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CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE UNTO ME

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 14, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 253.

RONALD IN TROUBLE.

Two or three evenings after the talk under the sweet lime trees, just as the boys were rushing out, Ronald heard the teacher's voice, saying:

"Where is George? I never can find that fellow when I want him to go a message."

George was called the "handy man." He did a great number of odd chores. Poor George, one or other was always calling him; they sought him for all wants, and blamed him for all things that were left undone.

"He must be found," exclaimed Mr. Downs; "I want to send him for Doctor Jay: I must see the doctor to-night."

"Please, sir," said Ronald, "let me go: I will take great care of the letter; I know all my lessons for to-morrow, sir."

"But you will miss your game, and this evening, I hear, is to decide who is to be captain. You have a good chance."

"No, sir, I am not in the club; and, indeed, I would much rather go your message."

The master looked at him steadily. Ronald's bright blue eyes, as well as his mind, were so true and honest that he did not fear the master's gaze.

"Ronald, there is some reason besides the desire to oblige me that makes you wish to see Doctor Jay."

"There is, sir."

"Are you ill?"

"O no, sir, I am thankful to say I am never ill."

"Why, then, do you wish to see Doctor Jay?"

"Sir," replied the boy, "I have a reason, but I would much rather not tell it."

"Very well," said the master, "I can always trust you; so here is the letter, and now away."

And away he went.

It was quite twilight before the wheels of Doctor Jay's carriage told of his coming. Lamps were just lit in the schoolroom, and some of the boys were peeping through the glass of the windows anxious to know who was in the carriage.



"Who's to be dosed now?" said one.

"Why, there's Ronald inside with the doctor!"

"I wonder he did not go on the box."

"I should not like to be shut up with a doctor."

"I wonder what's up?" exclaimed the young voices.

They were all in various states of "wonder," and remarked how polite Ronald was, holding his shoulder to Doctor Jay (whose skill did not prevent his having the gout now and then) so that the old man might descend with ease from his buggy.

I do not know what the master wanted with the doctor, but before he went the doctor said, "I wish

the next night, while Ronald carried the little fellow up to his bed, "I have been so happy! Do you know the doctor says my leg will come all right? But he wont tell me how; he felt it, and wrote on a bit of paper about it, and said he would come and see me so soon. We had a lovely apple-pie and custards, and a big dog, who wanted to carry me in his mouth, as if I was a stick or a stone. The doctor says he once saved a little boy from being drowned, and ever since he wants to carry every boy (I mean every little boy) he sees in his great mouth. If my leg was well I could ride him. The doctor's very

to see your little lame pupil, Philip."

"O, poor boy," said Mr. Downs, "it is a sad case; he is such a sweet, gentle little fellow, and a keen scholar, a very keen scholar! but his mother cannot afford to pay for the treatment you told us of six months ago, I think, was it not?"

"Yes, quite that; and I said that if the leg was not treated within twelve months he must be lame for life."

"Ah, very sad, doctor; I wish I could afford it, and I would pay the cost myself."

"Ah," said the doctor, "the longer I live the more I feel that we could all do a great deal more good than we do, if we kept watch and ward over the small things on which we waste our small sums—our own snuff and cigars, and the pence lavished by boys on 'sweets' and such like, all of which we should be better without, would, if well placed, save hundreds from starving: but I want to see my little friend."

Mr. Downs called for Philip; the doctor looked at his leg, asked him if he would like a drive on the hill, and ended by begging that he might spend the next day with him.

Philip was charmed; he hopped off to tell Ronald, and the master bade adieu to the doctor, in wonder at his sudden fancy for the lame boy.

"O, Ronald," said Philip

fond of you, Ronald: he said you were a noble Roman. I heard him call two or three people he is fond of 'noble Romans.' I wonder is a 'noble Roman' what we call a 'brick?'"

"I dare say it is," said Ronald, adding, "but now say your prayers and go to sleep, for you must be very tired."

"Let me say my prayers at your knee, Ronald," asked the child, "and then I feel as if mamma was here. Some of the boys laugh at little chaps for saying prayers, but I know it's right."

Ronald's papa had said he might have a room to himself, and Ronald had asked to have a little bed put into it for Philip; that was granted, and it was great joy to the lame boy.

Ronald was a brave lad, and tender as brave. I think all brave men are gentle and kind to the young and helpless, as well as to the old and feeble.

After Ronald had heard Philip pray he returned to the school room. The boys were laughing and "chaffing" each other. Ronald was asked by one "if he had put his baby to bed?"

Ronald said he had. This was followed by a remark that Ronald gave his baby care but never gave him cake. O no, Ronald was too stingy to give anything that cost money!

Much as most of the boys liked Ronald, his best friends could not deny that he was greatly changed; it was so strange, this change in a boy who, "last term," was the hero of the school; so free to give, and now so close: there were many who grudged him the prizes he had fairly won; grudged him his place in the first class; grudged him the master's kind words and looks. There had been an ugly fight in the school, and the master had given strict orders against fighting, with a promise of punishment to whoever struck the first blow.

It had more than once come into the head of a boy, who, I am sorry to say, was a very bad boy indeed, that he would try to provoke Ronald to strike him; he would have done anything or borne anything to get Ronald into trouble.

It was Tom Massey who was so wicked, and he chose this evening to provoke Ronald. He set others on him, and Ronald's friends began to gather round him, not knowing how long he could bear the jeers and taunts that were cast at him. At last Massey said that any fellow who could bear all that must be a coward. The word had hardly flown from his lips when Ronald seized him by the throat, held him in his grasp for a minute, then flung him down and sprang on the table.

"I call you all," he said, "to bear witness that I am not a coward! I hate a coward, and thus must hate him who called me so. There is not a weak boy, there is not a boy smaller than himself whom Tom Massey has not fagged and trampled on by day or night; and he would not have used that word to me had he not seen the master enter the room and thought I dared not touch him in his presence. Before you all I beg our master's pardon. I have borne your taunts as to my stinginess, because I knew I must seem mean to you, though I do not deserve the reproach."

Ronald sprang from the table, walked up to Mr. Downs, and said:

"I have broken your command in your presence, sir, and now give myself up to be dealt with as you please."

O what an uproar there was! I cannot describe it. Ronald had never before been seen in a passion. Massey, who was really a coward, clung as it were to the ground; the big boys rushed over him, and the little ones were glad to keep him down: they had what they called "the best of it" for once, and knew it. He was the worst boy in the school, and Ronald was ashamed at being provoked to forget the school law, and degrade himself by a quarrel with such a fellow.

The teacher's decision shall be given in your next paper.



THE GARDEN.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

TWO LESSONS FROM THE GARDENER.

"THESE trees will not have any fruit on them," said the gardener as we walked through an orchard of fine young trees.

"How can you tell that?" I asked; "this is not the time for fruit; it is only March, and these trees look strong and handsome."

"Ah, yes," said the gardener, "but the buds are dead, and there can be no fruit without buds."

And then he showed me how the buds were all black in the center because the frost had killed them. It was a pity, I thought, but then I knew the trees were not to blame about it, and another year they would undoubtedly be full of fruit. But as I went home I saw a poor drunkard staggering along the streets with his red bloated face and bleared eyes, and I wondered if the buds of temperance and virtue in his heart didn't get killed somehow when he was a boy. I dare say he used to be a bright, noble little fellow, and people used to say of him, "He's a promising boy; he'll make his parents proud of him some day," just as we say of a tree that it promises a full crop of fruit. But the buds got frozen. Perhaps at first it was the evil example of others; that is, like a cold, icy wind upon the buds of virtue; and then the boy began to do wrong things himself, so that the sap that fed the buds came to be impure and poisonous, and by and by the poor things withered up and died.

When I hear boys swearing and using coarse, vulgar language it makes me feel sad. The sin itself is bad enough, but the present sin is not all. You are killing all the buds of goodness in your hearts, and by and by, instead of growing up into a noble manhood and bearing fruit that will bless the world, you'll be poor, stunted, crooked creatures, and society will cast you out of its garden because you only injure and disgrace it.

And that is not all. Instead of the buds will grow out thorns; great ugly, dangerous thorns. So take good care of the buds, for our great Gardener, who planted us here in this garden of the world, meant to have every one of us bear good fruit, so that by and by he can transplant us into his garden of life above.

Another thing the gardener showed me was the most beautiful plant you can imagine. It was perfect in form, every leaf was green and glossy, and the rich crimson blossoms were just beginning to burst.

"I have taken more pains with that plant," said the gardener, "than with anything else in my collection. It is to be sent to the President, and I meant to have it perfect."

"It is really perfect," I said; "but, after all, the President will only look at it once, and forget all about it afterward, and he will never know how much pains you have taken with it."

And then I thought of a poor cripple who spends all his days in a little dingy attic, earning just enough to keep him alive by making small baskets. This old man is a Christian, and he used to feel sometimes as if it was very hard that he could not do anything for Jesus.

"But after a while," says the old man, "I thought that my Master must know what kind of work he needed most from me, and if he wanted me to serve him by making baskets and being thankful, why I'd try and do that just as well as I could. It's all for Jesus, and it's a comfort to think that he knows all about it, and counts it for something."

What do you think of that, boys and girls? Wasn't that a Master worth working for? Doesn't it pay to try and do our very best with all our little homely duties, when we know that this is just the very work Jesus wants at our hands, and that he will count it all as done for him?

In his eyes one duty is just as great as another; it makes no difference what, if it is only duty; something he wants us to do.

So whatever he gives you to do, whether it is learning lessons now or preaching his Gospel by and by, be sure that he counts one just as important as the other, and gives you credit for all the care you bestow upon it. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE LITTLE COLPORTEUR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

LITTLE JOHNNY has taken his father's great hat,
His traveling bag and his cane,
And has left his home by the back-yard gate
That opens upon the lane.

Down the lane till he gained the crowded street
He scampered with all his might,
And never stopped till he knew the roof
Of the house was out of sight.

The hat kept slipping down over his eyes,
And rude little boys would laugh;
The traveling bag would drag in the mud,
And the cane was too tall by one half.

The people all turned to look at the child
Who wore such a queer-looking rig,
And a kind old gentleman stopped to ask
Why his hat and his cane were so big.

"Tell me where you are going alone, little one;
You'll lose yourself here, I am sure."
"I have got some nice books in my bag, Mr. Man,
And I is a colporteur."

"Indeed! Let me look at your books, if you please;
But tell me first, what is your name?
And where does your father live when he's at home?
Can you point out the way that you came?"

"No! I is a colporteur," Johnny replied;
"Will you look at the tracts and the books?"
Then he pulled an old almanac out of his bag
Half full of directions for cooks.

"Here's another," said he, "but I mustn't sell that;
My papa writes in it at night;
But I'll sell you my jack-knife, my old one, I mean,
If you'll wait till I've sharpened it bright."

"Let me look at the book; ah, here is a name;
So you're the new minister's son;
Now, what will he say to his young colporteur
When he finds out what you have done?"

"O don't you mind that, he never will know;
I'm not going home any more;
I like the gay street and I'm almost a man;
Next September I shall be four!"

"That is true." 'Twas another voice close by his side.
"O, papa, now what made you come?"
"Because poor mamma cannot find her dear boy."
Said Johnny, "I guess I'll go home."

A BROTHER offended is harder to be won than a strong city: and their contentions are like the bars of a castle. Prov. xviii, 19.

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1866.

LITTLE NITA AND HER COMPANIONS.

BY MRS. JANE HOLMES, ENGLAND.
For the Sunday School Advocate.



WHEN Nita was very little, she had a foolish and dangerous habit of pulling cups and jugs and basins over to her to see what was in them. Her Mamma determined to cure her of this: so, one winter night she said to the maid, "Pray leave a bowl of cold water on the dressing table, pretty near the edge, so that when Nita gets out of bed, she can reach to the bowl." Well, the moment Nita opened her eyes in the morning, she jumped out of her little bed, ran to the table, and, as usual, pulled over the vessel. Oh, dear! down came dashing the icy water over Nita's head and shoulders; and, of course, she had no clothing on except her tiny night dress! Poor Nita gasped and sobbed and trembled with the shock. Her Mamma had a dry night gown quite ready for her, and she requested the maid to remove the wet one, rub the frightened child very well, and put her back to bed for half an hour.

So ever after, Nita dreaded pulling vessels over to her, and she waited until she was served, or if the cup or bowl was not for her, she learned to walk away and not ask any questions about it.

Some time after, Nita was glad that she had been cured of her bad habits, when she heard of little Sophy having pulled a cup of boiling coffee over her neck, and having died of inflammation.

Nita had another bad habit: she was restless and fidgetty!—did not like to sit still for many minutes; and there are times when children ought to sit still; for instance, when the Bible is being read before family prayer, or when attending Divine worship. But Nita liked to be tying and untying her bonnet, or taking off and putting on her gloves, or nipping the hem of her little pocket-handkerchief, or counting the tucks on her frock, or moving about on her seat! Her Grandmamma took great pains to quiet this fidgetty child; she used to make her sit for half an hour on a little white marble stool at her feet, placing Nita's hands before her! The dear old lady used to have one of her own feet on this stool, while she sewed or while she read the Bible. I am sorry to say, that after all her pains, to make her little name-sake "sit pretty," one of Nita's hands would soon be found picking at the gold spangles on Granie's velvet shoe, or scratching the high white ivory heel of it with a pin!! So the old lady thought it would be best to employ Nita's restless fingers usefully; and she taught her to knit, first garters and then stockings; and Mamma taught her to sew very neatly, and gave her bits of calico and silk to make doll's clothes, and Nita was very happy to be employed; she liked it far better than sitting "pretty."

Her Mamma took her to church one Sunday, and Nita happened to have a new silk tippet or pelerine, with broad ribbon strings. She amused herself, during the sermon, tying and untying these strings, and rolling and unrolling them. How very wrong this, was! Well, what do you think? Nita was just opposite to the minister, and when she looked up at him, he made an awful pause in his sermon, looked restless Nita full in the face, and shook his long finger at her! The tears came in her eyes, and she dropped the strings. Indeed, I believe, she put her two hands under her, for fear she should be tempted to fidget any more. But her punishment was not

yet at an end, for the tall minister came up to her after service, and shook his dreadful long finger at her again, before the people! Oh! was it not frightful! Nita cried sadly, and went home in disgrace.

Another time, she was on a visit at her uncle's house, which was situated near a large lake. Nita was very happy here; there were rabbits and flowers and fruit, and a fine large green lawn, and there were plenty of little story books. Nita does not remember a time that she could not read, her Mamma taught her so very young; so Nita was delighted to spend a month at her uncle's pleasant house. One day she was walking along the edge of the lake and there stood an empty tub left by the servant. Foolish Nita thought she should like to play at sailing! so she got into the tub and contrived to push it out from the shore a great piece! of course, she did not sit still, and the tub went to one side, and Nita would have been drowned, if a grown up cousin, who was returning from fowling or fishing, had not seen the child, and plunged in to rescue her. She got a good fright that time, I can tell you.

Well, a good while after this, when Nita returned to her own home, her Papa said to her one day, "I have some good news for you, my dear little girl; your Mamma and I are invited to spend next Wednesday at Rose Hill, and Mrs. T. has desired us to bring you; so if I get a good report of you at school, you shall go with us." Well, Nita's Papa did get a good report of her from her teacher, (for Nita always learned her lessons well) and when Wednesday came, she was the happiest child to be found anywhere.

The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, school books were hidden away for the day, and there were all Nita's nice clean clothes laid out for her; her clean, white frock, with the forty-eight little tucks; her nice petticoats, spencer and bonnet; her new stockings, with the silk spots, and glory of glories; her new olive-coloured kid shoes. Her Mamma came to wash and dress her, and while so doing, she gave Nita many injunctions as to her behaviour during the day. Of course the happy child made all sorts of promises, and she intended to keep them too. Nita said her prayer, and went down to breakfast; she saw the car at the door, and she saw nurse and baby dressed. Well, I fear that during family prayer, Nita's thoughts ran too much on the dog-berry necklace, and the rush cap that she intended to make at Rose Hill—not to speak of the blackberries which she meant to gather. It was autumn, Nita had spent a day at this house before this time, and she knew all its attractions.

At last Papa, and Nurse, and baby were placed on one side of the car, and Mamma and Miss Fidget on the other. When near Rose Hill she began to move about, and her Mamma said, "Sit still, child." Nita did as she was desired immediately, but the next minute her joy made her forget again, and she clapped her hands and danced her feet up and down! Papa was obliged to drive through a swollen stream, a little river, and just as the car was in the deepest part, my little lady gave a hitch, and away she went up to the waist in muddy water! Her Papa could not give up the reins to come round to her, and she was obliged to scramble up as well as she could with her Mamma's assistance, and sit dripping and shivering until the party reached Rose Hill. The moment Nita arrived she was undressed and put to bed for the day, while her clothes were washed and dried. This was not accomplished until after tea, when it was time to return home. Oh, how broken-hearted was poor Nita! No roses, no black-berries, no dog-berry necklace, no rush cap, no racing about, no run to Fairy Hill; and what vexed her still more, was to hear the lady of the house, in the next room, tell-

ing all the pleasures Nita *might have had*. This accident proved to be a sad, though an useful lesson to this restless child, and I am happy to say she really got cured of her faults, and did her very best to remain quiet at proper times.

One story more, and that is all for the present. One summer day, Nita was going to school; she had a long way to walk, and the sun was hot and the flags were hot also. Nita lived in a large city. She overtook three other little girls going to the same school, and she joined them. Mary and Sophy were sisters, Theodosia was no relation to any of the party; she was a class-mate of Nita's, and just the same age—seven.

The four children passed a large stall or standing where were cakes, sweets, and tempting oranges. Mary and Sophy said they had pennies, and that they would buy each a nice cooling orange, as they were so warm and so tired. Theodosia said she had no penny, but that she would just stop to look at the oranges. This was very foolish, indeed. Nita knew that she had no penny either, and she thought it would be better not to stop and look at the oranges; she remembered the story of Eve; so she went on to the school alone. She was very glad she did go on, for you shall hear a sad tale.

While Mary and Sophy were choosing their oranges, the Devil tempted Theodosia to stoop and smell the large one, that lay just before her on the stall. She did what the wicked one whispered her to do. Then he tempted her to touch it, and feel how soft it was. She again obeyed the Devil; and then he whispered her to take it—that is, steal it! She thought to herself, "perhaps the orange woman will see me." The wicked one suggested, "open your little satchel and just give the orange the slightest tip, and in it goes, and then you can draw the string tightly." Unfortunate Theodosia did all this, and thought no one had seen her theft, forgetting that God's eye was upon her. And although the orange woman did not see her, Sophy saw her. A quarrel took place that day in school, and Sophy disclosed the whole affair. Oh, dear! what an awful business that was! and how glad little Nita was that she had not been led "into temptation" that morning.

When such dreadful things took place in this school, the bell was rung; orders were given to suspend business; sixty young ladies, aged from six to twenty, were obliged to stand during the trial. Every governess stood at the head of her own class, to maintain profound silence! The culprit was brought out, the witnesses were examined, and then followed the awful punishments, too dreadful to mention! Let every little child pray to God to keep her from sin!

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS."—"Ah! my son, my son, I am very sorry to see you in such company. You may think it very manly to lounge on the corner of the street, and puff away at a cigar, with that swaggering young loafer, who has long since grown too manly to go to church and Sabbath-school. I am very sorry to see you prefer the verandah of that pest to the village, the drinking saloon, to the quiet pew in the village church. Alas, my boy, you are on the highway to ruin; all that fine talk of Fred's about 'jolly times,' means the theatre, the gambling house, the race-course and his master's till! Don't you see that policeman looking at you round the corner? ay, he is saying to himself, 'Fast boys will need my services soon.' 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

To teach well is a higher attainment than to rule well.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A WORD TO BOYS.

WHEN our late war closed, some Americans who had been living a long time in Paris came back here to rejoice with us, they were so proud of their native land, which was now for the first time a really free country. But they closed their visit soon and returned, and what do you suppose they said of us?

"It is hot there, and everybody is in a hurry; they all spit, and no one says, Thank you."

The weather here we cannot help, and we care very little what they say about the hurry; for we have a great country and much to do for it, so we have no time to be idle. As to the lack of politeness, there may be some room for improvement. It will do us no hurt to try to get more, though I would not wish to import any of the hollow French article miscalled by that name. But as regards the other accusation, I repeat it to myself very often, "They all spit," and I see no excuse for it. To be sure, some men put tobacco in their mouths, and that necessarily makes them spit. I am certain I should wish to spit too, until I spit it all out. Of course, when there is anything offensive in the mouth it should be removed, but it should be done as quietly as possible. Still, men and boys spit on other occasions, and on all occasions, incessantly, and without any good reason. I believe women do not practice it, (perhaps it is because their mouths are cleaner,) and they do not seem to think it necessary for men and boys to do so in their presence.

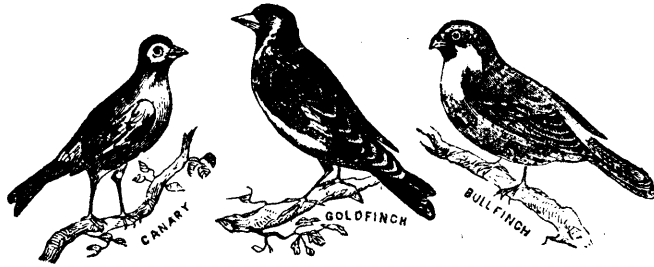
But it is not only an indelicate and offensive habit, it is also very injurious. If you take a looking-glass, and by its help look under the front part of the tongue, you will see several small openings, which pour out a clear fluid, called saliva, into the mouth. This is not to be thrown out and wasted, nor used up in chewing gum or tobacco. Its object is to moisten our food and prepare it for digestion in the stomach. Nature supplies no more of it than is necessary. If, then, it is wasted for other purposes, the food is imperfectly digested, and Nature, in the effort to repair the waste, makes a drain on the system which hurts the health.

Some boy, perhaps, will be just wise enough to say that he knows some good men that spit. Very likely, and they no doubt acquired the habit when they were boys like you, and no one told them better. But that is no reason why you should abuse your health and the better knowledge that God has given you. Boys, don't spit! AUNT JULIA.

LINES FOR A SICK CHILD.

No doubt, little reader, the time goes slowly with you as you lie all day on your couch. You can spend some of it in looking up these passages in the Bible, and may Jesus comfort you with some precious promise.

WHEN wasted by sickness and weary with pain,
Psa. xli, 3.
So smitten, so faint I may ne'er rise again,
Psa. xxxix, 4, 11.
To whom shall I look, to whom shall I cry,
John vi, 68.
But to thee, blessed Jesus, who ever art nigh?
Matt. xi, 28.
I know thou art near in my deepest distress,
Isa. xlviii, 10.
O be near to sustain me, to comfort and bless!
Isa. lxlii, 9.
Let the keenest of tortures ne'er make me repine,
Prov. iii, 11, 12.
But remember thy anguish was greater than mine.
Luke xxii, 44.
'Tis because I have sinned that I languish and sigh,
Luke xxiii, 41.
But thou for my sins didst in agony die;
1 Pet. ii, 24.
And since thou hast suffered for me to atone,
Isa. liii, 5.
O take me, and wash me, and make me thine own.
Psa. li, 5, 10.



SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE'S a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,
The programme is rich, and the tickets are free,
In a grand vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare,
With no gas-light to eat up the oxygen there.
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;
They have traveled abroad in the winter recess,
And sung to vast crowds with unbounded success;
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare
Their arrival to hail and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,
Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret.
They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told
'Twould injure their voice and make them look old.
They invite you to come, if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,
Their music is sweetest at breaking of morn;
It was learned at Heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays,
And may teach you, perhaps, its own spirit of praise.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Yes, Spring is here, but how did you find it out? What was the first sign you saw of Spring? All the seasons approach so gradually that, like the break of day, or the opening of the rose, it is difficult to tell where they actually commence. But it often happens that we are not watching, and do not think about them until some little incident reminds us that they are here or near by. Little eyes are often very sharp, and they see the things they love a long way off. Jim saw the first sign of Spring when the ice broke up and spoiled his skating. Neddie discovered it when his papa tapped a maple-tree and the sap ran for making sugar. Little Indian Joe said, "Spring most here," when the first harrow-shaped flock of wild geese went screaming northward. Alice's first thought of it came with the discovery of a nest full of new-laid eggs in the hay-mow; but Susie did not really comprehend the idea until she found a bunch of wild flowers in the edge of the wood. What was the first sign of Spring that you saw? Do you remember now?

THE LITTLE REPUBLICAN.

LITTLE GUSSIE one day heard General W. remark that he did not see the sin of slavery. Instantly Gussie's spirit was up, and he boldly asserted that the Bible said it was wrong. General W. replied that he had never seen it in the Bible.

"Then you haven't read it through, have you?"

"Yes, I have," was the cool rejoinder.

At first Gussie was puzzled, but after a moment's thought he exclaimed, "Then you must have turned over two leaves at once!"—*Independent.*

LION AND JACK TAR.

PRINCE, a tame lion on board the British ship *Ariadne*, had a keeper, to whom he was much attached. The keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave that crime, he was ordered to be flogged. The grating was rigged on the main deck, opposite Prince's den, a large barred up place, the pillars large and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend

as possible. On beholding his bare back he walked hastily round the den, and when he saw the boat-swain inflict the first lash his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beatings of his tail. At last, when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the "clotted cats" jerked their gory knots close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous; he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of his prison as if they had been osiers, and finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive.

The captain, fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load, and present at Prince. This threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off and go to his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion. He licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the cruelly treated seaman, caressed him with his paws, which he folded round the keeper, as if to defy any man renewing a similar treatment, and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection.

A PET PIGEON.

IN Leedsville, a tame pigeon accompanies two little children to school regularly, flying after them along the street, alighting on (dropping on) the fences, trees, and in the road before them. If it flies too far ahead you may see it turn round, and, looking at the children, wait patiently for their arrival, and then fly a stretch further on; and so it keeps doing until they reach the school. Then it perches itself upon the window-sill, where it remains till school is over, when it observes the same manner in going home.

A BIG "MISTAKEN."

THE grandma of a little four-year-old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed:

"Grandma, that's the biggest *mistaken* I ever heard."

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