



**BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.**

**OUR BABY.**

Dearest little darling,  
Brightest little flower,  
Sent direct from heaven  
My glad heart to dower.  
Oh! that had so radiant,  
With its sunny hair,  
Oh! those eyes so star-like,  
Gleaming here and there.  
Hands so full of dimples,  
Limbs so round and white,  
Lips that smile upon us  
With a rosy light.  
All things bright are brighter  
Since you came to earth,  
All things dark must vanish  
By your baby mirth.  
Loved beyond description,  
Loved beyond compare,  
No one else can rival  
Baby anywhere.

**Three Ill-Tempered Girls.**

One quiet, lovely morning I was sitting in my room by my spinning-wheel, when I heard my three little grand-daughters, who were playing in the garden, in violent dispute. Two of them were sisters, and the other was their cousin, my youngest daughter's child, who was on a visit. The quarrel seemed to have begun over some trivial matter, and it went on and on until I heard one of them exclaim, "You are an ugly, hateful, mean, stingy thing, and I will go right away and tell grandma and Aunt Sarah." This was said by our young visitor. It was now plainly my duty to interfere, but in what way best to do so, I was not so sure. I hurried down the gravel walk and called to them.

"Hush! hush, this moment, Emma, I am astonished at this pitiable exhibition of ill-temper. No, no, do not try to explain, either of you. You can frame no excuse for allowing yourself to get into such violent anger."

"Anger, anger, anger," exclaimed the one addressed as Emma. "I didn't think, grandma, that you would be like mama, always talking to me about my temper."

"Now I wish you all to come into my room and I will tell you a story. I hope it will not be necessary for any grandchild of mine to pass through some bitter trial in order to cause you to master your temper. Let me tell you about an ill-tempered girl whom we will call Mary Claxton."

I sat down in my chair, while they gathered round me on the floor and listened to the story.

"Do you see that white road away to the northward, yonder, stretching along the side of the green mountain, and just where it begins to zig-zag into the letter S, a large white frame house and barn? Well, on that very spot many years ago there lived the girl Mary Claxton. She was intelligent, a good scholar, had been nurtured by pious parents. But there was one sad blemish upon her character.

"Oh, that temper; it kept her poor mother in a constant gloom of grief and solitude. It caused much discomfort in the home and in the school. Everybody was obliged to treat her as they would a box of lucifer matches, a cross dog, or a nest of hornets, lest she should explode into one of her fits of anger, and do some hurtful, wicked act, for she would often throw anything within reach of her hand while in these paroxysms.

"It was in vain that her poor mother talked to her of the grievous sin she was committing, and would be likely to commit with her unbridled tongue and ungovernable hands. Every time her wishes were crossed in any way, everybody in her vicinity suffered from her wrath. Those she loved best were just as apt to be the recipient of her harsh words as those she disliked.

"Girls learned to sew in the common schools of that day, in the country at least, and Mary had pieced a patch-work spread for her bed which was to be quilted on her birthday, near at hand. All her girl companions were invited and it was hoped that the occasion would be a pleasant little affair.

"The afternoon came and everything was going on harmoniously, until Mary objected to the way two or three of the girls were making

the quilt. All at once, without stopping to consider how rude it was for her to so abruptly and sharply object, or the proper courtesy due to the guests, she caught up the chalk and marking-card and angrily threw them out of the open window where they fell in the bed of flaming marigold beneath.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," cried her mother, who was just then entering the room, "how much unhappiness your unruly tongue and violent motions are every day causing!"

"Oh, my tongue, my tongue!" exclaimed the angry girl. "I am tired of hearing about it. I wish I was dumb, but so long as I am not, I will not speak again for a year!"

"God has it in his power to make you dumb, my daughter," said the mother, solemnly. "Recall your sinful words and ask His pardon and that of your schoolmates here, in a spirit of true penitence."

"But the poor girl sat with a pale face, distended eyes, and clinched hands in obstinate silence.

"The unpleasant scene caused a gloom to fall upon the little company and they soon departed for their homes. Mary stood by, looking it was noticed, more sad than angry, but not one word escaped her lips.

"Day after day passed, and the young girl did not speak. She was expostulated with, coaxed, punished and prayed over, but no word came from her firm-set mouth. After a while her family settled down into the belief that God had indeed forever silenced the voice that had so often been raised in uncontrolled, sinful anger.

"Her sad pathetic face, along with her now gentle and obliging ways, was exceedingly touching, and made a profound impression upon her friends both young and old, who treated her with a watchful tenderness in return.

"As her next birthday drew near she was often seen in secluded places near her home



GRANDMA'S STORY.

knowing as if in prayer, her face wearing a bright, hopeful expression.

"The anniversary of that memorable quilting party was a bright, cool August day. It was observed by the family that Mary was very restless and nervous, and that she watched the clock anxiously. As the hour of three rang out from its musical bell, she threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed, 'Oh, mamma, mamma! thank God He has kept my voice for me. I have not dared to try to speak until now for fear that I should find I had lost the power to do so.'

"She went round among her friends and resumed her studies at school with avidity and delight. Her ill-temper had been effectively and lastingly cured. Her words were all kind and gentle ones now, and such they were all her life. She overcame her great sin by contrite and persistent prayer."

Emma drew a long breath and wiped a tear from her eye as I closed my story.

"I think," said she, "I will try to be a good girl and never get angry again, grandma."

So said each of my granddaughters, and I have every reason to believe they did try and that they did succeed.

OBSERVE a tree, how it first tends downward, that it may shoot forth upward. Is it not from humility that it endeavors to rise? There are those who grow up into the air without at first growing at the root. This is not growth, but downhill.—*S. Augustine.*

The largest room in the world, under one roof, and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. By day it is used for military displays; by night for a vast ballroom. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it.

**THE APPLE TREE INN.**

I received at an inn one day a fine  
The host was a generous fellow—  
A golden apple for a night  
Hung out on a branch, as motto.

It was the good old apple tree  
Brought as nobly fitted me  
Sweet fare and sparkling wines by  
Was pleased and proud to find me.

To his green house came many a guest  
Light winged and light-hearted  
They sang their best, they ate his best,  
Then up they sprang and departed.

I found a bed to rest my head—  
A bed of soft green velvet  
The host a great cool shadow spread  
For a quilt and covered me very.

I asked him what I had to pay—  
I saw his head shake slightly  
"It must be by far over and over  
Who treated me so politely."

**How a Little Girl Suggested the Invention of the Telescope.**

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally, and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement.



**RHUSKREWS.**

**Conundrums.**

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

Why is a post like a pulley? Because he chaws his larynx.

Why is a lover like a knacker? Because he is bound to a horse.

Why is milk like a treadmill? Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is the letter "I" like an island? Because it is in the midst of water.

What is it that makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flatulency.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they would fall out if they didn't.

What is that which a man may never possess and yet leave one behind him at his death? A will.

Why is a woman living on the second floor a kind of goddess? Because she's a second Flora.

Why ought Ireland to be the richest country in the world? Because its capital is always Dublin.

Why is an unscrupulous gun like an office-holder? Because it kicks mightily when it is discharged.

**THREE CONUNDRUMS.**

Three Harrys who the silence broke,  
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"  
"E same, because I'm 'bort'" she spoke.  
"Oh, no, because you're wood," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said,  
"I have a heart," he asked to lead,  
"Her answer made the young man red,  
"Not that you're sappy, but I know you know!"

"Once more," she asked, "why are you like a tree?"  
"I couldn't quite perceive,  
"Three have sometimes, and make a bottle,  
"And you can always love—and leave!"

**A Quaker Marriage.**

The year which saw Mr. Bright's election for Manchester witnessed also his second marriage. On the 10th of June, 1847, he was united to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, daughter of Mr. William Leatham, of Heath House, Wakefield, the well-known West Riding banker. The marriage ceremony was performed in the meeting-house of the Friends, George street, Wakefield. We shall make no apology for giving a brief description of the rite of marriage, as observed by the Friends, from a local historian who records Mr. Bright's marriage. For those who are unfamiliar with the ceremony, the description will possess a general interest. The rite was severely simple. In accordance with the usages of the Friends, the marriage party sat for some time in silence, at the expiration of which Mr. Bright rose and took the right hand of Miss Leatham, pronouncing in low but distinct tones the formula of the Friends, as follows: "Friends, I take my friend, Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, to be my wife, promising by Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband till it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." Miss Leatham then, still holding hands, repeated similar words regarding Mr. Bright, promising to be "unto him a loving and faithful wife." A brief space of silence next ensued, which was broken by one of the congregation offering up prayer, the whole assembly standing. Again there was a short period of silence, and then one of the company read the certificate of declaration, which was signed by the bride and bridegroom, and their relations and friends, and afterward by a large number of the congregation. The whole ceremony occupied about an hour.

of things to come than things before!  
Out upon Time, who forever will leave  
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which  
must be.  
What we have seen, our sons shall see—  
Remnants of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay."  
—BRYAN'S "Stage of Contin."

FREQUENTLY, when a policeman comes in sight, the boys call out, "Cheese it." This is when something has a curd, and they wish to get a whey.

OSCAR WILDE speaks of "un-kissed kisses." The trouble with Oscar is that his poems are made up of untouching thoughts.

PROF. BALL says the earth is not over 800,000,000 of years old. No wonder so many of its mountains are bald and that not a single one of them is able to lift its foot. But all of them are still spire enough to slope.

The little flower that opens in the meadows lives and dies in a season; but what agencies have concentrated themselves to produce it? So the human soul lives in the midst of heavenly help.

Texas is one town in Connecticut that has no fear of the moon. Its Haldan.