

YOUNG CANADA.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A TOWNSPARRROW.

The Sparrow sat on the chimney top
And wagged his little tail;
He ducked his head and wiped his bill,
Then through the air did sail.

A merry sight it was to see
Him fold his ready wing,
And cock his eye, as who should say,
'Tis pity I can't sing.

For I have much that I would tell
Were gift of story mine;
I light on window sills, and watch
The good folks while they dine.

But I,—my dinner waits for me
On roof and street and square;
No man-servant, no maid-servant,
For me repast prepare.

I always have good appetite,
And eat with relish rare;
Because I very active am,
And love the open air.

'Tis little wonder that I'm wise,
With wandering up and down,
And flying here and flying there,
In all parts of the town.

The sights I see are often sad,
And often they are funny;
But one thing I much wonder at,
The love of men for money.

For me gold coin and silver white,
Were little worth, I know,
And often, I'm inclined to think,
Men value them for show.

And that the happiness they bring,
Lies mostly in the name;
For happiness, to rich and poor,
In measure comes the same.

PROMISING.

"How obliging Ed. Dayton is," said Martin Wells to Will Buchanan one day when they left the school-house together. "He says he will lend me any book he has, and he has so many nice ones. He promised to bring me 'Carlina' to-morrow. I never could finish it, because I didn't get the magazine."

"Oh, yes, he's very good about making promises!" said Will, dryly.

"And he said he'd get me a ticket to the Mercantile, or speak to his father—he's one of the managers. There's some arrangement by which they give tickets to a certain number of boys. Wasn't it kind of him?"

Martin was a stranger in a strange place, with little money to spend, and Ed. Dayton's pleasant words and obliging offers had made a strong impression upon a mind naturally sensitive and grateful.

"Oh, certainly, very kind of him," said Will, who knew pretty well the nature of Ed. Dayton's promises, but would not prejudice a stranger against a school-mate.

"So different from John Fitz Adam," continued Martin, "I wanted to see 'Atkinson's Siberia,' and I knew he had it, and I did venture to ask him to let me take it this week, and all he said was he 'couldn't promise.' It's the first time I ever asked a favour of any one in this school," said Martin proudly. "I guess it will be the last."

"It's not like John to be stingy," said Will—and then the boys parted.

The next morning Ed. Dayton had forgotten to bring "Carlina," and then when Martin, two days after, ventured to remind him of his promise, he said that the book was his sister's, and that she didn't like to lend her books.

Seeing the state of the case, Martin said nothing about the library ticket, of which he

heard nothing more, to his very great disappointment, for he dearly loved books.

He was going home Friday night, feeling rather tired, home sick and lonesome, when John Fitz Adam came running after him with a book in his hand. "Here's Atkinson," he said, out of breath, "I couldn't promise it the other day, because I didn't know whether father wanted to send it away to grandma or not, and it was lent to my cousins, but it came home last night, so it's at your service, and keep it as long as you like."

"Oh, thank you!" said Martin, brightening, and regretting his hasty judgment of John; "I'm sure you are very good," and then the boys parted, and presently Martin was joined by Ed. Dayton.

"I think Fitz Adam is a regular mean fellow," said Ed. "I just asked him this morning to look out some references for me in some books I know he has at home, and he wouldn't promise to do it, because he said he thought his father wanted him this evening. I'd like to see the time when I couldn't promise to oblige a friend."

"And I'd like to see the time when you'd keep your promise," thought Martin. "It people always keep their promises, they are generally rather careful how they make engagements. It don't cost any one much to promise, who never performs."

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER."

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy-chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other

ways who never think of lightening a care or labour! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant stop and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

If you are gaining a little every day be contented. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are constantly accumulating and growing richer and richer every day? Be contented; so far as concerns money you are doing well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something even for a single day—always reading, studying a little between the time of rising in the morning and laying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full store-house of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Do not be discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall short of what they would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last, better this year than you did last year. Strive to be perfect, but do not become downhearted as long as you are approaching nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

THE MILL TO THE STREAM.

"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat."

"Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and so long as I work what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honour is not in doing fine work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

That is just what boys and girls ought to do—do whatever comes in their way as well as possible, and those who act so are sure to get along nicely.

LITTLE words, little deeds, not one great act of mighty martyrdom, make up the time of life.

PETER the Great, Emperor of Russia, was one day in a sailing boat, when he became so angry with one of his companions that he seized him with the intention of throwing him overboard. "You may drown me," said his subject, "but your history will tell of it." The reminder was effectual, and the Emperor pardoned the man.