

Youth's Department.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER!

MOTHER! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall.
Bounding through the busy street,
Rangin' cellar, shed, and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs.
Little feet will go astray
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue
Frattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung
By that happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you:
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed:
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.

A FABLE.

As a shepherd was one day walking near an extensive forest which bordered his pasture grounds, he met a large wolf.

"Ah, Mr. Shepherd," exclaimed Lupus, "I'm very glad to see you, for I have had a matter on my mind for a long time, about which I have been anxious to talk with you, but have lacked opportunity. Now I trust your leisure and inclination are such that I may be gratified by a few minutes' conversation."

"Most certainly," said the shepherd, "I have no straying sheep to look after. My lambs are all in the middle of the meadow, where wild beasts never venture. What shall be the subject of remark? Please state it since it presses you."

WOLF.—With your leave, I will do so, though you have already alluded to it. May I, then, be so bold as to ask why you keep these lambs I see yonder so closely guarded within the limits of this meadow? They are never allowed, as I have often noticed, to go outside, nor even to approach the border, without being strictly watched.

SHEPHERD.—My lambs are young and inexperienced. They are ignorant of the dangers to which they are exposed; and being committed to my care, I am responsible for their safety, and, therefore, I protect them from harm.

WOLF.—Your intention is doubtless good, but you will surely make them dull and mean-spirited.

SHEPHERD.—Not the least danger of that, and if there was, their safety is the first consideration.

WOLF.—But why can't you allow them to taste of freedom, to visit the forest and mountains, and when they come to years of discretion, to judge for themselves. That is the way the wolves do: we don't want any shepherd to watch our young ones—we let them go where they please; you must allow we are more liberal than you.

SHEPHERD.—That may do for wolves, but not for lambs. If I should turn them out to taste of freedom and judge for themselves your whole pack would be in pursuit at first sight.

WOLF.—In the name of the animal creation, I protest against this injustice, and insist that lambs ought to be allowed to grow up without being prejudiced in favor of one kind of pasture rather than another, so that they may choose for themselves. And I am glad to know that my opinion is sustained by men of your own profession, for whom, of course, you have great respect. I don't often go to preaching, but I chanced once to be within hearing of the following sensible remarks: "My hearers, sprinkling babies and teaching them to pray is all humbug—it is, so are Sunday-schools and missionary societies. Let them grow up and judge for themselves about religious matters, and don't try to take the Lord's work out of his own hands." Now apply that to lambs, and it expresses my sentiments about as well as I could myself.

SHEPHERD.—You are greatly mistaken if you suppose I have any respect for such a man. He, no doubt, expresses the wish of all wolves, and the devil, too, but not of the good Shepherd, who has said, "Feed my lambs," and "Teach these things diligently to your children." And the devil will allow children to grow up without interfering with their religious notions, just as much as you wolves will allow lambs to play above your dens without devouring them.

To this the wolf made no other reply than a snarl. So he turned about, and "got him" to the woods again, but not until he had cast a savage look at the lambs lying on a sunny bank, by which the shepherd was more than ever convinced that all this fine talk about freedom and unprejudiced views was meant not for the good of his lambs, but for his own ravenous stomach. After this conversation, he guarded his flock with greater care.

A LITTLE INCIDENT.

It was half past nine o'clock in the morning; the dense fog through which we had been running for the last four or five hours had rendered the track so slippery that we had lost considerable time in climbing the up-grades: but we were now running down a moderate grade, and as the fog was clearing away, we had ventured to increase our speed: and our engineer, ever attentive to his business, was constantly watching the track, which was occasionally enveloped in thick clouds of watery vapor. As we were thus running along, I observed the engineer raise his hand to the cord attached to the whistle. He held it for a moment, and then gave the signal to "break." Turning my eyes in the direction which we were moving, I was barely able to discern some object upon the track a considerable distance ahead, but could not make out what it was. A moment later the engineer repeated the signal to "break," in the peculiar, startling manner which is instantly recognised by the experienced brakeman as an indication of imminent danger. The engine was reversed as if by magic, and as the steam was applied, the driving-wheels whirled round in an opposite direction to that in which the train was moving. I now discovered that the object before us was a little child, apparently unaware of its danger. The almost constant screaming of the whistle with which the engineer sought to frighten it from the track, seemed only to amuse it. The wheels of our engine grated and hissed upon the iron track, unable to stop the train which, owing to the slippery condition of the rails, it was certain would send us far beyond where the child was standing, before we could stop. Thus we rushed on with the almost certainty that in the next minute that innocent, unsuspecting child, too young to know its danger, would be a mangled corpse. Turning my eyes to see if there was no one near to save it, I saw a lady who seemed almost flying towards the child. But one glance showed me that the engine must reach it before her. The engineer had left his post, and was now running along the frame to the front of the engine. In an instant he was crouching upon the "cow catcher," with one foot upon the lower bar, his left hand holding upon the framework, and his right extended towards the child; and at the very moment it would have been crushed, he caught it by its little arm, raised it from the track, and bore it along in safety. One more minute, and the child, uninjured, was restored to its mother's arms.—*Life Illustrated.*

Selections.

DAMASCUS.

Damascus, although it scarcely meets the expectation excited by its romantic appearance from a distance, is a very splendid city. It contains a great many fine mosques, and, it is said, not less than five hundred private dwellings that might rank as palaces. The streets are narrow and intricate, but far less so than those of Cairo. Those which are occupied only by dwelling-houses have a gloomy and dismal appearance, for few houses have any windows to the street, and where there are any, they are covered with a close wooden lattice. The whole city appears to be wrapped in a strange mysterious silence, until you approach the bazaars and other places of public resort. The entrance to some even of the finest houses, is by a low, mean-looking door, in a great blank wall, little according with the luxury and splendour within.—This unpromising entrance admits you to a spacious quadrangle paved with marble; in the middle of which a fountain throws up a continual shower, cooling the atmosphere and refreshing the evergreens and flowering shrubs which are placed around it. An arcade,

supported by slender columns, runs round the quadrangle. You ascend to it by one or two steps; it is furnished with rich carpets and cushions, and cushions of damask or velvet embroidered with gold; and from it the doors open into the different apartments. These, too, are luxuriously furnished; the roofs and walls elaborately painted and gilded, and the cornices ornamented with Arabic inscriptions. But here the same mysterious solitude prevails; the only sounds to be heard are the continual plashing of the fountain, and your own footsteps echoing over the marble pavement; and you might also fancy yourself in one of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. These houses are far from the busy part of the city; but as you approach the quarters where merchants most do congregate, the scene gradually changes; you meet more frequent passengers; strings of mules and loaded camels begin to obstruct the way; "the busy hum of men" draws nearer and nearer; and, turning from end of the narrow streets, you find yourself in the midst of a spacious bazaar. The eye is bewildered amid the gay colours of the various articles exposed for sale, and the groups that are seen passing and re-passing in every variety of Oriental costume. There is a bazaar solely for the sale of boots, shoes, and slippers; another for ready-made articles of dress; in another you are deafened by the clattering of the whole fraternity of coppersmiths; saddlery and military trappings are sold in another; and the Armenian gold and silver smiths carry on their trade in what has once been a Christian church. The wholesale merchants have their warehouses in the great khans, or caravanserais. The finest is that built by Assad Pacha. It enters from one of the bazaars near the great mosque, and is a fine specimen of Saracenic architecture. The arched and vaulted gateway is very lofty, and richly sculptured, and leads into a spacious court, beautifully paved with broad smooth flags. In the centre is a fountain and tank, at which the mules and camels drink; the entrances to the warehouses are under an arcade which surrounds the court; and an open gallery above leads to the counting-houses of the different merchants. The masonry is in alternate courses of black and white stones, in the manner peculiar to the Saracenic style; and the whole is covered with lofty domes, and supported by many pillars. The manufacture of the celebrated Damascus swords no longer exists; but a true Damascus blade is sometimes offered for sale, and commands a high price.—The splendid silk damask interwoven with gold, which is seen in some of the richest houses, is not easily found in the bazaars; and, I rather think, it is not now made. The present manufactures are red leather shoes and slippers, a variety of silver work, silk and cotton stuff woven in variously coloured patterns, and some very neat cabinet-work of fine wood inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. These are made to a considerable extent for other markets; and there are a variety of other manufactures of minor importance.—British manufactures have now taken the place of many of the inferior native fabrics; and many articles which used to be brought from India to the Persian Gulf, and reached Damascus by the caravans from Bagdad, are now imported from London and Liverpool to Byrrout. The principal articles of import are cotton goods, cotton twist, iron hardware, West India produce, indigo and cochineal. The bazaars of the mercers displays an extensive assortment of Manchester and Glasgow calicoes, muslins, and printed goods, and a few articles of Swiss manufacture. The mosques are very numerous and handsome, but they are not so easy of access as those of Cairo; indeed, it is not quite safe to linger too curiously opposite the entrance. Our merely stopping to look into the outer court of the great mosque attracted the attention of some Moslems who were passing, and we were advised to walk on. This was once the cathedral church of St. John, and it is said to be the largest and most splendid of all the churches erected by the early Christians in this country. It is crowned by a lofty stone cupola, and has two minarets at each end. The outer court, which is very spacious, is paved with marble; it has a large fountain in the middle, and is surrounded by a double cloister. The mosque of the Derweeshes has the finest minarets in Damascus; and another is remarkable for the minarets being encased with enamelled tiles of various colours. Near the entrance to the great mosque there is a fine fountain, which throws up the water about twenty feet; and immediately opposite it is one of the principal coffee-houses. These are generally light, elegant structures, painted with gay colours, and open in front. Creeping plants are trained up the slender columns that support the roof, and the interior is furnished,