

# S. P. C. A. JOURNAL.



"Open thy Mouth

For the Dumb."

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### WHICH?

Which shall it be! Which shall it be?  
I looked at Tom; Tom looked at me,  
(Dear patient Tom! who loves me yet  
As well as though my locks were jet);  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.  
"Tell me again what Robert said?"  
And then I let my bent my head.  
"This is his letter:

"I will give  
A house and land where you shall live,  
If in return, from out your seven,  
One child for aye to me is given."  
I looked at Tom's old garments worn,  
I thought of all that Tom had borne  
Of poverty, and work, and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share.  
I thought of seven months to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.

"Come, Tom," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep," so, walking hand-in-hand,  
Dear Tom and I surveyed our band.  
First to the cradle lightly stepped,  
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,  
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.  
Softly the father stopped to lay,  
His rough hand down in loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her!"

We stopped beside the trundle-bed,  
And one long ray of lamp-light shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so pitiful and fair:  
I saw on Janie's rough, red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere Tom could speak,  
"He's but a baby too," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,  
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our waywark son,  
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—  
Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave,  
Bld us befriend him to the grave.

Only a mother's heart could be  
Patient enough for such as he:  
"And so," said Tom, "I would not dare  
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then softly we stole up above,  
And knelt by Mary, child of love.  
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"  
I said to Tom. Quite silently  
He lifted up a curl that lay  
Across her cheek in wilful way,  
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not theo,"  
While my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—  
So like his father. "No, Tom, no;  
I cannot, will not let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
We could not drive one child away;  
And afterward toll lighter seemed,  
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;  
Happy, in truth, that not one face  
We missed from its accustomed place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

WONDERFUL FEATS WITH BEES.—H. R. H.  
the Prince of Wales, who manifested so much  
interest in the honey recently exhibited at the  
Kilburn Show, has been presented with an  
American beehive. To Mr. Hoge, who ex-  
plained the method of operating the hive, the  
Prince expressed an opinion that the stories  
recorded of Mr. Wildman's command over  
bees must to a great extent have been mythi-  
cal; but Mr. Hoge assured His Royal High-  
ness that he could demonstrate to him that  
they were quiet correct and unexaggerated,  
and, acting upon his assertion, he fumbled  
about for a little while among the swarm of  
live bees which he had with him, when they  
began to cluster about his right hand, assuming  
the shape of a huge bunch of grapes. Then  
placing a little tube made of wire gauze be-  
tween his teeth, the bees began to accumulate  
about his face, and hang like a long beard  
from his chin. Mr. Thurber, the great honey  
merchant, says the control over the bees lies  
in securing the queen bee, which in Mr. Hoge's  
case was confined in a wire tube, which all  
the bees followed from one place to another.

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