

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### A ROBINSON CRUSOE DOG.

Some twenty years ago, or perhaps a little less, I remember how my sympathies were stirred by the story of a great Newfoundland dog, who was lost on a strip of rugged shore, under a cliff at Niagara Falls. The rock above him reached over the water; and there was no approach from below. At intervals he was seen walking up and down his dreary beat, dismally howling, for weeks and months together. It was supposed that he lived upon fish and such small animals as may have strayed into his poor hunting grounds. At best it must have been a precarious living, as we all know dogs' facilities for fishing are not even so good as a cat's.

No way seemed to exist by which he could be restored to civilized life. No doubt his wretched case made him a misanthrope, for once a man with the heart of a Mr. Bergh made a daring attempt to get him. But the dog's ferocity drove him back, and he was left alone to his fate. Plainly he had returned to the savage wildness of his ancestors, and seeing he was not disposed to be civil, less interest and sympathy was expended upon him.

How he came there was the problem no one could solve. It was easy to make up a pathetic theory that he was hunting for a lost master whom he had followed into those perilous waters, but it was all guess-work. Most likely he had been washed down the river and by good or bad luck had caught on these jagged rocks and had been spared a little longer to meet at length a still more painful death.

I have often thought I would like to hear the dog's side of the story, and to read a journal of his adventures day after day: I think it would read well and be full of excitement. How he came out no one ever knew, but his troubles have long been over. It seems a pity to have a dog placed in such a position, but it is trifling compared with the case of a poor man who hung unto a rock in that same fatal river, hour after hour, while everything was done that could be done to float ropes to him that might draw him ashore. But all help failed, and his strength too gave out, and he yielded to his inevitable fate. The whole country was watching, by telegraph, and a thrill of sorrow passed over the land when his sad end was told.—*Olive, in Lutheran Observer.*

### FROM APRIL TO MAY.

"Bessy is my sunshine, and Margaret is my April day," said mamma, as the two little figures stood at her knee.

A smile of the veriest sunshine spread itself all over little Bessy's face, as she went back to her play in another part of the room. But Margaret lingered, looking wistfully up into her mother's face, a tear half gathering in the blue eye, though she said nothing. The Mother drew her closer and whispered, "I wish the showers and storms could stay away, and both my little girls be sunshiny all the time."

"Mamma, do you mean because I cry and get mad?"

"Yes."

The little face dropped and a finger went up to the corner of her mouth. Mrs. Marshman touched the downcast forehead with loving lips, and said:—

"April comes first in the spring, little girl, with sometimes rain and sometimes sunshine, and such beautiful, beautiful flowers. And so my darling, if you try very hard, and ask God to help you, you may yet turn to a May day, and your sunshine will be all the lovelier because it was so hard for you."

By this time the little face was wholly hidden against mother's breast, and remained there for a good while, when she, too, strayed off to her play, but the earnest look did not pass away; and many a time when a storm or shower seemed brewing, a determined little smile would come first, as a rainbow, in answer to the mother's anxious look, and then like the sun breaking through the clouds, it would flood her whole face with real May sunshine, and the mother would whisper encouragingly, "Ah, my Margaret, what a happy time it will be when my little April day changes to a bright, beautiful May day!"

### HEAVENLY VISITORS.

"Let me in," said the Sunbeam,  
As it flickered through the wood  
And found a tiny hillock  
Where some purple violets stood  
"Let me in, to bring you light and warmth,  
I'll do you only good.  
"Let me in," said the Sunbeam,  
As it flickered through the wood.

"Let me in," said the Raindrop,  
As it gently pattered down  
On the dry grass of a garden,  
In the hot and dusty town—  
"Let me in to the rootlets  
That are growing parched and brown—  
"Let me in," said the Raindrop,  
As it gently pattered down.

"Let me in," says God's Spirit,  
In accents soft and low,  
To human hearts, made cold and hard  
By sinfulness and woe,—  
"Let me in, for I will bring you joy  
That angels cannot know.  
"Let me in," says God's Spirit,  
In accents soft and low.

O, blessed rain and sunshine!  
Could grass and flowers find voice,  
How gladly would they greet you,  
And how would they rejoice!  
And shall the hearts of mortals  
Refuse a welcoming word  
To the "still small voice" that tells them  
Of the coming of their Lord?

—Interior.

### A CONTENTED CHILD.

During a time of famine in France a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket is a loaf for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children, seizing the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, and gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a

loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

### TOMMY'S LESSON.

"I thought when a boy was big enough to have a slate and book and go to school, he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way he wanted to. So I did not go straight down the road, as my mamma told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, 'Bow-wow-wow!' And there was a big dog running right at me.

"Didn't I run! That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over, and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my collar, so I had to go home to mamma.

"She said, 'Ah, Tommy, boy, people never get to old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that.'

"And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school—cause I didn't go."

### OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The oldest tree in the world, says "Knowledge," so far as any one knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapura, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B. C., and is therefore now 2,170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A.D., 223 A.D., and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical fig-tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall. The king oak in Windsor Forest, England, is 1,000 years old.

"Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed: but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded."—*Prov. xiii. 13.*

ONCE Eva was naughty, and mamma had to frown at her. "O, mamma," she cried, "don't shut up your forehead that way, 'cause then I know you're going to scold!"