

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BABY-LAND.

"How many miles to baby-land?"
 "Any one can tell:
 Up one flight,
 To your right;
 Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in baby-land?"
 "Little folks in white—
 Downy heads,
 Cradle beds,
 Faces pure and bright."

"What do they do in baby-land?"
 "Dream, and wake, and play;
 Laugh and crow,
 Shout and grow:
 Jolly times have they!"

"What do they say in baby-land?"
 "Why, the oddest things!
 Might as well
 Try to tell
 What a birdie sings!"

"Who is the queen of baby-land?"
 "Mother, kind and sweet;
 And her love,
 Born above,
 Guides the little feet."

—Hartford Times.

A SPELLING TEST.

NOW that vacation is about over, and the young folks' wits are presumed to be eager for action, here is a good test, which a correspondent sends in. Let some one read distinctly, and the others write the words as pronounced. One who can write them all, without mistake, will *deserve* a handsome premium. Webster's Unabridged is taken as the standard, and the words in parentheses denote an allowed different spelling:—

The most skillful (skilful) gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's (pedler, pedlar) wagon, using a mullein (mullen) stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks (caulks). He was a German Sadducee, and had phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious, intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy" (gypsey, g. psy) went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of pease (peas, definite number) and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without singeing or dyeing the ignitable cue (queue) which he wore or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the cupola of the capitol, to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonne, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for delectable purposes, a ferule, a clarionet (clarinet), some licorice (liquorice), a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with movable balance wheel, a box of dominos (dominoes), and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferred a woolen (woollen) surtout (his choice was referable (referrible to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), woefully uttered this apothegm: "Life is checkered (chequered); but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy (villany) shall be punished." The sibyl apologetically answered: "There is ratably an allegeable

difference between a conferrable ellipsis and trisyllabic diæresis (dieresis)." We replied in trochees not impugning her suspicion.—*The Advance*.

THOUGHTLESS SCHOOL-GIRLS.

HOW all the girls laughed at Miss Alfred to-day, mother, in school! You should have seen her old dress she has pieced out under the flounces, thinking it would never show. One of the ruffles caught on the corner of a seat, and ripped off half a yard of it. It was so old and faded and forlorn, that the girls laughed out loud.

"O Arty!" said mother, with a look of pain on her kind face; "I am sure you did not laugh."

"I did, mother," said Arty, hanging her head; "they all did."

"What if it had been your dress?" asked her mother; "what if father were dead, and you were obliged to get your living by teaching, and take care of a feeble brother besides; what if almost every dollar you could make went to pay rent, and buy food and fuel, and medicines and little comforts for the sick one? What if you had spent hours in making over an old dress, so it might look respectable in the school-room, hoping others would never see its defects; then how would you have liked exactly such a scene as that in your class-room to-day?"

"O mother I am so sorry," said Arty, the quick tears coming to her sympathizing eyes.

"So would all the girls be, I am sure," said mother; "if they would only think of it. They are not unfeeling, only thoughtless. I would do my best to atone for the fault by extra politeness and kindness to morrow. Your example will have some effect on the other girls."

HANG ON LIKE A BEAVER.

WHEN our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm, the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house, his mother said,—

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach the life-lesson; in all troubles, pray, and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean, that while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.—*Young Pilgrim*.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

I WANT to give you two or three rules. One is—

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is—

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If words are worth saying, they

are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is—

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and O children remember it all your lives—

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard things first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then with a clear conscience, try the rest.

NEVER FORGET ANYTHING.

A SUCCESSFUL business man told me there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterwards of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it. "But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?" "You must not lose it!" "I don't mean to," said the young man, but suppose I should happen to?" "But I say you *must not* happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thought in the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything.

I HEARD of two little children—a boy and a girl—who used to play a great deal together. They both became converted. One day the boy came to his mother and said, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian. "What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a christian?" said the mother, the expression sounding a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child; "if you take everything she's got, she don't get angry. Before she was selfish; and if she didn't have every thing her own way she would say, 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy.'"

"How came you to be lost?" asked a sympathetic gentleman of a little boy he found crying in the street for his mother. "I ain't lost," he exclaimed; "but m-m my mother is, and I can't find her."

A LITTLE girl saw an old drunken man lying on a door-step, the perspiration pouring off his face and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up pitifully to the rest and made this remark:—"O, don't hurt him! He is somebody's grandpa." Was not that the better way?

"I HAVE some means," said a young man to a friend, "and am in doubt whether to invest it in business or in securing an education." "Empty your pocket into your brains," was the answer. He did so, and now his brains not only take care of his pocket, but give him an influence in the world which mere money could not have done.