



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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AS GOOD AS A MOTHER.

Lilly was out walking with her mother yesterday, when she saw a group of boys carrying something in which they seemed to take very deep interest. When they came near she found that the centre of attraction was a bird's nest, in which were three tiny birds, with mouths wide open begging for something to eat. Lilly asked for them, and the boys readily gave them to her. How proud she was when she had them in her hand, and how anxious to go straight home and take care of them! Her walk, generally too short, was on this occasion altogether too long. She did not care to stand on the bridge and see the fishes play, or sit and rest under the widespreading branches of the large maple tree where they usually spent some very pleasant minutes, or in any way to lengthen out the time as she was accustomed to do. All her other pleasures were swallowed up in the care of her new pets. When she got home, they were shown to all her brothers and sisters and admired in turn. She put them in a warm place and attended them carefully, and could hardly be got off to bed, and then insisted on taking them to her room. Her last prayer at night was for her dear innocent orphan birdies.

All night she dreamed of her charge, and before the sun had risen was up, as we see, feeding her pets. She was a careful little girl and took great care of them, and they grew to be quite strong. Then her friends asked her to put them in a cage and keep them; but she refused and let them go where they pleased, to enjoy their life in the manner best suited to them. But they did not go far. They built their nests in the garden, and nearly all day long poured out their volumes of rich music as if in gratitude to their protector, who felt ever so much happier at hearing the warblings proceed from the branches of the trees than from between the narrow bars of even the most beautiful cage.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

It was all but dark when a low knock called me to the door. What was my surprise to see a pleasant-faced man and two small boys, who looked up eagerly as the father asked if I would be so kind as to keep them all night. It had been thawing all day, and the road was deep with mud and soft snow. It looked dismal enough as it wound around out of sight. The smallest boy was trying manfully not to cry, and it was most pitiful to see. My mother's heart could not resist such pleading, and soon they were cleaning and scraping and brushing their boots in a way that spoke vol-

umes to a tidy housewife. I noted this, as I was to be alone through the evening; and having a dread of strangers and horror of bad men, I felt timid. "But who ever saw a bad man neat?" I argued; so I bustled around and made them comfortable by the warm fire, cut the last loaf in my pantry, and made them

evening. The man came up to stop with a friend, and try to get himself and boys steady work in a mill, but found the friend had just moved away, so they had been looking over the mills themselves without success, and were turning back homeward. He had tried for more than an hour to find a place, for Fritz

tom with them, spoken earnest and frank—a charming practice, if so. I spread the table with books and pictures, and they enjoyed them hugely, especially Hans; his fine eyes would light up with true artist pleasure as he caught sight of a nice picture. The father's solicitude for their good behavior in all things would have been a profitable study for careless parents, could they have watched this man through the evening. Hans was twelve years old, he said; his pleasant, earnest face spoke for better things than the dull routine of mill work. What time is there in the busy clanking and ceaseless whirl, for boys to grow and expand body and mind? Their pleasant good-night rang in my ear a long time. It was subdued and childlike. But a sound of cheer and trust was in it. They were very tired, but as I stood near the stair-door I heard Hans skip along boy-fashion, saying over and over, "Goot, goot." I suppose the bed did look good to him. The boys came down quietly and carefully in the morning, and spoke their greeting in the same prompt, nice way which had so pleased me the night before. When with clean faces they sat at our breakfast-table, I thought that we never entertained better appearing boys. The man said that this was "the first time he had ever lived on other people." He had been in this country sixteen years, and his trade supported his family well until now. When he got up from the table he said, "I thank God for this breakfast." The boys did not forget their "Thank you," and Hans wrote down their name for us—a real German name. I often go to the book and spell it out, for it is written so beautifully by this twelve-year old boy. It was with much interest and sympathy that we bade them good-bye as they started on their twenty-mile walk home. Little Fritz was pretty small for so long a walk, but he trudged off sturdily. I imagine the simple German home, and know a careful, thrifty *fraulein* has given to her boys what is better than gold—a good basis on which to build manhood—just such careful earnest men as America wants to-day and will want in the years to come when Hans and Fritz become men. But oh! me, is there aught but work, grinding work and poverty in these boys' future? I wonder if the bright children all over the land can find the two lessons contained in this little incident? One of them is for the boys, and girls, too—for who does not admire, respect, and love the quiet, well-bred boy who is prompt in all the courtesies of life at home and abroad. The other lesson to those who have the grateful shelter of home, is one that is also taught in the Good Book. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." If ye have little or much, share it gladly with the needy.—N. Y. Witness.



AS GOOD AS A MOTHER.

(From a painting by J. Hayllar.)

a warm drink, my heart growing happier every minute as I found the man pleasant and thoughtful, watching the boys that they should not be in the way, etc., while the little fellows seemed to be perfect gentlemen. Poor little Fritz could hardly get over sighing all the

could hardly walk. But alas for "the rarity of Christian charity," this poor German finds himself far from home, tired, and hungry for the first time in his life. When the boys arose from eating they said "thank you" in concert, in a way that seemed to me to be a cus-