

Month's Department.

STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

WITH A MORAL.

A certain gentleman was, once on a time, digging a deep hole in his garden. He had, as I myself had in my younger days, a perfect passion for digging holes, for the mere pleasure of doing it; but the hole which he was now digging was by far the deepest which he had ever attempted. At last he became perfectly fascinated, and carried away by his pursuit, and actually had his dinner let down to him by a bucket. Well, he dug on, late and early, when, just as he was plunging his spade with great energy for a new dig, he penetrated right through, and fell down, down to the centre of the earth.

To his astonishment, he landed upon the top of a coach, which was passing at the time, and soon found himself perfectly at home, and began to enter into conversation with the passenger opposite to him, a very gentlemanly-looking man, enveloped entirely in a black cloak. He soon found out that the country into which his lot had fallen was a very strange one. Its peculiarities were thus stated, by his gentlemanly fellow-passenger. "Ours, sir," said he, "is called the country of Skitzland. All the Skitzlanders are born with all their limbs and features perfect; but when they arrive at a certain age, all their limbs and features which have not been used drop off leaving only the bones behind. It is rather dark this evening, or you would have seen this more plainly. Look forward there at our coachman; he consists simply of a stomach and hands, these being the only things he has ever used. Those two whom you see chatting together are brothers in misfortune; one is a clergyman, the other a lawyer; they have neither of them got any legs at all, though each of them possesses a finely developed understanding; and you cannot help remarking what a massive jaw the lawyer has got. Yonder is Mr. — the celebrated millionaire, — he is just raising his hat; you see he has lost all the top part of his head, indeed, he has little of his head left, except the bump of acquisitiveness and the faculty of arithmetical calculation. There are two ladies, members of the fashionable world: their case is very pitiable, they consist of nothing whatever but a pair of eyes and a bundle of nerves. There are two members of the mercantile world: they are munching some sandwiches, you see, but it is merely for the sake of keeping up appearances, as I can assure you, from my own personal knowledge, that they have no digestive organs whatever. As for myself, I am a schoolmaster. I have been a hard student all my life, at school and at college, and moreover I have had a natural sympathy with

my fellow-men, and so I am blessed with a brain and heart entire. But see here. And he lifted up his cloak, and lo! underneath, a skeleton, save just here! "See here are the limbs I never used, and therefore they have deserted me. All the solace I now have, consists in teaching the young children to avoid a similar doom. I sometimes show them what I have shown you. I labor hard to convince them that most assuredly the same misfortune will befall them which has happened to me and to all the grown-up inhabitants; but even then, I grieve to say, I cannot always succeed. Many believe that they will be lucky enough to escape, and some of the grown-up inhabitants pad themselves, and so cheat the poor children into the belief that they are all right, though all the elder ones know better. You will now perceive the reason why all the gentlemen you see wear such tight pantaloons: they pretend it is fashionable, but in reality it is in order to prevent their false legs from tumbling out. Surely my case is miserable enough; my only hope consists in the idea of educating the rising generation to do better. No doubt it is easy to persuade them to do so in the country from which you come, but I assure you, added he, with a heartfelt sigh, that it is sometimes very hard to do so here. Nearly all of us, then, have lost something of our bodies. Some have no head, some no legs, some no heart, and so on: the less a man has lost, the higher he ranks in the social scale; and our aristocracy the governing body, consists of the few individuals who have used all their faculties, and therefore now possess them all."

"At this moment a dreadful earthquake broke out, and an extempore volcano shot the gentleman who had listened to this interesting narration right up to the crust of the earth again, and by a strange and fortunate chance, shot him up into the very hole which he had been digging, and he discovered himself lying down at the bottom of the hole, feeling just as if he had awakened from a dream; and to his surprise he heard distinctly the voice of his wife crying out from the top, "Come, come, dear, you're very late, and supper is getting quite cold!"

"The name of the country of Skitzland, transformed into the vulgar tongue, is the planet Earth, and America is one of the portions thereof. If we were to look round in a circuit of a hundred miles, how many of the Skitzland aristocracy should we find, think you? What a dropping off of limbs and features there would be, if the letter of the law of Skitzland were carried out! But it is absolutely certain that this is in effect the law of nature, which does not act, it is true, all in a moment, but which slowly but truly tends to this. The Hindoo ties up an arm for years together, as a penance, thinking thereby he does Brahma service; the limb,

with fatal sureness, withers away, and rots. The prisoner in solitary confinement has his mind and faculties bound, fettered, and tied, and, by a law as fixed as that which keeps the stars in their places, the said prisoner's mind grows weaker, feebler, less sane, day by day. School-children are confined six long hours in a close school-room, sitting in an unvarying posture, their lungs breathing corrupted air, no single limb moving as it ought to move, not the faintest shadow of attention being paid to heart, lungs, digestive organs, legs, or arms, all these being bound down and tied, as it were; and so, by the stern edict of Heaven, which, when man was placed upon earth, decreed that the faculties unused should weaken and fail, we see around us, thousands of unhealthy children, whose brains are developed at the expense of their bodies, the ultimate consequence of which will be deterioration of brain as well as body.

How many thousands of our farmers, whose limbs may be strong, possess brains which are allowed to lay dormant, with no more sense, knowledge, or fore-thought than the animals around them. Every family should take an agricultural paper. Those that do not will regret it, and the young family will be deficient in knowledge, intellect, power and wealth. You should always have the best, whether it is seed or a paper, be sure that the editor of any paper you may take has the interest of your class at heart.

Why is a lovely young maiden like a mouse?
Because one charms the *he's* and the other harms
the *cheese*.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES.

COUNTY OF HALTON, Stewart Town,
March 6th, 1868.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—You stated in your last "Farmer's Advocate," that you would give this paper free to any boy or girl under sixteen, for three months, who sent correct answers to the questions on page forty-five, and as I have not quite arrived at that age, I will attempt to answer them. The answer I have found to the Anagram is—

'Tis Geography we learn,
As we chant and sing together;
So usefully we'll spend our time,
In doing what's a pleasure.

A milkmaid is the best kind of a cow-bell,
(belle.)

The best way to secure a good crop is to send to the editor of the "Farmer's Advocate" and procure some good seed, when you will be sure of it.

The puzzle-picture represents four horses, two of which are dashing along at full speed, while the other two appear as if falling over a precipice, or throwing his rider over his head.

I remain a close observer of your paper,
M. Cross.

This takes the Prize.