

BEN BRUIN.

LITTLE Ben Bruin ran over the hill ;
The morning was frosty, the pine-trees were still,
And the sunshine lay bright on the new-fallen snow.
Said little Ben Bruin : "Now, where shall I go ?
They all think me safe in the stable, no doubt ;
But what are my paws for, if not to get out ?
Must I live with the horses and donkeys ?
Not I !
The world is before me—my luck I will try."

Ben Bruin trudged on till an hour before noon ;
Then he said to himself "I shall starve to death soon !
Not an acorn or nut have I found in this wood ;
There is plenty of nothing but snow. If I could,
For a taste of the dinner at home, I'd run back ;
But, somehow or other, I've lost my own 'rack !
Ho ! ho ! there's a sight I have not seen before—
A little red house, with a half-open door !

"I think I'll step in, for I'm weary and lame."
Ben Bruin was little, you see, and quite tame ;
He feared neither children, nor women, nor men,
Though he did like a free forest-stroll now and then.
Harry Hunter had petted the young orphan bear,
Since his father the old ones had shot in their lair ;
And to school he had not been forbidden to go—
That he would not be welcome, pray, how could he know ?

Ben Bruin stepped into the entry, and there
Little cloaks, hoods, and tippets were hung up with care,
And small luncheon-baskets beneath, in a row.
"Something good in those baskets, I smell and I know,"
Said little Ben Bruin, and on his hind paws
He balanced himself, while his nose and his jaws
Found business enough. Hark ! a step ! pit-a-pat !
Little Rose White came in, and saw what he was at.

Pretty Rose of a school-mate so rough had not dreamed ;
She turned pale, and then red ; then she laughed, then she screamed.
Then the door of the school-room she threw open wide,
And little Ben Bruin walked in at her side,
Straight up to the school-master's desk.
What a rush
For the door and the windows ! The teacher called, "Hush !"
In vain, through that tempest of terrified squeals ;
And he, with the children, soon took to his heels.

Ben Bruin looked blank at the stir he had made ;
As a bear-baby might, he felt rather afraid,
Like the rest of the babies, and after them ran.
Then over again the wild hubbub began,
And Ben, seeing now that all this was no play,
From the rout he had raised in disgust turned away,
While he said to himself : "If I ever get home,
In another direction hereafter I'll roam."

Alas ! for Ben Bruin's brief morning of fun !
Behind him a click—and the bang of a gun !
And when Harry Hunter went seeking his pet,
The snow on the school-house with red drops was wet ;
And pretty Rose White felt so sad that she cried
To see the boy mourn for the bear that had died.
And this is the story of little Ben Bruin,
Who found through a school-house the doorway to ruin.

—St. Nicholas.

AMERICAN PROTEST AGAINST THE DYNAMITE FIENDS.

NEARLY all Europe is in terror over the villains who propose to use dynamite to destroy life and property in foreign capitals. The nihilists in Russia, the "black band" in Spain, the socialists in Austria and France, and the "invincible" Irish conspirators in Great Britain, threaten to pursue to the bitter end the assassin policy which has touched even London. A half-dozen men, Irish and "just from America," have been arrested with explosives in their possession, and we do not wonder that there are rumors that the English propose to protest that the United States shall not be a harbor of refuge, in which avowed conspirators can plot murder and destruction against foreign powers. There is no doubt that American-Irish money has been sent over to purchase or make dynamite. That German idiot-fiend, Herr Most, said the other day that the communistic element in Europe will never again permit a ruler to be crowned. Somebody asked, "Not a successor to Victoria, of England, should she die?" "No!" he said. We believe the scoundrels should be promptly put in jail. Such vipers should not be permitted to hiss their threats on our soil against powers with whom we are at peace. If our president is satisfied that Irishmen ship dynamite or plan English assassination here, he should put the criminals in jail. It is outrageous that murderous fiends of whatsoever nationality should put us in such false light. If we have no law to stop it, the law should be forthcoming. If we knew that London allows assassins to there plan the death of a Garfield we would close our ports to every British vessel. We earnestly hope England will close her ports to our produce, and thus compel our government to estop international conspiracy, if even every Irishman in America should revolt. We believe our laws should choke cowardly conspiracy at all cost.—*North Western Christian Advocate, Chicago.*

GIRLS, LEARN TO WORK.

I DO not live in a city, only in a country village; and yet, as I look about me, I see but very few girls that are learning to do anything except to dress, perhaps do a little fancy work, and practice at the piano. I am happy to say that outside of the town it is different, as there are some who do work, and with willing hands, to help earn their living. And why should it not be so? To be sure, no one can expect a girl to accomplish so much as a boy, and they should learn to be refined and lady-like, but they can do this and work too.

How many families we see where the father works hard from morn till night, taking no rest except in the hours of darkness, and the mother tires of the unceasing round of work that must be done, while the children attend school part of the time, and the rest is frittered away in useless amusements.

Ask a girl to do some work, and how quickly an excuse is found, "O, I am so tired!" when they have really been doing nothing to tire them; or, "I don't like to do that," not thinking that mother must do things for them frequently that are perhaps quite as disagreeable to her; or, "I do not feel well;" yet they are so well that they

can walk until late in the evening, with the night dampness on and about them; and the mother expostulates with them sometimes, and thinks it not proper for them to go, and denies them the privilege, and a scene ensues; the mother is accused of "not wanting them to go anywhere, the other girls are all going," etc., until, perhaps, at last, an unwilling consent is given.

Now is this right? Would not these same girls be happier if they learned, commencing when they were small, to do some of the light work to help the mother; and then, when they are larger, if the family is small so that the mother does not need their help, let them learn a trade or do some kind of work, that they may earn their own clothes at least? The idea that it is not respectable for girls to labour is one of the most absurd things in this age of absurdities.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

THE Halifax *Wesleyan* makes on this subject the following kindly remarks:—The Sunday-school books and papers now issued by our Church in England and America are second to none in the world. Month after month the English Book-room sends out specimens of new books and of periodicals admirably suited for our libraries, both in teaching and in cost. No papers can be more suitable or attractive to our young people than those prepared by Dr. Withrow, our Sunday-school editor, and published by our Toronto Book-room. In price they are cheaper than any imported. Sunday-school managers are learning that our Toronto Publishing House is sending forth papers for youth second to none in value and cheapness and at the same time free from those questionable teachings which are too often found elsewhere.

HOLDING THE LADDER.

PETER COOPER was a distinguished philanthropist who lately died at the age of 92. Nearly fifty years ago he founded the Cooper Institute in New York for the free training of students in art, etc., without distinction of sex. Many thousands have received this training, and not a few have greatly distinguished themselves. A few years ago a workman in Cooper Institute, having occasion to ascend a ladder to do some repairing in one of the public rooms, called to an old man whom he happened to see standing near by, watching him. "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The "old fellow" started forward and held the ladder for the workman, while he climbed up and did his work. That unpretentious old man was Peter Cooper.

We say that was Peter Cooper. It was Peter Cooper through and through and all over. It was ambition enough for him to hold the ladder for other people. He might not climb himself; he remembered how hard the climbing had been for him when he tried to study and learn and fit himself for his sphere of usefulness and service; and he had made up his mind many, many years ago that he would make it easier for other people to climb. His Institute was a ladder; and he stood by it day after day, holding it that other people, young men and young women, might climb.

PLEASANTRIES.

FOND MOTHER.—"What would you do without a mother, Tom?" Tom.—"Do as I liked, ma."

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

"Do you see any grapes, Bob?" "Yes, but there is dogs." "Big Dogs, Bob?" "Yes, very big." "Then come along; those grapes are not ours, you know."

The wave that floods the trembling shore,
And desolates the strand,
In ebbing, leaves mid froth and wrook,
A shell upon the sand.

So troubles oft o'erwhelm the soul,
And shake the constant mind,
That in retreating leave a pearl
Of memory behind.

A clever Pennsylvania inventor has evolved a new rat-trap, in one end of which is a mirror. This may do for the female rats; but when a male rat notices that the bait looks double, he will think he has had enough, and go home.

A five-year-old, who went to school for the first time, came home at noon, and said to his mother, "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, my dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi River was."

Josh Billings says: "Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled up hill for the fleetin' pleasure of ridin' down again; but it appears to me that the boy is a sage by the side of the young man who works hard all week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night."

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Charles II. on looking at it, inquired the meaning of it, and on being told he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap." Thus originated the word *foolscap*, which has since been given to a size of writing paper usually about 16 x 13 inches.

I LOVE TO STEAL.—A well known Connecticut clergyman had a deacon who insisted upon leading the singing at the prayer meetings. He was a great blunderer, and he sang all the sad and melancholy tunes he could think of. The hymn was given out, "I love to steal awhile away." The deacon began, "I love to steal" to "Mear," where he broke down. He started with "Dundee"—"I love to steal." The third time he commenced and broke down, when the pastor rose and gravely said, "I am sorry for our brother's propensity. Will some brother pray?"

A story is told of two New England deacons, between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day, Deacon Smith appeared before his old enemy, and solemnly said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that you must give in—for I cannot."