

OUR FIRST PLOUGH.

Oh, the happy days of childhood !
 When our hearts were light and gay :
 As we wandered in the wild wood,
 On a pleasant summer's day.
 With our merry voices ringing
 So glad some and so free ;—
 Not the birds around us singing,
 More free from care could be.

Sweet were the simple pleasures,
 That charmed those peaceful hours,
 When we found our choicest treasures
 In a few fresh blooming flowers ;
 When we sailed our tiny vessel,
 Watched the soft white cloudlets pass,
 Or in playful sport would wrestle,
 And tumble on the grass.

One morning we provided
 Ourselves with a mimic plough,
 And while one of our number guided
 Its course with a thoughtful brow,
 The others with patience drew it—
 Grave workers indeed were we ;
 But our plough—if you only knew it—
 Was the branch of a fallen tree !

We are wiser now, and older,
 And such trifling things despise—
 But the summer-time seems colder.
 And less bright appear the skies ;
 And as through life's tangled wild wood
 We toil on sadly now,
 We think of the days of childhood,
 And that strange, but dear old plough !

WHAT TEMPERANCE CAN DO.

In Mrs. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following passage, which a person will hardly read without emotion :

We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork ; a young woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them : " My husband is a wheelwright, and has always earned his guinea a week ; he was a good workman, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge, and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh ! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night ; still I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to my-

self, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed ; and glory to God ! there was no change for the bad in my husband ; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings ; so I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week, when he came to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, four for the children, and one for himself ; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all, just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby, but 'twas with thanks to God ; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than my own ? "

JAPANESE PECULIARITIES.

We quote for our readers what Dr. Macgowan, the Eastern traveller, tells of the Japanese and their differings from us :

" One great peculiarity of the people is their mania for squatting ; they seem to do everything in this position. Their habits in many things seem to be so often exactly the opposite of ours that it almost resolves itself into a rule that everything goes by contraries. When they cook a goose, instead of putting the goose on the fire, they put the fire in the goose, thus making a great saving of fuel. In planing or sawing a board they plane or saw toward themselves, instead of sawing from themselves. When you go into a house, instead of taking off your hat you take off your shoes. Instead of saying John Smith they would say Smith John, and instead of Mr. Brown, Brown Mister. The country is rich in flowers and in vegetable productions. They have carried the art of making paper to great perfection." Dr. Macgowan showed an overcoat made of paper, perfectly strong and serviceable. " In this country we have paper collars, but in Japan they go further and have paper handkerchiefs, which are very beautiful and soft, and of very fine texture.

But they are more delicate than we in one respect : after they have used a handkerchief they throw it away, and are thus saved the trouble of washerwomen. They even weave their paper and make what may be called paper cloth of it."

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charades—1, Charleston, South Carolina.
 2, Intemperance.

VARIETIES.

" Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he couldn't say his lesson.

A stump orator declared that he knew no north, no south, no east, no west. " Then," said a bystander, " go to school and learn geography."

" You appear to have a fine assortment of musical instruments for sale," said Quiz, addressing a musical dealer. " Yes, —first-rate—all new—can't be beat," was the response.—" If that's so," said Quiz, " I must look elsewhere." " Why ? " asks the amazed dealer. " Because," replies Quiz, " I want a drum !"

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs, and one who has nine walking-sticks ?—One owns ca-nines and the other nine canes.

A manufacturing wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his invisible wire fences.

In order to deserve a true friend, you must learn first to be one.

Fools open their ears to flattery, and shut their eyes to truth.

Young people should reverence their parents when at home, and attend to the instructions of their teachers when at school.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure ?—In the case of a watch.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun " bachelor " was singular. " Because," she replied, " it is so very singular that they don't get married."

Always start right—be who goes the wrong road must travel his journey twice over.

Experience is the best teacher, but she charges exorbitantly high for her instruction.

" I see you have never got over the whooping cough," said a gentleman to a lady the other day. " Ah ! how is that ? " was the surprised rejoinder. " O ! you have got rid of the cough," but are still troubled with the hoop."