

Thank You.

It is surprising how much a little oil of politeness lubricates the wheels of society, making the whole vast amount of intricate machinery move easily and with little friction. No matter whether at home, in business or in social intercourse with those in our service, friends and acquaintances, the result is the same—and when such good results obtain with so little expenditure of thought or labor, is it not strange that their attainment is not more often made the object of our attention? A kind look or word often makes it a pleasure to do that which, otherwise, would be a task or duty performed with the feeling of must resting heavily upon us.

A child leaves its play to obey an instruction to shut the door much more readily if spoken to in a kindly tone, and preceded or followed by "please," and the gratification we receive when we have done any little service for another is greatly increased if it be acknowledged by a simple "thank you." Perhaps we are satisfied the feeling is there, but to have it expressed is always pleasant.

Music and Drawing at Home.

A mother writes to us, "Our income is so limited that every dollar weighs full weight in the year's expenses. Under these circumstances, would you advise that our girls should be taught music and drawing? The boys have received college educations." To which we reply that the decision must depend on the individual girl. Unfortunately, the individual girl has very little to do with the course of her parents in regard to her education if she happen to live in a small inland town or farm neighborhood. Life and action in these towns are, as a rule, governed by universal custom rather than by practical personal reasons. The mysterious power called "fashion," or "style," governs not only the clothes, but the daily habits and doings of the inhabitants of a small town much more arbitrarily than those of a city. We wish we had a voice strong and penetrating enough to reach every family in such classes, and show them the folly of this herding together in small matters like a flock of unreasoning sheep. The farmer, or shop keeper, judges for himself in business matters, but he eats, dresses and lives after the fashion set by the squire; and his little daughter must go through the same training as the squire's heiress, or lose caste. "College educations," in such cases as often these are, grow at great sacrifice to the parents, not because the boy is especially fitted to receive a classical training, nor because it will better fit him to be a helpful citizen of the world, but because "it is a step upward,"—it is "more genteel." As to the effect of the collegiate training we have nothing to say; we only quarrel with the motive of giving it. Precisely the same motives apply to a girl's so-called accomplishments. In countless towns the acquisition of the proper rank in gentility involves the necessity of "piano lessons" for the girls. The instrument is bought after much saving and stinting in other matters. Nelly is bought; through sore tribulation, to hammer out a half dozen dashing marches or waltzes, and that is the end of it. After she marries she neither plays for her own pleasure nor for her husband's, and she is not competent to teach her own daughter. But the piano is there, a big assertant token of social rank. If any such ambition as this urges our correspondent we can only assure her that no greater outlay can be made of money or time for such small reward. If a boy or girl evince decided musical ability, or ability, indeed, of any kind, let no money, labor or time be spared in its culture. It is, perhaps, their one weapon—their one expression—the magnetic cord with which they will be brought into relation with the world. But let it be trained and encouraged just the same, whether it be genteel talent for music or drawing, or the more ignoble skill in type-setting, carving, sewing or cookery. Find what material is actually in your boy or girl and make the best of that. Don't model them after your own idea. Many a financier was berated as a stupid because he could not master Horace or Homer. Many a brilliant woman remembers a youth neglected and solitary, when she disappointed a mother because she could not rival the town belles in pretty little accomplishments. "Can you purr?" said the cat to the ugly duck. "Then of what use are you in the world?" The fact is, however, that most of the mothers are on the look-out to find swans in their ugly ducklings. Genius is not likely to be overlooked in any American household. It is the dull, ordinary boys, the matter-of-fact homely girls who need to have their education carefully guarded. If

it will please or soothe the woman in lonely or sorrowful days to thrum her little airs, or sing her little songs, all success to her and her "piano lessons." But, in Heaven's name, not a note for the sake of gentility. If she have expertness of fingers, but no imagination, shall she not be taught to draw because she can never be a Raphael? She may design posters and bill heads, and earn a comfortable meal thereby some day for her children.

Stray Thoughts.

ORIGINAL.

In my memory's picture gallery,
Bright, and fair, so fresh and new,
Stands a lovely painted picture,
Just within my longing view.

I behold, the prospect brightens,
Charmed, entranced, I stand and gaze,
And my heart thrills with emotions,
As I look upon that face.

Tender thoughts come sweeping o'er me,
Joys before my vision rise;
Sweetest bliss, when once experienced,
From my memory never dies.

Like the music of the waters,
Like the sound of silver bell,
Like the whispering of the night winds,
Like the murmuring of a shell.

Like the voice of angels, speaking
Words of peace, to all below;
Like the spring-time's glistening rain-drops,
Like the dew or dazzling snow.

Like the sweetness of the rose-bud,
Like a lily pure and fair,
Like the modest little violet,
Like a tulip, rich and rare.

All the graces are united
In the picture in my mind;
All the purity and brightness,
In my picture you may find.

Happy happy thoughts it wakens,
Thoughts of sweet and peaceful days;
But relentless memory whispers
Love is dead and youth decays.

Slowly then the shadow gathers,
Dimly now my picture's seen,
Glistening falls the bitter tear-drop,
Where the beauty once had been.

Sadly now my thoughts are wandering,
O'er the future and the past,
And I often vaguely wonder,
If all will be right at last.

Yes, I feel all things are working
For my good, though strange, unknown,
I'll not murmur though in sadness,
For the pure joys that have flown.

But I hope a brighter future,
Soon may dawn upon my soul;
So in my picture light and shadow
United, make a perfect whole.
Covey Hill, July 23, 1878. H. E. C.

Sun-Song.

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

What makes the birds so merry?
What makes so ripe the cherry?
It is the sun that comes along
To mellow fruit and mellow song:
This makes the birds so merry,
This makes so ripe the cherry.

What warms the blood that rushes
To bring the tint that blushes?
It is the Sun imparting heat
To rosy lips to make them sweet;
This warms the blood that rushes
To bring the tint that blushes.

Why are the flowers growing,
With odors overflowing?
Because the Sun each blossom loves
More than the honey-bee that roves;
For this the flowers are growing,
With odors overflowing.

The Return of the Swallows.

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, Summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof thy nest of clay,
And let my ear thy music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the gray dawn of day.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The Wishes.

An old farm house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door the woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! if I could only trace once more
The field-path to the farm house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I would be!"

Farmer A and His Butter.

A very fine dairy has Farmer A;
He makes "gilt-edged" butter, his neighbors all
say.
Now, Farmer A thought his butter so nice
That by "holding" he'd get a much higher price.

JUNE.

"Good morning," the middleman said;
"Have you butter to sell?" Mr. A shook his
head,
"What d'ye pay?" "Thirty-five is a very fair
price."
Mr. A shook his head. "My butter's too nice."

SEPTEMBER.

"I've called 'round again to look at your butter."
This remark set the farmer's heart in a flutter.
(It's advanced, his calling shows that very plain,
I think I won't sell till it goes up again);
"What d'ye pay?" "Forty cents," the middle-
man said—
"That's a little more like it"—but he still shook
his head.

NOVEMBER.

"I want some 'gilt-edge,' some A number one,
I think to the very top notch it has gone;
Mr. A you had better take my advice—
Dispose of your butter while it brings a good
price.
Of course you're aware you may hold it too long,
The best butter sometimes becomes very strong."
"What d'ye pay?" "Forty-five," the middleman
said.
"Let 'er be up to fifty"—he still shook his head.

MARCH.

The butter is "frowy," he'll hold it no longer,
For every day it smells stronger and stronger;
Sorry that he hadn't sold when 'twas higher,
He starts off to town to hunt up a buyer.
The middleman's tryer goes down through the
stuff—
Whew! whew! how it smells—one smell is
enough;
"I don't wish to buy." "Make me one offer,
please."
"Mr. A I am paying ten cents for poor grease."

MORAL.

Now, don't hold too long just because it is nice.
Let 'em slide every time when it brings a good
price. Exchange.

Why are bakers very self-denying people? Be-
cause they sell what they knead themselves.
Why are children like jellies? As they are
moulded so will they turn out.