

Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest,
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowing tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh! fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still,
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault
The good deed kindly praise;
That word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter on the living ear;
Oh! fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah! what are kisses on clay cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to a mother's arm,
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

The Number Nine.

The number 9 possesses some remarkable properties. If the nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, be added together the sum will be 45, which is equal to five times nine, and the sum of the digits of their sum, 4 and 5, is nine. If any number is subtracted from another having the same digits in a different order the remainder will be divisible by 9, and the sum of the digits of the remainder will also be divisible by 9. Subtracting 2,967,634 from 7,364,629, there remains 4,396,995. The sum of the digits, 4, 3, 9, 6, 9, 9, 5, is 45, which is divisible by 9. If any number be multiplied by 9, the sum of the digits or figures of the product will be divisible by 9. Nine times 43,780,135 is 394,021,215; the sum of the digits of the product is 27, a multiple of 9. If a number be subtracted from another having the same digits in a different order, and one of the digits of the remainder erased, it can be found in the following manner: Add together the figures of the remainder that are left, divide the sum by 9, subtract the figure that remains after dividing by 9, from 9, and the last remainder will be the digit or figure sought. If there was no remainder 0 or 9 was erased.

Ask some one to write down a number and subtract from it another composed of the same digits in a different order, without letting you see either of them. Tell him you want all the figures of the remainder but one. By the above rule you can soon find the figure you have not seen. The feat will appear quite mysterious to the uninitiated. Here is an example: Subtracting 156,324 from 231,456, the remainder is 75,132. The sum of the figures 7, 5, 1, 3, is 16. Divide 16 by 9, we have a remainder of 7. Seven from 9 leaves 2, the other figure.

Number One.

[From Hood's Comic Annual, 1830.]

"It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every Miss
But me has got a beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun:
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
To call at Number One!

"I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun—
It's very hard they come so near,
And not at Number One!

"Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One!

"Tis hard, with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

"There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf;
And, though he's pious, will not love
His neighbor as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

"My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days!
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun—
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

"Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One!

"I am not old! I am not plain!
Nor awkward in my gait!
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight!
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun!
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One!

"At Number Six, they say, Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts.
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts,
The imp they show with bended bow—
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One!

"It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe;
O take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun—
There is 'nae luck about the house,'
I know, at Number One!"

The Little Ones' Column.**Human Nature.**

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children five years old,
Maggie the gentle, Charley the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse shall see,
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To their dear little pets—their treasure trove,
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a brief respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see;
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or let us hope to perennial glades,
Brighter and softer than any below,—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and with sad surprise
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
However, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie"—her rabbit's dead.

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found breath to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm so sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead."

Agricultural Courtship.

A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red;
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried,
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride;
You cantelope with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turn up your pretty nose,
But spinachat with me!"

"I do not carrot at all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please!"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peace!
Go, think that you have heaven seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;
"My cherryshed bride you'll be!
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He caught her by surprise,
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

—Selected.