

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

SOW, SEW AND SO.

So the farmwives sow,
Sow, sow, all the day;
While the children are at play,
Sowing, sowing close away;
It's wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed.
So, so, so.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the mothers sew;
Sew, sew, all the day,
While the children are at play;
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks;
So, so, so.

Sow, sow, sow,
So they sow and sew;
S, and O, and W;
This is what the farmers do;
Put an E, in place of O;
This is how the mothers sew;
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.

He Could be Trusted.

Alfred was missing one night about sunset. Mother was getting anxious, for she always wished him to be home early. A neighbor coming in said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought Alfred was safe enough to be with them.

"No," said the mother, "he promised me he would not go there without my leave, and he always kept his word. He never told me a lie."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still watching and listening for the step of Alfred; but it was half-past eight before his merry shout and whistle were heard, when he ran into the gate.

"Confess now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so kept away till late."

How the boy's eye flashed, and the crimson mounted to his cheeks!

"No, sir! I told my mother I would never go there without her leave, and do you think I could tell a lie? I helped James to find the cows which had strayed in the wood, and did not think I should be so late."

James, coming up the street just then, came in to tell us." He was afraid we had been alarmed; they had been so far in the wood it made them late in getting home."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you, madam. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."

Rhythming.

Once when his teacher was praying, a pupil, who was an inveterate rhymer, saw a rat upon the stairs, and laughed aloud. After the teacher had concluded her prayer, she called the boy forward and asked him what he laughed for? The urchin replied:

"I have a rat upon the stairs."

"Coming up to hear your prayers?"

She threatened to flog him if he did not immediately make another rhyme, upon which he quickly replied:

"Here I stand before Miss Budget,

"She's going to strike, and I shall dodge it,"

and immediately took his seat amid the laughter of the school.

This reminds us of an anecdote of Dr. Watts, to whom, when a boy, it was so natural to speak in rhyme that he could not avoid it even when he wished to. His father, in order to break up the habit, threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making rhymes. One day when he was about to fulfil his promise, the future rhyme writer burst into tears, and on his knees exclaimed:

"Pray, father, do some pity take,

"And I will no more verses make."

How he violated that promise the world knew.

Life Always Happy.

At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked: Which season of life is most happy? After being triedly discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked, if they had noticed a group of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the pines all the buds are breaking on the trees, and these are covered with blossoms, I think how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think how beautiful is summer! When autumn leads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never, until now, I see the stars shine through."

How Quarrels Begin.

Two little boys were talking together, when one of them said, "I wish I had all the pasture land in the world." The other said, "And I wish I had all the cattle in the world."

"What would you do then?" said his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land."

"No you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"I should."

"You shan't."

"I will!" And with that they seized and pummelled each other in a rough-and-tumble fight.

Such is a specimen of causes for which people often quarrel.

The longer we live and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate trouble, which afford the mind a healthy stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

It is hard to persuade and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

Gambling at Church Fairs.

A Boston clergyman has given prompt notice from his pulpit that any church in the city running a gambling booth at its fair, he will prosecute forthwith, and he is a true defender of law. There can be but one conclusion from moral law, on this topic, by which Christian conduct is to be weighed, viz.: That on wagers, grab buckets, wheels of chance, and similar modes of making money at church fairs are sinful, indefensible, intolerable, demoralizing. Why do ministers quietly ignore these sins, even to keep peace or discharge a church debt, or secure their own salary? They open a day book with Satan and make him creditor. Such ministers deserve expulsion from any church which they inhabit. The members who will insist upon this mode of financing deserve a like fate. And outsiders who would step in and run the church thus, ought to have a Christ-like church to upset the tables of such money-changers. How an unfortunate flock must be bleeding upon such ministerial skirts! Let the Church put away this growing sin.

Didn't Out it Off.

Everybody that a dry goods clerk can keep his mind on every little detail of the business day in and day out without a break. That they can't do it was witnessed in a Woodward Avenue store yesterday, when a woman inquired for bed-ticking.

Certainly, three different grades,

said the clerk as he pulled down the stuff.

She gave each grade a long and close inspection, and finally said:

"Does this tau color wear well?"

"Eh! wear well! I repeated the clerk his eyes on a customer at the other end of the store. "Yes, we warrant this piece, and you see for your self that it is a perfect model for your complexion! How much shall I cut off?"

That clerk may never know why that customer rose with a bound and walked out door on a bee line, but if she ever meets him at a church festival she'll do her best to make it dreary for him.

Ambush Scales.

Reckon that scales of yours is an Ambush scales isn't it?" inquired a countryman of his grocer, as he took the sugar and handed over the money.

"Ambush! Who's Ambush?"

"Ambush—why, I know—regular Ambush—y' understand what Ambush means don't ye?"

"Well, I should hope so, Mr. Woodruff. Ambush means hid—something hid—something concealed. It means—wait here's the dictionary. I'll just read it to you, exactly what it means, so's you won't use it wrong after this. Here 'tis: Ambush to lie wait for."

"Yes, that's it, Squire. Don't go further. To lie in weight for two cents!"

It's a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. Franklin said, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

Philological.

"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word in all the English language to pronounce!"

"Don't know," said Rob, "unless it is a swearing word."

"Pooh!" said Tom; "it is stumbld, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha, ha!" said Rob; "now I've one for you. I found it one day in reading the paper. Which is the longest word in all the English language?"

"Valentadism," said Tom, promptly.

"No, sir; it smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"Now, what's that?" asked Rob faintly.

"Bolsgnored," exclaimed Tom, triumphant.

The Affable Man.

A mother and babe were among the passengers waiting at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this tact arrested the attention of a big fellow with a three story overcoat, and a rusty scatich in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

She faintly nodded.

"Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man.

"She shook her head."

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested.

"He was up to a few moments ago,"

she snapped out; "but I'm afraid, he has smelled so much whiskey that he'll have the delirium tremens before night."

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying clover and cinnamon.

It often happens that what we have for nothing is the dearest thing we have.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; but that is lavish in words is a niggard in deeds.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

Such as words are such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds be as thy affections, and such will thy life as thy deeds.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships constant repair.

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearst unto others and let the world be deceived in thee as they are in the lights of heaven.

It is hard to persuade and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom,

nature will always be endeavoring to return,

and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

Such is a specimen of causes for which people often quarrel.

The longer we live and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate trouble, which afford the mind a healthy stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

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