

## YOUNG CANADA.

## "I WOULD IF I COULD."

"I would if I could,"  
Though much it's in use,  
Is but a mistaken  
And flimsy excuse;  
And many a person  
Who *could* if he *would*,  
Is often heard saying,  
"I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a schoolboy,  
"I wish you would try  
To do this hard problem,  
And don't you deny."  
But John at that moment  
Was not in the mood,  
And yawningly answered,  
"I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion,  
In tattered rags clad,  
Stood a poor woman begging  
A morsel of bread;  
The rich man scarce heeded,  
While trembling she stood,  
And answered her coldly,  
"I would if I could."

The scholar receiving  
His teacher's advice;  
The sweaver admonished  
To shun such a vice;  
The child when requested  
To try and be good—  
Of all give the same answer,  
"I would if I could."

But if we may credit  
What good people say,  
That "where's a strong will is  
There's always a way,"  
And whatever *ought* to be  
Can be and *should* be,  
We never need utter  
"I would if I could."

—S. S. Visitor.

## SUSIE'S LITTLE SISTER.

"Mamma, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her away."

"Give away your little sister, Elsie!"

"Yes, I'm just tired of her noise."

"But if you and I don't love the poor sick baby well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would."

"I'd love her if she didn't cry so much."

"Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma."

"Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying, either."

"Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie," and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken and the picture book she had torn.

In half an hour she came back to the sitting-room.

"Is Elsie in the crib?" she asked.

"Come and see," her mother said, smiling.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her little sister's place.

"Oh! mamma, where's Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"This is a nice little boy," her mother said. "He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and—"

"I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie? You haven't given her away, have you?" And Susie cried harder than she had done for a month.

"Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a

little while ago," Mrs. Gage said, "and I asked her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?"

"No, no, I don't," Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. "If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries, or pull my playthings away from her, or—anything."

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

"You can take Teddy home with you," Mrs. Gage said. "Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes."

Mrs. Gage went upstairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddy was as still as a mouse.

"I like her forty times the best," she said over and over again, "because she's my own little sister. Teddy isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder." And perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did.—*Zion's Herald*.

## THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

Resting under a tree, the poor little girl knew not what to do next. The sun was high, the day was getting hotter, and she was tired—tired. She almost wished she had not pleaded so hard for leave to make a garden in that waste corner of the ground, where the grass walk ended and the fir wood began.

It lay close by a pond for water-flowers, and a rock-work for plants that did not require much earth. Among the wild weeds that grew in it there was one tall crimson fox-glove, and lilac orchis as sweet as musk. These would do well among the flowers, she had thought; and then there were heath and ferns all the way back into the wood.

But it seemed now as if the hoe and rake were never to make way. When she began, it looked only like a few hours' work, and yet this was the third morning of her labour. Why? There was a great stone under the soil, and the tools struck upon it. Cover it as she would with spadefuls of red earth; do her best to stick roots in the softer places; water it again and again, the bare, ugly stone was always coming through; and the very first shower showed her that all her work was useless.

The gardener smiled when he was brought; but when he came again, with his iron pick, he set cruelly to work. No advice would he take from the little worker,—no entreaty would he listen to. Down he struck, deep into the soil.

How the ground shook as the split rock gave way! How it heaved, as roots and shallow earth were cast into the air,—her garden spoiled for altogether, now, she thought!

Nor could she have believed, had she not stood by and seen it, how well an old, kind hand works, and how quickly. He let her help him to smooth all down again into the flat bed, and plant the roots, too, where they now could grow; and he promised to bring her more plants, some all in flower, and to come and see how she got on; and she tried

to do what a child may—to watch and weed a little plot, to dress and to keep it.

What does the Bible mean when it says, "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh?" It means that there is in your heart something that makes it as hard for you to be good as that great stone in that little piece of ground made it hard to turn it into a garden where flowers would grow. Did *your* heart ever give you as much trouble as that?

## POWER OF A CROCODILE'S JAW.

Some unique experiments have lately been made in France, on the strength of the masseter muscles of the crocodile (a muscle passing from the cheek bone to the lower jaw). M. Paul Bert received ten gigantic crocodiles (*Crocodilus galeatus*) from Saigon, which were transported alive to France in enormous cages weighing over 3,000 kilogrammes. Some of these crocodiles measured ten feet, and weighed about 154 pounds.

The reader can easily understand how difficult it must be to manage such ferocious animals in a laboratory; and it was only by the assistance of the managers of the Zoological Gardens that this dangerous task was accomplished.

In order to measure the strength of the masseter muscle of the crocodile's jaw, the animal was firmly fastened to a table attached to the floor; the lower jaw was fixed immovably by cords to the table; the upper jaw was then attached to a cord, fastened by a screw ring to a beam in the roof. There was a dynamometer placed on this cord, so that when the animal was irritated or given an electric shock, the upper jaw pulled on the cord, and registered the force of its movement on the dynamometer.

With a crocodile weighing 120 pounds the force obtained was about 308 pounds avoirdupois. This does not equal the actual strength, for as the dynamometer is necessarily placed at the end of the snout, it is really at the end of a long lever, and must be measured by finding the distance between the jaw muscle and the end of the jaw, to show the real force of the jaw muscles, which equals 1,540 pounds. As this experiment was performed on a crocodile already weakened by cold and fatigue, its force when in its natural condition must be enormous.

This power of 308 pounds represents a power applied over the whole surface of the crocodile's mouth. In reality it is first used by the enormous teeth that overlay the others in the front of the jaw, and by a simple calculation the pressure of these teeth is estimated to be equal to the pressure of 400 atmospheres.—*Nature*.

A LITTLE girl six years old was a short time ago called home to God. About a year before her death she had a small writing desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it and found this writing: "The minute I wake up in the morning I will think of God. I will mind my father and mother always. I will try to have my lessons perfect. I will try to be kind, and not get cross. I want to behave like God's child."