

Children's Page.

WHY NOT.

HUMANE JOURNAL.

Ah, Rover, by those lustrous eyes
That follow me with longing gaze
Which often seem so human-wise,
I look for human speech and ways.
By your quick instinct, matchless love,
Your eager welcome, mute caress,
That all my heart's emotions move,
And loneliest moods and moments bless.
I do believe, my dog, that you
Have some beyond, some future new.
Why not? In heaven's inheritance
Space must be free where earthly light
In boundless, limitless expanse,
Rolls grandly far from human sight.
He who has given such patient care,
Such constancy, such tender trust,
Such ardent zeal, such instinct rare,
And made you something more than dust.
May yet release the speechless thrall
At death—there's room enough for all.

HOW NEIGHBORS FOUGHT.

Some people are very fond of telling us that the best way to keep the peace is to be prepared for war. Let us see. A man, peaceably disposed, living on one side of the street, is called upon by a mischief-maker and he is told that there is a fellow on the other side of the street who meditates some injury to him, and he says that unless he is careful the fellow on the other side of the street will come some night and break into his house, rob him of his property and outrage his family. The poor man, instead of going across the street to enquire whether his neighbor does entertain these designs, jumps to the conclusion that it is quite true and there is danger to be apprehended, and he goes out into the street and picks up some tramp, some poor, half-starved creature, and buys him a suit of clothes, which he calls a uniform, and then buys a sword and musket for him, and tells him to march up and down in front of his house to see that the fellow on the other side does not come across and do him damage. The man on the other side, seeing that, says that he must mean mischief, and somebody whispers in his ear; "Oh, that man on the other side of the street has got that chap and armed him with this deadly weapon to wait for an opportunity." So he goes out and gets a couple of men and dresses them up after the same fashion and arms them with the same kind of deadly weapons. Then the man, seeing two soldiers on the other side of the street, is of course fully satisfied that his first suspicion was right, and so he increases his force and he has three and so the two, poor stupid men go on increasing the means of strife. They in fact are trying to keep the peace by being prepared for war.

And all this time what goes on inside their dwellings? The little boy wants new boots and shoes

and the little girl new frocks. The father says; "I can't afford to get new shoes for Tommy or new frocks for Sally," and so the poor children have to suffer from cold and nakedness. That is an exact illustration of what is taking place between the nations of Europe to-day.

And what happens in the end between these two men? The arming leads to strife and bloodshed. The men begin by glaring at each other. They indulge first in some friendly chaff, and go from that to high words, and from high words to blows, muskets go off, brains are blown out, windows smashed, property is destroyed, and then the two poor foolish men who began this stupid warfare ask themselves the cause of it, and after the mischief has been done and lives have been sacrificed, they learn there was no real danger. They might have met and talked over their little troubles between themselves and settled them without a blow. The nations can do the same.

W. R. C. *Angel of Peace.*

TWO FOXES.

There is an old story of two foxes who were so lovingly attached to each other that they could not quarrel. One day, however, they made up their minds that life would be less monotonous if they could have a difference, so they resolved to dispute about a piece of meat which one of them was about to eat. "I want that!" cried the other.

"Very well, dear fox," said the first, meekly, "take it" "Oh no, dear fox," said the other, penitently, "I wouldn't take it away from you for worlds.

Thereupon they concluded that quarrelling was an impossibility, and resolved never to attempt it again.

Dick and Dora were twins, and quite inseparable companions. One day, however, a little cloud arose and blackened upon their horizon.

"What's the matter?" called Dick, finding Dora sulking in a corner.

"Nothing!" was the dignified answer.

"Oh, come now, I know there is. Was it because I was playing with Tom Rogers when you came out of the shed?"

"No, it wasn't that," owned Dora, her eyes filling with angry tears; "but you needn't have told me not to touch your things."

"I didn't mean it that way," protested honest Dick. "Truly I didn't. I just meant, 'Don't joggle till I get that knot tied.'"

"In future," began Dora, with the air of a queen determined not to be pacified, "if you want me to play with you"—here she paused, and a roguish light rippled over her face—"you just mention it, and I'll be there!"

And the quarrel of the two little foxes was adjourned.

Angel of Peace.