

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

Little Fingers.

"Davy little fingers,
Everywhere they go;
They're little fingers,
The sweetest I know!"

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every wool winding!

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

Then in mother's dresser,
Now her neck unfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a redding.

Daring little fingers,
Never, never full,
Make them, heavenly Father,
One day do I'll full.

A Young Man's History in Brief.

I first saw him in a social party; he took two glasses of wine and at the urgent solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy a slight desire. He mucked at the thought of danger.

I met and him, late in the evening, in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling from a low grocery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more; he was cold and shivering, and was carried by his friends to his fast resting place. In the small occasion that followed every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wailed that she had ever given birth to such a child.

I returned home, passing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read: "Be not deceived; drunkenness shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This is a sad story. Alas! that it should be true. When a boy, our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of us. More than once, when students together, did he swear at teetotalism; when I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me, and scoffed at the bare suggestion of danger.

Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Young men, beware of the first glass. Fathers, banish the glass from your tables, if you would not have your sons as drunkards.

Whom Can You Trust?

A ship's captain in New York wanted a trustworthy man to take care of his ship. The captain had sent away all his sailors and was going into the country himself.

Somebody said, "John will do; he is a trusty sailor."

The captain did not believe in John. He thought every sailor would steal if he could. But, as he could do no better, he locked up everything on board the ship, and brought John to stay there.

Next morning before he left the city, he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and softly opened the cabin door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible open before him.

The captain that the door carefully, and waited. By-and-by John came out.

"John," said the captain, handing him all the ship's keys, "you may open all the drawers and trunks and sift those things. Keep a sharp look-out, John, for those thieves along the wharves. Have everything snug; and I'll be back next week."

Gleams of Gold.

In prayer, the lips ne'er act the winning part.

Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

A godlike life is the most decisive proof which man can give of the being of God.

This wish falls often upon my heart—that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruits in heaven.

The absolute unselfishness of Christ's character is, indeed, the unique charm. His own life is self denial throughout, and he makes a similar spirit the test of all healthy religious life.

The virtuous man is a lover of his race, merciful and inclined to pardon, and never bears ill will toward any man; whatever, but thinks it right to surpass in doing good rather than in injuring.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without perfume, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not accordingly; but like a beautiful flower, full of color and full of perfume, are the fruitless words of him who acts accordingly.

No man has a right to complain of his lot, or of the times, or to call upon society, to help him; until he has done all he can to help himself by industry and fidelity; in the place and calling where he is. And he who does this will seldom have cause to complain.

That man is a bad preacher in the pulpit who is not a good preacher out of it; and no man in the world has a right to stand up for God, if God has not adorned him with personal holiness. We should preach by what we are, as well as by what we say.

Open, then, your heart; open it without measure, that God and his love may enter without measure, like a torrent. Fear nothing in the paths which you are treading. God will lead you as by the hand, if, only you do not doubt, and are filled rather with love for him than with fear for yourself.

There is a great amount of revelation given to guide each man by the principles laid down in the Bible, by conscience and by Providence, than most men are aware of. It is not the light which is defective, it is an eye to see it.

Wouldn't Commit Himself.

A woman was yesterday looking around the ferry dock as in search of some one she knew, and she finally accosted an old lake captain with the query:

"Sir, are you a sailor?"

"I have sailed," he replied.

"There has been a great gale on the lakes!"

"Maybe there is; I know there has been one on land."

"Yes, sir, I have seen a schooner."

"Yes, maybe you have."

"And I'm afraid he was out in the storm!"

"If you have a son on a schooner, and the schooner was out in the storm, it is likely your son was out, too."

"Do you think there was any danger?"

"I can't really say."

"But it blew terribly hard."

"Perhaps it did, madam; but as I play checkers most of the time I can't say how hard it blew."

"If the schooner went down my son went down too, didn't he?"

"Maybe so, but I might not. I wouldn't like to give an opinion about that. Some sons go down with schooners and some don't."

"You have heard that the Daisy was lost, have you?"

"I shouldn't like to say if dad or didn't, but I probably haven't."

"I'd hear by tomorrow if she had, wouldn't I?"

"You might, and you might not."

When she had gone an acquaintance who had overheard the conversation asked the captain why he didn't give direct answers. The old man drew himself up an inch or two and replied:

"Twenty eight years ago I had an opinion to advance on any subject. One night the mate of my bark said that we were running her ashore on Long Point. I stuck to it till it was only a fog bank. In fifteen minutes she was high and dry, and I was \$16,000 out of pocket. Since then I do not know I keep ledge on, and what I don't know I keep locked up in my clam shell until I can stick a rising market."

Where He Got His Authority.

"I call on you," said the counsellor, "to statistically open what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age!" "Upon what authority?" I said the other interrogatively. "You are here to reply and not repeat the questions put to you." "I don't consider a man's bound to answer a question before it comes to turn it into his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, it is the question put. I again repeat, Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not tell it out?" "Well, then, if you must have it—" "Must I will have it," vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it, injure the boxer with imperturbable gravity, why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter ran through the court.

No Drawback.

We often wonder why girls insist.

An Austin young lad inquired of the subject says: "Well, no, I don't know. I'd marry for money alone, but if a man had plenty of money allied to a sweet disposition, and a mustache that curled at both ends, and nice blue eyes, and a respectable profession, and his father was rich, and his mother and sisters were aristocratic, and he wanted to marry me, and would promise to let me have my own way in everything, and keep me liberally supplied with coin, and have a nice furnished house with a big piano in it, and would give me two diamond rings, and would pay my dry goods, milliner's, and dress-maker's bills without grumbling, and I really and truly loved him—I wouldn't consider him money any drawback to the match."

Newspaper Men.

Editors are often heard discussing the propriety of taking summer vacations and leaving their congregations.

Editors must preach every day. Editors must stay and "stick it out."

They can't move their studios to the mountains or breezy seaside.

Editors must get their inspiration at the old desk the year round—the desk which looks out on a patch of brick wall ten feet opposite and an iron shutter. Newspapers never close their pulpits.

Wouldn't it be ridiculous to propose vacating a newspaper pulpit for two or three months during the warm season and sending the staff to Europe or Long Branch to cure their bronchitis!

Newspaper men are like cooks. They must broil at the furnace the year round.—New York Graphic.

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ADDRESS, CANADIAN FARMER, DRAWER II, WELLINGTON, ONTARIO.

4 P. PAGE, EDITOR.

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