

YOUNG CANADA.

IMITATING PAPA.

He was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little fellow, and just as brimful of fun as a boy of five summers could well be, and when I tell you that his mamma, that morning, for the first time, had dressed him in a pair of pantaloons and a little coat, you can very well imagine what his feelings were. He was so proud of the change and felt very grand indeed as he sat in his little chair with his legs crossed like his papa, and surveyed himself with much satisfaction. But his little sister Mamie did not like the change at all. She had tried to get him to play with her several times, but had been treated so coldly that she had at last retired to one corner of the room with her doll; but she felt so lonely without her little brother and many a wistful glance did she cast at him, but to no effect. He knew very well what she wanted, and would really have liked to have a big play, but thought it would never do, so he marched out of the room with great dignity, followed by his dog Rover. In the hall he espied a hat of his father's and also a cigar stump that had been left on the table. Putting the cigar in his mouth and the hat on his head, he went out into the yard, lighting the cigar as he went, still followed by his faithful dog Rover.

"What are you about, Robby?" said a young man as he passed by, stopping to look at the child in much amusement.

"Oh, I'm pretending I'm papa," said he as he took the cigar out of his mouth and gave the new-comer a very critical look.

"You'd better let that stuff alone," was the laughing rejoinder, "or you'll rue it soon." And he did rue it soon, for he got so sick he was compelled to lie down on the grass for a while; and he threw the cigar away in disgust, concluding to himself that it was not so nice to do like papa after all.

"Hoop, but ain't you fine!"

"Yes, ain't I though," said the little fellow as he jumped up and displayed himself before the speaker, a neighbour boy, about two years older than himself.

"I say, Jim, let's play?"

"Well, what will we play?"

"Why, you keep bar, and I'll be papa, and come in and get a glass of brandy, like he does down at the hotel. He always acts so funny after he's been there, and it makes mamma cry."

Bob and Jimmy soon fixed up a bar by laying planks across the corner of the fence, and furnished it in a few minutes with some old bottles and two broken glasses, and then getting the cook to give them an old jug that had once been used for molasses, and filling it with water, they were ready to begin business.

"Good morning, Mr. Glidden," said Rob as he marched up to the bar where his little playmate was stationed.

"Good morning, good morning, glad to see you out such a fine morning. What will you have to-day?"

"A glass of your fine brandy to cheer me up a little," was the reply; and, being helped to half a glass of molasses water, Robby soon disposed of it and called for more; and after spinking several times he staggered away in such perfect imitation of his father that the little barkeeper roared with laughter.

There was one, though, who witnessed the scene that did not laugh, and would you believe it, it was Robby's own father. He had been in the very same fix the night before, that his little son had imitated so well, and of course was not in a condition to attend to business, and so he had been in the summer-house for several hours trying to entertain himself with the morning paper and had heard every word that had passed between the little playmates. It set him to thinking, and the result was he signed the "pledge" that very day. "I could not bear to have my son grow up in that way," he said to his wife that night, "and with the help of God, I'm going to set him a better example," and he did.

JOHNNY ON GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cake,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma,"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper 'tis true,
'T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pica, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys;

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day,"—
Then look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay her and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

THE MOTHER.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother's first displaying her love and tenderness towards her child, as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," He says; and what more than this could He say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and of all that I

omitted to do well." John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite as old as this; yet his cry even then was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer. . . . Without her the world feels to me like a solitude." When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old time lullabies; as if his mother were still sitting by his bedside in loving ministry as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.

NUMBER AND ORDER OF THE STARS.

If we raise our eyes to heaven on a clear moonless night, we shall see myriads of twinkling stars thickly studding the sky. It seems impossible to count them, but such is not the case. It is found that the total number of stars in the celestial sphere, visible to the average naked eye, is about five thousand, the number varying according to the perfection and training of the eye and the condition of the atmosphere. When the sky is cloudless, and the air free from moisture, and unstirred by the slightest breeze, several hundred more may be seen, swelling the number to nearly six thousand. As only one-half of the stars are above the horizon at a time, it follows that the number to be seen at once varies from twenty-five hundred to three thousand. The stars visible to the naked eye bear no comparison to those brought to view in the telescope. No less than twenty million stars were visible in Herschel's twenty-foot telescope. The great telescopes of modern times show a much larger number, and though no reliable estimate has yet been made, the number will probably reach fifty millions.

The difference in the size and brightness of the stars is no less striking than their number. At a very early age in the history of astronomy, they were divided into classes on this account. The twenty brightest stars are said to be of the first magnitude. The fifty stars next in brightness are of the second magnitude, and so on, until we reach the stars of the sixth magnitude, which include the faintest stars visible to the naked eye. The telescope greatly increases the number of classes as well as the number of stars, so that the smallest stars visible in the largest telescopes are of the sixteenth magnitude. No limit to the increase has yet been found. Every improvement in the far-seeing power of the telescope reveals the existence of myriad stars never seen before until it seems as if the stars that people space are as nearly countless as the sands on the seashore, or the flowers that bloom in the primeval forests.

What an inconceivable number of suns, of many orders of size and brightness, belong to the grand universe of space in which our sun and his family of worlds find place! For these myriad stars that sparkle in the canopy of night are all suns like our sun, masses of matter at a white heat, but at such an immense distance that they look like shining points, just as our sun would look if he were as far away.