

Children's Corner.

CHILDHOOD'S VALLEY.

It was a quiet valley,
Set far from human ills,
A sunny, sloping valley,
Begirt with green, green hills.

The white clouds softly knitted
Gray shadows in the grass;
The sea-birds poised and fitted
As they were loath to pass.

A clear stream thrid the bridges;
Blue, lazy smoke upcurled;
Beyond its purple ridges
Lay the unquiet world.

Under the ivied rafters
Low crooned the sun-drowsed dove;
White youthful, breezy laughter
Moved on the slopes above,

Where mid the flower-pied spaces
We children made bright quest;
Sure as we ran quick races
The far seen flower was best.

Thus while the sun uplifted,
And flashed adown the stream,
The white clouds drifted, drifted,
In deep untroubled dream.

Fair shines that sunny valley,
Sat far from human ills;
Our Childhood's simple valley
Begirt with green, green hills.

Nor all the world's mad riot
Which we have known since then
Hath touched this valley's quiet,
Deep in our heart's own ken.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

The distinguished and truly noble career of Admiral Farragut is well known to our readers, and any good lesson from the history of his life can hardly fail to be both interesting and profitable. One of these lessons is particularly worthy of record and remembrance.

The summer after the late war was over, the Admiral was spending the season with his family at Long Branch, in New Jersey. Sitting one morning on the portico of the hotel where he was staying, he was asked by a

friend how it was that he had been able so successfully to serve his country, and how he had been led on, step by step, to his well-known position in the navy and before the world.

"It was all owing," he replied, "to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father had been sent down to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after matters connected with the supposed treason of Aaron Burr. I went with him as his cabin-boy. I had some qualities that I was then silly enough to think were making a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in almost every shape. My father, who had long watched my course of conduct, at the close of dinner one day turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and then said to me:

"David, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea, as you have done."

"Follow the sea? Yes; and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die at last in some fever hospital, very likely in a strange and foreign clime."

"No," I said; "I'll tread the quarterdeck, and command a vessel, as you do."

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarterdeck who had such principles as you have, and such habits as you have formed and are forming. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever expect to become a man."

"Saying this, my father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die at last in some fever hospital! That is my fate, is it? No! I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another