not possibly, under any circumstances, know how to cook. Then we sealed the wooden plates out over the water, cleaned the knives, forks, spoons, broiler, and stew-pan, with sand—and water. General conversation made an hour fairly fly, and as the moon rose over the hill the canoes were packed, crews and passengers once more seated therein, and all four craft, lashed together, drifted with the tide down stream. An hour later we were at the club-house, having practically paddled only the width of the river on the return trip.”

Is canoeing dangerous for ladies? If proper care be taken, no more so than home-back riding. Every one who goes in a canoe should know how to swim,—I say this of any kind of boating,—not that it is likely to be found necessary. The confidence imparted by the knowledge of one’s ability to swim, goes a long way toward preventing the necessity for swimming when canoeing. Many shell-boat owners do not know how to swim, and many canoeists are in the same boat, unfortunately. Very nervous people, especially if they are restless when on the water, should leave canoeing alone.

May I add a little bit of advice? Never trust yourself, my lady reader, in a canoe or boat with a man unless he thoroughly knows how to manage it and you; and never trust yourself in a canoe with sail up, unless your husband or brother has the helm, or you know how and manage the canoe yourself, and are the only one in it.

C. Bowyer Vaux.

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OUR BELONGINGS: THE LITTLE ONES.

TWO little mites and a dog were playing in the nursery. They had a feast spread out on a tiny table, and were sitting on footstools; between them, obediently perched on a doll’s chair, was the dog, their constant and beloved playmate. Jack got up to ask nurse for some more sugar; returning with his treasure, Winnie greeted him with—

“Oh, Jack! Toby has eaten up all the feast.”

Before looking for the offender, Jack says gravely—

“Winnie, you should not say eaten; you should say ‘etten.’”

We wonder why, when verbs are so annoying, Jack should think one form of participle better than another. The dear things are so funny with their talk. Sometimes a golden-haired darling of three, with eyes of wisdom and rosebud mouth, can speak no intelligible word, when lo! one day he launches into long and complete sentences, reminding one of the parrot who could never be caught practising, but listened for weeks to a particular sentence, and then at an

appropriate moment made the remark, as if it had just suggested itself to his mind.

“Baby talk” is fascinating; we are constantly surprised at the ideas which spring up in the minds of the little ones, and often more so at the words in which they clothe them. “Why do I have pictures in my pillow, mother?” is a definition of dreams better than
most of us could supply haphazard. "Mother, I have
cold water in my boots," explains the feeling of
intensely cold feet with considerable force. The way
the mites construct their sentences is funny, too; we
knew a little boy who would never put his verbs in
the usual place, but said, "Me up take," "On put
boots," "Upstairs go," "I'm go, leave all alone, dada,
you," etc.; while his sister had a fashion of miscalling
words which yet displayed some intelligence. A
hammock she always called a hang-up; a rockery was
to her a crockery; she told her governess one day that
mother said it was hashed Wednesday, and they
must go to church; drilling she called quadrilling;
eriorly pins were overcrowd, and "battered
pudding" was her favourite dish; Shocking-headed
Peter did as well, perhaps, as the name for the
obnoxious Struwwelpeter of her story-book, and
benadine was excusable, in place of venison, for a
haunch which had been hanging a considerable time
in the larder.

Their speech interests us, these dear, chubby ones,
with the large eyes, the wistful looks, and the un-
stinted demonstrations of their love; but their amuse-
ments divert us more. What quaint things amuse
them—how early they display the dramatic instinct
which is latent in us all! Watch a boy and girl some
wet afternoon, when the bag of "dressing-up" clothes
is produced, and see how the wearing of a long shawl
for a train, a bit of lace, and an old fan transform
quiet little Dollie into a person of majesty and grace;
she is the queen for the time being, and her very
facial lines are altered; while Bobby, as the prince, is
gentle and courteous; as, unfortunately, he will not be
an hour hence. Some children play at being all the
animals in the Zoo, some at being kings and queens;
some transform themselves into "mother and
father," and two children we knew had a desperate
game which went on night after night in thrilling con-
versations. They were good-natured burglars, and
their butt and laughing-stock was a fat policeman,
whom they led through will-o'-the-wisp dances.
Where mites of five or six could have heard of the
incidents they related, puzzled their belongings to
imagine.

We pity the lonely children who are so guarded and
tended that they often lose their originality; they
surprise us by their polite behaviour, their clean
clothes, and the way they amuse themselves with
"diversion for one," but we feel when the mite has
spent a night with more riotous companions, has
been meekly wrapped up by his nurse, and has bid
farewell to his hostess with a speech of thanks, that we miss something. We are more inclined to kiss Jacky or Jenny, who rebelliously say they cannot go home yet, and ask their entertainer “when she will have them again?”

The way learning comes to them is strange, too. A small thing of five will be found reading for his (or more often her) own pleasure, quite difficult story-books, while to another of seven, words of two syllables are barriers insurmountable. One child cannot read at all perhaps at eight, but displays an abnormal memory, which enables him to recite long pieces of poetry or prose, and make a glorious appearance on “breaking-up” days.

Some are fearless as lions, and cannot be made to understand where danger lurks; others are terrified at the buzzing of a fly. We knew a lady who went into her bedroom in a high London house one day, and found the windows widely open; left so by a careless housemaid. She moved to close them, and saw, on the parapet beneath, her little boy, a child of four, crawling along the ledge about eight inches wide, having got out of one window, and intending to enter by the other. The heroic mother had strength to make no sound, but go back from the window and hide herself behind the bed curtain till she saw the little fat hands grasping the sill of the window of entry, and then she gently went forward with a smile. The terror of the few seconds of waiting must have seemed to her eternal.

The little ones surprise us sometimes with a touch of sarcasm. A mile of four whom we knew was watching her elder brother and sister being dressed for a party.

“Why don’t you dress me too, nurse?” she inquired.

“Because you haven’t been asked to go, dear,” was the answer.

“Why wasn’t I asked? Am I too ugly?” said the scrap, who was decidedly not plain.

Their likes and dislikes are embarrassing. A small boy of our acquaintance showed his liking for people by standing quite still and looking at them. He used always to gaze in this fashion at the rector, who, one day, was rather annoyed by the persistent stare of the great brown eyes, and said rather sharply—

“Why do you look at me so?”

“Because I like to watch your eyes; they always speak kind,” was the flattering reply.

Another time this boy climbed on his mother’s lap, and said, trembling with excitement—

“Do send that lady away; I can’t bear to look at her, mother!”

There was nothing about the visitor that anyone else could find fault with.

Who does not remember the happiness of a visit to the seaside with the little ones? When the weather is fine, the lodgings all that can be desired, and mother has time to “rest and be thankful,” how intense are the pleasures in which she shares. The first day of shrimp catching, when the little grey creatures are caught and brought home, and, being boiled by nurse, are discovered by the happy fishermen to turn pink, and curl up their tails like those at the fishmonger’s, and to be positively eaten by the elders; the finding of sea beasties, the building of a great fortress on the sand, and surrounding it with a moat, above which it proudly stands when the tide comes in; the picnics in the neighbouring bay, the paddling, the donkey rides, the boating: these pleasures bring to the little faces looks of rapture which will not often appear there in the coming future, and yield a store of memories which are lasting joys.

We marvel at the little ones when they display their different tendencies in their very early years. A child of four who says “I suppose that is what is called a view,” the first time he looks round from a
hill-top, will probably have a keen eye for the beauties of Nature; while one who finds it easier to draw the thing his little tongue cannot find words to explain, may be taken to have the makings of an artist in him. The little ones who put their fingers in their mouths and stare at small visitors, are not likely to develop into such sociable beings as those who bring toys, and start conversation for the benefit of their guests. The anxious-minded ones, who recollect that frocks must be kept tidy, lessons learned, and puddles never walked into, suffer real anxiety in their endeavours to keep friends who are not so wise, in the way they should go.

Their patience in illness is one thing that must always astonish an observer. Why are they so free from fretfulness, so grateful, so able to bear pain—real pain—so obedient and so helpful? Is it (as someone has suggested) because they have no care for the future and very little memory of the past to guide them as to what may befall them in the shape of suffering? It may be so, and that they can do it because they have only each moment's pain to bear with neither foresight nor retrospect; but still, that does not explain what every nurse and doctor must have noticed in the behaviour of young children.

The darlings! how much delight they give us—how much anxiety and pain—and how heavily they make us feel our responsibilities, what lessons they teach us! Their smiles light up our lives, and their tears obscure the sun. Happy is he or she whom they adopt for their friend, for their instinct is pure, and they cannot flatter or be insincere.

M. R. L.

SWEDISH EMBROIDERY.

The style of needlework figured in the sketch was suggested by a chair-back I saw at the Paris Exhibition. The material was a dark bluish cloth, and the design was wrought in a straw-coloured silk. It was singularly effective, for the stitches, being taken all one way, caught the light and gave the work a beautiful glistening appearance. In the sketch all this vanishes, and only the bare facts are recorded, so that a reader who has not seen the work itself would form a very poor idea of its appearance from the drawing. There was a certain barbaric simplicity about the design which charmed me. Sweet things soon cloy the palate, and it is so with art-work. One can easily be over-refined, and the work that most appealed to me at the Paris Exhibition was that shown by the nations we look upon as primitive: at any rate, it was not among the exhibits from France, Germany, America or ourselves that one was most likely to pick up new ideas.

The novelty of the work before us (if novelty there be) is in carrying the design in long bands of stitches with narrow spaces or lines of the material showing between. In working such a pattern it is very important therefore that the stitches shall all be of the same length, and to that end it would be well to draw upon the material parallel lines in thin Chinese white, so that in taking