

CORRECTION.

IN "Tangled Threads" our young friends will notice that in the "Prize Puzzle" the printer omitted the sixth line, and the word "sixth" should read "seventh" thus:

My sixth is in bacon not in tripe.

My seventh is in road not in ditch, etc.

UNCLE JOE.

CHILDREN'S THOUGHTS.

WHEN we stand face to face with a child some of us forget that there is a vague barrier fixed between us and the little one. Its life is a life of dreams and to its consciousness all things in the outer world become transformed. People want to overload children with facts; they cannot do it without danger. If the child is properly treated, a portion of the facts will remain in its mind; but the dream will go on all the same; and the cruel educator—the deadly educator—is the one who persists in waking the youth out of that dream. No object is quite actual to the child. If we watch a little fellow at breakfast, we shall find in many cases that even the food which he enjoys so much and assimilates so well has undergone some strange transformation through the witchery of his imagination. He has a trifling knowledge of geography perhaps, and, if he has been intelligently taught, we may see him playing curious tricks for a while with his broad plate of porridge; he cuts channels, makes dams, and perhaps moves his mother almost to tears by illustrating the action of floods—for this latter operation necessitates the tilting of the plate. Could one only know accurately what is passing in that young brain, it would be seen that for it the world has become as naught, and the being whom we foster and patronize and protect, can do all what grown folk would fain do—he can transport himself far away from earth. We often think of a story of a four-year-old child who was very intelligent and odd, and we know the story to be true. This young man imagined that he could talk with cows and horses and pigs, and his proceedings became positively embarrassing when he insisted on opening up intellectual intercourse with a bull of uncertain temper. But one day he surpassed himself. He was found sitting enraptured beside a pot of flowers; his hands were clasped, his eyes shone, and he was like a carven symbol of silence. When he woke from his trance of pleasure, he whispered ecstatically, "Singing a song!" She to whom he confided this information knew exactly what he meant, but she said enquiringly, "The flowers are singing?" "Yes," said this remarkable young sage. All around in the child's world there is no blemish of the real; he personifies every thing at once—the animals are equal in understanding to himself, and death in that fairyland is not known. His mind is so far above the practicalness of the grown-up man that he hardly can find anything too incredible for him. There are degrees of incredibility for the man, but none for the child, he will accept anything, everything. The wind to him is an animal, or a confidant to whom he can tell things, or a mysterious enemy, according to the mood he may happen to be in on any day. The trees, the grass, the rabbits scudding to cover, the birds in the air, are all players in the drama which the young wizard quite understands and follows. We have often wondered what is the child's exact thought about the grown folk whom he loves or who love him. When once the vision of youth has flown away, it is terrible to think that we cannot even rightly conceive the aspect of things which was with us before the flight and the man is obliged to study the matter from the scientific side by observing the demeanor of the barbarians. Something like worship the child can feel, and thus much it exhibits towards

father or mother or teacher if the right way be taken with it; but it has no conception of things unseen; it transfigures those which it sees, and that gives enough of the supernatural in all conscience.

WRESTLING WITH A BEAR.

AN English resident in India thus describes, in *Longman's Magazine*, the performances of the large Isabelline bears which are occasionally brought from Cashmere to display their tricks at Calcutta.

The greatest objection is that each poor bear has all his teeth pulled and then wears a muzzle, in order that the spectator may not notice the denuded state of his mouth.

Before the combat, the man has covered his naked back with a thick piece of cowhide, but the rest of his garb is little more than a pocket handkerchief. He slaps his naked arms and chest with his hands, and challenges the bear to "come on."

Bruin, standing fully as tall as he, waddles forward with his head comically on one side, and after a few feints and passes, the man is locked in the bear's embrace. The cowhide on the man's back protects him from the bear's long claws, but to those who see the contest for the first time, the position seems dangerous.

The man struggles and twists about, and tries in vain to tip up the bear; all the time he is talking loudly, abusing the bear and all its ancestors, while he gradually seems to grow more and more exhausted. Just as the spectator becomes really anxious for his safety, there is a sudden twist—probably a preconcerted signal to the bear—and the pair roll over on the ground, the man promptly rising victorious and planting his foot on his confederate's neck.

Throughout the combat, the bear usually wears a stolid look of indifference, but, often as I have watched the struggle, there are still times when it seems to me that some one ought to terpose. However, I never saw or heard of an accident.

If you pay a visit to the huts where bears and men usually put up together, on the outskirts of a town, you will find them living in a most amicable intimacy; indeed, if they are roused in the early morning, during the cold weather, it is difficult to distinguish man from bear, as they begin to rise from their slumbers on the same bed of straw.

IN 1611, an English gentleman travelling in Italy made this entry in his journal: "I observe a custom not used in any other country. They use a little fork when they cut their meat." He purchased one and carried it to England, but when he used it he was so ridiculed by his friends that he wrote in his diary: "Master Lawrence Whitaker, my familiar friend, called me Lucifer for using a fork at feeding." That little twotone article of table furniture brought about a fierce discussion. It was regarded as an innovation, unwarranted by the customs of society. Ministers preached against its use. One minister maintained that, as the Creator had given thumbs and fingers, it was an insult to Almighty God to use a fork.

SONGS OF ALL SEASONS, CLIMES AND TIMES.—There was laid on our table too late for notice in October issue a little volume of poems by Mrs. John Crawford. The book is published by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, and is neatly and prettily bound, and in typographical appearance, generally, does credit to the publishers. A portrait of Mrs. Crawford appears as a frontispiece. A "Motley Jingle of Jumbled Rhymes," as Mrs. Crawford calls her verses, are worth perusing.