

YOUNG CANADA.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

The banging of the hammer,
The whistling of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning lathe
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl;
These sounds of industry
I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the printing press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle
(When no bright check is paid),
The humming of the cooking-range,
The surging of the brew,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call;
These sounds of active industry
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The driver's oft-repeated shout
Spurring his flock along,
The bustling of the market man
As he hies him to the town,
The hallo from the tree top,
As the ripening fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers
As they clear the ripening grain,
The singing of the waggoner
As he passes with his wain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call;
These pleasant sounds of industry
I love—I love them all.

A GALLANT THRUSH.

A young Highlander, having set a horse-hair noose in the woods, was delighted one morning to find a female song-thrush entangled therein. He carried home his prize, put it into a roomy, open-braided basket, secured the lid with much string and many knots, and then hung the extemporized cage upon a nail near the open window. In the afternoon the parish minister was called in by the boy's mother, who wished him to persuade her son to set the captive free. While the clergyman was examining the bird through the basket, his attention was called to another thrush perched on a branch opposite the window.

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy, "and it followed me home all the way from the woods."

It was the captive's mate, which, having faithfully followed his partner to her prison, had perched himself where he might see her, and she hear the sad, broken notes that chirped his grief.

The clergyman hung the basket against the eave of the cottage, and then the two retired to watch what might happen. In a few minutes the captive whispered a chirp in answer to her mate's complaints. His joy was unbounded. Springing to the topmost spray of the tree, he trilled out two or three exultant notes, and then alighted on the basket lid, through the hole in which the captive had thrust her head and neck. Then followed a touching scene. The male bird, after billing and cooing with the captive, dressing her feathers and stroking her neck, all the while fluttering his wings, and crowning an undersong of encouragement, suddenly assumed another attitude. Gathering up his wings, he erected himself, and began to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole in the basket lid. The bird's ardent affection, and his effort to release his mate, touched clergyman, mother and boy.

"I'll let the bird go!" said the latter, in a

sympathetic voice, as he saw his mother wiping her eyes with her apron.

The basket was carried to the spot where the bird had been snared. The cock thrush followed, sweeping occasionally close past the boy carrying the basket, and chirping abrupt notes, as if assuring his mate that he was still near her. On arriving at the snare the clergyman began untying the many intricate knots which secured the lid, while the cock bird, perched on a hazel bough, not six feet away, watched, silently and motionless, the process of liberation. As soon as the basket-lid was raised the female thrush dashed out, with a scream of terror and joy, while the male followed like an arrow shot from a bow, and both disappeared behind a clump of birch trees. It was an excellent lesson for the boy, one which he never forgot.

FAVOURITE NAMES FOR GIRLS.

What are the favourite names for girls—apart, of course, from the acknowledged supremacy of Mary? This has long been a disputed question, and there is now, perhaps, no way of settling it but by going deliberately into statistics. Such an opportunity is given in the long list of names printed of graduates and distinguished pupils of the Normal School. We have had the curiosity to analyze this list of 300, and disregarding pet and diminutive names on principle, and throwing aside initials of necessity, we extract these fairly trustworthy figures, of cases where names are favoured to the extent of five each or upward. Mary leads off with 30, but she is rather closely pressed by Anna, with 27, Elizabeth is third with 24, and Laura is good fourth with 16, Margaret 13 and Katherine 12, are the only double figures. Then in order come these choices of names—Helen, 9; Emma, 8; Lillian, 8; Clara, 7; Jane, 7; Louisa, 6; Alice, 6; Caroline, 5; Emily, 5; Harriet, 5; Florence, 5. So apt are people to go in droves that it is quite likely these proportions would hold in 3,000 names, or in any other number, as well as in 300.—*Philadelphia Telegram*.

WHY HE CHOSE RALPH.

"That Ralph Risley was always a lucky dog!" said Walter, savagely. "There's no reason in the world why I shouldn't have got that place, as well as he—I can't understand it!"

The two boys had applied for a desirable situation, and Ralph had been the favoured one. As the gentleman who engaged him was a friend of mine, I had enough curiosity to go to him and say:

"Will you tell me why you chose Ralph Risley instead of Walter Garret for that vacant situation?"

"Certainly," said he at once. "I confess I should have been puzzled to choose between them but for one thing, for they are both fine fellows, of good family, good scholarship and good habits, but I spent an evening at Mr. Garret's not long since, and soon after I came in Mrs. Garret said:

"Walter, we shall need more coal for the grate soon—you'd better get it now."

"Yes'm," said Walter, but he went on reading and never stirred.

"In about half-an-hour the last of the coal was used.

"Walter," said his father, "why don't you fill the scuttle, as your mother told you?"

"I will in a minute—just want to finish this page," he returned, hurriedly.

Our conversation continued, Walter's reading continued and the fire burned low.

"Walter," said his mother, sharply, at last, "get some coal this minute."

"With an angry frown he slowly rose, reading all the time, laid his book on the table, still open,

and loitered by it until another sharp 'Walter!' from his father at length started him.

"A week later, Mrs. Risley and Ralph were at our home for a call. He had just become wonderfully interested in the bean-bag game with my girls, when his mother rose and said, 'Come, my son, I'm sorry to hurry you, but I don't like to leave the children any longer, Kate is so careless.'

"Instantly Ralph's bean-bag was dropped, and with an 'All right, mother, if the girls will excuse me,' he stood cheerfully ready at her side. We merchants know that 'straws show which way the wind blows,' and learn to be quick at observing. Nothing annoys us like a laggard, and nothing makes business relations so pleasant and satisfactory as courteous treatment on one side, and prompt, cheerful obedience on the other. I knew Ralph would suit me, and I haven't been disappointed."

SCRAP-BOOK.

Every farmer who takes an agricultural paper—and every farmer, who reasonably expects to make his farm a success, ought to take two or three, and he will find even more than this a profitable investment—ought to have at least one good scrap-book. I find it profitable to have three. I have one for "The Garden and Fruits," another for "Stock," another for the "General Farm." I divide into different departments, so as to have all articles on one subject as near together as possible. That is, in my stock-book I have so many pages for horses, so many for sheep, so many for hogs, cows and poultry. And the other two as kept are made on the same plan. Of course every reading farmer knows that a great deal of what he reads he can practise, and learns without being obliged to keep the articles to refer to. These, of course, it is not necessary to save, while, again, there are other articles that it is necessary to keep for future reference.

You must either file away the paper and be obliged afterwards to hunt through a number of copies in order to find what you want, or else cut them out and save them in such a manner as they can be most readily found.

In my experience nothing is as convenient as a good scrap-book. I prefer a size wide enough to paste two columns of common newspaper width, having a margin on the inside which would make a book six inches wide. If an old book is used, at least one-half of the leaves must be taken out or the book will be too bulky. I use common paste made of a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, adding sufficient cold water to stir up well. Put these in a pint cup and then fill up with hot water. It should be allowed to cook until it thickens and turns a bluish colour. I prefer this to mucilage. The leaves, of course, must be thoroughly dried after pasting in the articles, before closing up tight. This drying can be hastened by putting two or three small sticks between the leaves where the articles have been pasted in; and will also prevent the leaves sticking together before they are well dried. By having different books so divided that any department can be found at a minute's notice, the greatest part of the index work can be avoided, or done away with altogether, while if the articles are cut out and pasted in indiscriminately, an index becomes a necessity, as it would be almost as serious a task to find an article in the scrap-book as it would be in the paper. A scrap-book can be made with little trouble and is a constant source of pleasure and valuable information.

If you were willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbours, you would have the happiest home in the world.