

YOUNG CANADA.

THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE
OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

A three-year-old child in Morelead city, North Carolina, was brought here a month ago to recover from an attack of fever. One day a strolling Italian made his appearance with a large cluster of those red, bladder-like balloons. Major Hawkins, of Alabama, to amuse the child, tied a cord around her waist, and then gave her a toss of five or six feet in the air, and held out his hands for her return. "Great God! she is gone," cried the major, as he saw her rapidly going up, up, up, until she had passed the house-tops. Floating in the clouds with outstretched hands, the little child could be heard distinctly calling: "Mamma! mamma! mamma!" until her voice became drowned by the whistling of the winds.

"All to your boats!" shouted old Captain Dixou, "and never a son of a man turn back until that child is brought to its mammy!"

Minutes appeared as hours, and the babe was floating southeast like a kite, and would be out over the Atlantic in less than no time. Away went twenty or more well-manned boats amid the shouts of men and screams of women and children. These boats were joined by a like number from Beaufort, all of which kept as near under the little child in the cloud as possible. Mr. Charles J. Voorhees, of the Southern Express Company, with a party of gentlemen, were out taking a sail. Mr. Voorhees is one of the most expert riflemen in the country, and had on board his Smith & Wesson rifle.

"Bang!" went the rifle—but no change in position. Again, again and again—at the fifth shot one balloon disappeared, amid the shouts of the boatmen. At the eighth shot it became evident that the balloons could no longer carry the weight of the little floating child, as she was gradually descending, not in a straight line, but in a southeast direction, toward Harker's Island—but whether dead or alive none could tell. Down, down, down she comes, as gently as if handled by human hands, and to fall in a cradle of sand.

To land, to land! and all put to shore as fast as sails would propel the boats. Then began the race for the baby, and she had come down on a sand bank only a few hundred yards distant. With fear and trembling all ran up, Ben Piver in front. "Gentlemen," says he, "she's alive and kicking." There sat little Birdie, playing with a lot of shells, and as she was picked up she clung to a handful saying: "Dese sels for mamma."

At the wharf, after everything seemed safe, then little Birdie came the nearest of losing her life. Colonel Whitford, a man of generous impulses, seized the little child in his arms, and at a lightning speed started for its mother, who was then lying in an unconscious state. But before the kindhearted colonel had gone far, amid the dense crowd and confusion, he ran off the wharf into the water eight feet deep. Several jumped overboard and aided him in landing his prize. The child was none the worse for the ducking.

LITTLE SHEPHERD DOGS.

The best of these dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, with their hands in their breeches, doing nothing.

But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loath to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted off towards the forest. I said, "That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head or wag her tail even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and, while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often the scene comes back to me—the vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature, with her sore foot and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canyons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep! —*Dio Lewis.*

WHY SHOULD HE BE GRATEFUL?

"I must say it is discouraging to parents to see a child turn out as ungrateful as Bert Woodruff, so bound up as his mother has always been in him, and as much as she has done for his happiness. What presents she always bought for him on birthdays and at Christmas times! How she denied herself to furnish him the nicest clothes that came into Sunday school, and to give him the choicest lunches at the day school! 'They made all the other children envious. So it was away up to his manhood, and see how little he cares for her now!'"

"Poor Bert, and poor mother! She is but reaping as she has sowed. I fear she has no great claim upon him for gratitude."

"What, after all she has done?"

"He certainly could not be grateful for the ungoverned temper that makes him so unpopular among all his associates. A different course in childhood would have prevented great trouble for him and for others. Nor can he be very grateful for a digestion so impaired by rich, unsuitable food which he cried for in his childhood, but which now brings on him a thousand miseries. Added to it is an appetite formed on such a basis, while to gratify it produces a pain that to his passionate temper seems unbearable. 'I may thank you for this horrid dyspepsia,' I have heard him say, with bitterness, to his mother. He cannot be very grateful to her for his empty mind, which was the result of her weak yielding to his entreaties to stay at home whenever lessons were hard; nor for his unskilled hands, which were never taught any useful work by which they might earn their honest bread. But his lost opportunities of acquiring a noble character are the saddest grounds of complaint against his over-indulgent mother.

"Depend upon it, our children will not 'arise up and call us blessed' unless we have given them true reason for doing so. Where have you ever seen a boy brought up to industrious habits, with a well-informed mind and a sound heart in a healthy body, whose childhood was blessed with home love, who has proved ungrateful to the parents who trained him? The old promise does hold true yet, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' nor be ungrateful for it."

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No? Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is the way to obtain it. While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the biggest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin, tough paper, the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief crony, with round specks for dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on the side of the apple which is now turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem. As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which have shut out the reddening rays of the sun, having kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently, "Why what are those queer marks on that apple up there?" You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the little ones; and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.—*St. Nicholas.*

The stoutest timber stands on Norwegian rocks, where tempests rage, and long, hard winters reign. The muscles are seen most fully developed in the brawny arm that pries the blacksmith's hammer. Even so, the most vigorous and healthy piety is that which is the busiest, which has difficulties to battle with, and has its hands full of good works.