

THE HOME.

God cares for me! should I be caring? He's my Father; He's my child; He cares to-day, to-morrow sharing...

God cares for me! In him confiding, I do not fear my coming lot, For, were it mine, each day declining...

A Good Start.

I want all my nieces and nephews to stop whatever they are doing, and listen to me for a few moments, while I talk to them about the importance of a good start.

Destroying Weeds in Lawns.

Coarse weeds, such as docks, dandelions, thistles, etc., may easily be removed from lawns where they are a decided nuisance...

Her Way.

"I don't see, for my part, why the Lord allows such people to have the handling of so much," said Mrs. Trewin, with a snap of her black eyes across the breakfast table.

TEMPERANCE.

The drunkard-maker always hates his old and most reliable customers, and is proud of cursing them and kicking them out.

Home Happiness.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has retired into the quiet harbor of home...

THE FARM.

The four feet of an ordinary cow will make a pint of great foot oil. Not a bone of any animal should be thrown away. Many cattle's skin-bones are shipped to England for the making of knife-handles...

14th Talk about Home.

I wish to whisper a few words, not as not to disturb old "Cackle and Cluck." Some time ago some one wanted to know what was the best breed of chickens to keep for eggs, and I gave it as my candid opinion that the Black Hamburgs were the best I ever kept, and I have had a good many kinds.

door. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, ill and dependent, he was heard to exclaim "No work, again to-day—what I'm to do I don't know?" "Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play foot some more?" "O'ho! hush! you poor child," groaned the father, shaking his head.

Short Method with "Personal Liberty." "I am a temperance man, but I have my doubts whether you have a right to pass such a law as you Prohibitionists are after."

"Well, if people want to sell what others want to buy, I don't think the law has a right to prevent. You haven't a right to say that people shall not drink if they want to."

"Of course, then, you object to the law that closes saloons on Sunday?" "Oh! no. That is another matter. That is done simply to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath."

"You admit, I suppose, that the Sabbath was made for man?" "Certainly." "You admit, then, that it is proper to close the saloons for the sake of the Sabbath day, while you deny that it is proper to do the same thing for the sake of the man himself, for whom the Sabbath is made?"

"We unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs; that, when prescribed medicinally, it should be with conscientious caution and a sense of grave responsibility. We are of the opinion that the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease; that it annihilates appetites upon offspring; and that it is the cause of a large percentage of the crime of our cities and country."

"I think my love," said he, "you were speaking of Miss Deborah Bither. I should say I was," responded his wife, with a smile of grim pleasantry in her tone.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," murmured Mrs. Trewin, breaking her thread with a jerk. "Deborah Bither ought to remember that. It goes against my grain to see anybody so stingy."

"I'll go down and see how Mrs. Hewett is getting on," she said. "She needs sympathy and help, if ever anybody did."

"And how are you getting along?" asked Mrs. Trewin, setting her portly form in a rocking-chair. "Oh, nicely, now, thank you," was the quick response.

"I was out with a subscription paper for you, yesterday," continued Mrs. Trewin. "Has Deacon Gregory brought it in yet?" "No," hesitated Mrs. Hewett. "I look in which perplexity and pain were crossed her face. 'I am sorry to have given so much trouble. I think we shall be able to get along now. Oh, Mrs. Trewin, her voice trembled beneath a weight of tears, 'don't think me ungrateful, but indeed, I can not bear to be a beggar.'"

"I am sure we shall get along now," reiterated Mrs. Hewett, hopefully, apparently without noticing the break in her visitor's remark.

glance, and answered it with tears gathering in her eyes. "Oh, yes! I've all the work I can do now, and the machine is a perfect god-send. I'm to pay for it when I can."

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