

My Own Little Sam.

BY FREDERICK LANSBROUGH.

"A change in the house, you see—
A sad 'un—you'll find;
All still as a mouse, ma'am;
I'll draw up the blind.
No, no! I aint frotting—
He doeth all well!
But, as for forgetting—
Ah, mothers can tell:

Yes, these is my riches,
My jewels and gold—
The pocket and brooch
I made him of old.
I brush 'em and air 'em,
And lay 'em out right,
As though he woult wear 'em
O' Saturday night.

But no little Sammy
Comes running anon,
A-calling out, 'Monny,
Just look at 'em on!
When the housework is ending,
Tow'rd's three of the clock,
I still sit a-mending
Some little gray sock.

And sometimes—though thirsting
And hanging so sore—
I hear him come bursting
And banging the door,
And jump up to hold him
And feed on his smiles—
Oh, how could I scold him
For soiling the tiles:

All the gold ever minted
I'd gladly give o'er
To see his foot printed
In mud on the floor.
There's the bed where I laid him,
My precious, at night:
And the quilt as I made him,
So cozy and light.

And now as he's lying
Down under the mould,
I'm wakin' and crying
A-thinking he's cold.
I know as it's blindness—
Rebellious I am:
The Shepherd in kindness
Has folded his lamb.

But oh! how I miss him,
And hunger to kiss him,
My own little Sam!"

WORK AWAY, BOYS.

THESE are years of advancement in many ways, and good men, men of skill and power, inventive men, are needed to carry on the progressive history of the age. We would stimulate the boys of to-day to work on in spite of all hindrances or discouragements, to make the wisdom of the past their own, to cherish any fresh suggestions that come into their minds, and to persist in such practical experiments as may lead them into ways of usefulness and distinction. As an encouragement to do this, we will recall the lives of some who have struggled and achieved success.

Who was poorer than Hugh Miller at his start in life? An uncouth lad, plodding in a stone quarry, lodging in the loft of a barn on a bed of straw, feeding on oatmeal, nothing more, and surrounded by rough ignorant men. In the intervals of labour young Miller wandered along the shore, among rocky crags, with hammer and chisel in hand, cutting out odd petrifications which seemed of no use at all, and

carefully observing the manner of the stratifications of rocks, thereby prying into all the secrets of geology. The result to him was a world-wide fame, and gave to us some of our richest treasures of science and literature.

You know how the boy Watt found out the tremendous agency of steam. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not to be meddling with the lid of the tea kettle, lifting it off and putting it on again, holding first a cup and next a silver spoon over the steam as it poured forth from the spout, she little thought that he was investigating a problem that was to lead to the greatest of human inventions—the steam engine.

And it is said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine called "handgear," by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an idle boy, Humphrey Potter by name, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times in consequence of the general movement. What does this prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very idle, but at the same time very ingenious. It was a contrivance not the result of accident, but of observation and successful experiment.

The father of Eli Whitney on his return from a journey, which had taken him from home for several days, inquired, as was his custom, into the occupations of his boys during his absence. He received a good account of them all, except Eli, who the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle! "Alas!" said the father with an ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli is my scapegrace!" To have anything to do with fiddles the father thought, showed a mind only fitted for trifles! Little did he think that what seemed a mere fiddle-fiddle was the dawning of an inventive genius that should rank among the most useful and effective in arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that when a boy he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very busily cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the youth what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head!" he replied—Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. The gentleman then examined it, pronounced it excellent and gave the youth a sixpence. Years afterward the stranger heard of him as one of the greatest sculptors of the age.

The first panels on which Wm. Etty, the celebrated painter, drew were the boards of his father's shop floor, and his first crayon a lump of white chalk. Now William's mother was a sensible woman, and instead of scolding the boy for disfiguring her nicely swept

floor by his chalk marks, ~~see~~ what he wrote soon afterward to a friend: "I shall never thank my mother enough for her patience with my first trials, and the promise that she gave me of some colours mixed with gum water instead of chalk. I was so delighted I could hardly sleep.

Young West, the great American painter, first began to display his skill in drawing, and learned the method of preparing colours from the teaching of some roaming Indians, but being at a loss to know how to lay on these colours, a neighbour told him that this was done with brushes of camel's hair—of course there were no camels in America, and he bethought him of a favourite cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants, and thus day after day he laboured secretly in the attic of his mother's humble dwelling, having forgotten all school duties in his greater love for painting.

And another American painter, Edward Malbone, spent the intervals of school-hours by industriously making experiments. One of his greatest delights was in blowing bubbles to discover the colours therein displayed. Thus we see that even the blowing of soap bubbles may help the artistic mind to better know and understand the more delicate shades of colour.

The spark of electricity in the hair of the old black cat to the observing boy, Franklin, developed into the discovery of that tongue of flame speaking all languages; telling our wants across the water almost as soon as our lips can speak them.

As soon as you begin to search for the powers within yourselves, God reveals himself to you as the wonder-working One, and there is a great difference between wondering over any talent you have, and giving devout recognition to the Giver of it! When the apple dropped from Newton's hands he not only followed it downward, and discovered the great law of gravitation, but the marvellous principle thus brought to light caused him to look upward to the throne of God with a profounder reverence. Newton saw that the law he had discovered was a great power, and he also recognized the wonderful Counsellor who ordained it. So we would urge you while improving your spare moments, and using the faculties God has given you to the best advantage, reverently to acknowledge the Giver of any good things you may achieve or honours that may come to you. Thus you will not fail of the love of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and all the powers you possess will become stronger, brighter and better.—Mrs. G. Hall.

As old Quaker who was hardly ever known to be angry was once asked by a young man how he managed to keep down his temper. His answer was: "My friend, if thee always speaks in a low voice, thee will never be angry." A good rule, and we want our little friends to try it.

WHAT'S THE HARM!

"Just this once! What hurt will it do? You can study quite as well to-night, and if you have a ride at all you must go now."

Thus persuaded, Dick threw down his book and joined his companions. They had a delightful ride, and then in the evening he settled down to study. He did not feel much like it, partly because he was tired, partly because he frequently found his thoughts wandering from the lesson to something he had seen in the afternoon; still, being pretty persevering, he finally learned it, and had a perfect recitation the next day.

"There!" said his companions: "what did we tell you? You needn't have made such a fuss about going; it didn't do a bit of harm."

Dick agreed with them then, but he was inclined to change his mind later in the day when he found how ineffectual were his efforts to fix his attention on his books.

"I've learned the harm," he exclaimed. "It is just like sliding down hill: the first time, before the snow is broken, we only go a little way; the second time we go farther; and pretty soon we can't stop short of the bottom if we want to. There are two sides to it, though: if I stick to these tough old lessons to-day, it will be easier to do it to-morrow."

Stick to them he did, and learned a lesson thus that was as valuable as any in his books.—Early Dev.

LAPLANDER BABIES IN CHURCH.

I WANT to tell you how the mothers away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sunday.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church.

And I suppose, too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mothers do not stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself; the congregation would not make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church and the reindeer is secured, the father Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mother Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then father piles the snow around it, and the parents go decorously into church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough. But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—Wide Awake.