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OLD AND YOUNG

A PAPER FOR ALL.

No 46] H. C. KING, 102 Chambers St., New York. [MONTHLY.



MRS. ROGERS AND FAMILY.

Old and Young.

A Paper for All.

Mrs. Rogers and Family

SHE was a motherly looking old rabbit, partly black and partly white, and she had nine children, some of whom you see in the picture. Queer looking little fellows they were, too, when they were born; hardly as big as full grown rats. And, as they were not as strong as rats, the rats stole up between the boards of the floor of their house, one night, and carried away four of them, to eat at their leisure. Those you see in the picture, are the five that were left.

There is a peculiar look in a rabbit's face that seems to say, "Come and let us be good friends." Mrs. Rogers was one of the friendliest old rabbits that ever lived, though she had an odd way of showing her friendship. She would eat everything within her reach in the garden, and then come and put her head up to be patted. Rosebushes, geraniums, morning-glories, grape vines, and everything she could lay hold of, perished before her. If we had had thistles, or cactus, or any of those things, I think she would have enjoyed them just as much. Two or three of her children grew up to be just like her. The rest died young, or were stolen by some of the boys in the neighborhood. At last, one fine sunny afternoon, some boys took old Mrs. Rogers herself, and all the other rabbits on the place, both great and small, and we never could find exactly what became of them.

What a hole they made in the household! They were nothing but rabbits, yet, while they lived with us they used to be considered as members of the family. Nothing that we had on the table was too good for them; and often when we were at meals, the whole rabbit family would come in and sit on their haunches, begging for something to eat; and they generally got it.

Rabbits are troublesome, but they make

very nice pets. It is a pleasant thing to have a pet or two in the house, if there is anybody to take an interest in them. There are lessons of kindness and care to be learned, even in keeping a poor little beast like a rabbit.

People who would worry or injure a rabbit, are not to be trusted. There is something mean about them. But when you see children kind to creatures like these, set them down as children who will be kind to each other.

Little Fingers.

Busy little fingers;
Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know.

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool-unwinding.

Now into by basket,
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still;
Help them, Heavenly Father,
To learn to do Thy will.

CHILDREN often seem to say very absurd things, for which they are ridiculed or abashed. It is wrong; for if instead of being ridiculed and made to distrust himself, and fear us, we had been at the trouble of carefully examining his notions, we should have discovered how naturally, perhaps, the idea had arisen, or how ingeniously, through a lack of knowledge, the little mind had put together incongruous things.

We Must Go.

BY REV. T DE WITT TALMAGE.

WE do not want any Bible or argument to prove that we have to quit this life after a while. There may be worldly alleviations in the last hour. A man may have accumulated property or have a generous life insurance, and he may be able to say to those whom he is leaving behind: "Keep things just as they are. Send the boy to college as though I had lived. There will be dividends large enough to meet all expenses." That is very well for those whom you leave behind; but one moment after you have quit life, where will *your* residence be? We may, by keeping clear of ministers and churches, keep God out of our thoughts; but now, I will suppose that your last hour has come. Word goes over to the store that you will not be there to-morrow. Some one else will have to open and read the letters and answer them. Some one else will have to make purchases and fix the prices. You will not be there to-morrow, nor all this week, nor all this month, nor all this year, nor all this century. You will never be there again. I am supposing that your last hour has come. Leaving this life, suppose you have made no preparations? The ship is sinking and no life preserver. The darkness is coming and no torch. Everything going out of your grasp—bonds and mortgages going—everything going, swimming away from the eye swimming away from the ear, swimming away from the touch. That is one side—everything going. On the other side what is coming? No inheritance coming. No bright angels coming. No heaven coming. God there meeting the unpardoned soul. The immortal soul is starting! Stand back now and let it swing off! It flies! AWAY! AWAY! No open window to receive it. No outspread arms of Jesus to welcome it. He dies without repentance and goes to a world without hope.

Does Your Religion Commend Itself?

ARE you a sunny Christian? You have a right to be. The Bible sparkles with promises. It is full of sweet hopes. It is as comforting as a mother's voice can be, in all your sorrow.

Where do the unconverted get the idea that religion is gloomy? Is it not too often suggested by the *tone* of Christian people—the want of brightness and bloom about their daily living? Let us commend our inheritance by wearing joyfully our signs of heirship.

My Bible.

IT was a great wish I had when I was young that my papa would give me a Bible; I often asked him for one, and his answer was, "You have got one; read that." "Oh! but I want one from you," I said.

When I was a few years older my papa did give me one on my birthday, and such a nice one. I valued it so highly as his gift.

A short time after, I went to the country and took my Bible with me. When I returned home, I discovered I had lost it. How sorry I felt! I wrote to the lady in whose house I had been staying, asking her if I had left my Bible there; but no, it was not there. A gentleman kindly got the police to go and inquire about it in the shops where books are purchased, but nothing was heard of mine.

I did not tell my papa, as I thought it would grieve him. But I will let you know who I did tell. I told Jesus and asked my Heavenly Father in his name that I might get my Bible again.

Six years after, I left Scotland, and had been in Canada three months, when I received a letter from a poor shoemaker in Scotland. As far as I remember, this is what was in it: "Madam—Having seen your marriage in the papers, and your name being the same as the one in a Bible which I found some years ago, if you are the same lady that lost it, and

