

Our Young Folks.

They Didn't Think.

Once a trap was baited.
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze
An old rat said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I don't think that you know."
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.
Closed the trap together
Snapped, as quick as a wink,
Catching "mousey" fast there,
"Cause he didn't think!

Once a little turkey,
Fired of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went; but Mr. Fox,
Hiding, saw her pass:
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she was a supper
Ere the sun did sink,
"Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside,
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no!" said the mother;
"You must stay here with me,
Little bird's are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Ere he'd time to blink.
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows,
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows,
But when you're warned of ruin
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
"Cause you didn't think!

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARRIL.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK'S FARM.

It was quite an ordinary-looking farm-yard and quite an ordinary-looking cow, but she stared so earnestly up at Davy that he felt positively certain she had something to say to him. "Every creature I meet does have something to say," he thought, "and I should really like to hear a cow— and just at this moment the cab-door suddenly flew open and he pitched head-foremost out upon a pile of hay in the farm-yard and rolled from it off upon the ground. As he sat up, feeling exceedingly foolish, he looked anxiously at the cow, expecting to see her laughing at his misfortune, but she stood gazing at him with a very serious expression of countenance, solemnly chewing, and slowly swishing her tail from side to side. As Davy really didn't know how to begin a conversation with a cow, he waited for her to speak first, and there was consequently a long pause. Presently the Cow said, in a melancholy, loving tone of voice:

"Are you a market-gardener?"
"No," said Davy. "Why?"
"Because," said the Cow, mournfully, "there's a feather red growing in the vegetable garden, and I thought you might explain how it came here."
"That's very curious," said Davy.
"Curious, but comfortable for the pig," said the Cow. "He's taken to sleeping there, lately. He calls it his quill pen."
"That's a capital name for it," said Davy, laughing. "What else is there in the garden?"
"Nothing but the bean stalk," said the Cow. "You've heard of 'Jack and the bean-stalk,' haven't you?"
"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Davy, beginning to be very much interested. "I should like to see the bean-stalk."
"You can't see the beans talk," said the Cow, gravely. "You might hear them talk—that is, if they had anything to say, and you listened long enough. By the way

that's the house the Jack built. Pretty, isn't it?"

Davy turned and looked up at the house. It certainly was a very pretty house, built of bright red brick with little gables, and dormer-windows in the roof, and with a trim little porch quite overgrown with climbing roses. But it had a very comical appearance, for all that, as the cab-door was standing wide open in the walk just a little above the porch. Suddenly an idea struck him, and he exclaimed:

"Then you must be the cow with a crumpled horn!"

"It's not crumpled," said the Cow with great dignity. "There's a slight crimp in it, to be sure, but nothing that can properly be called a crump. Then the story was all wrong about my tossing the dog. It was the cat that ate the malt. He was a Maltese cat, and his name was Flippiegilder."

"Did you toss him?" inquired Davy.

"Certainly not," said the Cow, indignantly. "Who ever heard of a cow tossing a cat? The fact is, I've never had a fair chance to toss anything. As for the dog, Mother Hubbard never permitted any liberties to be taken with him."

"I'd dearly love to see Mother Hubbard," said Davy, eagerly.

"Well, you can," said the Cow, indifferently. "She isn't much to see. If you'll go in at the kitchen window, you'll probably find her performing on the piano and singing a song. She's always at it."

Davy stole softly to the kitchen window and peeped in, and, as the Cow had said, Mother Hubbard was there, sitting at the piano and evidently just preparing to sing. The piano was very remarkable, and Davy could not remember ever having seen one like it before. The top of it was arranged with shelves on which stood all the kitchen crockery, and in the under part of it, at one end, was an oven with glass doors, through which he could see several pies baking.

Mother Hubbard was dressed, just as he expected, in a very ornamental flowered gown with high heeled shoes and buckles, and wore a tall pointed hat over her nightcap. She was so like the pictures Davy had seen of her that he thought he would have recognized her anywhere. She sang in a high key with a very quavering voice, and this was the song:

"I had an educated pug,
His name was Tommy Jones;
He lived upon the parlor rug,
Exclusively on bones."

"I went to a secluded room
To get one from a shelf;
It wasn't there, and I presume
He'd gone and helped himself."

"He had an entertaining trick
Of feigning he was dead;
Then, with a reassuring kick,
Would stand upon his head."

"I could not take the proper change
And go to buy him shoes,
But what he'd sit upon the range
And read the latest news."

"And when I ventured out one day
To order him a coat,
I found him, in his artless way,
Carreering on a goat."

"I could not go to look at hate
But that, with childish glee,
He'd ask in all the neighbors' cats
To join him at his tea!"

While Mother Hubbard was singing this song, little handfuls of gravel were constantly thrown at her through one of the kitchen windows, and by the time the song was finished, her lap was quite full of it.

"I'd just like to know who is throwing that gravel," said Davy, indignantly.

"It's Gobobbles," said the Cow, calmly. "You'll find him around at the front of the house. By the way, have you any chewing-gum about you?"

"No," said Davy, greatly surprised at the question.

"So I supposed," said the Cow. "It's precisely what I should expect of a person who would fall out of a cab."

"But I couldn't help that," said Davy.

"Of course you couldn't," said the Cow, yawning indolently. "It's precisely what I should expect of a person who hadn't any chewing-gum."

And with this the cow walked gravely away, just as Mother Hubbard, made her appearance at the window.

"Boy," said Mother Hubbard, beaming mildly upon Davy through her spectacles, "you shouldn't throw gravel."

"I haven't thrown any," said Davy.

"Fie!" said Mother Hubbard, shaking her head; "always speak the truth."

"I am speaking the truth," said Davy, indignantly. "It was Gobobbles."

"So I supposed," said Mother Hubbard, gently shaking her head again. "It would have been far better if he had been cooked last Christmas instead of being left over. Stuffing him and then letting him go has made a very proud creature of him. You should never be proud."

"I'm not proud," replied Davy, provoked at being mixed up with Gobobbles in this way.

"You may define the word proud, and give a few examples," continued Mother Hubbard, and Davy was just noticing with astonishment that she was beginning to look exactly like old Miss Peggs, his school-teacher, when a thumping sound was heard, and the next moment Gobobbles came tearing around the corner of the house, and Mother Hubbard threw up her hands with a little shriek and disappeared from the window.

Gobobbles proved to be a large and very bold-mannered turkey, with all his feathers taken off except a frowsy tuft about his neck. He was pounding his chest with his wings in a very disagreeable manner, and altogether his appearance was so formidable that Davy was half inclined to take to his heels at once; but Gobobbles stopped short upon seeing him, and, discontinuing his pounding, stared at him suspiciously for a moment, and then said:

"I can't abide boys!"

"Why not?" said Davy.

"Oh, they're so hungry!" said Gobobbles, passionately. "They're so everlastingly hungry. Now, don't deny that you're fond of turkey."

"Well, I do like turkey," said Davy, seeing no way out of the difficulty.

"Of course you do!" said Gobobbles, tossing his head. "Now, you might as well know," he continued, resuming his thumping with increased energy, "that I'm as hollow as a drum and as tough as a hat-box. Just mention that fact to any one you meet, will you? I suppose Christmas is coming, of course."

"Of course it is," replied Davy.

"It's always coming!" said Gobobbles, angrily; and with this he strutted away, pounding himself like a bass-drum.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor Master Reynard.

A well-known member of Parliament and Master of the Fox Hounds, recently related the following, which, being strictly true, may not be without interest to our readers.

Last year the huntsman of the Wirral (Cheshire) Harriers had a young fox offered to him by a laboring man, and effected its purchase for the modest sum of thirty shillings. He immediately set about making arrangements for a day's run with the harriers with all the enthusiasm of an old fox-hunter, and gloried in the prospect of a rattling burst across the country. But, just as everything was settled, a severe frost set in, and continued for more than a month, so that all prospect of sport was at an end.

Meanwhile, however, the fox must of course be fed, and this duty devolved upon the huntsman, who made him as comfortable as a fox in confinement could possibly be. He soon became quite the pet of the household, and the children grew so fond of the furry little fellow, with his bright eyes and kittenish ways, that they could not bear the thought of parting with him; and Reynard himself seemed to feel quite at home, in blissful ignorance of the future.

Even the huntsman himself grew quite attached to him, and when at last the frost broke up, it was with very different feelings to those he had previously entertained that he set about the preparations for the run.

In due time, however, the field assembled, huntsmen and hounds all the more eager for the enforced delay. A "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," the landscape glittering with the morning dew, and gay with scarlet and green. The fox was turned out, and after a few minutes' "grace" the whole field started in hot pursuit.

Poor Reynard soon took in the situation, and, with that cunning for which he is celebrated, not unmixed with a certain other quality with which he is not usually credited—I mean trustfulness of disposition—he doubled upon his pursuers and made straight for the horses.

With wonderful sagacity, considering his terror and distress, he singled out his quon dam friend, the huntsman, and, without a moment's hesitation—which would have cost the poor brute his life, for he was then almost in the very jaws of the dogs—he leaped upon the saddle and nestled closely against his red-coated protector. His panting breath and piteous eyes were too much for the heart against which his own was beating, and his life was spared.

Under these circumstances the hunt was abandoned, and Master Reynard was so relieved. He was once more installed as the family pet.

Is it Ever Right to Lie?

Is it ever right to lie? This is one of the questions that used to be much discussed in boys' debating societies. We well remember taking our part in such discussions. In theory boys are apt to be rather severe moralists. To the best of our recollection the preponderance of opinion among the boys was generally against falsehood in all its forms.

"I defy gentlemen on the other side," a young orator once exclaimed, "to mention an instance of justifiable lying!"

"Well, Mr. President," replied one of the boys, "I offer the celebrated falsehood uttered by the Constable de Bourbon before the walls of Rome. He lay upon the ground mortally wounded, his life fast ebbing away. Some soldiers came rushing on to the assault, and not recognizing their general in the dying man asked him if it was true that Constable de Bourbon had been killed. The expiring chief, unwilling to discourage his troops replied,—

"Bourbon is at the front. March on!"

This story was at first a poser to the lads, and it was contended, on the other side, that war reverses some of the most binding rules of morality, and even makes killing men a meritorious act. How much more would it justify a falsehood, spoken by a dying man for a noble purpose? Nevertheless, in all ordinary conditions, killing is murder, and lying is base.

At this point of the debate, up started a little fellow in a back seat, and asked "the gentleman in the affirmative" what was his authority for the anecdote, adding that the story itself might be a falsehood.

Such indeed it proved! The first speaker had found the anecdote in his French Reader, but on referring the next day to the accredited history of the Constable de Bourbon, he found no trace of the supposed heroic lie. The dying commander merely told some of his comrades standing near to cover him with a cloak, so that the soldiers might not be discouraged from continuing the attack by seeing their general dead.

The discovery of the truth put a merited stigma upon the falsehood, and led most of the young debaters to the conclusion that lying is wrong even when it seems to be most justified by circumstances, and does injury in the cases where it seems to do nothing but good.

At the first thought nothing would appear to be more harmless than a story made up to increase the glory of a brave man; say, for example, the hatchet story told of George Washington. We find, however, that such inventions often do more harm than the most malignant calumnies.

We side with the boys. Lying may not always be base; but it is as wrong as it is unwise. Think it over.

It is a mistake for fathers to toil all their life that their children may escape toil all theirs. Suppose the calculation correct, and permanent illiness secured for the next generation, what evidence is there that the boys and girls will be happier and better for it? The boys will be exposed to the devices of "sharks," and the girls to those of fortune-hunters. Leave something for them also to do.

To lose sight of the end in the eager use of means, to forego results gained for the sake of results imagined, to live in a perpetual climb without admitting that we have climbed at all, to hope without ever recognizing "the substance of things hoped for," is a sort of slow suicide. It sacrifices life itself in the effort to improve it. Life passes away and slips from us while we are preparing to live. We lose realities while dreaming of its possibilities.