morrow's light,
Poor, suffering ones, Good-night! good-night.

Good-night, good-night, to the aged sire,
Whose form is bent with years,
His eyes once full of youthful fire
Are dim with unshed tears:
His steps may fail ere the morrow's light,
Poor, weary one, Good-night! good-night!

Good-night to the Christian, bearing
His banner of light above;
Neither cares nor dangers fearing,
Secure of Jesus' love.
Soon! soon! may be thine upward flight,
Beloved of God! Good-night! good-night!

THE GLASS ON THE WALL.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

Long years had it hung in the ducal hall,
In its antique frame on the oaken wall;
Many bright faces had gazed therein,
And faces dark with the impress of sin;
Years of sorrow and smiles of mirth,
The glass on the wall had mirrored forth.

The high-born dame had blushed with pride,
As she saw her charms in the mirror wide;
The pure white brow of the maiden fair,
And the stern dark knight were reflected there.
And many a tale may the glass on the wall
Tell of days by-gone in Argyle's hall.

For every year, when the holly bright
Is woven in wreaths on the Christmas night,
Visions weird and wild are seen
By those who gaze in the glass I ween;
Ladies fair and cavaliers true
The glass on the wall brings back to view.

Once more is heard the haughty tread
Of knights and nobles long since dead;
Passing along in phantom train,
Breathing with hope and life again;
All those who have dwelt in Argyle's hall,
Are seen again in the glass on the wall.