

YOUNG CANADA.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN'S STORY.

One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was going out of the gate, when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or to play?" "To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, stick to your bush."

I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said.

No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had a very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I was done with one, I found another, and finished that; then I took another.

When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe berries, and said: "Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could.

But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I stuck to my bush.

When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

A DOG STORY.

When I was a boy—more than half a century ago—living with my parents in a remote part of the country, we had a very remarkable carriage dog, the first of his kind imported into that part of the world, though the breed is now common enough.

Nelson was large, strong, muscular, and deep-chested; surly, an unsocial in his habits, verging on the misanthropical (an unusual quality in dogs), save to the favoured few whom he honoured with his friendship. To these he was as true as steel; faithful and fond, though not demonstratively so, like those fawning dogs that

are perpetually jumping upon you, soiling your clothes, and slaving on your hands. He was decidedly a canine "character"—an oddity of a dog—grave and taciturn, rarely giving vocal expression to his feelings, save when irritated—and then his growl, his bark, and, above all, his bite, were to be dreaded, as many a frightened boy and tattered garment testified; for he hated beggars like a parish beadle, and treated ragged peasants with aristocratic hauteur.

To complete his physique, I have only to add that he had one "wall eye," white and glaring, which gave a special ferocity to his countenance; so that one might say of him, as Launce said of his dog Crab, "I think he be the sourest-natured dog that lives."

He was a dog, too, of marvellous adroitness. I taught him to walk up a ladder placed at a rather steep inclination into a hay-loft over the coach-house, and down again, which was a more difficult feat. It was an amusing sight to see the gaping rustics watching this performance, especially as he descended with an increasing velocity till he reached the third lowest rung, from which he sprang to the ground.

And he had other accomplishments. He would ride one of the carriage-horses when taken out to exercise, sitting on his back like a monkey on a bear, the coachman riding the other. How well I remember it, as if it were but yesterday—those two noble bay horses, Peer and Andrew, walking slowly along the road with their dissimilar riders! The horses took kindly to their dog groom, for they loved him and he loved them, so that this equino-canine affection was ludicrously touching. They spent their lives together—they and the coachman. They were rarely separated, for he went with the coachman when he walked or rode, and ran after the carriage when he drove. And now comes the tragic part of my story.

It happened one summer that my father and mother went to the metropolis—a rare event with them—and took the carriage and horses. The dog my father would not take; so he was locked into the stable when they left, and I and a brother alone of the family remained behind.

When Nelson was liberated, some hour or so after the party had gone, he was in a state of great distress and perplexity. He rushed about in every direction, seeking his companions in vain. He did not howl or whine, but bore his grief in silence.

At last he went into the coachman's bedroom, and poking out a pair of his old shoes from under his bed, lay down beside them, expecting, no doubt, that the man would return and look for his shoes. From this spot he rarely moved. With each day his misery increased. After a time he refused all food, and moped about sad and stupid, so that it was most affecting to look at him. No one ventured to soothe or caress him, for we began to fear that he might be falling into a state of melancholy madness, and that it would not be safe to meddle with him. All we could do was to leave food and water near him. And so he went on day by day, moping and pining, growing weaker and weaker, till he scarcely stirred from the room.

It was nearly a week later, as well as I remember, when my father and mother returned, late in the evening. The sound of the carriage-wheels and the tramp of the horses, as they entered the stable yard, was audible enough, and reached the ears of poor Nelson. He rose, staggered into the yard, and over to the coachman, who had come down from the coach-box. Then, licking his hand as the man stooped down to caress him, he uttered a faint cry, and fell down at his feet. He was dead!

Need I say how we all mourned over poor Nelson—how we forgot his strange and surly ways in

this touching exhibition of love and fidelity? We buried him as reverently as Byron buried his dog, though! we wrote no misanthropic epitaph over his grave. But I have moralized over his life and death.

Assuredly, the dog is one of the greatest blessings in animal life that God has given to man. It is, I believe, the only creature that prefers man to its own species, loving him with a love that is utterly unselfish—a love that neglect will not weaken, that chastisement will not destroy.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

COMPANY MANNERS.

"Will you please sit down and wait a moment till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water, Martha?" asked one of the ladies; "I am very thirsty."

"With pleasure," answered Martha, and she presently came back with two goblets of water on a small waiter which she passed to both ladies.

"Oh, thank you," said the other lady, "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said, "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her manners are!"

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back to the dining-room.

"Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his rosy lips.

"Get out, Bob!" cried Martha; "go to Bridget."

"Don't speak so to your little brother," said Bridget.

"It is none of your business what I say," cried Martha, tossing back her head.

"Martha!" That is grandmother calling from the top of the stairs.

"What!" screamed Martha back.

"Please come here, dear," said grandma.

"I don't want to," muttered Martha.

She, however, dragged herself upstairs. Unwilling feet, you know, find it hard to climb.

"Martha" said grandma, "will you try to find my specs? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining-room."

"No, you didn't!" cried Martha, in a cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up here," and she rummaged around the chamber, tumbling things over like the north wind.

"No matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again; "no matter, Martha; they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for bye-and-bye. Martha left her and went down stairs with a pout.

Oh dear, where are Martha's civil, obliging manners? Why, those are her *company* manners. She puts them on in the parlour, and leaves them off when she leaves the parlour. She wears them before visitors, and hangs them up when they are gone. You see she has no manners at home. She is cross and disobliging, and rude and selfish. She forgets that home is the first place to be polite in—in the kitchen as well as in the parlour. There is no spot in the house where good manners can be dispensed with.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

"The hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish."—*Prov. x. 28*.