

through voluntary contributions, made in different ways, each church providing for its own expenses, thus differing from the Church in England, where support comes from revenues or tithes from certain landed property. In the olden time much land was held by monasteries, and when these were discontinued these lands subject to tithings passed into the possession or under the direction of various parties including the Crown, some colleges, cathedrals, bishops, nobility and gentry. The incomes or revenues of such lands, now more generally paid in money than as in olden time in products, called livings or benefices, are paid over to the incumbent of the parish church, who is appointed by the holder of the living. Of these livings there are about 13,000 in England and Wales, some of which pay a very large income, while others only enough to support barely the recipient. In some instances parishes

have, by endowment or gift become possessed in fee of valuable property, the income from which is devoted to the support of its Church.

There are many in Great Britain who think the support of churches should be, as in this country, by voluntary contributions, and hence those questions of disendowment and disestablishment that now enter largely into the politics of the realm. But a great trouble in their settlement is what shall be done with the incomes from livings if they do not go to the churches. The Crown has no right to them or to the land from which they come, and the fee of the land can not be conveyed to their original possessors. It is a question difficult to decide, but the fact that the Church is better off without any connection with the State is abundantly shown by the state of affairs in this country.

LESTER A. ROBERTS.

PUCK AND BROWNIE.

I AM not going to write about Shakespeare's Puck, nor the English good household Genius Loci, who does up the work for faithful maidens overworked, and turns the cream to sour froth for lazy ones; but of my two friends and companions in the shape of two mocking birds. While I indite this, Puck has the end of my pen in his bill, and now and then gives a toot over my paper and turns upon me his sharp, bright eyes with a saucy cant of the head as if to say, "Is there any use in doing what you do, day after day?"

"Well not much, Puck, but then you and I do a great many useless things," at which he betakes himself to his perch in a fit of spleen.

I am living somewhat secluded in the present, and but for Puck and Brownie I might have fretted over the solitude and acclimating fever, but the pretty freaks of my birds have filled up the spaces. However, in the first place, be-

fore I talk of Puck I must tell the sorrowful tale of my dear, good Brownie, away in sleep with young Stanley's head and foot stones marking the spot under the grape vine.

Puck had become a familiar presence in my room, and with his great magnetism filled the place with sweet woodland associations. One bright morning, the windows being all open and the aroma of sassafras and cedar regaling the senses, Brownie, wild from the woods, rushed into the room and fairly broke into the cage of the mighty Puck, who so far from extending to him the rights of hospitality, treated him like a burglar, pounced upon him and compelled him to beg on his back for peace. I flew to the rescue and opened the cage door, when out they both came not disinclined to battle.

Let me here say, that both birds were of the same size, age and sex, and to a casual observer looked exactly alike;

but I soon saw that Puck was broader between the ears, and Brownie was higher above the eyes. He was more gentle than Puck, and at the assaults of the latter would open his bill and make a little piteous cry that only exasperated Puck the more.

Now, the germs of all that is bad in us human beings exist in our friends—bipeds, quadrupeds and reptiles, so that I may as well own up to the suspicion of jealousy on the part of Puck. I kept on a shelf in the room a round box containing ginger snaps of which Puck is inordinately fond. No sooner do I go in the vicinity of this box than down rushes Puck, and when it is opened in he jumps to regale himself with the cake, so well pleased that he will let me kiss his shoulders and likes well to have me call him Puck caressingly. Now Brownie having less assurance than his rival, never came near the box, but when I tossed him a bit would hop down with delight to seize it. Not so Puck, he would drop his daintiest piece and rush upon Brownie, drive him ignominiously into a corner and down upon his back, his slender legs in the air with piteous appeal. Seeing this I gave Brownie his tid-bits on the sly.

One day Puck was trying his voice, obviously pleased with the progress he was making when Brownie, sitting on a chair opposite, after listening awhile began to make a sound between a groan and blow of wind like a prolonged h-e m—and it sounded derisive. Puck finished his stave of melody, and then the rush he made and the way he pounced upon Brownie was worthy of an aggrieved artist. He chased him round and round the room, caught him in a corner, threw him upon his back, and rising to his proudest height stood upon him in silence. Poor little Brownie! I think he never got quite over it, nor did Puck forget that derisive mockery, for a few days after, watching his chance, he gave him a vicious blow near the eye from which he died in the night, and

when I took up the cold little shape, with more grief than I care to own up to, the vengeful Puck would, but for me, have given another blow to his lifeless rival.

Puck hadn't a shadow of remorse, from whence I infer that conscience is latent in his make-up. He recovered many of his most engaging traits which had been held in abeyance after the advent of Brownie; but, he began an ugly dance before the looking glass, which compelled me to scold him, for when I cried "Ah Puck! ah Puck!" he would obey. Still the temptation was an ever recurring evil, and rather than be harsh with my little friend, I screened the mirror. But Puck's memory did not fail him, and he tried to remove the screen that he might have the illusion of a set-to at gentle little Brownie.

For weeks and weeks after Brownie was gone Puck never tried his voice, nor does he often now except in the night. The wound to his self-love must have been serious. I think he neglected his bath during the Brownie interlude, but since he makes ample amends, splashing the water about and rushing to warm his feet on my head. The other day I was taking a glass of lemonade which Puck likes, and no sconer does he hear me stirring the tumbler than he lights upon the edge of it to enjoy his little drink, but one morning coming as usual and finding it plain water, he made a pause, tried a sip again, and then quick as a flash down went his head into the bottom of the glass, up again he came and down went his feet, then head again and so alternately while I stood enjoying the fun with him. He took a thorough bath and then alighted on my head and shoulders for drying. I, however, transferred him to the golden sunshine by my geraniums, I think this was a lovely choice of bathing tub.

Puck has many whims, and fancies, and humors. He likes to be shut up at bed time, and will play bo-peep round chairs and table legs till tired of it, and then go to a reed stretched across a cor-

ner, and throw me kisses When I take him in my hands, he gives a little baby cry, and goes quietly to bed.

Since we have given him a new cage I perceive he likes it better than the one made of reeds into which Brownie forced his way, for he goes out and into this at his own sweet will, I never shutting the door except at night, but the new cage broke up the pretty habit of snuggling into the corner and calling for me, now Puck utters a musical little cry equivalent to saying, "it is bed time," then he begins his bo-peep play, running not flying, in and out under the chairs, I doing my best to catch him and he slipping out and in with such a nonchalant air ; at length he betakes himself to his cage. and from his perch sends me a fusilade of kisses.

Here let me state that this little smack of the bill is unlike any other sound that he makes, and he utters it only as the twilight deepens, before he puts his knowing head behind his wing. Sometimes half asleep he starts up and sends me a few kisses. He never sends a kiss to any one but me.

What a pretty woodland idyl this reveals to us of the gentle denizens of the forests leaning their little heads together with tender caresses as the night draws near! The kiss that Puck gives me is doubtless an educated caress, and it must be an instinct of heredity also. I am glad to see Puck extends this privilege to no one but me. Another of his exclusivenesses I will note here. When the children (my grand-children) in their play with Puck meddle with what he has in any way appropriated, he pounces down upon them with a furious little blow of wind, the faintest resemblance to the snarl of the cat-bird, and gives them a sharp hit of the bill, but he never does this to me, do what I will, from whence it will be seen that Puck is loyal in his affections, and reasons wisely as to the Providence on which he depends.

Puck is a most companionable, loving little wretch, lighting upon my head and shoulders at odd unexpected times like a

light breeze. He is especially fond of children, joining in their sports on their heads and backs, and hitting hard when they vex him. When they play at railroad he rides on the cars, hops in and out among them, pulling lines and trotting like a little pony. They do not mind him for he is "abundantly able to take care of himself," as Horace Greely said of me. Sometimes they call him little boy, sometimes pony, sometimes Kittie, for he doesn't seem at all a bird, but woe to them if they molest a peanut belonging to him, or toy, string, or hollyberry, he is down upon them with his little blow like a gust of wind, and his sharp bill.

It will be seen that Puck has vast ideas of the rights of property. No sooner was my room decorated with the beautiful products of the South, mistletoe, holly, and cedar berries, than Puck took possession of the crowns at the windows. He flew from one to another, setting them a swinging, turning his little body about, and hopping up and down on his slender knickerbockered legs with perfect delight, then on to my head or shoulder, and then back to the crowns. He made a lovely picture in the green circle. I followed him to the window and he showed his pleasure by jumping on my head and then into the green cedar.

Just then one of the children put her hand upon the crown, and presto! Puck was upon her—such a breezy blow from his bill and such a hit with it, showed that that crown was owned by Puck and nobody else. So with them all they were his and not to be meddled with.

He claims my pens, but has to compromise here by taking the holder in his bill at odd intervals, to confirm and establish his rights, making his mark on the paper by trotting over it before the ink is dry, and carrying the pen up to the ceiling only to drop it point downwards upon the floor, and then, unless I am on guard, dipping into the ink with a decidedly literary proclivity.

But Puck appears in all his glory in the defence of his own castle. When he enters his cage all marauders had better keep aloof. I may open or shut the door, but let anyone else put in a hand or meddle with Puck's goods or chattels and they bring down the manful Puck with his fierce little blow and sharp bill, and they are glad to retreat, he standing fierce and tall in the door of his tent till the premises are clear. Think how such a *pater familias* would defend his "procreant cradle" swinging on the wild wood branch.

Puck has had serious designs of appropriating my wardrobe, sneaking there at every opportunity, and loth to come out. He likes the "dim religious light," and the feel of soft materials to his dainty feet. When I call him to come out he flies from peg to peg, and sometimes makes a coaxing little cry. Here let me say he is no vulgar little fellow to be lured by choice bits; the mocking bird seeks companionship, and that is why Puck is so well content with me. He loves to be talked to and played with, and have fun with my pens and scissors; any bright object he discovers—a bit of ribbon, red or blue, attracts him and every point of my lace gets a separate pull. He dances about with a feather, seizes loose paper and tosses it and flies to catch it again, will take my gold thimble out of my work basket and fly up to the ceiling to let it drop to the floor, liking the ring of it as well as its color.

Another thing: Puck does not like me with my eyes shut, but will pull at the lashes to make me open them I noticed the same thing when the baby, (my grand child) was asleep on the bed, Puck seated himself on her head and began to pull at her eyelashes. Now what should make the difference to a bird whether the eye is open or shut? Ah! it is the soul of the little creature longing for the soul outlook! I pity whoever doubts this—whose inner consciousness does not teach him that any creature capable of affection has an inextinguishable soul.

I have been told that the Mocking Bird is a voracious eater—I do not find Puck a greedy boy; he sits on my head and shoulders, or in my lap from pure love; when he is hungry he flies to his cage and picks about. If he finds nothing to his taste, he flirts from perch to perch till he gets what he wants, but he never comes to me begging as pigeons and common birds will. No, no, Puck is a dainty Ariel "to put a girdle round the world in forty minutes," but no Caliban eagerly looking for a dinner.

He seeks for lofty, out-of-the-way coigns of vantage on which to perch, where he stretches himself to his full height with a becoming pride mingled with vanity; but his favorite perch is the top of a wax candle on the mantle piece; he will here find room to wave his wings like a pretty trapeze balancer. After this exercise he will snuggle into a corner with a little chirp that says plain as can be said "Come find me."

I can understand through Puck what a merry time the birds have in the woods; it is not all eating and singing with them, but a great deal of mischief-loving fun besides. Ah! that is a cruel heart that can cut short their brief, happy existence.

There is a poor widowed dove that comes several times a day to pick the crumbs I place on the window-sill for her, and I am pleased to see that the two—Puck and Dovey have struck up a friendly relation with each other and will hob-a-nob, the glass between, in good, neighborly style, Dovey being inclined to prolong her visit for the sake of this serene friendship.

Puck has been reticent of his voice till of late he yields to its melody in a true, ecstatic manner. He is an artist who studies his voice with care—practicing in an under key till sure he has conquered his part, when he gives out most beautiful, exultant and pathetic combinations, wonderful to hear. He is no bird gushing forth stereotype songs, nothing to do but repeat over and over the same

thing. Puck has "infinite variety," and sings with a motive to evolve the new and the fresh. His song is his own, learned with infinite ease, and no one can foresee what will be his next study. As yet, Puck shows no propensity at Imitation, and I much doubt whether the ugly name Mocking bird is not a misnomer. He is a bird of genius, and all inferior birds circle within the radius of his achievement, just as the human genius does all that others do, with an overplus super-added.

Sometimes a flight of wild birds go by, and Puck hails them with a peculiar cry. He mounts the highest glass of the window and then flies to my shoulders, with a little kick and flirt goes to my head and then back to the glass, quivering in every fibre of his delicate organization. Then one bird singles Puck out and dashes against the glass, and Puck returns the salutation with interest.

Ah me! then my heart misgives me and I question my right to debar so sensitive and beautiful a creature from the companionship of his forest compeers,

and the freedom of the wild woods, and resounding echoes of pine tree and plain, but I reason myself into the belief that Puck is well content and—what would such an educated bird do with those outside barbarians? I know the belligerency of my favorite, he would kill and be killed, and thus a precious soul go out in darkness. These savages would make a martyr of my devoted Puck just as the Northern Indians delighted to burn and torture the gentle, devoted Missionaries who had no motive for periling their lives with them but to save their souls. They would be too many for my darling, and therefore I shall deny him the pleasure of martyrdom.

While I write these last words, Puck is trotting over my paper dipping into the mucilage, and but for my care would taste my ink. I will not let him go. Why should I not "at my time of life," indulge in this innocent and cheering companionship, this sweetener of my solitude? and herewith Puck sends me a kiss as I say good-night!

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

EDWARD EVERETT.

"THERE is no use in discussing American civilization, because there isn't any," said to me an American citizen, home from a short visit after two years of European residence. I am far too modest, not to say cowardly, to dispute him to his face, but privately I have my doubts. M. de Bacourt, late Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the United States was persuaded that our experiment was a failure forty years ago, because a prominent American used his table napkin for a pocket handkerchief, and again a sharp incredulity divides my swift mind. But when Lord Malmesbury comes forward in his lately published Memoirs and says that Edward Everett went to dinner in a green coat and asked a gentleman before he was introduced to him how

much beer money he allowed his servants, I fling prudence to the winds, and simply do not believe the story. It is far more likely that Lord Malmesbury should have told a lie than that Edward Everett should have asked an impertinent question. Edward Everett was no more likely to wear a green coat to a dinner party than Queen Victoria was to cut and make him a black one with her own royal hands. We have known Edward Everett as a scholar presiding over scholars, as Cabinet officer, as foreign Ambassador, as a polished and powerful orator; and in all positions bearing himself as a man of learning, of irreproachable taste, and of commanding ability. We have heard of Lord Malmesbury chiefly as a somewhat famous fop among the English nobility, and we