

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IF THE ICE BREAKS.

THERE is always a deal of thin ice about in the beginning of winter, and "no end" of boys and girls who want to have "just one skate." One can hardly read a paper without seeing an account of some ducking or drowning accident. I wonder if the little skaters who will read this have ever thought what they would do if the ice should break under them, or they should, by any mishap, fall into the water?

The best way is to *keep* out, and then you won't have any trouble about *getting* out. Never venture on ice over swift or deep water, that hasn't been well tested by some older person. Never go near air-holes or shaky places, just to show how smart you are. The safest place on the ice is good enough for a boy who has sense enough to make it worth while for him to grow up. Remember the old story of the coachman who got a fat job, not by showing how near he could drive to the edge of a precipice, but how far he could keep from it. It is not cowardly to avoid danger, when it can be honourably shunned. Foolhardiness is not bravery.

But if you do go through the ice, the first thing is to keep as cool in your head as you will be in body. Wits, pluck, and breath, are the three life-preservers. If you find you are "going under" once, shut your mouth, and hold your nose if you think of it. Come up as quick as you can, and throw your arms well out over the solid edge of the ice, if within reach, or across any floating cake, and *hang on!*—hang on for dear life! "Holler," if you can; but don't cry—till you are out of the water. Crying is bad for all three of your life-preservers. It scatters the wits, scares away the pluck, and uses up the breath. Don't cry. Shout, if help is near, and hang on. If the ice is firm enough, perhaps you can lift yourself out by your arms, by getting a little help from your knee. If you are so fortunate, don't try to get on to your feet at once, but roll over until you are well beyond the cracks, and free from all danger of slipping in. Your weight is thus distributed over more surface, and with your wet clothing it is easier to roll than to walk.

If you are out of the water, and some poor fellow is in, use your wits sharply to save him. If a rail, or a board, can be had at once, shove it out to him, and tell him to grab it. Speak bravely and hopefully to him, and direct him what to do. When he gets a good hold, pull steadily, so as not to jerk it away; but swiftly, so as to make sure of him. If the ice will warrant it,—as it will around a hole that has been cut out of solid ice,—and there are boys enough, form a line, take hold of hands, and let the strongest take the lead and pull him out, while the line draws them both safely back. When there is nothing better, tie two or three comforters together to make a rope, or pass one end of a long coat to the poor fellow: I have seen a lad saved in this way, when there would have been no time to go for other help. Do something,—do anything that isn't hopelessly reckless,—rather than see a

mate drown before your eyes while you stand gaping and helpless by.

And when he is out, let him run to the nearest house for care, if strong enough. The exercise will do him good. If too weak for this, bundle him in your own warm coat and carry him there on the double-quick.

The sagest advice of all I have saved to the last: Go to a rink, or slide instead of skate, and you will never "get in."—*Uncle Zack, in the Golden Rule.*

A YOUNG OURANG-OUTANG.

THE ourang-outang, or "man of the woods," as the name signifies (because the creature bears the closest resemblance to man of all the monkey tribe), is mostly found in the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. It is often very troublesome in the gardens and fruit-orchards of the natives, coming out of its forest hiding places by night, and wantonly destroying great quantities which it does not devour. It is hunted, therefore, to reduce the number in the vicinity of their fields and dwellings, but its cunning is such that it is very difficult to approach. It takes refuge in the tops of lofty trees, whose branches and foliage conceal it from its pursuers. Even when mortally wounded by a shot, it will often so carefully place itself in a crotch, or upon a mass of matted leaves, that its body does not fall from the tree when life is extinct.

A late traveller in those islands has given a most interesting account of his experience in hunting these animals, and his observations of their habits in their native forests.

On one occasion he shot a full grown female which was carrying a young one in her arms. He did not know this until it fell with its dead mother from the tree, clinging to her with so tight a grasp that it was difficult to separate them. The little creature was very young, not more than a foot long, and quite babyish in its appearance and behaviour.

This traveller, who was also a great naturalist, and was exploring the islands to find out all he could about animal and vegetable life there, was very anxious to preserve this little ourang-outang, that he might watch its growth and development. He carried it home, and tried to provide some food which would nourish it, in place of milk, which could not be obtained. He did not succeed very well, for though he kept it alive for three months, it did not grow or thrive. But the incidents of its brief existence, as he relates them, are both interesting and amusing.

The arms of the ourang as most of our young readers know, are very long in proportion to its body. In the full grown animal, when he stands erect, they reach almost to the ankles. Those of the little one were also long and flexible, with the fingers adapted to cling tenaciously to whatever it could get hold of. In this way it had grasped the tufts of hair on the mother's shoulder so tightly that she could leap from branch to branch, and spring from one tree to another, without shaking it off. It was therefore uneasy when captured, to find something to cling to and hang upon, as it had done to its mother. Mr. Wallace (the traveller's name) pitied its restless reach-

ings for this purpose, and tried to comfort it by tending it in his arms, but he was soon obliged to give that up, for, in spite of all he could do, it would seize his beard with such a grip that he could not get it away without assistance.

At length he hit upon a device which gave the little creature much comfort for a while. He rolled a buffalo skin into a bundle with the hair outward, and allowed it to grasp and climb upon it as much as it liked. This strengthened its limbs and improved its health, but in a short time it began to suck the skin, and got so much hair into its throat and stomach, as to produce sickness. It became necessary, therefore, to take away the bundle which had given it so much pleasure.

But it pined for companionship. It wanted something warm and living to cuddle up to, just as all young animals do. It soon learned to like petting and handling, and would cry like any baby to be taken up. The daily bath and gentle brushing which it received, gave it comfort and enjoyment.

After a while, Mr. Wallace succeeded in capturing a young monkey of another species, for a companion to the little ourang. It was thought to be about the same age, but so much more mature and lively, that it quite tyrannized over the weaker party, treating it with great indifference and disdain, though not with any ill-nature. Its superior strength and agility gave it a great advantage over the wee babyish creature that was no match for it in anything. It would take food out of its mouth, pull it about, sit down on its face or stomach without the least consideration of its feelings. The young ourang, however, submitted to all these indignities patiently, for the sake of the warmth and comfort it derived from a living body close to its own.

It had no teeth when first taken; but in a short time it cut the two front ones of the lower jaw, acting very much like a human infant at the trying period of teething.

Mr. Wallace hoped to raise the little thing, to which he became very much attached. But all his efforts to procure suitable food for it failed. It needed milk, which was not to be obtained, to make it strong and healthy. So, after faithfully caring for it night and day for three months, it died, much to his regret and disappointment.—*Congregationalist.*

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkling brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be wretchedness.

THERE is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good times come.