

HAPPY MOMENTS.

(See Coloured Frontispiece.)

QN sunshine days when autumn flowers
are out,
And fields are bare of all the
golden sheaves ;
When sweet winds through the tree-
tops laugh and shout,
And half the path is brown with fallen
leaves :
Then, while my doggie races at my side,
Dear father gives his little girl a ride.

They say a "coach and six" is very grand—
The Queen, I think, must always ride in one—
But, oh, there's not a queen in all the land
Has such a coachman, full of love and fun,

As my dear father ; and six horses fine
Would never beat this famous steed of mine.

He's horse and coachman both in one, you see,
When in his barrow I am wheeled along ;
With him I am as safe as safe can be,
He is so very gentle and so strong :
Breezes and sunbeams softly kiss my face,
And all the garden is a faery place.

We go so fast, I'm sometimes half afraid,
Or should be if my father were not near ;
If danger came he'd save his little maid,
And so there's pleasure in my very fear.
Then does my heart laugh with a silent glee,
And all the clear blue heaven smiles down on me.
A. M.

"A SNUG LITTLE ISLAND."

IF you examine a map of Europe
you will notice, not without dif-
ficulty, a little speck in the North
Sea some thirty-six miles north-
west of the mouth of the river
Elbe. This little almost in-
visible speck is an island called Heligoland. It
belongs to Great Britain, having been ceded to
this country by the Danes in 1814. Denmark in
an evil hour identified herself with the cause of
the first Napoleon, and the loss of Heligoland was
only one of the results of her misguided policy.
The island is to-day known chiefly as the favourite
seaside resort of the Hamburgers, and though it
is a British possession no English is spoken by the
natives. Its name is supposed to mean the Holy
Island, tradition affirming that at one period of
its existence—many centuries ago—the isle was
covered with temples for pagan worship that have
long since disappeared.

Heligoland is one mile in length, about half a mile
broad, and triangular in shape. It consists of an
Upper and Lower Town, and is surrounded on all
sides by steep red cliffs, except at the part upon
which the Lower Town is built. Nearly a quarter
of a mile east of the main island is a long, low-
lying, sandy hill or "dune," which affords splendid
bathing. Access from the Lower to the Upper
Town, on the cliffs above, is obtained by means
of a wooden stair of 190 steps. Naturally enough,
since there is constant need to travel between the
two "Towns," this stair is a prominent feature in
Heligoland existence. It is the test alike of

youthful vigour and of failing strength. The island
children cannot conceive of a country without a
stair, and the lads of the colony—like boys all the
world over—often adopt the dangerous practice of
accomplishing the descent by sliding down the
balusters, a pastime that is sometimes indulged
in by people of maturer years. The flat-topped
rock is occupied by a lighthouse, a battery, a
powder magazine, and pasture for 200 sheep.
From one end to the other there runs a footpath
called the "Highway," or "Potato Lane." The
streets, clean and paved with red brick, are ex-
cessively narrow, the only vehicles being peram-
bulators and wheelbarrows, while horse or ass is
never—or scarcely ever—seen in the island.
The two or three cows which supply the milk
during the season duly retire with the last of the
visitors to Hamburg, 100 miles distant. The
houses of the poorer folk resemble ship cabins, the
beds being nailed against the wall like berths, or
built in recesses in the walls.

The inhabitants love liberty and independence.
They are proud of their "right little, tight little"
island, and when business calls them away from it,
they always weary to get back home. The rhyme
which finds most favour amongst the people is
one which, being interpreted, asserts that—

"Green is the land,
Red is the strand,
White is the sand,

These are the colours of Heligoland."

This rhyme indeed, Dr. Robert Brown suggests,
may be regarded as their "national anthem."

The Heligolanders earn their livelihood from the harvest of the sea, though a fair amount of business is done by letting lodgings during "the season." From June to October hundreds of visitors besiege it, and during this period it may be described as a suburb of Hamburg, the bulk of the strangers

hailing from that prosperous city. In winter the natives have the little island all to themselves. The Heligoland men are tall, strong, with regular features, and are superior in build to their relatives on the mainland. The women are rather handsome, with small feet, well-shaped slender hands, and long hair, for which indeed they are famous. As compared with the German or Dutch peasant women, they easily bear the palm. In their dress they rather affect gay colours, the younger ones especially, like the "Rose" whom the artist has depicted on this page. The dress consists of scarlet skirt, with a "body" and apron, generally of some light

brown "stuff." The bonnet is a product peculiar to the island. It is a piece of pasteboard bent in the shape of a bonnet, over which is fastened a square piece of silk, satin, or poplin, occasionally embroidered behind with lace.

The population numbers about 3,000 souls. As already noted, the men are fishers and pilots. The yearly value of the fisheries—which comprise mainly lobsters, crabs, herring, cod, and flat fish—amounts to upwards of £5,000. Trade is carried on

by barter, the fish being exchanged with the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen for the goods which the Heligolanders require. The natives are keen, shrewd, and honest. Theft is practically unknown, and the few cases with which the magistrate is troubled arise from the street brawls which

now and then take place. The men are usually serious, and rarely joke among themselves or with strangers, and, oddly enough, all the young men are particularly reserved. Of course the women are not nearly so grave. They are all more lively as well as talkative. Though they are rather good-looking, they get early aged and weatherbeaten, owing to the anxiety of household affairs and other causes. For the men are addicted to the vile habit—common among all uncivilised and too many civilised races—of allowing the women to do very nearly the whole of the manual labour of the house, field, and garden. Accordingly we find



"THE ROSE OF HELIGOLAND."

that the females have to pay in premature age the penalty of their lords' laziness.

The climate is very bracing, but the winters are wet and stormy. The air is so saturated with saline spray that the rain will leave a slight deposit of salt after it has evaporated. During the winter, communication with the mainland is maintained by boat once a week, though the island is often completely isolated for a considerable period by rough weather, drift ice, and various other causes.

Rats and mice are found in Heligoland in plenty, but the oft-quoted story about the rabbits, and the ruin which their burrowing was fast bringing upon the doomed isle is declared by a competent authority to be pure romance. The sea is making rapid inroads upon parts of the Holy Isle, and it is not unlikely that at some far-distant period all

that will remain of this out-of-the-world spot will be a wave-lashed rock, the haunt of the gull and the cormorant.

I am indebted to Dr. Robert Brown's instructive and entertaining writings on this lonely but not forsaken British "colony" for the facts contained in my short article.

JAMES A. MANSON.

PRINCE PIMPERNEL;

OR, KITTY'S ADVENTURES IN FAIRYLAND AND THE REGIONS ADJOINING.

A Fairy Story. By HARTLEY RICHARDS.

CHAPTER I.—HOW KITTY VEXED THE HEART OF MRS. GUBBINS.



HE sparrows could not make it out at all. They hopped about upon the leads and looked quite puzzled. They laid their little heads together, and twittered and chirruped, but the wisest of them all could not throw one ray of light upon the question. There was one

sparrow among them, it is true, who knew more than they supposed about many things; but he was a silent sparrow, who always kept aloof, and no one asked him what *he* thought about the matter. Of all the rest there was not one who could tell why Kitty never came with the crumbs that Monday morning.

Now I know more than the sparrows knew, and I can tell you why it was. It was all through Mrs. Gubbins. For on Sunday evening Mrs. Gubbins caught Kitty in the act of climbing to her little garret with something smuggled in her apron.

"What have you got there?" shouted Mrs. Gubbins, in an angry tone.

"Only crumbs for the sparrows," answered Kitty, meekly.

"Crumbs for the sparrows, indeed!" cried Mrs. Gubbins. "How dare you be wasting your time about the sparrows, with the house as full as ever it can hold, and all them boots and things to black—a many more than ever you can do without your betters helpin' of you as it is! *I'll* sparrow you!"

Now Kitty did not know in the least what it would feel like to be "sparrowed," but she was sure, from Mrs. Gubbins' fierce looks, that it would be something very terrible, and in her fright at the thoughts of it she let all the crumbs drop from her apron on the stairs.

"There you go!" screamed Mrs. Gubbins. "If ever I did see the likes in all my born days! Just as if there wasn't messes enough of the lodgers to be clearing up all day long without your shedding crumbs all down the clean stair soon as ever it's scrubbed and put tidy for the week. Get along, do, and fetch the dus'p'n!"

So saying, Mrs. Gubbins gave poor little Kitty a tingling box on the ear, which nearly sent her head first to the bottom of the flight. And that, you see, is how it came about that Kitty had no crumbs for the sparrows on that Monday morning.

It was the first time for many and many a day that such a thing had happened, and great was the consternation which it caused. Some of the older and graver birds remarked that things had come to a pretty pass in sparrowdom when the crumbs, which had never failed them within the memory of the oldest sparrow in Britannia Terrace, suddenly ceased to appear, and they almost shed tears over the wickedness of the rising generation of sparrows which had brought such troubles on their race. Other more philosophic sparrows perked up their beaks, and said, "Pooh, pooh! the wickedness of the rising generation has nothing to do with it; it all depends upon the great law of crumbs."

While the philosophers upon the leads were debating this point with some warmth, poor little Kitty was sitting, half dressed, in her garret, with red and swollen eyes, thinking only of her sparrows, and ashamed to show her face at the tiny attic window without a morsel to give them. Her sparrows were almost the only creatures that she had to love besides old Nip, the next-door neighbour's dog, and it did seem hard that she might