

they were very amusing. One man who had thrown away a wooden leg, went away with a hump on his back; and a lady who had deposited her gray hair, took in their stead a set of false teeth. But instead of being more contented, after these changes were completed, each one was more dissatisfied than at first. Groans and complaints were heard from all quarters, and when Jupiter again proclaimed that each man might resume his original burden, they all hastened to throw off their loads. Then a person called Patience took her station by the heap, which immediately shrank to half its size. She then fitted each man's burden to his shoulder, and showed him how to carry it, and the whole assembly retired, much more contented than they came."

"Thank you, papa, that is a very funny story, don't you know any more?"

Her father smiled. "You illustrate my remark, Maria, very well; I have hardly finished one story, and you require another. But you must wait till to-morrow."

#### PROHIBITION—A SONG.

BY J. CHALLIN.

Prohibition! Prohibition,  
Let us form a coalition,

Strong and mighty as our mountains,  
Thundering as their gushing fountains,  
Flowing now, and flowing ever,  
Till it swells a noble river;  
For the voice is heard in sadness,  
Heard in wailing, and in madness,  
Which shall turn our joy and gladness;  
Louder still, and louder sounding,  
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,  
From our sisters and our brothers,  
From our fathers and our mothers.

Prohibition, sternly crying!  
Prohibition, for the dying!  
Prohibition, for the sighing!  
See! the foe is from us flying!

#### BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

A LOWLY roof of simple thatch,—

No home of pride, of pomp, and sin,—

So freely let us lift the latch,

The willing latch that says, "Come in."

Plain dwelling this! a narrow door—

No carpet by soft sandals trod,

But just for peasant's feet a floor,

Small kingdom for a child of God!

Yet here was Scotland's noblest born,

And here Apollo chose to light;

And here those large eyes hailed the morn

That had for beauty such a sight!

There, as the glorious infant lay,

Some angel fanned him with his wing,

And whispered, "Dawn upon the day

Like a new sun! go forth and sing!"

He rose and sang, and Scotland heard—

The round world echoed with his song,

And hearts in every land were stirred

With love, and joy, and scorn of wrong.

Some their cold lips disdainful curled;

Yet the sweet lays would many learn;

But he went singing through the world,

In most melodious unconcern.

For flowers will grow and showers will fall,

And clouds will travel o'er the sky;

And the great God, who cares for all,

He will not let his darlings die.

But they shall sing in spite of men,

In spite of poverty and shame,

And show the world the poet's pen

May match the sword in winning fame.

#### AN ANCIENT MAINE LAW.—

Among the ancient Germans,  
some two thousand years ago,  
there was a tribe or nation called  
the Suevians, who would not suffer  
wine to be brought into their ter-  
ritory, because, said they, it enter-  
vates the mind and unfits the body  
for exercise or labor. Yet these  
men were classed among barba-  
rians by the Romans.

ONE swallow does not make a  
summer; but one lion can make a  
spring.