

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MIRACLE.

Oh! not in strange portents way Christ's miracles were wrought of old, The common thing, the common clay He touched and loosed, and straightway It grew to glory manifold.

The barley leaves were daily bread Kneaded and mixed with usual skill; No care was given, no spell was said, But when the Lord had blessed, they fed The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common sun, Watered by common dews and rain, Of which the fisher's nets were spun; Nothing was prophesied or done To mark it from the other grain.

Course, hawny hands let down the net When the Lord spoke and ordered so; They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet, Just as in other days, and set Their backs to labor, bending low;

But quivering, leaping from the lake The marvelous, shining burden rose Until the laden meshes broke, And all amazed, no man spoke, But gazed, with wonder in his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in every place Thou standest by the toiling folk With love and pity in thy face, And givest of thy help and grace To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and spell, Baffling and darkening nature's face; Thou takest the things we know so well And buidest on them thy miracle— The heavenly on the common-place.

The lives which seem so poor, so low, The hearts which are so cramped and dull, The baffled hopes, the impulses slow, Thou takest, touchest all, and lo! They blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder-peal Resounding from a mount of fire While round our daily paths we feel Thy sweet love and thy power to heal Working in us Thy full desire.

—Susan Coolidge in Christian Union.

THE LITTLE WILSON BOY.

There were two or three reasons why I did not wish him placed in my Sunday school class. First, I had six boys already in my weekly care from the ages of six to eight years, and that means six irrepres-

sible, irresponsible, lively little beings, about as easily controlled as so many little monkeys would be, and not much more easily.

Then I had heard repeatedly, from one of the teachers in the infant department, what a "case" that Wilson boy was, frequently arresting the exercises with his mischievous pranks; and besides all this, there were smaller classes in which there seemed to be far more room for him than in mine.

But here was the overtasked superintendent standing before me, asking in an almost imploring tone if I couldn't take "just one boy more," and I understood at once that I was not the first teacher to whom he had made application that day in behalf of "the little Wilson boy."

Then on seeing the child my heart recoiled. His clothes were old and ill-fitting; and his mat of golden curls, in their rich abundance, hung over and almost into his lovely blue eyes. Another of Christ's poor little ones, I thought, and the child was admitted.

He behaved pretty well that Sunday, although once when my back was turned some sly piece of mischief caused a smile to circulate rather freely, I somehow felt at my expense.

But he was troublesome. In vain I coaxed and remonstrated, and roundly reproved the child for his misconduct; in vain I threatened I must go see the "Auntie" with whom he lived, and tell her how naughtily he behaved. Did the child know, I wonder, that I couldn't really have complained of him?—a little motherless boy!

Sometimes the dimples in his cheeks would cease their play for a moment or two, while I told some little story with just enough wholesome excitement in it to catch his attention, while I illustrated some important point in the lesson, and at such times the child was rarely beautiful. The great blue eyes were almost heavenly in their expression, and the mat of golden hair rippled and fell in cunning circlets about temple, cheek and brow. I used at such times to vaguely imagine how sweet he would be were he my boy, apparelled like other well dressed boys, and trained and pruned in a Christian home—and then I was so sorry for him because he was motherless.

But alas! the next moment the squirming of some child at his side would attest to the accuracy with which he could insert a pin point or direct a sly pinch, right in the midst of my exciting little illustration, too.

One Sunday the lesson was about Christ's love for little children, and for brief periods the child would pay something like attention. I spoke of how parents loved their children, and how Sunday-school teachers loved their scholars—good scholars—yes, and the naughty ones, too; but here I was interrupted by the little Wilson boy, who asked wonderingly:

"Say, teacher, do you love us when we are naughty?"

I replied that I certainly did, and went on to tell how Christ, although grieved by the naughtiness of little children, loved them still, and wanted to forgive and make them better. I really thought I was impressing him for once, for his great eyes were fixed intently on my face, and he was bending toward me in an eager attitude—with one hand in his pocket—and I was just thinking what a nice lesson he was learning, when all at once I heard an ominous little rattle, and the next moment he suddenly jerked a little tin box from his pocket, asking with a jubilant smile,

"Teacher, want to see my fish-hooks?"

Oh dear! it was discouraging to see the whole seven of them all at once scrambling and pulling to see the contents of the little tin box. Of course my stern protest caused its speedy disappearance, and after the school was ended, I talked long and kindly with the child who so strangely tried, yet attracted me. I remember perfectly that during my talk he interrupted me to know if I didn't love mackerel, and I admitted certainly that I did, and knew boys must like the sport of catching them, but urged the little fellow to lay aside all such considerations, and try to be good while in the Sunday-school class, and he said brightly on parting:

"Good by, teacher; I'll be awful good next Sunday!"

Next Sunday! Dear child! On Wednesday the "Auntie" sent for me to come as soon as I could to see her; that was all the boy said who brought the message, perhaps she thought I would not wish to go if I knew more. But on entering her lowly home, I saw it all at a glance.

There, on the low bed, lay the "little Wilson boy," all too quiet at last. The mat of shining curls still shaded the snowy forehead, and clustered about the pulseless temples; the rare little circlets laid as ever about the babyish cheeks, and on one a dimple showed plainly—but the blue eyes were closed.

He was drowned. By the side of the bed, carelessly thrown on a small table, was a string of fish—mackerel—and still clutched in one hand was a familiar object, at sight of which the rushing tears blinded my eyes completely—it was the little tin box.

Groups of boys stood around the room, and the "Auntie"—I was glad now there was no mother to gaze on this scene—the not unkindly "Auntie" hastened to explain with a quick gesture toward the fish:

"He caught them for you, ma'am; he said as how you liked them, and he was a-goin' to fetch them to you himself to-night."

It was just as well that at that moment I was totally unable to reply, for one of the boys standing by was eager to tell his story, so he began excitedly:

"Yes, ma'am, and he wasn't quite dead either when we took him out, for he said in a funny weak-like voice—you see he was almost gone—Teacher said that Christ would forgive lit'le boys, even naughty boys, and teacher knows!" and then he smiled a little," the boy added.

So, after all, the child did hear what was said on that last Sunday, and it sank into his precious little heart, and little as I dreamed of such a result then, it comforted him, and the thought dimpled his cheeks at those last moments; poor, dying little boy!

Well, it was years ago, but from that time to this, I never have shown reluctance at receiving one more child into my class; and when my boys whisper and play in Sunday-school I never feel discouraged; but if on certain occasions the boys are especially trying and I need something to increase my faith and patience, I've only to go to a locked drawer of my bureau and look for an instant on a little tin box with five fish hooks and a matted curl of yellow hair inside, and I see it all over again as plainly as I saw it on that Wednesday afternoon, the still, sweet face of "the little Wilson boy."—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

AN INCIDENT.

A touching story of a little girl's dream comes from San Francisco. In one of the stores of the city there is a bakery, grocery, and liquor-business done. Into this store entered a poorly-clad child of ten years. "How's your mother?" asked the boy, who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. Wounded out she fell asleep holding her nickel in her hand. One of the men saw her as he came to the bar, and after asking who she was, said:

"Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey, when the poor child and her mother want bread here—a two-dollar bill that says 'I've got some feeling left.' And I can add a dollar, observed one. 'And I'll give another.' They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spoke-man carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: 'Just look at there—the child's dreaming!' So she was. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tiptoed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out: 'What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!' When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: 'Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and give me all this.'"

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet, The traces of small muddy boots; And I see your fair tapestry glowing, All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured With prints of small fingers and hands; And that your own household most truly Is immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered With many old treasures and toys; While your own is in daintiest order, Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded Quite boldly at all hours of the day; While you sit in yours unmolested And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides Where I must stand watchful each night, While you go out in your carriage, And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think, I'm a neat little woman; I like my house orderly, too; And I'm fond of all dainty belongings; Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order, Its freedom from bother and noise; And keep your own fanciful lessons, But give me my four splendid boys.

STOP AND WEIGH.

One morning, an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of, pointing to John."

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?" "No, sir," was the ready reply. "You lie, you young villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John. "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them me, did you?" "Yes, sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once" is an excellent motto.—Christian World.

ROCK OF AGES.

In the pleasant county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled in it, mused and sang Augustus Toplady. When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of His Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind.

Toplady became very learned, and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read in the fathers and reformers than most dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. His chief works are controversial, and, in some respects, bear the impress of his ever ardent spirit. In the pulpit's milder agency nothing flowed but balm. In his tones there was a commanding solemnity, and in his words there was such simplicity that to hear was to understand.

Both at Broad Henbury, and afterwards in London, the happiest results attended his ministry. Many sinners were converted; and the doctrines which God blessed to the

accomplishment of these results may be learned from the hymns which Toplady has bequeathed to the church—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "A debtor to mercy alone," "When languor and disease invade," and "Deathless principle, arise"—hymns in which it would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the living hope exulting in every line.

During his last illness Augustus Toplady seemed to lie in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend's enquiry he answered, with sparkling eye, "O my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "O what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul!" And thus died the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages cleft for me."

THE HOURS OF FATE.

The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting before going to bed has been warmed probably up to summer heat; a light meal has been taken before retiring to rest, and then the bedroom is entered. The bedroom perchance has no fire in it, or if a fire is lighted provision is not made to keep it light for more than an hour or two. The result is that in the early part of the morning, from three to four o'clock, when the temperature of the air in all parts is lowest, the glow from fire or stove, which should warm the room has ceased, and the room is cold to an extreme degree. In country houses the water will often be found frozen in the handbasins or ewers under these conditions. Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowly and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent, it may be, of thirty or forty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale, and though he may be fairly covered with bedclothes, he is receiving into his lungs this cold air by which the circulation through the lungs is materially modified. The condition of the body itself is at this time very unfavorable for meeting an emergency. In the period between midnight and six o'clock in the morning, the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. Physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously.

RESERVED POWER.

It is not wise to work constantly up to the highest rate of which we are capable. If the engineer of the railroad were to keep the speed of his train up to the highest rate he could attain with his engine, it would soon be used up. If a horse is driven at the top of his speed for any length of time, he is ruined. It is well enough to try the power occasionally of a horse or an engine, by putting on all the motion they will bear, but not continuously. All machinists construct their machines so that there shall be a reserve force. If the power required is four-horse, then they make a six-horse power. In this case it works easily and lasts long. A man who has strength enough to do twelve honest hours of labour in twenty-four, and no more, should do but nine or ten hours' work. The reserve power keeps the body in repair. It rounds out the frame to full proportions. It keeps the mind cheerful, hopeful, happy. The person with no reserve force, is always incapable of taking on any more responsibility than he already has. A little exertion puts him out of breath. He cannot increase his work for an hour without danger of an explosion. Such are generally pale, dyspeptic, bloodless, nervous, irritable, despondent, gloomy. We all pity them. The great source of power in the individual is the blood. It runs the machinery of life, and upon it depends our health and strength.

A mill on a stream where water is scanty, can be worked but a portion of the time. So a man with little good blood can do but little work. The reserve power must be stored up in this fluid. It is an old saying among stock-raisers, that

"blood tells." It is equally true that blood tells in the sense in which we use the word. If it is only good blood, then the more of it, the better. When the reserve power of an individual runs low, it is an indication that a change is necessary, and that it is best to stop expending and go to accumulating, just as the miller does when water gets low in the pond. Such a course would save many a person from physical bankruptcy.—Herald of Health.

ONE LORD.

O Lord and Master of us all, Whate'er our name or sign, We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see, In different phrase we pray; But dim or clear we own in thee The light, the truth, the way!

Apart from thee all gain is loss, And labor vainly done; The solemn shadow of thy cross Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable! Thy saving name is given; To turn aside from thee is hell, To walk with thee is heaven.

—Whittier.

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

The Rev. Robert Collyer made the remark on one occasion that during his twenty years' residence in Chicago he had not known of a single man who had come prominently to the front in any pursuit who was born and bred in a large city. All the leading men in every calling—judges, lawyers, clergymen, editors, merchants, and so on, had been reared in the country, away from the follies, the vices, and the enervating influences that are known to exist in all large towns. The New York Times takes up the same subject, and says:

"Fashion reduces all young men and women to the same dull and uninteresting level. New York is an old city. It has produced generations of men. How few of them have ever made their mark here or elsewhere? It cannot be said that they go into other parts of the country and there develop the higher forms of manhood. They are never heard of except in the aggregate, concrete form of our 'fellow-citizens.' How much of a man is due to qualities torn in him, and how much to his early environment no philosopher has been able to tell us; but it is impossible to conceive of a sagacious intellect like that of Lincoln, or a glorious mind like Webster's emerging from the false glitter and noisy commotion of the city. We think of Washington, the patrician sage, pacing among the stately oaks of old Virginia, of Jefferson in his country seat, and of John Adams tilling his farm in Massachusetts. These men, it is true, flourished in a time when there were no big cities in the United States. Not one American President, from first to last, was born in a city."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The distinguished and truly noble career of Admiral Farragut is well known to our readers, and any good lesson from the history of his life can hardly fail to be both interesting and profitable, especially to the young men of our land. One of these lessons is particularly worthy of record and remembrance.

The summer after the late war was over, the admiral was spending the season with his family at Long Branch, in New Jersey. Sitting one morning on the portico of the hotel where he was staying, he was asked by a friend how it was that he had been able so successfully to serve his country, and how he had been led on, step by step, to his well-known position in the navy, and before the world.

"It was all owing," he replied, "to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father had been sent down to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after matters connected with the supposed treason of Aaron Burr. I went with him as his cabin-boy. I had some qualities that I was then silly enough to think were making a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in almost every shape. My father, who had long watched my course of conduct, at the close of dinner one day turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and then said to me,

"David, what do you mean to be?" "I mean to follow the sea, as you have done."

"Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die at last in a strange and foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-deck, and command a vessel as you do."

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck who had such principles as you have, and such habits as you have formed and are forming. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever expect to become a man."

"Saying this, my father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die at last in some fever hospital! That is my fate, is it? No! I'll charge my lie, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors, I will never gamble again. And, as God is my witness and help, I have kept those three vows to this hour. This decision led me to reflection; and shortly after I became a Christian, and that settled my temporal, and blessed be God, it has settled my eternal destiny."

What a lesson to everyone, and especially to every young man in the land! How strikingly does it show the connection between early habits and subsequent character; and that to cease to do evil is the first step toward doing well; and that thoughtfulness may not only lead one to forsake evil courses and habits, but may be the means, as blessed by God, of leading to a faithful Christian life. How many a young man, who by false views of what is manly, and by allowing himself in evil indulgences, is now making shipwreck of character and of all that is honorable and successful in life, if he would but stop and think of the tendency of his course, might be saved to himself and to his friends and his country, as Farragut was, and like him might become the exemplary and faithful Christian, an honor to himself, and a blessing to others.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." "He that despiseth small things, shall fall by little and little." "He that is wise, is wise for himself; he that scorneth, he himself shall bear it."—shall bear it alone and bear it for ever.—Am. Messenger.

MARY'S HAPPY DAY.

Little Mary had a birthday party when she was eight years old. Ten little girls came to play with her on the lawn. They all wore white dresses, pink and blue sashes, and pretty slippers. When they were tired of playing games, Mary's mother called them to a table which was spread under some shady trees. There was plenty of cakes, candy, and fruit upon the table; but what pleased the children most was an old hen made of chocolate ice-cream. About her were a dozen little chickens made of pink, white and brown ice-cream. Each little girl was given a little chicken to eat. While they were at the table Mary saw a little girl looking through the gate of the yard. Her dress was old and torn, and she had no shoes on her feet. Mary had a kind heart and she felt sorry for the little girl. She ran down to the gate, and asked her if she would like to come to the party. The little girl, whose name was Fannie, said she did not know what a party was. Then Mary took her by the hand and led her to the table, and gave her one of the little ice-cream chickens and told her to eat it.

"It must be cooked first," said Fannie; "I can't eat a little, raw chicken." All the little girls laughed. They thought it very strange that Fannie had never eaten ice-cream. But they were very kind to her. They asked her to join in their games, and Fannie was so sweet-tempered and full of fun, that they were all glad that Mary had brought her to the party. When it was time for them to go home, the little girls kissed Mary good by, and said they had never been to a better party. When they were all gone Mary's mother brought out some nice, neat clothes of Mary's and dressed Fannie in them. She put shoes and stockings on the little girl's feet and a neat straw hat on her head. Then Mary gave her a doll and some other toys, and Fannie went away laughing with joy. That night when Mary lay down in bed, she said to her mother, "This has been such a happy day, mamma; I have felt glad in my heart." "That is because you have tried to make others happy," said her mother. "Remember always, that in order to be happy ourselves we must try to make others so."

Our Little Ones.

DEATH.

This is telling a pleasurable story, most of it from the teacher's own working.

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