

## YOUNG CANADA.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do,  
Never mind if it is small;  
Little things are lost to view,  
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are wee, modest flowers,  
Hiding in their beds of green;  
But their perfume fills the bowers,  
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove  
Are than peonies more sweet;  
Much their graceful bloom we love  
As they blossom round our feet.

So do little acts we find,  
Which at first we cannot see,  
Leave the fragrance pure behind  
Of abiding charity.

JUDY'S PUPPY. FOR WHAT HE WAS  
SAVED.

"Carl, what is the matter with Judy? She's been whining and begging us to go to the shore for the last half-hour," said Marion Chase to her brother, who was stretched full-length on the floor, reading.

Carl looked up, listened a moment to the big dog's pleading, then closed his book and said with an evident effort to give up his own pleasure to gratify his dumb friend:—

"Poor old girl, she's in some trouble, that's plain! Come, Marion, put on your hat and we'll humour her."

Marion, who never refused a walk on the sands, no matter in fair or stormy weather, was soon equipped, and the children followed their dog, who tried to hasten their steps, running far ahead and then coming back.

"What a high tide! 'Haven't seen the likes in ten years!' as old Sim would say," said Carl, "Hurry, Marion, Judy has got her nose in those rocks—there's some animal she wants to get at in there! Whatever it is it'll be drowned unless it can swim, and anyway unless it can squeeze out."

Bounding over the rocks and sand, Carl reached the crevice first, and with a short exclamation pulled out—a little puppy. His sister was by his side, and Judy with short, happy barks let them talk as they pleased.

"So that is where she hid her little one! Poor old Jude! she thought father would take this one as he took two of 'em. And you see, Marion, she couldn't get the little thing out—it got wedged in and this high tide frightened her—she knew her baby would be drowned."

The children and dog stood on the rocks, the poor mother nursing and fondling her little one, the boy and girl watching her contentment with great pleasure, for Judy had been their constant playmate and companion ever since Marion's second year.

"Wouldn't it have been just dreadful if she had lost her little doggie!" said Marion. "I do believe she would have stayed by it till she herself was drowned. You see the tide was never so high—O Carl, Carl, we are lost!"

It seemed true at first, for while the children and dog had lingered on the rocks the treacherous waves had crept round them till water surrounded them on every side and the heavy surf threatened to roll even over their feet.

Carl started up, and seizing his sister's hand, said: "Not a moment, Marion, you must not

mind the surf—even if it knocks you down—it is our only chance. Judy will save you at any rate, and I can swim."

"But Judy has her puppy," said Marion with white lips, for she was always a coward in the surf. Carl seized the puppy, and Judy, seeming to understand, kept near Marion. After all, there was not so much danger, though Marion fell twice and was dragged back by a receding wave. In fifteen minutes the children stood, panting and wet, but safe and beyond any possible tide.

"Carl, what did you think of as we ran?" asked Marion in an awed voice.

"Oh, of you and the puppy and—well, I did think how mother'd feel;" this last was added in a shame-faced way.

"I could only say over and over, 'When thou passeth through the billows I will be with thee.' I know He was, Carl."

Carl looked at the pale lips of his only sister, and with a heart full of real gratitude that she was spared said quietly, "Yes, I know He was—always know that when she's near," he added in his heart, for Carl thought this one sister almost an angel, and never teased and bullied her as some boys do their sisters.

"O little puppy, I wonder what your life has been saved for?" said Marion, taking the little dog for a moment, but quickly putting it down, for she felt faint and weak.

Ten years went by. Marion, a woman of twenty two, seemed older than Carl, a young man of twenty-four, for she had been married for two years, and, as she wrote to her brother, "was bringing him the dearest little nephew—just another Carl." She had lived in India with her husband, but was to spend a few years in her old Scottish seaside home, and now the vessel in which she was to come was hourly expected. How Carl watched the winds and tides! A storm came up, and the ship must be on the coast! The young man and his father were on the rocks before dawn, and in the darkness they heard the guns of a ship in distress. They knew that in all probability it was the "Albatross," and their darling with the little one they had never seen, was to drown perhaps, almost in their sight.

Suddenly a sheet of flame lit up the sky. The ship was on fire, and men and women could be seen throwing themselves into the sea. Boats are launched, and Carl started the first one. It was a great risk, but no one cared for danger; all knew "Miss Marion" was in the ship. Nearer and nearer came the boat; now sunk in the trough of the sea, they could see nothing, and again high on some wave they saw, still far ahead, men, women, and children struggling in the angry waters. Each time some had disappeared, O God, would they save her?

Suddenly a small, black object is seen coming towards the boat. It is a dog, and some one is swimming by his side, while there is something on his back.

"Marion! it is she! Here, Hero! here, old fellow!"

But Judy's puppy had seen the boat far off and was by their side before they needed to call. The baby, half-drowned, but saved, was dragged in the boat, and Marion, who

had yielded to her father's wishes years before and learned to combat waves and surf, was soon in her brother's arms.

"It was Hero who saved us. How little we children knew what we were doing ten years ago," said Marion faintly, but with a happy quiver in her voice as she saw her baby reviving.

"And this time I thought who was with you, darling," whispered Carl, "and knew that even though you drowned He would keep you safe. Ah, darling, it was you roused me up to succour Judy when I was a boy. You deserve that her puppy should save your little one."—*Christian Chronicle*.

## SPENDING MONEY.

Lawrence and Fred are cousins. Their fathers are neither rich nor poor, and the boys are growing up under good influences, in good schools, with good parents and friends to help them along, and at least a head belief in a good Heavenly Father who loves them and is seeking to lead them in the right and true way.

But one of these boys has already started on a course that, we fear, will lead him into trouble. Let us see if we can find the point where the two paths separate.

These boys have each a weekly allowance of spending money, with which they are to do exactly as they please. It is not much, to be sure, but it is their own, and is paid to them regularly at the beginning of each month.

Lawrence knows from month to month what he wants to buy with his money. Sometimes, in order to make his purchase, he has to save for two or three months, and this he does, without any difficulty.

When he buys (it is always with his mother's approval), it is sure to be something of real use. Sometimes, not always, it is a book. He has some good games, two or three pretty pictures for his room, a scroll saw, and quite a number of tools, to say nothing of pencils, drawing paper and paints, for Lawrence has an eye for colour and form. He has gathered these things gradually, and during the four years that he has had "an income," he has made but two or three unwise purchases: His money is not all spent upon himself, either, but a good many thoughtful gifts have been made from his store, to which he is constantly adding by his own labour.

Fred, on the other hand, is almost always out of money, and often gets into debt. He says that money will not stay in his pocket! That is true, because he will not let it. He spends it for root-beer, nuts, and candies, picture papers of a doubtful sort, marbles, and such like, and he is always wishing that he could have more money, so as to buy tools and books as Cousin Lawrence does. But he wouldn't buy them if he had, for he has learned to use his money in gratifying his whims, and it is very easy to see that he is already in the power of a habit that will grow upon him.

Look out, boys and girls, for your pennies and dimes. As you spend money now, you will be very likely to do when you are older. Think of the future when you buy! Look ahead, and ask: "Will this do me, or others, any good?"