

YOUNG CANADA.

POLLY'S FIRST HALF DOLLAR.

"I never had a whole half dollar in my life; I suppose it is because grandma is so drestful poor, and I haint got any father and mother, only just her."

Polly, the six-year-old Miss who made this remark, was quite horrified at seeing Agnes Bond toss up a four-bit piece on her way to the store.

"I know your grandma is poor, but I like you all the same," and the affectionate girl put her arms lovingly around the forsaken-looking child.

"What be you going to do with all that money, Aggie?"

"O, I don't know, yet. Buy walnuts, perhaps, or oranges. What would you do with it, Polly, if it was yours?"

"I'd buy grandma a new dress, and some shoes, and some flour, and some butter, and some candy, and some—"

"Stop, Polly, you couldn't buy so many things. You might get some butter, or the candy, but dresses cost lots of money. You sit right still on the grass until I get back."

Aggie ran home as fast as she could go, but soon returned in a happy state of excitement, and all out of breath.

"Here, Polly, ma says you may have my half dollar, and buy what you please."

"O my!" cried Polly, in great glee. "Let me kiss you, and I'll go and trade my things before grandma comes. She's up to Miss Holley's, cleaning up the house, and I guess she'll be surprised."

The little friends parted very happy, Aggie for home without her walnuts, and the young financier to the store, her head filled with shoes, dresses and groceries. She tiptoed to look over the counter in Mr. Jones' store, and found that gentleman sitting at his desk.

"What will this little girl have to-day?" he asked tenderly, thinking of his own darling, who but a month ago had closed her blue eyes never to awaken.

"I want grandma a dress, because she is so ragged, and some shoes, so she can go to church, and some molasses."

"How much money have you, my dear?"

"I've got a whole half dollar that Aggie Bond gave me."

"Aggie Bond is a precious child," said Mr. Jones, recalling the sweet flowers she had so often sent to his sick Maggie.

"When will you get my things?" asked Polly, tired of standing so long on the tip of her toes.

Mr. Jones thought the matter over. "A dress and shoes—the original cost could be but three dollars and a half. 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' I am afraid that I haven't lent the Lord as much as I ought."

"I'll wait on you in just one minute, Polly. Come right around here and pick out grandma a dress yourself. Anything in this pile," said he, touching a lot of gingham as he passed.

"I'll buy this," and she laid her hand on the only piece she could reach.

After tying up a bundle of the gingham and shoes, and making a strong loop of twine to carry it by, he put the half dollar in his pocket, and Polly laughed for joy as she turned to go.

The trader thought of his own little daughter again. "Look here, Polly, I've made a mistake; I forgot to give you the change."

"I forgot, too," said Polly; and she turned back to receive from Mr. Jones two half dollars.

"Are we all square now?" asked Polly.

"I think we are. Why didn't you buy something for yourself with your money?"

"Why, I just forgot myself. And I don't know as I want anything."

Polly's grandmother could not understand what it all meant, as she examined her nice presents and the two half dollars.

"Aggie gave me the half dollar, and I bought the dress and shoes, and had this left."

"But this is more than you had at first." It looked a little mysterious to Polly, but she concluded it was because he did not give her the flour, and butter, and molasses.

It was made clear to the grateful woman when Mr. and Mrs. Jones called that evening with dresses, aprons and shoes that their little girl had worn, and gave them to Polly. She clapped her hands for joy.

"Everybody is drestful good to me, and I'll trade with Mr. Jones every time I go to buy things. He never cheats a bit."

HALLO! JACK FROST!

Hallo! Jack Frost!
I thought you were lost;
I was really troubled about you.
I feared, it is true,
I should have to do
The whole winter long without you!

No ice on the lakes,
Nor any snowflakes,
Nor chance for a slide in the gutters;
Our skates and sleds must
Be covered with rust,
And ruined those beautiful outters.

That skim o'er the ground,
To the musical sound
Of bells that go jingle-a-jingle,
When soft lies the snow,
And chill breezes blow,
And hearts have a merrier tingle.

Hallo! Jack Frost!
I thought you were lost,
You are such a terrible rover,
Or else, frozen fast
To the North Pole at last,
You'd stay till the winter was over.

But here you are now,
With your frosty old pow,
And soon will the breezes mellow
Ring sharp and clear,
And shouts of cheer
Will welcome you back, old fellow!

My mittens and cap,
My skates and strap,
And sled, are ever so handy,
Just waiting for you
And your frosty crew,
My beautiful-Jack-a-dandy!

And soon we'll go
Over ice and snow;
And soon will the sleigh-bells' ringing
Join in the song
Of the merry throng
Of boys and girls who are singing:

Hallo! Jack Frost!
We thought you were lost;
We were really troubled about you.
And feared, it is true,
We should have to do
The whole winter long without you!

—Josephine Pollard.

CURED BY KINDNESS.

"You oughtn't to do so," shouted Willie, as the butcher dashed past in his waggon, giving the whip unmercifully to his half-starved horse. Another moment, in turning the corner, the waggon was upset, the horse broke into a run. The waggon was broken to pieces, and the man thrown out and badly injured. Next day "the vicious beast" was offered for sale. Willie's father bought him for a low price for use on the farm. It was a foolish bargain, people said, for the horse was quite uncontrollable. Even the owner said he would bite, rear, kick, and run away. But Mr. Ely bought it to please Willie, whose tender little heart was full of pity for the poor animal. "We will be so kind to him that he won't want to be bad, papa." So they agreed to follow Willie's plan.

Before long Mr. Ely and Willie began to drive the horse. People were surprised at the change

in him. "He would go as slow as desired," said the gentleman who told the story, "stop instantly at 'Whoa,' follow his master, come at his call, and rub his head on his shoulder."

What has made the change? Not force! The poor horse had been beaten, kicked, and starved before, and grew more and more stubborn. Now he was well fed, well bedded, well watered; not over-driven or over-loaded; never whipped, kicked or scolded. Kind words were given him, and now and then an apple or a piece of sugar. No gentler, safer, or more faithful horse went on the road. Willie's plan had succeeded. The little fellow fairly lived with the horse, and the horse seemed to know he was his best friend. Ben was a favourite with all the family. One night Mr. Ely was away from home. He had taken Ben early in the afternoon, but when bed-time came he had not returned. Thinking he would not be home that night, the family closed the house and retired.

About midnight Willie heard Ben's neigh. Jumping out of bed he ran to the window, and there was Ben at the door without his father. In a few moments the family were aroused, and Willie's brother hurriedly opened the door. No sooner had he done so, than Ben turned round and trotted off toward the road. He followed him quickly. Ben led him a quarter of a mile and then stopped. There Mr. Ely lay on the ground in a swoon. When he was taken home he soon recovered, and told them that as he was riding through the woods he struck his head against the overhanging branch of a tree and fell from the horse. He was stunned by the blow and did not remember anything more. After that night Ben was the hero of the village. But there was one strange thing about him: he never forgot either a benefit or an injury. Sometimes when in harness he would see his former master. Then all his old fire would return; his eyes would roll, he would champ his bit fiercely, and show an intense desire to get at his enemy. Only Willie or his father could quiet him then. Ben taught the people of that village more than they ever knew before of the power of kindness. And a good many of Willie's little friends began to practise his way of treating their dogs and ponies. They found that the surest way to manage them was by kindness.

This, you know, was Mr. Rarey's way. It was his secret in training horses. If any of our boys have any doubt on the subject suppose they try it for themselves, for this story of Ben is a true one.

TEACH THE BOYS ABOUT IT.

At home and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of human life. First, they should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues—that it never enters into the elements of structure; second, they should be taught that it disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get no help from it that is to be relied upon; third, they should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions, and debases the feelings; fourth, they should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly formed in those that use it, which destroys the health, injures the character, and in millions of instances becomes ruinous to fortunes, and to all the high interests of the soul; fifth, they should be taught that crime and pauperism are directly caused by alcohol. So long as \$2,000,000 are daily spent for drink in England, and \$2,000,000 per day in the United States, leaving little else to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, the boys should understand the facts about alcohol, and be able to act upon them in their earliest responsible conduct.—*Parish Magazine.*