

Select Poetry.

THE BABY.

BY VERNE LEE.

Wonderful little baby,
Sitting on mother's knee.
Clasping the tiny fingers,
Screaming with childish glee!
What causes the baby's laughter?
What does the little one see?

Do you think you could believe me
If the sober truth I speak?
Would you really take it in earnest,
Or only think it a joke,
If I told you the cause of his laughter
Was only a wreath of smoke?

Close by his side sits Grandpa,
With his wonderful pipe of clay.
And baby is laughing and crowing
As he puffs the smoke away,
And trying, with eager fingers,
To grasp it in his play.

And we smile at his childish folly.
Little thinking that we,
In some of our undertakings
Are little wiser than he,
And often mistake for substance
The shadows our eyes may see.

IN QUIET DAYS.

The dying year grows strangely mild:
Now in the hazy Autumn weather
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet, and still
As waters slipping over sand.
Seeking the shadows of free will
To gather tenderer lights than fill
Day's over-lavish hand.

The Summer wood with music rings;
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

O fairest month of all the year!
O sweetest days in life! they meet:
Within, without, is Autumn: cheer,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oft have I watch'd all night with grief,
All night with joy; and which is best?
Ah! both were sharp, and both were
brief:

My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for nought.

Fair Quiet, close to Joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep.
By day is ever at my side:
And all night long with me abide
Peace, and her sister, Sleep.

JOKERS' FEAST.

DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd; this world is broad enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can
count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door?
Of willing hand and honest heart
Alone should man be proud;
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud Miss: your dainty
silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and I alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your
heart
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd

Sparks of Wit.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

A man had better advertise
himself than wait and let the
sheriff do it for him.

Extremes meet. Civilisation
and barbarism come together.
Savage Indians and fashionable
ladies paint their faces.

The last comet was a good deal
like the productions of some of
our voluminous story-writers—a
long tail from a small head.

An Irish knight was once dis-
puting with a French courtier, as
to the age and standing of their
families, when the latter, as a
finisher to the argument, said,
that his ancestors were in the
ark with Noah. "That is nothing,"
said the Hibernian, "for at the
deluge my forefathers were cruis-
ing about in a boat of their own."

This line is set up without spaces.

One of the miseries of human
life is going to dine with your
friend upon the strength of a
general invitation, and finding,
by the countenance of his wife,
that you had much better have
waited for a particular one.

APT QUESTION.—A friend of
ours was coming to New York
from Albany, and just opposite
to him in the car sat a lady and
her child, the latter a beautiful
little girl, with wonderfully bright
eyes and a sweet winsome face—
the very picture, in miniature, of
her mother. She attracted much
attention, and won many smiles
and tender glances, as she moved
about the seat. An elderly gentle-
man walking through the car,
looked into the witching thing's
eyes, and was fascinated at once.
Stopping, he lovingly patted her
cheeks and asked:

"Won't you give me a kiss,
pretty one? I like to kiss little
girls."

She looked at him very archly
for an instant, and then propounded
the rather embarrassing
question.

"Wouldn't you rather kiss
mamma?"

THE WORKMAN AHEAD.—A
good story is told of a certain
prominent railway man of Phila-
delphia, who is equally renowned
for his ability to make and take
a joke. A railway employee,
whose home is in Avon, came on
Saturday night to ask for a pass
down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the
railroad?" inquired the gentle-
man alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regular-
ly?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, suppose you were
working for a farmer instead of a
railroad, would you expect your
employer to hitch up his team
every Saturday night and carry
you home?"

This seemed a poser, but it
wasn't.

"No," said the man, promptly.

"I would not expect that; but
if the farmer had his team hitched
up, and was going my way, I
should call him a darn mean cuss
if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employee came out three
minutes afterwards with a pass
good for twelve months.