

Children's Corner.

BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown old he'll not forget it,
For, remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or, relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He recalled some heart too in thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrow and its joy.
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid the household when
It is cheerless, with unkindness;
For, remember, boys make men.

A CAT TALE.

THIS is a sad, but short, tale about a cat, or perhaps about a rabbit that pretended to be a cat,—I do not know which. You will presently see why it must be short.

Some time ago a supposed friend sent me, as a present, what purported to be a Chinese cat. Thereby hangs a tale? Not at all. The cat hadn't a sign of a tail. It was said by way of apology and explanation that all Chinese cats have no tails. If this is a fact in natural history, it is an absurd fact; for it is known that all Chinamen—even the smallest—have tails, which are called cues, and sometimes pig-tails, but never cat-tails. And it seemed improbable and heartless that a Chinaman would deny tails to his cats. However, I took the kitten in, and named her "China,"—a name she has never responded to, to this day.

And this shows the animal's instinct; for when I came to look in the dictionary, I found that, in all probability, she was a Manx cat from the Isle of Man,—a small English island (hardly room enough to turn round) where cats are obliged to do without tails. It is considered a very nice kind of cat, if it is a cat, of which I have doubts. It is said that Turner, the great painter,—who was probably as good a judge of cats as ever lived,—kept seven Manx cats always in his house. Perhaps it was necessary to have seven Manx cats to get the equivalent of one real cat; in my experience it requires more.

As I said, I doubt if China is a cat, take her altogether. She had, as a kitten, no tail. Her grown tail now is less than an inch long, and most of that is fur. It is exactly like a rabbit's tail—that is, a kind of a place for a tail. When China first began to realize her existence, she evidently thought she was a cat, and her first sportive effort was to play with her tail. She looked around, and there wasn't any tail there; the other end of her was rabbit. She was mortified; but what could she do? She began, without any apology, to play with her hind leg, to chase it

round and round as if it were a tail; and ever after that she has amused herself with her hind leg.

And her hind legs are worth playing with. For they are not like the hind legs of a cat, but are long and bend under exactly like the legs of a rabbit. When China sits down, she sits down like a rabbit. So she is neither one thing nor another; and I cannot make out whether she is a rabbit trying to be a cat, or a cat trying to be a rabbit. She succeeds, any way. China is rather handsome. Her coat is the most beautiful combination of soft buff and ermine fur,—a most pleasing colour,—and she is a shapely little thing besides, with a fine head and pretty face. Like some other beauties, however, she is not as good as she is beautiful. She has a temper,—can be very playful and affectionate one minute, and scratch and bite the next without provocation. From an infant she seemed to have no conscience. She was a perfect whirlwind in the house when the whim took her to frolic; went over chairs and all sorts of furniture like a flying-squirrel; succeeded in about a week in tearing all the gimp from the chairs and lounges, climbed the azalia trees, shook off the blossoms, and then broke the stems. Punishment she minded not at all,—only to escape from it for the moment. I think she had not, as a kitten, a grain of moral sense, and yet she was "awful cunning" and entertaining,—more so than a spoiled child. We got a sedate old cat to come and live with China. She drove that big cat out of the house and off the premises in less than half a day; and that, too, when she wasn't more than seven inches long. She went at the big cat with incredible fury, with the blaze and momentum of a little fire-ball.

Now that China has come to be of decent size, some of the vivacity and playfulness have gone out of her, but she is really untamed,—goes for things on the table, steals, and all that; and it is more difficult than ever to tell whether she is a rabbit or a cat. We have another companion for her,—a mild, staid old grandmother of a cat, with a very big tail—enough for two, if they would share it. China treats her with no respect, but, on the whole, they get on well, quarrelling only half the time, and consent to live in the same house. China overlooks the intrusion.

But as to the nature of China, this is what happened recently. China's mistress had undertaken to raise some radishes, in advance of the season, in a box in her conservatory. It was a slow process, owing to lack of heat or lack of disposition in the radishes to grow. They came up, shot up, grew slender, tall and pale. Occasionally the mistress would pull up one to see why the bottoms didn't grow, so that we could eat them; but she never discovered why. The plants spindled up, all top and no radish; and by and by they got tired and laid down to rest. They might in time come to something. In fact, they began

to look as if they were thickening on the stem and going to grow in the root. One morning they were gone. Gone, after weeks of patient watching, watering, and anxious expectation! Nibbled off close to the ground. China had eaten every one of them short.

Now, doesn't that show that China is a rabbit? Will a cat eat radish tops? This is one thing I want to know.

There came once to our house a facetious person; that is, a person who makes jokes likely to hurt your feelings; and he looked at the cat, and said it didn't matter if it had no tail, that I could write one for it. I have done so.

But that makes no difference. What I want to know now from the children of St. Nicholas is this: What can I do with her? I can neither give her away for a cat, nor sell her for a rabbit. Do you think it would coax a tail out of her to put her under blue glass? —*St. Nicholas.*

BOYS MAKE YOUR OWN FORTUNE.

A STORY comes to us from Ottawa that will be read with interest by every ambitious boy in the Dominion: Twenty years ago when the seat of government was stationed in Toronto, and the present Sir John Macdonald and the late Sir Geo. Cartier and other Canadian public men, well known to fame, ruled over departments in the Old Hospital in King street, a building long since gone the way of many other of the ancient edifices of "Little York," there lived a certain deputy head whose official existence was one long rule of tyranny and oppression. This bad old man had for a clerk a young law student, who from day to day and month to month and year to year bore quietly and with exemplary patience the ill-treatment of his superior. A day came, however, when the gentle patience of the clerk was not proof against the domineering and insulting spirit of his ancient enemy, and there would have been blows but for the interference of another clerk in the same building. Taking his younger friend aside, he counselled still greater forbearance. "Have patience, B," he urged; "when I am Chief Justice of Upper Canada and you are Minister of the Crown we'll put old Beeswax in his place!" Words spoken in jest frequently come true. Eighteen years had scarcely passed away ere the speaker sat in Osgoode Hall with the ermine! "And the other—the patient and long suffering youth"—some boy exclaims, "what became of him?" Well, sir, that good and exemplary young gentleman, who bore his stripes so patiently and exercised such remarkable self-government, he, in the month of October last, was sworn of the Queen's Privy Council, and is now one of the Marquis of Lorne's advisers!! Every boy can point his own moral.—*Mail.*

THE PROGRESS OF SIN.—Sin in its ordinary progress first *deceives*, next *hardens*, and then *destroys*.