

YOUNG CANADA.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed upon grandpa's knee;
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,
All the day busy as busy can be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpa toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my darling been doing," he said,
"Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—
Played with my dolly and feeded my bun ;

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Bootiful worlds—mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have roaded in my picture book,
And Bella and I, we went to look
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
And I climbed up on grandpa's knee,
And I's jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it had dropped upon grandpa's breast ;
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest !

We are but children ; things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guiltless as Goldenhair lay.

And oh, when awaary, may we be so blest,
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

THE DOG AND THE STEER.

Harry, Lizzie, and Milly lived with their parents on a farm in the country.

Not far from their house were fields and meadows in which grew grain and grass, and sometimes also dandelions and buttercups. Here they used to play in summer, and sometimes they carried luncheon to their father and his men when at work in the fields.

Beyond the fields were the woods, where they often went to pick berries or gather nuts. They had a friend that nearly always went with them. His name was Bull. He was no bull-dog, however. He was a mastiff, and considered it his duty to take care of the children. He allowed no strange dog to come near. If any person whom he did not know approached, he soon told him, in dog language, not to touch or harm the children. If he came across a snake he would seize it with his teeth and shake it to pieces before it had time to bite.

The dog had very good manners. When told to shake hands, he would politely hold out his paw. He never went where he was not wanted, but kept at a respectful distance until called, or until he saw that there was something for him to do.

One day as the children were crossing the fields, a furious steer came rushing after them. A steer is a young ox. The children ran as fast as they could, but the steer ran much faster. Before they reached the fence he overtook Milly, who was the smallest, and was about to attack her with his horns. Just then the brave dog caught him by the tail and bit him so hard that the steer turned on him and Milly had time to get through the fence safely.

But the poor dog was tossed upon the horns of the steer until some men, who ran to his assistance, drove the steer away and fastened him in the stable.

Little Millie was saved, but poor Bull was hurt so badly that he could not walk for a long time.

The children brought their little waggon, lifted him gently into it, and took him home. They made for him a soft bed of straw in the wood-house, and fed and nursed him until he was well again.

He continued to live with the children and their parents until he was very old.

This is a true story. Bull had one fault. He would tear up the children's school books whenever he could get them. Perhaps he did not like to see the children go away to school, where he was not allowed to follow. Perhaps he thought (if dogs can think) that if there were no books the children could no longer go to school.

At least little Milly said that was his reason, and she seemed to understand him best.

PETTING THE TIGER.

I remember reading of a mother visiting a menagerie with a lovely infant in her arms. As they stood by the tiger's cage, the animal, apparently quiet, permitted the caresses of the babe. The mother, thinking it under the control of its keeper, and caged in iron bars, relaxed her vigilance, when suddenly the tiger seized the child, and in one fatal moment made it its prey.

I thought as I read the paragraph, how many worse than tiger's cages we have all over this loved land of ours. They form almost an unbroken network from ocean to ocean. It is a palace-like building here, a less pretentious one there, and a shanty down by the railroad. Each holds alike the same enemy, the sparkling wine-cup.

Do you see those two friends shaking hands so heartily on the steps of yonder grand hotel? They have not met since boyhood's days, and now middle age claims them.

"Come in, Fred. With a social glass between us, we'll talk over by-gones. Waiter, some of your best champagne. No shaking of your head, Fred."

The champagne is brought, and the friends are quickly reviewing the past.

"Have your glass filled again, Fred; 'tis really worth your while to take a draught from these glasses. The design is a triumph of art. We have lived thus long without any harm from the cheerful glass. We have wills strong as iron bars, and they can guard with master-like vigilance our failings—if we have any."

A third time the glasses were filled, and, "Here's a double health to thee," was sung with the vim of college days.

Then they parted. But mark the sequel. The appetite, which they boasted was caged with strong wills, had not then been caressed. The desire became a tiger, and ere long one of the jolly friends filled a drunkard's grave, and the other, a wreck, dwelt in a maniac's cell.

PAWS AND CLAWS.

"Mother," said little Nannio, "sometimes pussy has paws, and sometimes she has claws. Isn't that funny? She pats with her paws and play prettily; but she scratches with her claws, and then I don't love her. I wish she had no claws, but only soft little paws; then she would never scratch, but would be always nice."

"Well, Nannie, dear," said her mother, "remember that you are very much like pussy. These little hands, so soft and delicate, when well employed, are like pussy's paws—very pleasant to feel; but when they pinch or scratch or strike in anger, then they are like pussy's claws."

"Well, that's funny enough, mother. I never thought that I was so much like pussy."

"You love pussy much," said her mother, "and you may learn a good lesson from her. When you think kind thoughts, and speak gentle, loving words, then you are like pussy with her nice, soft paws, and everybody will love you; but when you think bad thoughts, or give way to ugly tempers and speak cross and angry words, then you are like pussy with her sharp, scratching claws, and no one can love you."

Nice soft paws are much pleasanter than sharp, tearing claws. And so gentleness is much pleasanter than anger or wrath, and this is a good reason why we should try to learn this lesson.

HOW CHICKENS GET OUT OF SHELLS.

Take an egg out of a nest on which a hen has had her full time; carefully holding it to the ear, turning it around, you will find the exact spot which the little fellow is picking on the inside of the shell: this he will do until the inside is perforated, and the shell is forced outward as a small scale, leaving a hole. Now, if you will take one of the eggs in this condition from under the hen, remove it to the house or some other suitable place, put it in a box or nest, keeping it warm and moist, as near the temperature of the hen as possible (which may be done by laying it between two bottles of warm water upon some cotton or wool), and lay a glass over the box or nest, then you can sit or stand, as is most convenient, and witness the true *modus operandi*. Now watch the little fellow work his way into the world, and you will be amused and instructed, as I have often been. After he has got his opening, he commences a nibbling motion with the point of the upper bill on the outside of the shell, always working to the right (if you have the large end of the egg from you and the hole upward) until he has worked his way almost round, say with one-half an inch in a perfect circle; he then forces the cap or butt end of the shell off, and then he has a chance to straighten his neck, thereby loosing his legs somewhat, and so by their help forcing the body from the shell.

MAN will feel himself an orphan in the world, and cut off from the hope of a solution of his destiny, unless he may believe that there is a tie of sympathy and relationship between himself and his Master.