

Children's Department.

A Word.

BY BETH DAY.

Once a little girl I know,
Said a little word;
Whispered it so very low
Just one person heard.

And that person told it o'er,
Just to one or two,
Adding to it one word more,
As so many do!

And at once the two that heard
Told it in a crowd;
Each one adding one more word,
Told it quite aloud!

Straightway every one that heard
Shouted loud and clear,
'Till the hapless little word
Floated far and near.

Then the maiden raised her head:
She was very glad
That the little thing she said
Wasn't something bad!

The Stone that Rebounded.

"O boys, boys, don't throw stones at that poor cat-bird," said an old grey-headed man.

"Why, sir," said a little fellow, "she makes such a squalling that we can't bear her."

"Yes, but she uses such a voice as God gave her, and it is probably as pleasant to her friends as yours is to those who love you. Then that hoarse, flat voice is not her only song. Early in the morning, on some bright day, you will hear her in some high tree, pouring out notes that are quite delightful. She is a species of mocking-bird, and often fills the air far and near with her varied and sweet melody. And besides, I have another reason why I don't want to have you stone her, I am afraid the stone will rebound, and hurt you as long as you live!"

"Rebound! We don't understand you, sir!"

"Well, come, and I will tell you a story!"

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Mr. Joseph Neiley

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"We shall like that, sir. Is it a true story?"

"Yes; every word is true. Fifty years ago I was a boy like you. I used to throw stones, and as I had no other boy very near me, I threw them till I became quite accurate. One day I went to work for an old man by the name of Hamilton. They seemed very old people; then they were very kind to everything and everybody. Nobody had so many swallows making their nests under the roof of the barn. Nobody had so many martin-birds in their red box at the end of their little red house as they. Nobody had so many little chattering, flitting, joyous wrens as they. Nobody so many pets that seemed to love them as they. Among other things was a very tame phebe-bird. For seven years she had come, after the long winter was over, and built her nest in the same place, and then reared and educated her young phebess. She had just returned on the day that I went to work there, and they welcomed her back. She had no note but to repeat her own name, and she cried, 'phebe,' 'phebe,' as if glad to get back. In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon old phebe. She stood upon a post near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me with all confidence, as much as to say, 'you won't hurt me.' I found a nice stone, and, poising my arm, I threw it with my utmost skill. It struck poor phebe on the head, and she dropped dead! I was sorry the moment I saw her fall. But it was all done. All day long her mate came round and called, 'phebe,' 'phebe,' in tones so sad that it made my heart ache. Why had I taken a life so innocent, and made the poor mate grieve so? I said nothing to the Hamiltons about it. But through a grandchild they found it out; and though they never said a word to me about it, I knew they mourned for the bird, and were deeply grieved at my cruelty. I could never look them in the face afterwards as I did before. Oh that I had told them how sorry I was! They have been dead many, many years, and so has the poor bird; but don't you see how that stone rebounded and hit me! How

deep a wound upon my memory! How deep upon my conscience! Why, my dear boys, I would make great sacrifices to-day if I could undo that one deed! For fifty years I have carried it in my memory, and though I have never spoken of it before, yet, if it shall prevent you from throwing a stone at the poor cat-bird, that may rebound and make a wound in your conscience that will not be healed in all your life, I shall rejoice!"

The boys thanked the aged man, dropped their stones, and the cat bird had no more trouble from them.

The Parcel Post.

Pat and Nancy cannot play in the garden, for it is raining fast, so they are having a game of Parcel Post in the nursery.

They have taken two chairs to make a van; Nancy is the horse and Pat the driver.

They often see the parcel van pass their house, and sometimes it stops at the door.

On Pat's last birthday it stopped and left a brown paper parcel addressed to Pat, which contained a large box of soldiers; and one day it brought Nancy a pretty doll's tea-set.

Pat leaves the parcels in different parts of the room, and then puts his little horse "Nancy" in a corner, intended for a stable, and feeds her with sugar, which she much prefers to hay.

After playing in this way some time, Pat suddenly said—

"Nancy, let us make a real parcel and send it by the post; you remember mother reading to us about the sick children in the hospital, and how glad they are of toys; we will send them a parcel."

Nancy was delighted at the idea, and they both went to the toy cupboard and collected picture-books, dollies, and other toys.

When Mrs. Burton came to the nursery, she was very glad to find her little boy and girl remembering the sick children.

Nurse helped them to make up the parcel; and she wrote on a piece of paper—"With Pat and Nancy Burton's love."

A few days after a letter came from the matron of the hospital, saying how happy their parcel had made the little children, and that they all wished to send many thanks to Pat and Nancy.

A Knock at the Door.

"A knock at the door, who can it be? Lily, love, run and see who it is."

Little Lily shyly opened the door, but saw no one there,—only a horse and cart.

Presently the knock was repeated, and Lily's father went himself. There at the door was a horse and cart, the horse close to the door, with his ears pricked up, looking very eager.

"What a funny horse!" said Lily. "What does it want?"

"I don't know," said her father. "Perhaps he expected to find friends here."

"Yes, sir, that is just it," said a man who came up at the moment. Master's sister used to live here, and she always fed Jennie with a slice of bread, or an apple or a bit of sugar, and the horse got accustomed to knock at the door whenever we came into town."

"But we have lived here for six months, and the horse has never done so before."

"Perhaps not, sir. Master has not sent me in this direction for some time till to-day, and Jennie was laid up with a bad knee for some time, so she did not come out at all. I was some way off just now; I had got out to do an errand, and never thought she would remember her old trick, but directly I missed her I guessed she would be here."

"She is a fine, intelligent creature," said Mr. Baynes, handing the horse a slice of bread, which Lily had brought from the kitchen. "I hope she will come again whenever she likes. She shall always find some dainty ready for her as a reward for her cleverness."

Little Gleaners.

Gleaning is not so often seen now that the corn is cut by machinery. When it was done by hand, all the village children used to go out to glean. The man with the sickle went first, cutting down the golden corn; then another man followed to bind up the corn into sheaves. Of course, in doing this many stray ears fell on the ground, and the farmers allowed the poor children to come into the fields and glean these stray ears, and in that way many a poor household had quite a nice supply of flour.

It was hot and tiring work, for the ears were on the ground, and the children had to stoop for them; but it was

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