

YOUNG CANADA.

IN SUMMER TIME.

Little young Timothy, how he grew,
Timothy Grass of the meadow;
He grew in the rain, he grew in the wind,
In the sunshine and in the shadow.

At last he was up so very high,
So sturdy and tall and stately,
He looked all over the big, wide world,
And found himself pleased with it greatly.

And looking one day, one sweet June day,
So dreamy and soft and hazy,
He spied, what was it so fair and bright?
A dear little happy young daisy.

How fair she was—fairer than moon or cloud!
How gentle her face and cheery!
He gazed at her fondly all day long,
And never once was he weary.

And when all the tired little meadow flowers,
And the birds and the bees were sleeping,
And only the owl in the far-off wood
His night-watch lonely was keeping,—

So bright she shone through the dim, still night,
In the eyes of her longing lover,
She seemed to be one of the gleaming stars,
Dropped down from the sky above her.

So Timothy wooed her his very best,
Till her heart with true love was filling;
And at last with a sly little flutter and shake,
She answered him back, "I am willing."

So a wedding gay, one sweet, bright day,
Set all the lily bells ringing;
The breezes came floating from over the hill,
The breath of the clover bringing.

And the larks and bobolinks came, their joy
In wildest song expressing;
And the buttercups gave their rarest gold,
And the grasses waved their blessing.

And happily glided their days away
In the wonderful midsummer glory,
Till the scythe of the thoughtless mower came
To end their lives—and my story.

—St. Nicholas.

THE CALL BOY.

You would not know Jim Blake if you were to see him now; why, I had to look twice, and then I wasn't quite sure.

A few years ago, when he used to turn "cart-wheels" along the busy streets, and stand on his head at street corners for a half-penny, he was the roughest little ruffian that ever upset an apple-stall or dodged a policeman round a lamp-post. But now! why, he's a perfect gentleman—of course I mean compared with what he was.

I was walking up to town one morning, when I first saw him in the middle of an excited crowd, fighting like a little madman with a young crossing-sweeper about his own size. I never could find out what they were quarrelling about, but I fancy they couldn't quite agree as to whose property the crossing was, and so were trying to settle it in that silly way. I believe the matter was really settled by policeman X., whose two eyes fell upon them just as I came up, and whose two hands followed suit with very startling results.

Jim didn't stop to argue with Mr. X., not he, but started off like a small express train, lest he should find himself X-pressed to the wrong station.

The next time I saw him he was at a Boys' Home, with a face as bright and clean as the dish-covers that used to hang above the

mantelpiece in my old grandmother's kitchen. You see, like these old dish-covers, he had been polished up a bit, and though when they had him bright and shiny they didn't hang him up above the mantelshelf, they put him in the way of being quite as useful, for they made him "call-boy" on board a river steamer, and I am quite sure, if you heard him calling out "Ease 'er," "Stop 'er," and "Turn 'er astern," you would agree with me that the biggest dish-cover ever yet invented was never half so useful as is Jim Blake.

To tell the truth, Master Jim is just a little proud of being "call-boy" on a steamer. Why, I fancy sometimes he almost thinks himself as important as the captain himself as he shouts out the orders to the engineer below, and what is better still, the captain is so pleased with him that I heard him say the other day that he would not mind cruising all round the world with Jim to help him manage the ship.

The fact is, Jim knows almost as well as the captain does, how to command a boat. He knows when to call out "Go on ahead," without waiting to be told, and do you know he told me one day as he was leaning against the brass railings of the engine-room steps, that somehow it seemed to him as if he'd got a little sort of "call-boy" inside him. Said he: "Sir, you wouldn't hardly believe it, but as I was a-walking past some of them fine shops ashore t'other day, I see a reg'lar strap-pin' pilot coat a-hangin' up quite temptin' like outside a shop, and I ses to myself, I ses, it's getting a bit cold a-mornings now, aboard, and there ain't nobody 'ud see me if I nicked it. You know, sir, I ain't one to stop long a-considerin' about most things, so I just heaved up alongside to haul it in, when this yer little 'call-boy' inside me, he says, says he, 'Ease 'er, stop 'er, turn 'er astern,' and I tell yer, sir, it fetched me right straight up perpendickler-like, and turned me right round, and then, without stoppin' a moment, this yer little chap he says, as plain as ever I said it myself, says he, 'Go on ahead,' and I went on ahead, sir. I've been goin' on ahead, sir, ever since, and 'cept when danger's near I don't mean to stop going on ahead for anyone, and maybe some day I'll be captain of the smartest steamer afloat."

Ah, it's wonderful how useful a good "call-boy" may be, for you see what the little "call-boy" inside Jim Blake did for him.

Why, if it had not been for him, Jim Blake would have become a thief, and if he had become a thief I don't think he would ever have held up his head again. How thankful Jim Blake now is that this little "call-boy" within him was on the lookout and warned him of his danger!

We've all got little "call-boys" somewhere inside our jackets, and the way to keep them on the lookout is to attend to what they say. If the engineer on the steamer paid no attention to Jim Blake, I am quite sure Master Jim would soon get tired of calling out to him, and I am certain the boat would soon go wrong; and if we do not mind what these little "call-boys" inside say, they will very soon leave off calling, and these little ships of ours, with which we are travelling upon the sea of life, will very soon be wrecked and cast away.

It is a grand thing for us when we learn in early life to listen to the voice of conscience.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When Charlie woke up one morning and looked from the window, he saw that the ground was deeply covered with snow. The wind had blown it in great drifts against the fence and the trees. Charlie's little sister Rosey said it looked like hills and valleys. On one side of the house nearest the kitchen the snow was piled higher than Charlie's head. Mamma said she did not know how black Aunt Patsey could get through it to bring in the breakfast.

"There must be a path clear through this snow," said papa. "I would do it myself if I had time; but I must be at my office early this morning." Then he looked at Charlie. "Do you think you could do it, my son?"

"I, papa! Why, it is higher than my head! How could a little boy like me cut a path through that deep snow?"

"How? Why, by doing it *little by little*. Suppose you try; and if I find a nice path cleared when I come home to dinner, you shall have the sled you wished for."

So Charlie got his wooden snow shovel and set to work. He threw first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work.

"I don't think I can do it, mamma," he said. "A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow to be cleared away."

"Little by little, Charlie," said his mamma. "That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made."

"Yes, mamma; and if I throw it away shovelful by shovelful, it will all be gone at last. So I will keep on trying."

Charlie soon had a space cleared from the snow, and as he worked on, the path grew longer. By-and-by it reached quite up to the kitchen door. It looked like a little street between snow-white walls.

When papa came home to dinner, he was pleased to see what his little boy had done. Next day he gave Charlie a fine blue sled, and on it was painted its name, in yellow letters, "*Little by Little*."

The boys all wanted to know how it came to have such a name. And when they learned about it, I think it was a lesson to them as well as to Charlie.—Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, in *Our Little Ones*.

DO IT NOW.

Because, if you don't do it now, it will probably be much harder to do when it must be done. If this is the next duty in order, do not shirk it. It may not be pleasant, but it will not probably get any pleasanter from being put off. It is not a good plan to gratify your personal preferences by letting one duty jostle out another. Procrastination is indeed a theft. It is a great blunder to consider it only a theft of time. It robs you not alone of time and an equivalent which may be reckoned in money, but of moral force, of strong sinewy purpose, and of all the results which come from prompt and decisive action. It makes you a slave instead of a ready, cheerful doer.