

# Our Children's Corner.

## Good Morning.

"O I am so happy!" the little girl said. As she sprang like a leaf from the low trundle bed.

"This morning, bright morning! Good morning, traps!"

O give me one kiss for good morning, mamma! Only just look at my pretty canopy. Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary. The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes. Good morning to you, Mister Sun, for you rise early, to wake up my birdie and me. And make us as happy as happy can be.

"Happy may be, my dear little girl!" And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl. "Happy you can be, but that of the One Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."

The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod.

"Mamma, may I say, then, Good morning to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may—Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray. Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes looking up earnestly into the skies; And two little hands folded over each other, softly she laid on the lap of her mother—

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said;

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed; For taking good care of me all the dark night; And waking me up with the beautiful light; O keep me from naughtiness all the day, Bless Jesus, who taught little children to pray." An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled, But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child.

## The Gifts God Lends.

God entrusts to all, talents few or many; None so young and small, that they have not any.

Though the great and wise, have a greater number, Yet my one I prize, and I must not slumber. God will surely ask, ere I enter heaven, Have I done the task, which to me was given? Little drops of rain, bring the springing flowers; And I may attain, with little powers. Every little mite, every little measure, Helps to spread the light, helps to swell the treasure.

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## Kindness to our Parents.

Not long since as I took my seat in the car for a day's ride, I observed, seated opposite me, an elderly lady and a middle-aged gentleman, who, I inferred from some casual remarks, had been travelling a day or two. It was a very early hour in the morning, and the lady apparently was sleeping.

We rode in silence for some time, when the lady awoke, and I heard the gentleman address her as mother. His dignified, unobtrusive manner, and the tender, deferential tone of his voice, at once drew my attention to him, and having no company, my eyes and my thoughts were my own.

All the tender care which a mother could bestow on an infant child, was given by that son to his mother. The slightest movement on her part to adjust her fur, or cloak, or overcoat, or any change of position, called forth his ready hand in assistance, and the inquiries, "Are you comfortable, mother? Do you feel tired? Lay your head on my shoulder, and rest yourself?"

At noon the cars stopped for the passengers to obtain refreshments. It was the morning tea for the mother; and she, out of the car, and the son brought her a cup of coffee.

"Is it just right, mother?" he inquired, as she tasted it.

"A little more cream would make it better; it is, however, very good as it is," was her reply.

"Let me get you some more."

"No, my son, it will make you too much trouble; it is very good as it is."

He went out and soon returned with the cream, and poured a little into the coffee, and then a little more, till it was "just right."

He then sat down by her side, and I heard him say, in the same low tone of voice that at first attracted my attention, "I am glad, mother, that I can do any thing to make you comfortable, it is such a pleasure to me."

"I thank you, my son," she replied in the same spirit and tone of voice as that of her son. Beautiful, thought I, as I quietly watched them, and saw manifested their mutual love and confidence. My mind went back to the time when this son, now in manhood's strength, was a little helpless infant, and I pictured that mother watching over him, caring for him with a solicitude such as mothers only can feel. And through all the years of childhood and youth up to manhood, the watchful eye was ever over him, the guiding hand ever ready to lead, and a mother's love ever ready to restrain him from doing wrong. Now it is his turn, when life's meridian with her is past, and the infirmities of age are creeping on, to repay, in some degree, for all the labor bestowed on him, and faithfully and affectionately do him fulfilling his duty.

How many grown up sons there are who seem to feel it beneath them to show any tenderness for their mothers! It is feminine, they say. They will perform acts of kindness, but in a business kind of way, or because it is their duty, little dreaming that they are crushing the maternal spirit by such cold, heartless acts.

Acts of kindness, done in the spirit manifested in the incident above mentioned, have an untold influence. The pathway down to the grave would be cheered, made even joyful, and old age would be exempt from much of the gloom that is often experienced.

The reflex influence is also great. A young man who is habitually tender of his mother, and deferential to her, will make a good citizen, a true friend, and will be faithful in all the walks of life.—The Witness.

## Death in a Home of the London Poor.

A friend of mine, seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door, which led into a room reaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said, "Come in," and he went in. There was no light; but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of cloths and shavings, a boy, about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy.

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Where is your mother?"

"Mother's dead."

"Where is your father?"

"Hiding. What for?"

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"Father got drunk, and beat me, because I would not steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, Sir; I was a thief once."

These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it; it is their profession.

"Then why wouldn't you steal for him now?"

"Because I went to the ragged-school, and they told me, 'Thou shalt not steal; and they told me of God and heaven. I will never steal, Sir, if my father kills me.'"

Said my friend, "I don't know what to do with you; here is a shilling; I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it for a moment, and then said, "But please, Sir, wouldn't you like to hear me sing my little hymn?"

My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten as he lay there, he could sing a hymn; but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then, in a sweet voice, he sang—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Thy sinfulness suffer me to come to Thee.

"Pain I would to Thee be brought; Gracious God, forbid it not: Give me, O my God! a place In the kingdom of Thy grace."

"That's my little hymn, Sir! good bye."

The gentleman went again in the morning, went up stairs, knocked at the door: no answer; opened it, and went in. The shilling lay upon the floor. There lay the boy, with a smile upon his face: he was dead! In the night he had gone home. Thank God, that He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond, free, old or young. He sends His angels to the homes of the poor and the destitute, the degraded and the wicked, to take His blood-bought little ones to His own bosom.

## Agriculture.

### How to Keep a Pig.

As the sty is the first thing to be provided, let this be built of rough materials, say six feet square, with a raised floor, sloping in a trifling degree towards the corner near the opening. The roof must be of tiles or slates; the whole sides and front, weather tight. The opening should be about two feet wide, but no door. Outside this, roll a space off as large as you can afford (the more room the pig has the better he thrives); on this outer place there must be a door to enter for the purpose of cleaning, as well as for the accommodation of the tenants. Let the outer space be paved or concreted in a solid substantial manner. If twenty sows are required, this should be something like the plan of all: the only improvement that could be made would be in the size, which might be increased. However, we are providing for only one sow, or a couple of sows. The outer place should slope a little towards the door, for the facility for cleaning. A substantial vessel to hold wash, and occasionally water, should be one piece of furniture, and the trough for the food another, with a good litter of straw inside, the pig-house may be said to be furnished.

Of the various breeds and cross breeds of pigs, there would be useless to say much; they have been crossed in every direction, till every breeder claims his pig a breed of his own; and we are as wise, after looking at fifty alleged sorts, and if we had only one, as to choose between them. In a little treatise on the pig, there are nearly thirty breeds and crosses mentioned, and if every cross was recognized, there would be as many as there are feeders. In selecting a pig, look for a good square body and short legs and head, and there will not be much amiss; for unless the pedigree is furnished handed down like those of horses, and gruntes are named like racers, none will know Tom Nokes' improved Essex from Jim Styles' improved Sussex; and so of the rest. A well formed pig cannot be a bad sort; judge for yourselves, therefore, and select that that can be accounted by a stranger whom you know. If you are keeping them for killing, buy two of the sty is large enough to accommodate them unless they fight. Once place them in possession of the mansion, and a few good feeds will soon reconcile them to their situation. As pigs are not very dainty in their food, all you have to care for is that, however coarse, it is wholesome. Save for them the water that anything, even greens are boiled in; but the food should not be given sloppily, whether it be meal of any kind, middlings, bran, or otherwise. Let what moisture you put to be scalded hot, and do not make it thin; let it be of the consistency of very thick pudding, such as the spoon will stand upright in. Let the animal go to his wash or water-trough for his drink. Grains from home brewing are good for them; but the ordinary brewers' grains have little nourishment.

If pigs can have a run on a common, give them a good meal the first thing in the morning, and when they come at night; they will forage during the day, and thereby amuse, if they do not satisfy themselves. They will never be required to be fetched home, for the comfortable meal and good feed will do all that. While they are thus a mother's love ever ready to restrain him from doing wrong. Now it is his turn, when life's meridian with her is past, and the infirmities of age are creeping on, to repay, in some degree, for all the labor bestowed on him, and faithfully and affectionately do him fulfilling his duty.

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