From the Cradle They tell me I was born a long Three months ago, But whether they are right or wrong I hardly know. I sleep, I smile, I cannot crawl, But I can ery-At present I am rather small-A babe am I.

The changing lights of sun and shade Are baby toys; The flowers and birds are not afraid Of baby-boys. ome day I'll wisn and A bird and fly; At present I can't wish—you see A babe am I. — Frederick Locker

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<text>

The Song of the Sower. The farmer stood at his open door, Looked north and south and east and west lood wife, the swallows are back once more Back again to their last year's nest. I'm off to the fields to speed the plow

The birds are singing on every bough The skies are dreaming of summer blun;

Trees are creaming of rustling leaves; And I have a dream-God make it true! Of standing corn, and of golden shast os, Of meadows green, and of new-made hay And reapers singing at dawn o iday.

Call all the boys; we must go affeld, To speed the plow and cast the seed: God bless the seed, and make it to yield Plenty, both man and beast to feed! God bless the seed, and speed the plow For birds are singing on every bough.

Then out with his boys the farmer went, Into the fields the soit spring morn, Sowing the seed with a glad content, Singing, while sowing the good seed-cors, God bless the harrow, and bless the plow,

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