

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly;
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass;
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"No, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite every thing."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink,
"O!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shews;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think. —Phoebe Cary.

THE HUNTER'S TALE.

"I HAVE had many narrow escapes and have seen some strange things. I can now recall one, when I was hunting beaver, just as the ice began to break up, and on one of the farthest, wildest lakes I ever visited. I calculated there could be no human being nearer than one hundred miles. I was pushing my canoe along the loose ice one cold day, when just round a point that projected into the lake I heard something walking through the ice. It made so much noise and stepped so regularly that I felt sure it must be a moose. I got my rifle ready and held it cocked in one hand, while I pushed the canoe with the other. Slowly and carefully I rounded the point, when, what was my astonishment to see, not a moose, but a man, wading in the water—the ice-water! He had nothing on his head or feet, and his clothes were torn almost off his limbs. He was walking, gesticulating with his hands and talking to himself. He seemed to be wasted to a skeleton. With great difficulty I got him in my canoe; when I landed I made up a fire and got him some hot tea and food. He had

a bone of some animal in his bosom, which he gnawed almost to nothing. He was nearly frozen, and quieted down and soon fell asleep. I nursed him like an infant. With great difficulty, and in a roundabout way, I found out the name of the town from which he came. Slowly and carefully I got along, around falls and over portages, keeping a resolute watch on him lest he should escape from me into the forest. At length, after nearly a week's travel, I reached the village where I supposed he lived. I found the whole of the community under deep excitement, and more than a hundred men were scattered in the woods and on the mountains, seeking for my crazy companion, for they had learned that he had wandered into the woods. It had been agreed upon that if he was found the bells were to be rung and guns fired, and as soon as I landed a shout was raised, his friends rushed to him, the bells broke out in loud notes and guns were fired; and the report echoed again and again in the forest and on the mountains, till every seeker knew that the lost one was found.

"How many times I had to tell the story over! I never saw people so crazy with joy, for the man was of the first and best families, and they hoped his insanity would be but temporary, as I afterwards learned it was. How they feasted me, and when I came away loaded my canoe with provisions and clothing and everything for my comfort! It was a time and place of wonderful joy. They seemed to forget everybody else, and think only of the poor man whom I had brought back."

The old hunter ceased, and I said: "Does not this make you think of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, where the man lost one sheep, left all the rest in the wilderness and went after it, and when he found it he called his neighbours and friends together to rejoice with him? 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow never comes!"
Said my little child one day,
"To-morrow is so long to wait,
So very far away."

"To-morrow never comes!"
I've thought it o'er and o'er,
To-day is all that we can claim,
We must not look for more.

"To-morrow never comes!"
Although, before our face,
The shadow of another day
Is always on our race.

But when we try to overtake,
We find the shadows flown,
And then it is to-day again
And our to-morrow's gone.

We have a little space
Dealt out, in which we may
Do all our work for God and heaven,
And that is called to-day.

O! why then should I wait
For time which may not be?
To-day will come again in turn,
But may not come to me.

Lord! make me strong and wise;
And let me not delay
To do the work Thou sendest me,
While it is yet to-day.

HOW LOVE REMOVED A MOUNTAIN.

"MAMMA," said Arthur, "how can faith remove mountains?"
"I will tell you how love once removed a

mountain," said his mother, "and then you will perhaps understand what is now puzzling you:

"More than a hundred and twenty years ago there was born in an old castle on the shores of the Pentland Firth, in the far north of Scotland, a boy, who, when he grew up, became a very useful man. His mother was one of a noble family, and he inherited a title himself. He was Sir John Sinclair, but far better than titles and wealth, was the training the mother gave to her son. She taught him—for his father died when he was young—how to manage wisely his estates; and as he grew up he showed that he did not intend to live a selfish, luxurious life, but to do his best for his neighbours and his country. At that time good roads were very much needed, even in the more busy parts of England; and in the north of Scotland, where the inhabitants were few, and for the most part poor, the roads were often very bad.

One day a neighbour asked Sir John when he would make a road over Ben Cheilt—a large mountain which interfered much with freedom of travelling in Caithness. He was not prepared to begin a road over Ben Cheilt just then, but the time came soon after. He went to London on a visit, and there saw a young lady whom he wished to marry, but when he asked her to go with him to Caithness she shook her head. She liked Sir John; but in those days of slow travelling and dear postage the distance between Thurso and London seemed immense, and Miss Maitland could not make up her mind to go so far from home. However, she did not altogether refuse him, and he went back to Thurso, resolved that the big mountain, Ben Cheilt, should no longer stand in the way of a direct road to the south. He surveyed it carefully, made up his mind what to do, and then sent out over the country for all the men that could be got to help him. One summer's morning, at early dawn, one thousand two hundred and sixty men assembled under his command, and by nightfall the old bridle-track was made into a carriage-road. Before he could go south again, a gentleman who had just been travelling in Scotland, carried to Miss Maitland the story of Sir John's road-making, and all his other improvements, and she was so much pleased that she determined to reward him in the way he wished. They were married soon afterwards.

"That was not Sir John's only effort. He lived to be an old man, to do a great deal for Scotland, and to be much respected. And now, Arthur, you see how love can remove mountains."

"He didn't remove it, mamma; he only made a way over it," said Arthur.

"And what more was needed?" answered his mamma. "God does not take mountains out of our way altogether, in this world, my dear; but if we love and trust Him He will give us the strength and patience to make a way over them; and that is better. 'Who art thou, O, great mountain? Before Zerubabel thou shalt become a plain' (Zech. iv. 7)."

No rank can shield us from the impartiality of death.