

MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Mike Donovan was what I have sometimes heard my Irish friends call "A broth of a boy," which I suppose means a kind-hearted, healthy, HONEST lad. When Mike began the world he had, as most people would say, everything against him, for he was a little orphan lad, indebted for the bite and the sup to the village people, who had known his father and mother.

But little merry bare-footed Mike was soon able to work a bit for himself. So it was a capital thing for him that Larry Owen's cows had a habit of straying, and needed some one to watch them, and maybe tramp after them. Singing a favourite song which he had learned from a Clonmel pedlar, that began with—

"Oh weary's on money, and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our health."

little bare-footed Mike trudged merrily over the broad heath and up the mountain-side after his cattle.

Everybody's heart warmed to the boy, and in particular that of the same old pedlar who taught Mike the song. Some of this man's saying's took firm hold of the boy's mind. Once Mike was taking a drink of butter-milk at a cottage door, when the pedlar was selling to the mistress a little slip of a looking-glass to show her how her Sunday cap set, and he said, as he put the price of it in his pocket, "Now, ma'am, let me tell you that it's in the power of you, and your good man, both of ye, to see the finest sight in the world every day of your life." "How so?" says she. "Why, ma'am, if you can both say when you look in that glass, I see an *honest face!* Sure didn't a famous poet say:

"'An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Mike drank up more than the butter-milk just then, for his mind drank in that saying.

Now there was a sweet cool spot that on blazing summer days Mike dearly loved. Rising among flags in a nook in the mountain side was a clear bright spring of the purest water. Often and often the boy went there, and dipping in his face, took a drink and a cooler at the same time, and he would shake off the sparkling drops from his shining cheeks and clustering hair as the skylark scatters the dew from its fluttering wings. Looking into this clear deep well Mike could see his face, and the pedlar's words came to his mind about an HONEST face; and the wish grew strong in his heart that whatever his lot in life might be, he might be honest and true, and never ashamed to see his own face in that beautiful pool—God's hill-side mirror.

It was a good wish, and it came to pass. Not by merely wishing though, as I have known some foolish maidens think when they have gone to what they call wishing wells,* and come back no wiser than they went.

Mike strove to be honest; to do his duty *kindly* by Larry Owen's cattle, and to be steady at all times, as well as ready, as *every* other "Band of Hope Boy" should try to be.

"By-and-by when Mike was about fifteen, and had saved up four shillings, he began to think of bettering himself. So he left Larry Owen's service, giving and taking a blessing and a good character. Mike bought a little stock of haberdashery, worked harder than ever, and soon he managed to have a full pack, and drive a smart trade.

One morning he came to pay £2, and to have a fresh stock. A young man in the wholesale shop had just been to the bank to fetch £300. Seeing Mike in haste to be served, the shopman laid down his money, and forgot it. When Mike's parcel was packed, the notes somehow got mixed up with his goods. Away went Mike at his smartest pace with his pack on his back, and never stopped till he had gone twenty miles. Then being at a populous village, he began to open and look over his stock. Lo and behold there was the three hundred pounds! Mike had never seen more than two or three one-pound notes in his lifetime. It was a strong temptation; but Mike's love for honesty, like a good angel, did battle with the evil one, and he thought of the mountain spring, and said, "Shall I be ashamed to look myself in the face? God helping me, never!"

Up he got and away—twenty miles honest tramp. Foot-sore, yet light of heart, he entered the store. "Why, Mike, what brings you here again so soon? I thought you had made all your market yesterday," said the owner, as he looked at him. "True, sir, but I'm come to ask, did you not lose some money yesterday?"

Yes, the young man was suffering bitterly for his carelessness. He was that day to have been examined about the matter. Even if he had not been proved guilty, he would certainly have lost his place and character. Mike opened his pack, and at once restored

*Some lovely springs in different parts of Ireland are so called.

the money.

Was that all Mike's history? No. The owner of the shop was so pleased that he offered, if Mike knew any town in his walk where a shop in his trade was wanted, to put Mike into it, and stock it for him. There was a place Mike knew of where there was a good opening. With all speed a house was taken, a shop opened, and Mike was established. The blessing was on him, and he prospered. There came a time when Mike could buy a farm, not in America, but in his native land—the very spot on which he had worked as a herd-boy, and where the clear bright well was that had in former days served Mike for a looking-glass, and given him, as we have seen, more than one good reflection. Was it not a joy that when he called it his own, and looked into its clear crystal depths once more, instead of being ashamed to see his face therein, he could remember without a blush his friend the pedlar's words: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." — *Band of Hope Rev. &c.*

ALPHABETICAL FARMING.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study Nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And C's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While ploughing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose. — *Ex.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE FROG.

Published, perhaps first, in the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, 1852-54.]

Of all the funny things I've seen
In woodland, lake or bog,
That crawls the earth or flies the air
The funniest is the frog.

The frog's the scientificest
Of nature's handiwork:
The frog, that neither walks nor runs,
But goes it with a jerk.

When he sits down he's standing up,
As Paddy O'Flynn once said,
And for convenience sake, he wears
His eyes on *top* his head.

With coat and pants all bottle green,
And yellow fancy vest,
He jumps into the mud and mire
In all his Sunday best.

You see him sitting on a log
Above the vasty deep,
And feel inclined to say, "Old chap!
Best look before you leap."

You raise your cane to hit him on
His ugly looking mug,
But ere your arm is half way up,
A-down he goes, ker chug!

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been a-countin'."