

OUR COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GUERRILLERO: A STORY OF THE CARLIST WAR.

It is not the Carlist War of 1874, but that which raged in Spain from 1833 to 1839. The irregular bands, formed and led by volunteer captains, practised the sort of desultory warfare known as *guerrilla*. The first of our coloured pictures is that of a *guerrillero*. Let the reader of this story now look well at him. He is a young peasant of sturdy and active frame, dressed in black velvet jacket and breeches; a broad "faja" or sash of scarlet cloth, triply folded to serve as pocket and cartridge-belt; a slouched cap of thick felt, the red cap, or "boina," which is the badge of his partisan service; long gaiters of leather, and sandals made of the "esparto" grass or rush, with soles of hemp. A large red woollen scarf, the "manta," with an ornamental fringe of tassels, may be used for protection from rain or cold wind, or to cover him when sleeping in the open air at night. It is now loosely thrown over his shoulder. His hand grasps a musket or rifle, with his thumb upon its cock, ready for instant use. Such is the guerrillero, or petty warrior, here posted as sentinel of a mountain pass.

This hero's name was Pedro Becerro, of Altoviejo. His life had not been confined to his native village. Two years before this he had been hired as groom, or horse-boy, to attend a travelling English gentleman going to the eastern coast. The journey of Captain Barclay was rather hurried, as he was eager to meet his daughter, who had been passing the winter, with her uncle and aunt, in the mild climate of that Mediterranean shore. After a brief visit to Alicante, where Mr. James Barclay resided in business as a merchant, the Captain took Miss Anna with him by sea to Gibraltar, on their return to England. He discharged Pedro Becerro with a handsome gratuity above the stipulated wages of three weeks' service. Pedro soon wasted his money in the unwonted pleasures of a town. He next became serving-man to a Spanish nobleman going up to Madrid; but, after many months, felt a natural wish to revisit the home of his youth, and to see a maiden he knew there, one Teresita Manares. He set out on his way through the northern provinces. At a "venta," or roadside inn, he met and drank with a boastful corporal in the Christino service. Wine, flattery, and false promises beguiled him to enlist.

He had been standing sentry here, quite alone, nearly three hours, or pacing up and down the length of a hundred yards allotted for his beat. At the end of this walk, chancing to pause a minute, his ear caught the faint sound of a voice, uttering what seemed a cry for help, from the stony bottom of a gorge sixty or seventy feet below. Clambering a little down, beyond the protruding crags, he saw a man prostrate among the blocks of stone that filled the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Becerro called to the man, who in reply waved his arms with a gesture as of helpless distress, and implored him, "por amor de Dios, bueno amigo mio," to come down and relieve him. The kind fellow, though bound not to leave his post, did not hesitate. He quickly descended, and there found a young man in the uniform of a Carlist officer, who was badly hurt by a fall, and had his leg wedged in a crevice of the rocks. "Ay de mi, que dolor y traspaso!" groaned the stranger; "what pain, what agony I suffer! Vengo molido, hecho pedazos; I am knocked all to pieces!" Becerro tenderly released his limb from captivity and supported the tottering steps of his other foot, which was unhurt, till he could recline on a grassy bank at the roadside. "Now, my good, kind friend, whoever and whatever you are," said the Carlist, "you must take this from me"—and he thrust into Pedro's hand two gold doubloons—"but you must do one thing more for me. A mile down the road you will find my servant, with two horses in waiting; run down there, send him up quickly to fetch me away. I shall be safe and well cared for at Aranza, three hours' ride from here."

Becerro was suddenly reminded by this simple request that he ought not to quit the place where his military duty had stationed him. "I am on guard, Senor Caballero," he answered with regret, and offered to return the money. "I may not go farther. But my comrade is to relieve me here at sunset, and then—ah! I had forgotten, I must report this to our sergeant when I go back to quarters. They will send for you. I am sure that Usted (Vuestra Merced) will be taken good care of by our officers; they will see it is a gentleman in distress."

"Your officers, my good fellow?" said the other, smiling. "Don't you see, Caramba, that they would make me their prisoner? I have the honour to be a soldier of his Majesty Don Carlos. My duty is to return where I can do his Majesty's

business. Why, a brave *majo* like you should be one of us, helping to fight for our grand old Spain, for our gallant King and Holy Church! But have I not seen you before—at Alicante, with a Caballero Ingles, el Senor Barclay?"

It was even so. The stranger found in this awkward plight was Lieutenant Hernando de Seguro, a young man of good family in Valencia, who was acquainted with the Barclays of Alicante. He had met Captain and Miss Barclay at their house, and remembered the face of the Captain's servant, Pedro. This was not all. During the six months of Anna Barclay's stay with her aunt and uncle, Hernando was accustomed to come and read "Don Quixote" and the Spanish poets, several evenings a week, to the family circle of his English friends. He readily passed from this to assisting the young lady in her studies and exercises in the noble language of his country. We know not if her relatives saw any signs of a growing attachment between these young persons.

In the lively talk which now arose between Pedro Becerro and Lieutenant Seguro upon their reminiscences of the amiable English family, Pedro's scruples of military duty were insensibly softened. This was perceived by Seguro, who did not lose the advantage it gave him. The sentinel, after a sip of brandy from the Carlist officer's flask, agreed to run and send up the Lieutenant's man and horses, before any other soldiers of the Christino army should appear.

Pedro Becerro started down the hill upon this errand, leaving Lieutenant Seguro, with a cigarito between his lips, trying to guess how many days he would be disabled from active service by the injury to his right knee and ankle. The horses and the attendant with them were soon met, and were ordered to go up and convey their master to Aranza.

But it was fated that Pedro Becerro should never return to his ordinary duty in the fourth company, second battalion, of the Villareale Caçadores. He had not got half way back when he was stopped by a martial challenge, followed by a bullet whizzing across the road. A scouting party of the Carlists instantly surrounded him. He could make no resistance, having left his rifle hidden in a bush, where his friend Don Hernando was sitting. Becerro was conducted to the Carlist headquarters, and was there detained. Before many days the Carlists won a brilliant victory. The unlucky soldier of the baby Queen Christina was now ripe for conversion. He enlisted in the Carlist army.

We know how the British Legion was formed, under Sir De Lacy Evans, to aid the partisans of constitutional freedom in Spain. One of the half-pay Peninsular officers who joined this force was Captain Barclay. But his was to be an unlucky experience of the Carlist war. In the action of March 16, 1837, at Hernani, Sir De Lacy Evans attempted to storm the Carlist lines on the hill of Santa Barbara, commanding the passage of the river Urumea. He relied on the support of the Royal Marines and of Sarsfield's Spanish troops. They did not come up. The Carlists sallied forth, and inflicted upon Sir De Lacy a severe defeat. One English officer, Captain Barclay, was left on the ground badly wounded.

An hour after this disastrous skirmish he recovered from a faintness caused by loss of blood. He was lying in the rank grass of the river's bank. A Carlist soldier came down the hill, saw, and pitied his condition. It was Pedro Becerro. He did not at first recognise his former master. But natural feelings of humanity and the charity of a good Christian inclined him, as once before, to help a suffering fellow-creature. He raised the head of his fallen enemy, and pillowed it with a bundle of grass, then brought him water to drink and to lave his fevered face. Upon a nearer sight of this face he joyfully discovered the Caballero Ingles, Captain Barclay, and presently made himself known to the Captain.

A party of new-comers rudely interrupted their talk. These were half a dozen ruffians of the Carlist camp, intent on plunder of the dead and wounded. They seized upon the wounded Englishman, despite the angry remonstrances of Becerro. Captain Barclay's gold watch and purse, and a miniature portrait of Anna's deceased mother, set in jewels, were seized by the lawless blackguards. After satisfying their greed they proposed to indulge their ferocious temper, and to save the trouble of carrying him within the lines, by stabbing him where he lay. The brave Pedro was roused by this emergency. With his musket levelled at the foremost of the party, he declared that he would shoot any one who dared hurt the English Caballero. He would himself be killed by them, were it ten times over, before they should kill his friend. A shot was fired at Pedro by one; another rushed at him



LEIGHTON, BROS.

EL GUERRILLERO.

THE SPANISH PARTISAN SOLDIER.

with a bayonet; and his life would soon have been ended but for the timely arrival of a Carlist officer. This was a Major of the regiment to which those murderers belonged. At his unlooked for presence and stern rebuke, accompanied by a threat of severe punishment, they skulked back to quarters, leaving him with Becerro and Captain Barclay. The latter, suffering and weak as he lay, was yet able to see and know his second deliverer.

"Is it possible? Dear Don Hernando, can it be you? Don't you remember me at Alicant—Captain Barclay from England—visiting my brother there—reading your Cervantes with my daughter—why, are you along with those Carlist fellows? Nearly finished me they had this time—if it hadn't been for this good fellow—you may remember my man Pedro, who came with my horses? I'm your prisoner of war now, I suppose, Major de Seguro. But you'll not let me lie here to be butchered?"

"Ave Maria purissima!" exclaimed the good-hearted Pedro. "Gallant Caballero, Senor Don Hernando de Seguro! I have not seen Usted (your honour) since that day you fell over the rocks. I salute you, Major of our army! Long live his Majesty Don Carlos! Gracias a todos los Angeles! What joy to see Usted here, at this blessed moment, to save us both alive, the noble Captain Inglese and poor Pedro, from those cursed thieves!"

"I am very happy to have come in time to serve my friends," the Major replied with hearty goodwill. He then beckoned to an orderly, and sent for a file of soldiers with a litter, to carry the wounded Englishman to a farmhouse near. A surgeon was fetched; and during the next few weeks, by the Major's friendly attentions, with the use of his authority and influence, Captain Barclay was very well cared for. His wound began to heal.

In their conversations at this time, Hernando de Seguro once ventured, in a tone of respectful tenderness, to inquire for Miss Anna. He was told that she was now living at Bath, with her uncle and aunt, Mr. James Barclay having retired from his commercial business at Alicant, and returned to England with a competent income. An exchange of prisoners was obtained by the influence of Major de Seguro. Captain Barclay was now enabled to go on board H.M.S. Falcon, of the blockading squadron, for the benefit of the sea air to his broken health.

Pedro Becerro did not much longer remain in the Carlist military ranks. The corps in which he served met with some losses and disgraces, which occasioned its disbandment. Many of the men, tired of the hardships of campaigning, refused to join another regiment. Becerro was one of these; he chose rather to become a domestic servant, as before. He was now hired by another English gentleman, an Oporto wine-merchant, who went there by sea from St. Sebastian.

The young Spaniard, as might be expected, did not always get on very well with his Portuguese fellow-servants, and others of that nation in his own class. There was, and perhaps still is, a deal of jealousy and mutual enmity between the lower orders of the two adjacent kingdoms. But in the city of Oporto, as before in the cities of Spain, there were strong attractions for Pedro Becerro in the variety of popular entertainments. A grand bull-fight was announced to take place in the Praça on a festival day. Its programme excited his curiosity; but he was told that the rules and practice of public bull-fights, as conducted in Portugal, were not like those sanguinary displays common in the towns of his own country.

"The bull is not killed at all," explained his informant. "They stick the farpa, the little dart, into his fleshy neck, as often as they can. It only hurts him, and puts him into a rage. He goes at man and horse, and tosses or gores them if he can, but his horns are sheathed in wadded leather. But they use no spear or sword to give the beast a mortal wound. The best fun is the *pega*, when several men get hold of the bull's tail and legs. They push and heave and throw him down, while one lies between his horns and hangs on there, to weigh down his head. You must go to the Praça and see it, Pedro the Espanol! It is a better game than your butcherly Spanish trick, making a slaughterhouse of the grand show."

Pedro, however, naturally thought the "Cosas de Espana" superior to all other things in the world. He retorted that, in his opinion, the Portuguese mode of bull-fighting was only fit for milksops and poltroons.

We may observe that the performers in a Portuguese bull-

ring are not hired gladiators, as in Spain. They are all noble amateurs, the Count of This, the Marquis of That, and other gentlemen of high rank. The exhibition commonly takes place under the combined patronage of the Court, the Church, and the aristocracy. Its profits are given to some hospital, orphan asylum, or religious mission.

The appointed day brought a large assembly of all classes, with Pedro Becerro and his Oporto comrade, to behold this curious spectacle of Portuguese diversions. They were closely wedged together in the dense crowd surrounding the arena. The preliminary ceremonies had begun. The "netto," or herald of the lists, had entered with blindfold eyes, and had done homage to the presiding grandee. The "azemola," or sumpter mule, gaily caparisoned, had come in laden with bundles of small darts, having little flags of coloured paper affixed to their shafts. A whisper now passed round, that the famous amateur "torero," Senor Dom Jorge de Margalho, whose appearance had been eagerly desired by the Oporto "faucy," was detained at home by sickness. His place would be supplied by a stranger, whose name was not yet publicly announced. It was a Spanish caballero, who had offered his services to the managing committee at the eleventh hour.

The formal entry of this leading performer was arranged for his presentation, with due solemnity, to the Duke of Madeira, who occupied a gilt chair of state in the Royal balcony. It was expected with pleasing impatience. A flourish of trumpets was heard, a curtain of purple silk was lifted, and the hero of the Praça for that day pranced in upon a beautiful steed of pure Arab race. Our honest friend Pedro Becerro, ex-guerrillero of both the Christiano and Carlist armies in Spain, could again scarcely believe his own eyes. For here, in Oporto, did he now, or did he not, see Don Hernando de Seguro, the Caballero of Valencia, the Carlist Major and aide-de-camp to General Cabrera, in the guise of a complete Torero? The name proclaimed, though Spanish, was a fictitious one.

The Torero now dismounted and stood before the Duke. His costume was a short jacket and breeches of black velvet, fantastically shaped, very richly embroidered, and turned up with orange facings; a vest also decorated with lace, and a shirt of fine cambric; long stockings of white silk and large silver shoe-buckles. His thick black hair was tied behind with a bow of blue ribbon. The silk cloak upon his left arm was edged with a band of gold.

The Duke of Madeira was on the point of making the signal of authority for the commencement of the sports. But a mysterious interruption now occurred to delay the regular course of proceeding. The chief magistrate of the city, with the chief manager of the entertainment, came up to his Excellency's seat. They began a very earnest conference, in which they were soon joined by the Chief Director of Police. Very significant glances, at some moments of the conversation, were cast upon the torero who stood below. Not a word, however, could be overheard by the wondering listeners.

An unseen hand from one of the upper balconies threw into the bull-ring a folded scrap of paper, which the torero picked up. He read a few words, and his compressed lips showed a powerful resolve. But what he instantly did was most unexpected. With a silent bow of polite reverence to the Duke, who chanced not to be looking, he coolly turned round, sprang upon his horse, and rode out of the amphitheatre before anyone could think of stopping him.

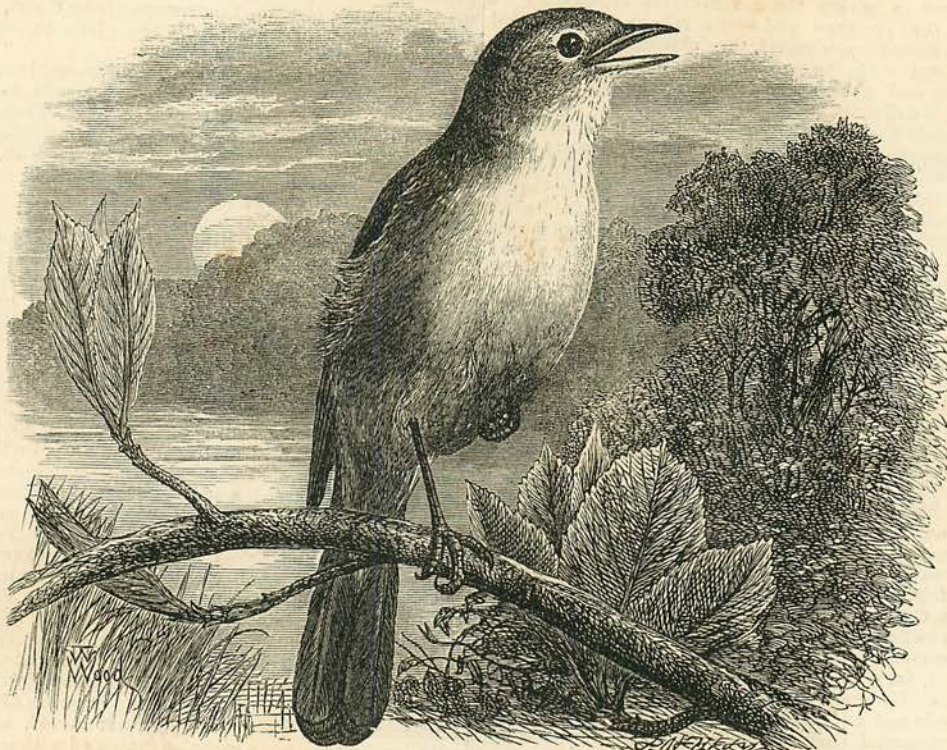
"Hold! Stop that man!" cried the Police Director, but an instant too late. "A spy!" "A traitor!" "A Spanish Carlist!" were the exclamations of others near the Duke. The whole assembly was in an uproar, and the barrier of the ring was overleaped by hundreds. They ran out into the streets, following the hot pursuit, in which armed police constables and soldiers of the guard joined all the servants of the Praça.

Among the multitude who rushed out, some hastily mounted to overtake the flying horseman, others running wildly on foot up and down the streets, was Pedro Becerro. He soon lost his way in that foreign city. He wandered about in bewilderment till he found himself on the quays of the port. In a retired alley, which opened upon the quay, was a sort of wooden hut, cabin, or booth, which Becerro remembered having seen and visited before. It was occupied by Domingo Salles, a shifty fisherman, or fish-dealer. This man sometimes hawked a basket-full of what his partner had caught; but he sometimes went out with his boat and nets.

Pedro was familiar with the old fisherman. They began

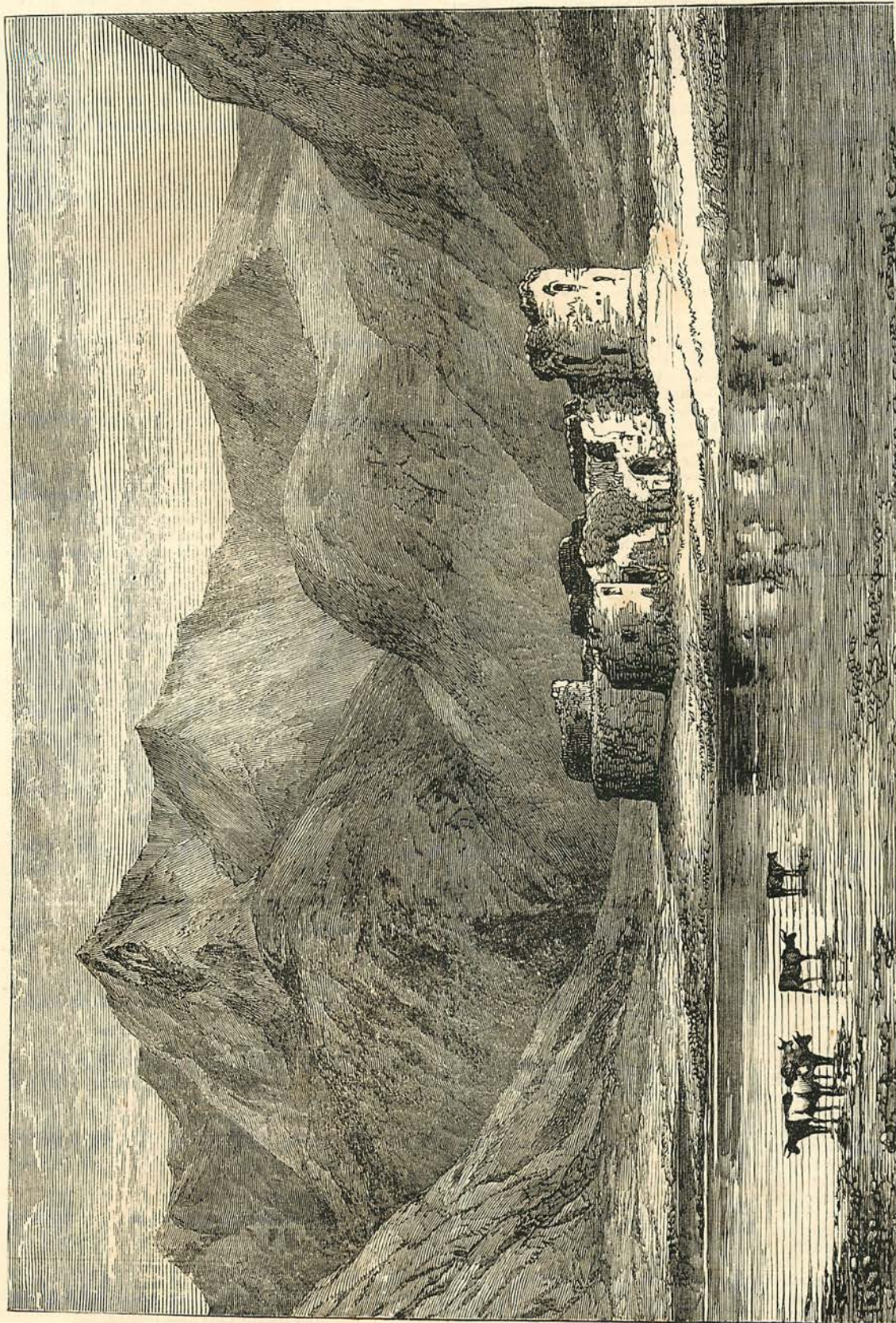
(Continued on page 16.)

APRIL.



NIGHTINGALE.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.		DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.						HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.				
			Rises.	Souths after Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets. Morn.	Before Sunrise.			Moon's Age.	After Sunset.			London.	Bridge.	Liverpool Dock.					
								O'Clock.	1	2		3	4	5	7	8	9		10	11	12	Morn.
1	Th	Expedition to the North Pole, 1818	5 38	4 1 6 31	4 15	11 59						23						9 8	9 57	5 36	6 24	91
2	F	Cambridge Easter Term begins	5 36	3 43 6 33	4 36	Aftern.						26						10 48	11 30	7 13	8 4	92
3	S	Richard, Bishop	5 34	3 25 6 35	4 54	2 49						27						—	Noon.	8 46	9 16	93
4	M	LOW SUNDAY	5 32	3 7 6 37	5 9	4 18						28						0 29	0 50	9 45	10 6	94
5	S	Princess Victoria (of Hesse) born, 1863	5 29	2 49 6 38	5 22	5 47						29						1 10	1 30	10 26	10 46	95
6	Tu	Old Lady Day	5 27	2 32 6 40	5 35	7 19						30						1 50	2 9	11 6	11 25	96
7	W	Prince Leopold born, 1853	5 24	2 15 6 41	5 48	8 52						1						2 27	2 45	11 43	—	97
8	Th	Lord Chatham died, 1778	5 22	1 57 6 43	6 6	10 26						2						3 5	3 25	0 1	0 21	98
9	F	Lord Bacon died, 1626	5 20	1 41 6 44	6 32	11 57						3						3 45	4 6	0 41	1 1	99
10	S	Battle of Toulouse, 1814	5 18	1 24 6 45	7 7	Morn.						4						4 25	4 49	1 22	1 41	100
11	S	2ND SUNDAY AFT. EASTER	5 15	1 8 6 46	8 0	1 16						5						5 10	5 35	2 5	2 26	101
12	M	Prince Frederick of Prussia born, 1866	5 13	0 52 6 48	9 8	2 16						6						6 0	6 25	2 51	3 16	102
13	Tu	Handel died, 1759	5 11	0 36 6 50	10 26	2 59						7						6 57	7 35	3 41	4 13	103
14	W	Princess Beatrice born, 1857	5 9	0 21 6 52	11 49	3 28						8						8 15	9 5	4 51	5 31	104
15	Th	Law Easter Term begins	5 7	0 5 6 53	Aftern.	3 48						9						9 55	10 45	6 21	7 11	105
16	F	Victory of Culloden, 1746	5 5	before Noon. 6 55	2 24	4 1						10						11 22	11 50	8 1	8 38	106
17	S	Napoleon III. visited England, 1865	5 2	0 24 6 57	3 37	4 14						11						—	0 17	9 6	9 33	107
18	S	3RD SUNDAY AFT. EASTER	5 0	0 38 6 59	4 50	4 25						12						0 40	1 0	9 56	10 16	108
19	M	St. Alphege	4 58	0 52 7 0	6 1	4 35						13						1 18	1 35	10 34	10 51	109
20	Tu	Napoleon III. born, 1808	4 56	1 5 7 2	7 12	4 45						14						1 52	2 7	11 8	11 23	110
21	W	Bishop Heber born, 1783	4 55	1 18 7 4	8 26	4 56						15						2 22	2 37	11 38	11 53	111
22	Th	Length of night, 9h. 47m.	4 53	1 30 7 6	9 39	5 11						16						2 52	3 5	—	0 8	112
23	F	St. George	4 51	1 42 7 8	10 52	5 28						17						3 21	3 35	0 21	0 37	113
24	S	Brazil discovered, 1500	4 49	1 54 7 10	11 59	5 54						18						3 51	4 7	0 51	1 7	114
25	S	4TH SUND. AFTER EASTER	4 47	2 5 7 11	Morn.	6 31						19						4 24	4 40	1 23	1 40	115
26	M	New Orleans taken, 1862	4 45	2 15 7 13	0 58	7 20						20						4 57	5 15	1 56	2 13	116
27	Tu	French Army in Italy, 1859	4 43	2 25 7 14	1 41	8 26						21						5 32	5 53	2 31	2 48	117
28	W	Mutiny of the Bounty, 1789	4 41	2 35 7 16	2 18	9 39						22						6 17	6 45	3 9	3 33	118
29	Th	Alexander II. born, 1818	4 39	2 44 7 17	2 41	10 59						23						7 18	7 55	4 1	4 34	119
30	F	London University founded, 1827	4 37	2 52 7 19	3 0	Aftern.						24						8 39	9 23	5 11	5 55	120



RUINS OF OLD INVERLOCHY CASTLE.—FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

to talk. Pedro told him of the extraordinary scene of confusion he had witnessed in the Praça; but did not, of course, tell him that he knew the fugitive Torero. After loitering here a quarter of an hour, Domingo Salles closed the door of his cabin and went to his boat at the quay steps. There Becerro accompanied him, in a listless mood, for mere companionship.

It was now growing dusk in the evening. This part of the quay seemed almost deserted. A person wrapped in a long Spanish cloak, which concealed his under-dress, paced slowly along the margin of the quay. This man, as he passed close to Becerro, jostled his shoulder. Uncertain whether this was done awkwardly or intentionally, the young Spaniard looked up in anger. But his eye met that of the muffled walker, who at that moment partly uncovered his face. It was, once again, his friend Don Hernando! It was the hunted fugitive of that day's hue and cry all over the city! Burning with anxiety and curiosity, Pedro kept silence as the man in the cloak stalked silently on. The next minute Pedro made an excuse to leave the fisherman. He quietly followed the other, turned a corner after him, and then, gaining his side, entered into a stealthy and hurried talk.

Hernando briefly told him all. He had crossed the frontier from Spain on business connected with the contraband supply of arms to the Carlists. But he had since then been persuaded by some private friends to withdraw from a hopeless cause. He had sent a letter to resign his commission in the Carlist army. He had thought himself free to go to England or France, though it would not be safe for him to return to his native province in Spain. It had never occurred to him that he was liable to arrest in Portugal under the provisions of the Quadruple Alliance. His sojourn in Oporto had been heretofore unmolested. He had not feared, therefore, to indulge a personal whim by offering to appear in the bull-fight, though under an assumed name. But now, in consequence, as he believed, of false and malignant accusations from private enemies in Spain, he had been denounced to the Portuguese Government as a spy. If he were seized now, and were sent into Spain as a prisoner, his life would there be in some danger on account of previous transactions. Hence came his desperate flight from the public amphitheatre.

His immediate endeavour, at first, was to gallop out of the city, even such a figure as he was, in the gaudy dress of the Torero. But a minute's thought, despite of the pursuing mob, showed him that this was absurd and hopeless. While still a hundred yards before them, and concealed for a moment by an angle of the street, he leaped from his horse's back over a garden wall. He dived into a house, and there hid himself a few minutes till he heard the chase go by. No inmates of the house perceived his entry. An open wardrobe contained, with other clothing, the large cloak he had borrowed, or rather stolen, to cover what remained of his fantastic theatrical attire. He had left the hiding-place in the afternoon, and found his way to the quay-side, hoping that some boatman would carry him to a foreign vessel in the harbour.

"It is a boatman you want? I have got one for you, Don Hernando!" said Pedro with great enthusiasm. "I know that old fisherman you saw just now. I'm sure he will not suspect me. I shall only tell him that you are a friend of my master, the English merchant, Senor Robinson, and that you must go on board an English ship."

"There is an English war-sloop, they say, now lying in the roads outside," replied Don Hernando. "If I can but reach her deck, my life and liberty will be safe. The English have fought against my King; I have faced their Legion and their Sir Evans in the field of battle. But they are a brave people, they will never betray a hunted refugee to the death."

Pedro conducted him at once to the boat, which Domingo was about to unloose. A few words, as Pedro had expected, were sufficient to make him take both of them as passengers to the British vessel. With feelings of intense relief, of inexpressible joy and gratitude, during the next hour, but in profound silence, and in the gathering darkness of evening, Hernando de Seguro felt himself borne away from the city towards the open sea. He was presently, with Pedro Becerro, taken on board the sloop of war. She was no other than H.M.S. Falcon. And in her, to his infinite gratification, he again met Captain Barclay, still an invalid, but very much better for the cruise. Is it needful to say how gladly and kindly Hernando was received?

Is it needful to finish the story? Hernando accompanied Captain Barclay to England. He soon inherited, despite his

political proscription, a modest fortune invested in English securities. He married Anna Barclay, to whom also her uncle James bequeathed his property. None of them ever cared again to live in Spain. As for Pedro, the brave guerrillero, he got a round sum of money from the grateful friends whom he had served. He went home to Altoviejo and became the husband of Teresita. He is a thriving farmer, and a man of peace.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

Little Willy, nearly seven,
Sister Mary, not yet nine,
Standing at the open window,
Call the Birds to come and dine.
White the snow in field and garden,
Like the sheets in Willy's bed;
Yet the sun above is shining;
And the holly-fruit is red;
And the leaves of Winter's holly
Glisten with as glad a green
As the verdure of the Summer
In the years a child has seen;
And although, perhaps, to-morrow
Frost will pinch his hands and feet,
Or the storm, that beats his dwelling,
Pelt the window-glass with sleet,
While the trees, that roar with terror,
Toss their branches in alarm,
Willy does not fear the winter;
God, he knows, will do no harm;
And he knows, by God in wisdom
Earth and sky are ordered so;
Warmth and cold of changing weather,
Sun to shine, and wind to blow;
Rain to fill with kindly moisture
Fertile furrows of the field;
Frost and snow its clods to soften,
That the soil its richness yield;
Light of days, to work or play in,
Dark of nights, for deep repose;
Changing scenes for health to live in,
Good alike, as Willy knows;
Good for men and good for cattle,
And for birds, that fly the air,
And for tiny creeping insects,
Equally the Maker's care;
So he looks, and Sister Mary,
On the Birds with heart of love;
Funny little feathered people,
Some below, and some above;
Some that scrape the pathway gravel,
Some that perch on bough or twig;
Little fellows, pertly strutting
As in fancy they were big;
Strutting, flying, hopping, chirping,
Gaping for the crumbs he gives,
Come, you Birds of Willy's garden,
Willy loves whatever lives;
He has learnt the wisest lesson
Child or Man shall ever win;
"All who joy would gain must share it
Happiness is born a Twin."

A LANDING PARTY.

They landed—I made fast our boat—
Sweet Rose and Cousin Will.
She tied her scarf about his throat
To save him from a chill.
He kissed her hand that was so kind;
The swan alone was near
To hear that couple speak their mind,
How each to each was dear!

RETURNING SWALLOWS.

They fled our winter clime
To sunny lands of Spain
They flew to us again
Ere bloomed our summer time.
Then in his cottage home
The aged Briton smiled,
And laughed his daughter's child
To see the swallows come.