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SELECT POETRY.

WHICH? (The following beautiful home circle poem is intended for the family circle. It is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of seven was given to him.)

"Which will it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me, (Dear patient John, who loves me yet, As well as though my links were jet.)

We stooped beside the trundle bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish face there,

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN." Mr. Solomon Winthrop was a plain old farmer—an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rules,

"I can't do it, father!" tremblingly said Samuel. "Can't do it? And why not? Look at Jerry, there, with his slate and pencil."

"No, Jerry," replied the younger brother, with a grateful look: "that will be deceiving father. I'll try to do the sum, but I fear I shall succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject before him. The room

to themselves, were to him a mass of incomprehensible things; and the more he tried, the more he became perplexed and bothered.

The truth was his father did not understand him. Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician; he hardly ever came across a problem he could not solve,

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matter as was interesting to him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either, that if he ever wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen for his own room, and there he sat and cried. At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his father, and his face lightened up. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold; and, getting up, he went to a closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he took forth some long strips of wool.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away when his sister entered his chamber. She had her apron gathered up in her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"What do you mean?" he at length inquired. "It is simply this, father, that the loom is mine," returned Samuel, with conspicuous pride. "I have invented it, and taken out a patent, and have already been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent-right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?"

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent to the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking. "Well," continued Samuel "that was almost a pattern, though, of course I have made much alteration and improvement, and there is room for much more."

"And that was what you were studying when you used to stand and see me weep, and when you tumbled about my loom so much?" said Mr. Winthrop. "You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea which I have since carried out."

ry and I can get along on the farm, and I think that the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given up all hopes of ever making a surveyor of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it, or lay it out.

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a very fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on quite a large machine shop, he was in ecstasies.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening, after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and one home, and found the youth busily engaged in fitting a piece of iron.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ. Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one; Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I see and hear in the paper about those Winthrop boys? They tell me that they got ahead of any thing that was ever got up before."

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have to be attuned with a hand as delicate and as skillful. Different minds have different capacities, and no mind can be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then, in your management of their education for after-life, govern yourself accordingly.

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A Funeral Discourse.

The readers of the Drawer have, within the past year or two, been edified with the perusal of a sermon on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," and the "Farwell Discourses of Bro. W. W. Watkins."

I have been requested, not to say impudently to deliver a funeral discourse on this occasion, and I have reluctantly consented to do so. I never had any goal of the deceased; and if the friends had made up their minds that I am about to begin such a course now they are very much mistaken. I estimate, in fact, this young man, now a layman before you, was about the best man ever permitted, in the unobtrusive ways of the divine popes, to locate in this vicinity.

Why, my fellow Christians, he kept his horses and ran 'em; he kept his sheep and fed 'em; and as to winning, let his widdler (who I see a-sittin' in a front pew) testify. (Here the widow rose, as was the custom when the family of the deceased was alluded to, and, deeming it a complimentary remark, courted to the preacher.)

None-Beef Eating Nations. The rice-eating Hindoos at one time took a better position among the nations than they do now, but neither in war nor in peace did they ever attain to anything of the standard of Europe or America.

A Big Tannery. Elk county in this State, has the largest tannery in the world. It is known as the "Wilcox Tannery," and was built three years ago. The proprietors own 22,000 acres of land on the Clarion river, all heavily covered with hemlock.

SALT LAKE in Utah, is seven feet higher than it was ten years ago, and is constantly rising. It has been urged by those who have paid attention to the subject that the rise of water there would produce a solution of the Mormon question before Congress would act upon it.

A MAN at Lowell, Mass., has made a provision in his will that he must be buried in a burglar-proof safe, when he dies.

An Ohio widow of 36 was obliged to

A Frank Confession.

A farmer living in Oxford county, in the State of Maine, went down to a town but a thousand miles from Portland, for the purpose of purchasing a yoke of oxen, as he had been informed there was a fine stock for sale by one of the wealthy land owners of the place.

Arriving in the best farming district of the Cumberland county town, our friend met a man who was driving an ox-team, and inquired: "Can you inform me where Mr. Wall lives?"

"There's a number of Walls live around here. Which one did you wish to find?" returned the stranger, who was a largely built, keen eye man, habited in homespun, but bearing in his general appearance unmistakable tokens of ease and comfort so far as finances were concerned.

With a curious twinkle of the eye, and a gentle pat upon the haunch of his rear, he said, "to tell you the truth, sir, I guess they're a close set all around, and I never heard that honey-run in the family. Isn't there something else?"

Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right, or by the aid of friends or long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do at least a cash business. Never venture on a credit business at the commencement.

Business and Bibles.—Several years ago I was practicing law in one of the many beautiful towns of Wisconsin. On a very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town, six miles, in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible.

Now, my son, that you possess what you so much desired, I suppose that you will feel perfectly happy.

The most famous ruin in England just now, is the rotting Duke of Hamilton, who has maintained a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars and has