

## YOUNG CANADA.

## A CHERRY TREE LESSON.

A naughty little city boy was taken to a farm,  
To spend the summer holidays, away from heat and harm;  
Where he could roll upon the grass, or chase the little  
chicks,  
Or tease the piggies in the pen by poking them with sticks.

To pull the peacock's feathers out of him was lots of fun;  
The geese stretched out their necks and hissed, and made  
him turn and run;  
He didn't dare to plague the dog, for fear that he would  
bite;  
But he was in all sorts of scrapes from morning until night.

One day he climbed a cherry tree that in the garden grew,  
Because it was the very thing he'd been told not to do;  
The cherries they were red and ripe, and tasted very  
sweet—  
That naughty boy he swallowed them as fast as he could  
eat.

But when he'd eaten all he could, and scrambled down  
again,  
He sat upon the ground, and soon began to scream with  
pain;  
And when at last the doctor came he very grimly said,  
"Give him a dose of castor-oil, and put him right to bed."

"It isn't nice," said his mamma, "to lie in bed all day;  
I hope 'twill be a lesson, Tom, and teach you to obey."  
Tom promised solemnly no more that cherry tree to climb;  
And his mamma was very sure he meant it—at the time.  
—*Harper's Young People.*

## KATY'S TEMPTATION.

Sarah was leaning against the gate of Farmer Jones' orchard. She was thinking how nice the farmer's pear tree looked, and how good the pears would taste. Just then her friend Katy came along. "Where are you going?" said Sarah. "Oh, nowhere in particular," said Katy, "I had nothing else to do, so I thought I would take a wal'. I am real glad I came across you; what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Sarah, "I am glad to see you, too. I was getting dreadfully lonesome. Do you see that pear tree over in the corner? Well, let's go and get some."

"But they are Farmer Jones' pears," said Katy.

"Well, he will never miss a few; we can just pick them off the ground. Besides, if we should ask him, you know he would say yes."

"Well, then, let us find him and ask him; you know mother always says that if a thing isn't worth asking for, it isn't worth having. Besides, the command says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes," said Sarah, "but it wouldn't be exactly stealing, do you think? Mr. Jones would not care so much for the pears on the ground."

"Are they our pears? that's the question," said Katy. "Have we any right to take them?"

"No," said Sarah, "and I am ashamed and sorry that I proposed such a thing. I am glad that you stood up for the right, instead of yielding to my evil advice. Come, we will go together and ask Mr. Jones for some pears. I am almost ashamed to face the kind old man after intending to treat him so meanly."

Just inside the orchard they met Mr. Jones. Katy asked him if they might have some of the pears that lay on the ground. "Yes, certainly you may," said the old gentleman, "come with me." When they reached the tree, he gave it a good shake, and down tumbled the mellow pears. "There," said he, "I am always glad to favour a little girl who

stands up for the right as Katy does, and also one who acknowledges her faults and is sorry for them as Sarah is. I heard all that passed between you, and I am glad that you are little girls to be trusted."

You may imagine Katy's and Sarah's feelings. What would they have been, if they had not resisted the evil temptation? "Be not overcome of evil."

## TRY AGAIN.

A gentleman was once standing by a little brook watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings he noticed scores of little minnows making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a shoal which was a foot or more high, and over which the clear sparkling waters were leaping. They halted a moment or two as if to survey the surroundings.

"What now?" inquired the gentleman; "can these little fellows continue their journey any further?"

He soon saw that they wanted to go further up the stream, and were only resting and looking out the best course to pursue in order to continue their journey to the unexplored little lakelet that lay just above the shoal. All at once they arranged themselves like a little column of soldiers, and darted up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion. A moment's rest, and they are again in the sprayey waters with like results. For an hour or more they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trials, they bounded over the shoal into the beautiful lakelet, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world.

"Well," said the gentleman, "here is my lesson. I'll never again give up trying when I undertake anything. I did not see how these little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impassable, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it. I shall never give up again."—*Kind Words.*

## STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot. As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home, and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me, "Another time hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing, "No, I thank you." If John, at that time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a drinking-saloon, "No, I thank you," he

would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum. If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been an honoured man instead of occupying a cell in the State prison. Had William, when at school, said, when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name, "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong-doing," he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this, that resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous. "Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life. O how many young men have endeavoured, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts, and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down hill; learn now to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they may come, "No, I thank you," and in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.

## SEALS AND THEIR BABIES.

Sometimes great storms come, breaking the ice-floes in pieces and jamming the fragments against one another, or upon rocky headlands, with tremendous force. Besides the full-grown seals that perish in such gales, thousands of the weak babies are crushed to death or drowned, notwithstanding the dauntless courage of their mothers in trying to get their young out of danger and upon the firm ice. And it is touching to watch a mother-seal struggling to get her baby to a safe place, "either by trying to swim with it between her fore flippers, or by driving it before her and tossing it forward with her nose." The destruction caused by such gales is far less when they happen after the youngsters have learned to swim. Does it surprise you that seals, when they are constantly in the water, have to learn to swim? Well, it might stagger the seals to be told that men have to be taught to walk. The fact is, a baby seal is afraid of water; and if some accident, or his mother's shoulders, pushes him into the surf when he is ten or a dozen days old, he screams with fright and scrambles out as fast as he can. The next day he tries it again, but finds himself very awkward and soon tired, the third day he does better, and before long he can dive and leap, turn somersaults (if he is a bearded seal), and vanish under the ice, literally "like a blue streak," the instant danger threatens. But he had to learn how, to begin with, like any other mammal.—*St. Nicholas.*

THERE is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbours that does not come back in blessings on ourselves.