

The Action Free Press.

The Young Folks.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1893.

AN IRISH MOTHER'S LULLABY.

My darling! didst the world is scold;

The sultry winter's piping is still across the sea;

No home is in the garden, no leaf upon the tree;

But in your eyes, my bright one, the summer is still.

That used to wake the morning sun from the sky;

The darkness and the coldness lie heavy upon me;

But in your voice, my darling, the summer sings again.

My heart! how! my beauty! this time is dark;

The leaves should be on me, the sorrow and the fear;

But God forgive my darling, I'm laughing and gay,

With you upon my bosom, my little brook of May.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Honesty commands the respect of mankind.

Congrat may jiff & chum up, but can never prop him up.

Take not too short a time to make a world-wide bargain in.

If you would have the nuptial union last, let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

A smile is the color that love wears, and cheerfulness and joy these three.

He that can not forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass.

The showy little hour, the true to after-times hours raptures over now;

Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor;

Who loves to fancy never can be rich.

We're all Ahmed at sight of a mucky somehow as we are shy of mud-

key, somehow as we are shy of mud-