

Babies.

The subject of this composition is "Babies." Who does not love the merry little creatures with their sweet voices, and innocent ways? There are two kinds of babies—males and females. Dear little children! How much do they add to the beauty and loveliness of this earth! The baby belongs to the animal kingdom and has two legs. If it had four legs it would be a quadruped. Who among us doesn't love children, fresh from the hand of the Creator, unstained by sin? When the baby is young it folds up its legs and yells. Perhaps that is why it is a little yell.

Pa says: "We cannot respect those men or women who do not love babies." A baby cannot walk, but it makes everybody else walk, so Pa says, and he ought to know. They are so fragile that there mingles with our love tender anxieties that shadows and subdues our warmer emotions.

It is stated mosquitoes were not stung grown up people if there is a baby in the room, because they realize that the baby causes them sufficient trouble and suffering. Babies refine and soften the best feelings of the parental heart, but not when they are hatching their teeth. You should hear Pa swear. When his teeth are hatched he bites people with them. He is a crying evil, Pa does not wake up the baby just to see it laugh. He did that with the first one, but he has quit being a fool he says. How much of the sunshine of love does a baby bring to its parents hearts! When Pa walks round with the baby at night Pa does the most of the walking and all of the swearing. It is an angel sent by the Eternal Father to awaken the kindlier affections of the human heart. It has a bald head, and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs takes a rest while the other runs the shop.

One day not very long ago, Mr. Jones, called at our house. He talked with my grandma, who is deaf, and had an awful cold in her head. Mr. Jones asked how

the new baby was coming on. Grandma thought he was asking about her cold, so she says: I usually have them three or four times a year, but this is the worst one I've had yet. I have tried to get rid of it, but I can't. Mr. Jones was surprised, but he went away quick, when the old lady said: "It keeps me awake all night, and Mr. Jones, I can tell by your looks you are going to have one just like it." I laughed.

JOHNNIE CHAFFIE.

A Ballad of St. Andrew's.

SHE is waiting in the darkness: she is waiting—by the door, and she hears the sad sea moaning as it beats the pebbly shore: she hears the sad wind sighing through the browning maple trees, and upon her fevered forehead gently blows the southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one, who to her is prince and hero, and is brighter than the sun. Close the door, oh, weeping maiden, close the door and weep alone to the sighing of the branches, to the ocean's sullen moan; to the tramp of the policeman, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from heaven, plashing on your window pane. Let your eyes this night be rivers, and your hair a mourning veil, let your soul float up to heaven in a wild despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do not echo on the shore, and to night you'll never see him, tho' you're waiting at the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell. Close the door, oh, weeping Maudie, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort in the sombre sky above. To your side your lover hero all your watching cannot win—he got boozed at the Algonquin, and the marshal ran him in.

Now my Boy, what sort of children go to Heaven? Please sir, Dead ones.

FACETIÆ.

EGGS-TRAORDINARY:—"Are you sure these eggs are fresh?" asked a housekeeper. "Oh, yes, madam!" replied the shopman; "perfectly fresh." "But are they new laid?" inquired the lady. "Yes, m'm answered the shopman, "they are new laid." "Are they your own laying?" interrogated the housekeeper. "Madam!" said the grocer's assistant, shocked and pained, "do I look like a hen?" "No; more like a goose," came the smart reply.

QUITE TRUE:—There is a strange similarity between a man who has departed from this world of cares, and one who has sat down on the business end of a tin tack. They are both better off.

A PROMISING WITNESS.—Counsellor: (addressing an old woman in a case before a judge and jury): Pray, my good woman, do you keep a diary? Witness: Naw, sir; kups a whuskey shop.

HURROO!—A native of Ireland landing at Greenock wanted to take the train to Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket. Seeing a lady however going in, Pat thought he would follow her, and he would soon know how to get aboard. The lady, going to the ticket-box and on putting down her money, said, "Maryhill, single." Her ticket was handed to her, and she walked off, Pat, who thinking it was all right, walked up and planking down his money, shouted out, "Patrick Murphy, married."

A NEW IDEA.—A lady living within a few miles of Glassville, recently presented herself before the resident magistrate and said: "I want a warrant for Mrs. B." "What for, my good woman," inquired the man of law. "For deformation of character, she called me The Glassville News sir." "But why does she call you that?" "She says: I poke my nose into everybody's business."

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