

YOUNG CANADA.

THE RUNAWAY.

A sad tale, dear children, I now must relate,
Of little Miss Clara Applegate.

Her mother was very busy one day,
And Clara was out in the garden at play,
When there popped in her head a strange little plan:
"I'll run just as fast as ever I can,
Dolly and I, and to school we will go,
To Annie and Bertha and dear brother Joe.
Oh, won't they be pleased—I reckon they will—
When they see me and Dolly come over the hill?"

So she ran and she ran, but, alas! went astray,
For she had mistaken and gone the wrong way.

Soon the houses and fences and trees became strange,
Her gladness all faded, her heart seemed to change
Into stone. Down she sat with her Dolly beside;
And what did she do? She cried and she cried:
"O Dolly, we're lost! Oh, what shall we do?"
She was frightened, I tell you, through and through.
"O mamma! O Annie! O Bertha! O Joe!
What will become of me? where shall I go?"

What would have become of the child, who can tell?
But riding along came good Doctor Bell.

He stopped and he looked, and the good doctor smiled;
He guessed in a minute what ailed the poor child.
"Come, pigeon, jump in," said he; "let's have a ride.
Where shall we go?"—"Oh, home!" Clara cried.
"Oh yes, home's the place for babies no doubt;
I wonder if mamma knows you are out?
Next time you had better keep close by her side,
Like chickens that under the mother-wings hide."

Once more at home it was Clara's refrain,
"I'll never run off, no never, again."

SAVED BY A LARK.

Patty lived in the country, in a white house
with green blinds. There was a nice yard, with
smooth-cut grass and green trees, where the birds
would sit singing on the boughs. Patty had a
swing, too—one that papa put up—of good stout
rope, that would go up ever so high into the
branches. Patty was six years old.

A short distance back from the house and garden
stood three great barns, filled with stores of
hidden wonders. But she liked best to go with
mamma in early spring into the woods to gather
flowers and search for ferns and soft, green
mosses; or in the autumn to go into the fields
where papa was at work and make him a little
visit.

One morning, in the harvest time, Patty was
alone at the door. Outside, all was bright and
sunny. Through the air came the softened hum
of the distant reapers. Patty thought she would
like to go out and see papa, and so in another
moment the little feet were trotting across the
fields. When she came into the wheat field she
could see the men going down one side following
the reaper, and leaving a shining row of bundles
behind.

Patty tried to catch up, but they worked very
fast, and by-and-by, growing tired, she sat down
on a sheaf of wheat. By her side the uncut grain
waved in the sunlight; an old beech tree cast a
cool, pleasant shade—it was very beautiful there.

Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat near by,
singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her
hands in delight.

"Perhaps there is a nest in there," thought
Patty; and "in there" she went, looking with a
pair of bright eyes eagerly about. And yes, there
it was surely, a nest, and three of the dearest,
sweetest little birdies. Was there ever anything
so funny as these downy little heads with the tiny
bills wide open? Such a nice place for a nest, too,
Patty thought. It was like being in a golden forest
in there, for the grain was high above her head.
The yellow straw laughed too, a waving,
murmuring laugh, and tossed its head back and
forth, but never whispered to the child of danger,
nor even told to the men coming rapidly along
the story of the little girl hidden in its midst.
The men came on, the machine leading them, the

horses drawing steadily, and the knives cutting
sharp and sure.

What was it that made the farmer stop his
team all at once? Did he know that his little
daughter was in danger? No, indeed; he thought
she was safely cared for at home, but he was a
noble man, with a large, kind heart, and he had
seen a lark fluttering wildly over the grain; so,
as he would not willingly hurt the least of God's
creatures, he said to the man: "Here, Tom,
come and hold the team. There is a nest some-
where near the old tree yonder; I'll hunt it up,
and you can drive around so as not to hurt the
birds."

Ah, what a cry of surprise papa uttered when
he found his darling Patty sitting there! How
fast his heart beat when he thought of the danger
she had been in! And how it thrilled and softened
as he caught her up in his arms, and, covering
her face with kisses, said: "It was the bird that
saved her!"

When the first excitement was over, and Patty
had been safely carried home in her father's arms,
and the men were going down the field again,
leaving a wide, uncut space around the lark's
nest, somebody—it was a great, rough-looking
man—said, while the tears glistened in his eyes
and his voice grew husky: "God bless the birds!"
—*Christian at Work.*

THE SPARROW.

The sparrow is an autocrat, especially addicted
to divorcing his partner upon the smallest pre-
text. I have elsewhere chronicled two small
dramas in sparrow life, which I watched from be-
ginning to end. The actors in the first were a
pair living in a hole in a maple tree before my
window.

For some undiscoverable reason the graceless
head of the household decided to make a change
in his domestic arrangements, and to begin by
divorce. In that case the female had the advan-
tage, since the home was not an open nest, but a
castle. She had possession and kept it for two
days, in spite of violent vituperation and the most
threatening manner. In this case, also, I ob-
served that she never "talked back," indulged in
unseemly scolding, or assumed the offensive
in any way. She appeared indifferent to his
opinions, but enough attached to her home to
endure his annoyances for two days before tired
of the controversy. When at last she accepted
her fate and departed, I saw him bring home the
bride, as coquettish a young thing as can be
imagined, coax her by many wiles to examine the
snug house, follow her about, and finally induce
her to take up her residence with him.

The other case was of trouble on the other side.
A cock sparrow lost one leg, and his mate, who
had nestlings to feed, attempted to divorce him.
Several birds appeared upon the scene, evident
aspirants for the soon to be vacant place. But
the little fellow, though evidently suffering so
greatly that several times he appeared to be dying,
never failed to revive and attack with fury every
pretender, and after a day or two of this conflict,
was able to resume his duties as assistant pro-
vider for the little ones, when his spouse amiably
"kissed and made up."

All through the trouble she never displayed
temper. She refused him admission into the
honeysuckle vine, where the nest was; but she
would come out and alight near him on the win-
dow-sill, talk to him calmly, reproach him, evi-
dently reminding him of the babies to feed, and
he not able to help. To these remarks he made
little reply.

As I said, the sparrow is a domestic tyrant,
broeking no opposition. I have never observed a
case in which the hen had her own way. He is

so great a bully, so self-willed and violent, that,
whatever the cause of disagreement, he holds out
with dogged obstinacy till he gets his will. In
one case there was difference of opinion as to the
site for a nest; he wishing to occupy an empty
cottage of man's providing, while she, with finer
instinct, had decided upon a charming crotch in
an overgreen tree.

At first she opposed him strongly, scattering
the material he brought, throwing the choice bits
to the winds, while he stormed and scolded, and
—brought more. In the intervals between thwart-
ing his plans, she would accumulate material in
the chosen tree. He scorned to touch them; he
simply ignored her designs, and proceeded with
obstinacy almost sublime, to bring, and bring, and
bring, till she was worn out, gave up, and accepted
the cottage at last.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HOW DYNAMITE IS MADE.

The most powerful engine of destruction ever
discovered is prepared in a manner so marvel-
lously easy that the wonder is mankind have not
availed themselves of it long ago. Dynamite,
from the Greek word *dunamis*, meaning power, is
simply nitro-glycerine. The glycerine is a pro-
duct of animal fat, usually of hog's lard. Take
one pound of nitric and two pounds of sulphuric
acid, and mix thoroughly. The acids must be of
full strength and purity. The mixture will cost
three and a-half cents a pound. Put seven pounds
of it into an earthen jar, and pour upon it, drop
by drop, one pound of common crude glycerine,
which can be got for twelve cents. Stir with a
glass rod, and keep the jar in ice or salt and ice,
or the thing will "go off" before you are ready
for it. The sulphuric acid does not enter as a
constituent into the explosive, but serves to facili-
tate the chemical union of the other ingredients.
When the chemical combination is complete, the
nitro-glycerine will be found settled to the bot-
tom, while water and oil of vitriol float on top.
These are poured off, and the nitro-glycerine is
thoroughly washed, to free it from any remaining
acids. It is then complete, a yellowish, sticky,
oily mass, which will "go off" almost for the
looking at it. It must be toned down before it
can be used. This is done by mixing with it a
rough powder as an absorbent—either dried saw-
dust or old tanbark, or pulverized silica. The
substance most commonly used for this purpose,
however, is a vegetable earth from Germany,
which absorbs and holds three times its weight of
the explosive. The dynamite of commerce is not
full strength, as it would be too dangerous. Com-
monly it contains forty per cent. nitro-glycerine
to sixty of the earth. In this state, as an explo-
sive, it is four and one-half times as powerful as
gunpowder.

WANT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Some people never seem to believe themselves
capable of anything; they see others press for-
ward to attempt and achieve, and shrink back
into a desponding inactivity. Having no faith in
themselves they undertake nothing and effect no-
thing. If they are convicted of some fault or bad
habit, they have so little hope of being able to
cure it that they scarcely make an effort. If some
some avenue of usefulness and honour opens up
before them, they draw back, almost sure that
they will not succeed, and decline to enter. If
some duty presses urgently upon their conscience,
they try to quiet its promptings by pleading in-
ability. Thus their lives pass away in uselessness,
their faculties do not develop or their characters
improve, their abilities are wasted, they dwindle
into insignificance, and all this, not for lack of
power, but for the want of a confidence and cour-
age that would set that power into good, practical
working order.