

## BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,  
A gaily dressed wife by his side—  
In satin and lace she looked like the queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed :  
The carriage and couple he eyed—  
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,  
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
"One thing I would give if I could—  
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health  
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,  
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,  
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine—  
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,  
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair in her calico dress,  
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,  
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,  
Our minds and our time we employ  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.



## "COME HOME, FATHER."

"Father, dear father, come home with me now !  
The clock in the steeple strikes one ;  
You said you were coming right home from the shop  
As soon as your day's work was done.  
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—  
And mother's been watching since tea,  
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,  
And no one to help her but me.

Come home ! come home ! come home !  
Please father, dear father, come home."  
Hear the sweet voice of the child,  
Which the night winds repeat as they roam !  
Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers ?  
"Please father, dear father, come home."

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes two ;  
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—  
But he has been calling for you.  
Indeed, he is worse—Ma says he will die,  
Perhaps before morning shall dawn ;  
And this is the message she sent me to bring :  
"Come quickly, or he will be gone."

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes three ;  
The home is so lonely—the hours are so long  
For poor weeping mother and me.  
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,  
And gone with the angels of light ;  
And these were the very last words that he said—  
"I want to kiss papa good night."

**PIOTUS JOKE.**—A Washington lady caught a Yankee colporteur nosing around her back premises, and squirted a jet of warm water in his eyes. He sneaked off and explained that he was laboring in the colored end of the Lord's vineyard, and wanted to see her negro. She remarked that after the injection he got he wouldn't be quite so anxious to see her "knee-grow" next time.

## HOW THE RAVEN BECAME BLACK.

A Lesson to Tale Bearers.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

There's a clever classic story,  
Such as poets use to write,  
(You may find the tale in Ovid)  
That the Raven once was white.

White as yonder swan sailing  
At this moment in the moat,  
Till the bird, for misbehavior,  
Lost, one day, his snowy coat.

"Raven white," was once the saying,  
Till an accident, alack !  
Spoiled its meaning, and thereafter  
It was changed to "Raven black."

Shall I tell you how it happened  
That the change was brought about ?  
List the story of the Cronis,  
And you'll find the secret out.

Young Cronis, fairest maiden,  
Of Thessalia's girlish train,  
Whom Appollo loved and courted,  
Loved and courted in vain.

Flirted with another lover,  
(So at least the story goes)  
And was wont to meet him slyly  
Underneath the blushing rose.

Whereupon the bird of Ploebus,  
Who their meeting chanced to view,  
Went in haste to his master—  
Went and told him all he knew ;

Told him how his dear Cronis,  
False and faithless as could be,  
Plainly loved another fellow—  
If he doubted come and see !

Whereupon, Appollo, angry  
Thus to find himself betrayed,  
With his silver bow and arrow  
Went and shot the wretched maid !

Now, when he perceived her dying,  
He was stricken to the heart,  
And to stop her mortal bleeding,  
Tried his famous healing art !

But in vain ! the god of physic  
Had no antidote, alack !  
He took her off so deftly,  
Couldn't bring the maiden back !

Angry with himself, Appollo,  
Yet more angry with his bird,  
For a moment stood in silence—  
Impotent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,  
"Wanton babbler, see thy fate ;  
Messenger of mine no longer,  
Go to Hades with thy prate—

"Weary Pluto with thy tattle ;  
Hither, monster, come not back ;  
And—to match thy disposition—  
Henceforth be thy plumage black !"

## MORAL.

When you're tempted to make mischief,  
It is wisest to refuse ;  
People are not apt to fancy  
Bearers of unwelcome news.

## SECOND MORAL.

Something of the pitch you handle  
On your fingers will remain ;  
As the Raven's tale of darkness  
Gave the bird a lasting stain !

—An exchange remarks : "Anna Dickinson says that she has taken enough slack-jaw from the ridiculers of women's rights, and that hereafter she will give the men tit for tat" ; whereupon, the Glasgow (Ky.) Times, says : "Well then, Anna, we are after you ; here's our tat."

FRANKLIN, KY., Oct. 28, 1880.—1. What is the relationship existing between Bulwer and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton? 2. Who is Owen Meredith? 3. Who is the author of the quotation commencing, "The mills of the gods grind slowly?" H. W.

Answer.—Edward Bulwer was his name until he inherited the title—Lytton. 2. Owen Meredith is the son of Edward Bulwer, and now wears the title. Lytton. 3. Friedrich Von Logau, who lived between 1604 and 1655. You will find it by the title Retribution, in Longfellow's works, translated by him.

## "Rock of Ages."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,  
Fell the words unconsciously  
From her girlish, gleeful tongue ;  
Sang as little children sing,  
Sang as sing the birds in June ;  
Fell the words like light leaves down,  
On the current of the tune—  
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—  
Felt her soul no need to hide ;  
Sweet the song as song could be—  
And she had no thought beside ;  
All the words unheedingly  
Fell from the lips untouched by care,  
Dreaming not that they might be  
Or some other lips a prayer—  
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"  
'Twas a woman sung them now ;  
Pleading and prayerfully  
Every word her heart did know,  
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird  
Beats with weary wing the air,  
Every note with sorrow stirred—  
Every syllable a prayer—  
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—  
Lips grown aged sung the hymn  
Trusting and tenderly—  
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim :  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."  
Trembling though the voice and low,  
Rose the sweet strain peacefully  
Like a river in its flow.  
Sang as only they can sing  
Who life's thorny paths have passed ;  
Sang as only they can sing  
Who behold the promised rest—  
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."  
Sung above a coffin lid ;  
Underneath, all restfully,  
All life's joys and sorrows hid.  
Nevermore, Oh storm-tossed soul,  
Nevermore, from wind or tide,  
Nevermore from billow's roll  
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.  
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,  
Closed beneath the soft gray hair—  
Could the mute and stiffened lips  
Move again in pleading prayer :  
Still, aye still the words would be—  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

## LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,  
Up through the long, shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields  
That are red with ripening grain.  
They find in the thick waving grasses,  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows ;  
They gather the earliest snow-drops,  
And the first crimson buds of the rose,

They toss the new hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder-bloom white ;  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted October light.  
They know where the apple's hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy wines ;  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vine.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand ;  
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—  
Fairly barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,  
And at night time are folded in slumber  
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest ;  
The humble and poor become great ;  
And from these brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.  
The pen of the author and statesman—  
The noble and wise of the land—  
The loving and motherly woman,  
Who'll wisely mold all with her hand.