

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

"A band of children, Jesus, King,
We're coming now to Thee.
Our songs of love and praise we bring,
Thine would we ever be.

"We know that Thou dost love us Lord,
And we indeed love Thee,
For Thou hast called us in Thy word,
'Let children come to Me.'

"Then in Thy presence here we bow,
Thy children, Lord, are we,
Oh bless each one before Thee now,
Behold we come to Thee."

Lord, never let Thy children roam,
But keep them at Thy side,
Oh help them as they journey home,
Lord Jesus! be their guide

DUMB WONDERS.

A gentleman from Nashville, Tenn, tells the following about animal intelligence: "About a year ago one of my dogs suddenly died. The rest of them gathered mournfully around it, howling dismally. Finally the strongest one of them picked up the body of the dead dog and headed for an open lot, being followed by the rest of the pack in solemn procession. Arrived at the spot selected, they all set to work and dug a hole in which the corpse was placed and covered up, after which the mourners came back looking as solemn as could be. Now, in order to have arrived at the fact that their comrade was dead, which they did by carefully smelling and stepping on it before taking it away to bury it, they must necessarily, speaking from a psychological standpoint, have had the faculties of comparison, reflection, and experiment.

"That they know it is wrong to steal is a self-evident fact. I bought a very intelligent dog once from a man who had all his life been engaged in smuggling between France and Spain. Of this dog it was authentically related that it had for years been engaged in the service of smuggling, his owner strapping the contraband goods on his back and starting him across the line. The dog, of course, knew his destination, which he would reach by the quickest route. While on his way across the mountains, should he meet a peasant, he would proceed quietly on his way, taking no heed of him. Should a guard or official of any kind be in sight, however, the wily criminal would either conceal himself until all danger was past, or else make a circuitous route, in order to avoid him.

"Two years ago I owned a magnificent spaniel, that only a very few times in my life had I ever spoken a harsh word to. One day that I chanced to be in a very ill humour the poor thing brushed up against my legs and looked me in the face, as if craving a kind word. Instead of this I harshly ordered it away. It immediately set up a dismal howl and ran out of the house we were in toward a creek a few yards off. When about half way toward the stream it looked back to me. I having walked to the door, and again gave a plaintive howl. I paid no particular attention to it, not realizing what his last demonstration meant. Seeing that I disregarded its

mute appeal, the animal ran to the bank of the creek, jumped in, disappeared beneath the surface, and never came up again. He had deliberately committed suicide, through misery caused by my unjust treatment. Shame! don't talk to me about a dog being nothing more than a brute. A man is a brute to say so. The most intelligent of the canine race," continued the professor, "know it is wrong to murder. One of my dogs became very jealous of a cat that I took up and petted a good deal. One day I noticed, as I thought at the time, the two playing together some distance off. After a short while the dog took the cat in his mouth and started off with it. I followed, and then a secluded spot had been reached the dog dug a hole, in which he dropped, as I found out later, the body of the cat. He then commenced to cover it up with dirt. Suspecting the actions of the dog I started toward the spot, when seeing me for the first time, he flew, with a howl, and never from that time on showed his face to me. Through jealousy he had killed the cat, and intended to bury it so as never to be detected.

"Another one of my dogs was a very heavy and gluttonous eater, for which one day I rebuked him. It had a salutary effect, and for a week afterward, whenever he was fed, he would eat very sparingly, taking up the remainder in his mouth and carrying it into the kennel of some other dog, where he would deposit it, and then come back to me barking loudly, as if to say, 'Am I not a more gentlemanly dog now?'"

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

And shall we dwell together,
As children dwell at home,
And every one be happy,
And not a sorrow come?

Dark people from the islands
Far scattered o'er the sea,
Pale men from icy deserts,
Too cold for flower or tree?

Yes, all shall dwell together,
That once were far apart.
All who have served their Father
With hand and tongue and heart.

Yes, all shall dwell together,
As children dwell at home,
And then we shall be happy,
God's kingdom will have come.

MABEL'S SECRET.

The first day of the New Year, and the children were quarrelling! A bad beginning!

"Alice and Harriet, take your knitting work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. Mabel you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are let alone, the two babies can take care of themselves. Now, for half-an-hour let us have silence. If anybody speaks, let it be in a whisper."

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the little mother made with her pie-making, and the occasional prattle of the two babies.

There was generally a good deal of noise at Number Thirteen; and sometimes—pretty often—it wasn't pleasant noise. The children were all young, and all wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

Little Mabel sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much painstaking labour. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother, said in a whisper—

"May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

"What is it? Let me see," said her mother,

Mabel hesitated, and blushed, but held it up to her saying, "You won't tell, will you, mother?"

Her mother read it twice over. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little Mabel.

"No, no, certainly not; it shall be a little secret between you and me."

She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie-making.

Mabel copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief box, saying—

"I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as Mabel's was empty she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it at a glance:

"Resolved, To Alwas spek pleasant when Enny body speks cross.

"MABEL FORD."

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief box, with a resolution written more neatly, but the same in effect:

"Resolved, That I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones.

"HARRIET FORD."

It made a difference that was easy to see when two of the children began to practise this resolution, There was less of quarrelling.

"That's mine! You had better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet, one day, when she took up his top and was putting it in his drawer.

"But, John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well, I want the top to stay there!" said John obstinately.

"Well, perhaps it's no matter. A top isn't much litter," said Harriet pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest. He was afraid he would rather have relished one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed.

"What made you say that Harriet?"

Harriet laughed and coloured a little.

"Tell me! what made you," John insisted.

"Come here and I'll show you," said she.

She took him into the clothes-press, where was the row of pretty handkerchief-boxes, each labelled.

She opened little Mabel's, and took out the clean soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she. John read.

"The good little thing! She never does quarrel anyhow," said John.

"So I thought I'd better put one in mine too," said Harriet, and she showed hers.