

Children's Department.

THREE IN A BED.

Gay little velvet coats,
One, two, three;
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsey and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so coisly,
Three in a bed.

Woe to the stupid mouse,
Prowling about!
Old mother Pussey
Is on the lookout.
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor,
Three in a bed.

Mother's a gipsy puss—
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
High-minded family,
Very well bred:
No falling out, you see!
Three in a bed.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

OR,

CHILDREN OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

BY MRS. S. GOURNEY.

(Continued.)

Little Charles spent a part of each day in watching the sails as they glided along on the broad sea. For a long time he would stand as near the shore as possible, and make signs, and shout, hoping they might be induced to come and take him to his home. But an object so diminutive attracted no attention, and the small island with its neighbouring group of rocks looked so desolate, and the channel so obstructed and dangerous, that vessels had no motive to approach it.

When the chill of early autumn was in the air, the Indian woman invited him to assist her in gathering the golden ears of the maize, and in separating them from their investing sheath. But he worked sorrowfully, for he was ever thinking of his own dear home. Once the men permitted him to accompany them when they went on a short fishing excursion; but he wept and implored so violently to be taken to his parents, that they frowned, and forbade him to go any more in the boat. They told him that twice or thrice in the year they performed a long voyage, and went up the river to dispose of the articles of their manufacture and purchase some necessary stores. They should go when spring returned, and would then carry him to his parents. So the poor little boy perceived that he must try to be patient and quiet through the long, dreary winter, in an Indian hut. The red-browed woman ever looked smilingly upon him, and spoke to him with a sweet, fond tone. She wished him to call her mother, and was always trying to promote his comfort. After Charles had obtained the promise of her husband and father to take him home in the spring, his mind was more at rest. He worked diligent-

ly, as his strength and skill would permit, on the baskets, mats, and brooms, with which the boat was to be freighted. He took pleasure in painting with the bright colors which they obtained from plants the baskets, which were intended as presents for his mother and Caroline.

The Indian woman often entertained him with stories of her ancestors. She spoke of their dexterity in the chase of their valour in battle. She described their war-dances, and the feathery lightness of their canoes upon the wave. She told of the gravity of their chiefs, the eloquence of their orators, the respect of the young men for those of hoary hairs. She related instances of the firmness of their friendship, and the terror of their revenge.

"Once the whole land was theirs," said she, "and no white man dwelt in it. Now, our race are few and feeble; they are driven away and perish. They leave their fathers' graves, and hide among the forests. The forests fall before the axe of the white man, and they are again driven out, we know not where. No voice asks after them. They fade away like a mist, and are forgotten."

The little boy wept at the plaintive tone in which she spoke of the sorrows of her people, and said, "I will pity and love the Indians as long as I live." Sometimes, during the long storms of winter, he would tell them of the Bible, in which he loved to read, and would repeat the hymns and chapters which he had learned at the Sunday-school. And then he regretted that he had not exerted himself to learn more when it was in his power, and that he had ever grieved his teachers. He found that these Indians were not able to read, and said, "Oh that I had now but one of those books, which I used to prize so little when I was at home, and had so many!" They listened attentively to all that he said. Sometimes he told them what he had learned of God, and added, "He is a good God, and a God of truth, but I displeased Him when I was disobedient to my parents."

At length spring appeared. The heart of little Charles leaped for joy when he heard the sweet song of the earliest bird. Every morning he rose early, and went forth to see if the grass had not become greener during the night. Every hour he desired to remind them of the long-treasured promise. But he saw that the men looked grave if he was impatient, and the brow of his Indian mother became each day more sad.

The appointed period arrived. The boat was laden with the products of their industry. All was ready for departure. Charles wept when he was about to take leave of his kind Indian nurse.

"I will go also," she said; and they made room for her in the boat. The bright sun was rising gloriously in the east as they left the deso-

late island. Through the whole voyage she held the boy near her or in her arms, but spoke not. Birds were winging their way over the blue sea, and after they entered the river, poured forth the clearest melodies from shore and tree, but still she spoke not. There seemed a sorrow at her breast, which made her lips tremble, yet her eyes were tearless. Charles refrained to utter the joy which swelled in his bosom, for he saw she was unhappy. He put his arm around her neck, and leaned his head on her shoulder. As evening approached, they drew near the spot where she understood she must part from him. Then Charles said eagerly to her—

"Oh, go home with me to my father's house. Yes, yes, come all of you with me, my dear, good people, that all of us may thank you together for having saved my life."

"No," she answered, sorrowfully. "I could not bear to see thy mother fold thee in her arms, and to know that thou wert mine no more. Since thou has told me of thy God, that He listens to prayer, my prayer has been lifted up to Him night and day that thy heart might find rest in an Indian home. But this is over. Henceforth my path is desolate. Yet go thy way to thy mother, that she may have joy when she rises up in the morning and at night goes to rest."

Her tears fell down like rain, as she embraced him, and they lifted him upon the bank. And eager as he was to meet his parents and beloved sister, he lingered to watch the boat as it glided away. He saw that she raised not her head, nor uncovered her face. He remembered her long and true kindness, and asked God to bless and reward her, as he hastened over the well-known space that divided him from his native village.

His heart beat so thick as almost to suffocate him when he saw his father's roof. It was a twilight, and the trees where he used to gather apples were in full and fragrant bloom. Half breathless he rushed in at the door. His father was reading in the parlour, and his eye turned coldly on him. So changed was his person and dress that he did not know his son. But the mother shrieked. She knew the blue eye that no misery of garb could change. She sprang to embrace him, and fainted. It was a keen anguish to him that his mother thus should suffer. Little Caroline clung around his neck, and as he kissed her, he whispered, "Remember, God sees and punishes the disobedient." His pale mother lifted up her head, and drew him from his father's arms upon the bed beside her. "Father! mother!" said the delighted boy, "forgive me." They both assured him of their love, and his father, looking upward, said "My God, I thank Thee!—for this my son was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

CONVICTED BY A STARLING.

A LAWYER had a cage hanging on the wall in his office, in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charlie came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out a few minutes. When he returned, the bird was gone. He asked, "Where is my bird?" Charlie replied that he did not know anything about it. "But," said the gentleman, "Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it. Where is it?" Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it—that the cage door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out. The lawyer called out, "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, and said, just as plain as it could, "Here I am." Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had stolen the bird, and hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt, and now came a voice from his own pocket which told the story of his guilt. It was testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience—not in our pockets, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so, when God speaks, our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny or explain away.

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