

Childrens' Department.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

LIFE to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, and half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing:
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these some sorrows
Sad to-day and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole-mill seems a mountain.
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fail of power,
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbour,
Look up, as you love and labour.
Not for one alone woe's vials;
Every one has cares and trials,
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather,
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.

QUESTIONING PROVIDENCE.

YOUR not being able to make facts agree with your reason is no new thing. The poor Indians to whom Eliot preached had the same trouble. I have heard of a good many who attempted to "square the circle," or to discover perpetual motion, or to "find the philosopher's stone," or to explain the mysteries of God's government by the aid of human reason, but I have never been so fortunate as to find the man who could do either of these.

Let me tell you a short story, which, whilst it amuses, may help to fasten my nail in a sure place.

Old Jocko and little Tim were two favored monkeys, that went to sea in the good ship *Enterprise*, Captain Spence. Now, this captain had the name of being a first rate seaman, a man of very fine powers of mind, upright, and a very good man. Old Jocko was an old companion and little Tim a new comer.

They had the liberty of the ship, and were a great amusement to the sailors.

One day, just at night, old Jocko found Tim high up on the yard-arm, holding on for very life, pale, hungry and cold.

"Halloo, Tim, what are you doing up there?" cried Jocko. "You have been there all day, and you look cold and hungry. Why don't you come down?"

"Why, Jocko, I believe I shan't come down any more."

"Indeed, what's the matter now? Why won't you come down?"

"Because I have lost all confidence in Capt. Spence. I have been watching him all day, and my reasons tells me if he were a good man he would never do as he has done to-day."

"Well, what has he done so revolting to your reason?"

"I will tell you: This morning early, he stopped the ship, and shifted the cargo, and threw her almost over, so that many hogheads of molasses, and many casks of something else rolled into the sea and were lost."

"What else, little Tim?"

"Then, after the ship was righted, he sent a man up into the rigging when the wind blew—I could hardly cling to the ropes and hold myself on—and the man was thrown off and fell on the deck and almost killed. He laid pale, and they said the thing they called 'pulse' stopped entirely. His eyes were closed and the cold sweat was on his face. And what did this Captain then do? Why, he ran down into the

cabin and brought up a tumbler of red, fiery stuff, and actually forced the poor fellow's jaws open, and pored it all down his throat. Now, would a good man do so?" "Is that all?"

"No. There was that great dog, Nero, the dog that all the sailors loved so much—only he would chase us monkeys. Poor Nero! the Captain had him drawn up by a great rope, and then with a great roaring gun, shot him dead. How the sailors felt it? Many of them cried. Was that goodness?"

"Anything more?"

"Yes? Tom Hawser was showing a little wound on his arm, and what does our precious Captain do but whip out his jackknife and cut the wound much larger. Oh, how it bled! It really frightened me."

"Have you done?"

"Yes; and I should think that was quite enough. I can never have any more confidence in Capt. Spence. My reason tells me that a merciful, wise and good man would never do so."

"Little Tim, how old are you?"

"Why, I've seen six moons, and almost as high as your shoulders."

"Well, now let me talk a little. You must know then, wise one, that the ship had sprung a leak, and we were all in danger of sinking; and to get at the leak, and stop it, and save the cargo and the lives, Capt. Spence had to careen the ship on her side, and loose a few hogheads rather than loose all the cargo. Was that wrong? Then the man was sent up into the rigging. A sudden squall came on, and the sails must be furled instantly, or the ship swamped. One man was blown off. But the ship escaped. The man was almost killed; and being ready to perish, the Captain did pour raw brandy down his throat, which brought back life and pulse, and he is now in the good Captain's berth, carefully nursed, and he will live. Was that a bad deed?"

"No; but his shooting poor Nero?"

"Well, Nero had been sick for two days, and you remember he was bitten by a strange dog, just before we sailed, and so he was tied up by that rope; but to-day, he has shown such signs of madness that the Captain had to kill him. The sailors cried; but they all saw the necessity."

"You've a strange way, Jocko, of explaining things. What about his cutting Tom Hawser's arm so dreadfully? How can you account for such cruelty?"

"Very easily; as Tom was pulling Nero up, the dog bit his arm, and the Captain knew that unless something was done instantly, Tom must die from hydrophobia—the most horrible death; and so he cut out the poison with his knife. Now, little Tim, you see your reason isn't big enough to comprehend as to what Capt. Spence does, and so you had better come down and eat your supper, and not doubt but the Captain knows what he is about even if you don't."

I will only add to my story, "A word to the wise is sufficient;" and "Be not wise in your own conceit" is a word of counsel worthy of remembrance to young and old.

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LITTLE CHILDREN, SCOLD ONE ANOTHER.

Two little girls, one rainy day,
Who had been pleasantly at play,
With happy hearts and faces bright,
Began at length to scold and fight.
Then to mamma they quickly went
To give their angry feeling vent.
And of each other to complain,
And make indoors a storm and rain.

"Mamma," cried Florence, "only see!
Mamie's as mean as she can be.
She whipped my pussy with a stick,
And said that my dolly wasn't sick.
I was a selfish thing, she said,
And then she struck me on the head.
There, now Miss Mamie, that is true;
You can't deny it, no, not you."

"Now Florry, that is just unfair;
You are just hateful, I declare;
'Twas you that broke my china plate
And made a picture on my slate.
I say, mamma, my story's true,
And I guess you'll believe it, too."

The mother laid her sewing by,
A look of trouble in her eye.
"Children," she said, "if this is true,
You've got a new verse, haven't you?
'Tis not like what I've always heard,
I think you must have changed one word."

She looked at one, and then at the other:
"Little children, scold one another."

Their faces grew like roses red,
But this was all the mother said.
Mamie almost began to cry,
But Florry whispered, with a sigh,
"Oh, dear! that's not a pretty verse;
Let's make it better 'fore it's worse."
And then they kissed and ran away,
But no more quarreling that day.
And when at night they went to bed
They kissed mamma, and Florence said,
"We'll have a better verse, dear mother,
Than little children, scold one another."

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Birth.

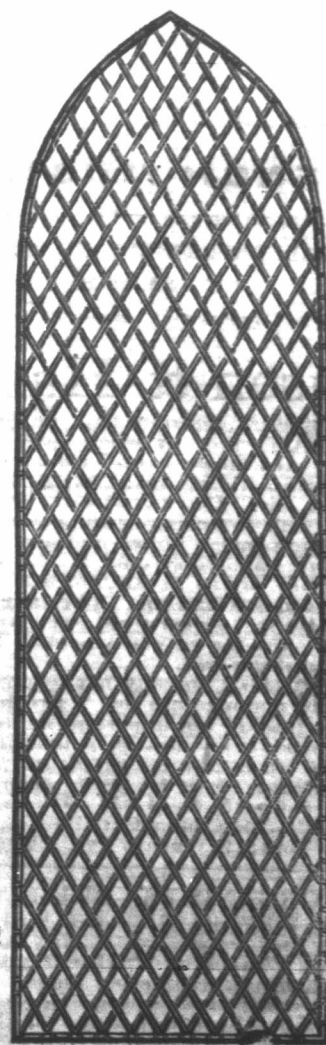
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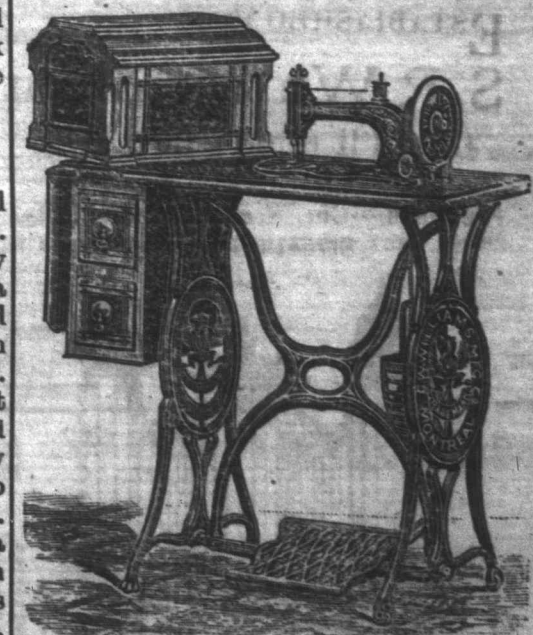
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