

## A Page for the Young.

### THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

BY MRS. CHILLOW B. ALLEN.

**I** AM a little chicken, hear me peep, peep, peep.  
My mamma's gone away and I've no place to sleep

I feel a little lonely, but I will not say a word,  
I don't like to be a chicken, I wish I were a bird.

I think I sing quite nicely, hear me peep, peep, peep,  
Or, weet-a-weet-a-weet-weet, cheep, cheep, cheep.  
Now isn't that the nicest song you ever, ever heard?  
It is really very easy to be a little bird.

Now, when other little chickens are scratching in the dirt,

Or running to their mamma for fear they will be hurt,  
I'll be singing far away, not so far I can't be heard,  
For I want them all to know I'm no chicken; I'm a bird.

What is that up in the heavens? It's a hawk I really fear.

If I could but find my mamma, how glad I'd be to see her!

"Cluck-a-cluck," that's mamma calling, sweeter sound I never heard:

I'm so glad I am a chicken—I don't want to be a bird.

### CURIOUS FACTS.

Bees are geometricians. Their cells are so constructed as with the least quantity of material to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called a 'nine-killer' is an arithmetician; as is also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees, erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals and many others are hunters. The white bear and the heron are fishermen. The ants are regular day laborers.

### WHAT IT COST HIM.

A MEDICAL gentleman living at St. John's Wood is in the habit of taking a daily stroll in Regent's Park. The other day, as he pursued his favourite walk, he observed a man seated

upon one of the forms by the roadside whom he recognised by his dress as a pauper belonging to the Marylebone Workhouse. The gentleman stopped and spoke to him, and the following is the substance of what was said.

"It's a pity," said the gentleman, "to see a man of your years reduced to spend the remainder of your life in the poor-house. How old may you be?"

"Close upon eighty years, sir."

"What was your trade?"

"Carpenter, sir."

"Well, that's a good trade to get a living by. surely. Now let me ask you plainly—were you in the habit of taking intoxicating liquors?"

"No, sir;—that is, I only took my beer three times a day, like all the rest. I was never a drunkard, sir, if that's what you mean."

"No, I don't mean that; but I should like to know how much on the average your beer cost you per day?"

"Well, sir, not more, I should think, than sixpence a day."

"And how long did you, speaking roughly, continue that expenditure?"

"I can hardly say, sir; but it would be about sixty years."

The gentleman taking out his pencil, began to make a calculation, whilst the aged pauper went on rambling about his temperate habits and the misfortunes that had overtaken him. When the sum had been worked out, the gentleman, very much to the astonishment of his listener, said to him:

"Temperate as you say your habits have been, my friend, let me tell you that your sixpence a day for sixty years, at compound interest, has cost you in the aggregate the sum of £3225 19s. 9d.; and if, instead of drinking the peculiar mixture called beer, you had put this aside for your old age, you would now have been in the receipt of £160 a year (without touching the principal), or, in other words, of £3 a week, in place of living in a workhouse and being dressed in the garb of a pauper."

### FOR OUR EXAMPLE.

It was Christ's "custom" to go to church. Many people now think or say that they can get as much good by staying at home, and only go occasionally. We may be sure that, if it was a good thing for our Saviour to attend service regularly, it is well for us to do the same. None of us are too wise to be benefited by joining the people of God.

The Saviour's mission was one of doing good. It was a mission of healing. His doing good was the very sign of his Messiahship. As such he presented it to the Nazarenes. As such he presented it to the disciples of John, who came asking if he were the Messiah. This will be our best evidence of acceptance as Christ's disciples if we too are always trying to do good.