

YOUNG HEEDLESS.

YOUNG HEEDLESS is a boy
Who lives in every town.
His name? 'Tis sometimes Johnnie Smith,
And sometimes Tommy Brown.

Young Heedless goes to school
When he can find his hat,
At home he loves to play at ball
When he can find his bat.

Of mittens, one is gone,
Of rubbers, two or more;
And on the very coldest day
He never shuts the door.

The hammer's always lost,
The saw left on the ground;
And when he wants the button-hook
It never can be found.

To buy a piece of beef
You send him to the shop;
He loses all the change he had,
And brings you mutton chop.

For all these careless things,
And more than I could name,
Young Heedless always feels quite sure
He never is to blame.

His father would despair,
But that this thing is true:
That forty years or so ago
He was Young Heedless too.

—Ad. Vance.

NOBLE AND TRICKSY.

BY FANSY.

Two dogs they were, and I will tell you a true story concerning them. Tricksey belonged to little Robbie Parker, and was one of the nicest dogs I ever knew.

"It is a pity he has such a dishonourable name," the mother said. "I don't like tricky people."

"O mamma," Robbie would say, "he is only a dog; but then I know he wouldn't do any thing mean."

In the course of time, Robbie's older brother, Nelson, became the owner of the wickedest looking little dog that ever yelped.

What Nelson saw in the little wretch to please him, it would be hard to say; and of all queer things he was named "Noble!"

If the names could have been turned about, and "Tricksey" given to him, I think it would have suited every one but Nelson.

He was a queer fellow, and certainly had many tricks. Brave old Tricksey took kindly to him, and used to frolic with him in a dignified way, and whether it was that being with the little scamp so much he learned

some of his ways or not, I do not know, but certain it is that the funny thing I am going to tell you actually happened. There was nothing that the little scamp named "Noble" liked better than to have a race with old "Tricksey" around the great trees on the lawn. Yes, perhaps there was one thing that he liked almost as well, and that was to curl himself on a certain cushion that, before he came, had been the large dog's special property.

So sure as the old dog left it for a minute to do an errand, or to attend to any of his duties, up the little scamp would jump and be in possession. Good old "Tricksey" stood it patiently a good many times, but at last one day he thought out a way to manage the little new comer. It was just after a hearty dinner, and a chilly day, and a cozy nap on the warm cushion, I suppose, looked inviting to both dogs. The little dog was ahead, as usual, and the old dog sat down by the stove to think about it. At last he got up, moved gravely toward the door leading to the lawn, then turned around to the little dog, and said as plainly as dog language would admit:

"Come on, then, if you want a race"

Down jumped the little dog in a perfect flutter of delight, and wagged his tail, and barked his short, sharp barks that said, "O good, good!" and ran to the door.

What did our grave old dog do but turn around very quickly, spring to the bench behind the stove, curl himself on the cushion and go to sleep, leaving the disappointed younger one to bear the loss of his frolic and his cushion as best he might.

"He has earned his name," somebody said, laughing. "O, Tricksey, Tricksey! we can never say you ought to be called 'Noble' any more."

But what do you think Robbie did? Instead of being delighted with the sharpness of his dear old dog, he burst into tears.

"Why, Robbie," mamma said, "what is the matter?"

"Was it wicked, mamma?" Robbie asked. "Tricksey didn't know any better—he's only a dog."

"Of course it was wicked," Nelson declared.

Whether mamma wanted to comfort Robbie, or whether she thought Nelson needed the lesson, or whether it was a little or both reasons that made her speak just then, I will not stop to tell you, but what she said was.

"He may have been led astray by bad example. I wonder if it can be possible that he saw a boy take his slate and book under his arm yesterday, and walk toward the stairs as if going to the library to study, then dodge out at the side door, hide his

books under a rose-bush, and run off to play marbles with the boys?"

Not a word said Nelson, his cheeks grew red, and he looked down and fumbled with his watch-chain. Do you think his mother could have meant him?

THE FIRE-FLY'S LIGHT

A few evenings ago as the twilight was deepening into darkness, we looked over a broad meadow bordering upon a river. The conditions of marsh and thickets of low trees were favourable to the production of fire-flies, and many thousands of these creatures were rising into the air flashing forth their phosphorescent light. Such were their numbers and activity as to make a brilliant and exceedingly interesting scene. All my readers have seen these tiny creatures, and have watched with pleasure the effects of their luminous displays. But have you ever thought that the power to indulge in these gay pyrotechnics depend upon their activity? As soon as they become quiet, or settle down in the grass, they become a dull and comparatively uninteresting bug.

Now the fire-fly may be taken as a symbol of the Christian, and virtues and graces he ought to possess. He may have ever so much power for good, but the brightness and beauty of his graces appear only as they are in exercise. The Christian is commanded to let his light shine; but the glory of his light must appear in active, good works for Christ.

THE WISE GOATS.

On the trunk of a tree thrown over a rushing stream, that foamed as it dashed among the rocks below, two goats once met, each wanting to go his own way.

But how were they to manage? for, if they tried to pass each other, one, if not both, must fall and be killed. Now these two goats were wiser than many bearded men.

Putting their heads together, they stood still a short time, as if thinking what was the best thing they could do. They soon made up their minds what to do. One goat lay down, and let the other leap over him, which he did quite safely, and then each went on his way in peace.

Was not this much better than fighting? Was it not even better than the hard words which passed between two men who once met on a narrow walk, where one had to turn out for the other? "I never turn out for a rascal," said one. "I always do," said the other, giving way.