

PRIMARY PIECES

Bad HABITS grow just like a weed,—
Now WATCH what you're about,—
Or else you'll find the bad, rank weeds
Have choked the good seed out.

1st Boy.—

That's everything we have to say.
We've finished now, dear friends.
Remember,—take it all to heart,
'Tis thus our sermon ends.

SUSPICIOUS OF SISTER

Says my sister Bessie to me one day,
"You're a nice little boy, you are so.
Your hair is smooth and your teeth are clean.
You're the bestest kid 'at I know."

Now wasn't that funny? for sister Bess
Never says such nice things to me.
She's generally scolding and telling my ma;
She's eighteen, I'm seven, don't you see?
So I felt quite grand and sort of puffed up,
Till into my head came a thought,—
A message, I bet you, Sis wants me to run,—
And says I, "If it's upstairs, I'm not!"