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Try, Try, Try Again.

Dolly had been trying for ever so
long to thread that needle. But she
did not like to give in. Small as she
was, she never did. And if you had
stood behind her, needle in one hand,
thread in the other, with her little legs
firmly set, you would have said,
even without seeing her face, that
Dolly was a child who meant to do a
thing when once she had set about it.

Don't you know the way some child-
ren have of doing things? It is easy
to tell by looking at them they will
never be at the top of their class.
When they ought to be adding up their
figures they are drawing pictures on
their slates, and staring out of the
window when they have got their spell-
ing to learn. Their hearts are not in
their work, that is what it is, and so
they have to be kept in when the
others go out to play—the usual and
well-deserved fate of idle, listless boys
and girls.

But Dolly, though only six years
old, was not of this sort. She wanted
to learn to sew, and she knew that the
needle-threading must come first. And
then, as she had been taught to sing a
little piece called "Try, try, try again,"
she thought doing it was better than
singing it. Still, it was very odd how
the thread would go anywhere but into
the little round hole where it ought to
go. It was a trial of patience.

"There," said Dolly at last, with a
sigh of relief, "I've done it at last!
But, Lizzie, will it be always as hard
as this?"

Her elder sister smiled, and praised
her, and told her how everything got
easy with practice, and how she would
soon be able to turn the sheets (as she
was doing), and mend the stockings,
and help in all the work of turning
old things into new, which housekeep-
ers know has to be done in most
houses. True, the needle was very
sticky with being held so long in the
little hot hands, and the thread did
not somehow look so clean as when it
came off the reel just now. But Lizzie
knew it would all come right by-and-
by.

"So never mind, Dolly, you have
taken the first step; you have got your
foot on the lowest round of the ladder,
and all the vast realm of needlework
will open before you as you try, try,
try again, and climb slowly to the top.

"It is just as when you learnt the
twenty-six letters of the alphabet—
that was the first step on the ladder
of learning; and if you never give up,
but keep steadily on, you may climb
up into all the knowledge of this wide,
wide world of books.

"Ah, Dolly, be sure you try again at
other things—things in that little heart
of yours that you must not give in to.
There's temper; somebody says a snap-
pish word to you, and you snap them
back again. You did not want to say it,

but some how you did say it. Well, don't
be down-hearted; try again, and, with
God's Holy Spirit to help you, you will
find next time that the cross answer,
though it may rise to your lips, does
not pass them.

"Or there's your own way. You
know how often you want that, and
very often it is the wrong way, and
not father's and mother's way at all.
You must try very hard, and try a
great many times over, I know, to get
rid of this naughty wilful bit of your-
self. Indeed, we none of us can do so
unless that same Spirit fights the
battle for us. But He will not do it
unless our own hearts go with Him,
and unless He says, when we have
failed, as you did with your needle,
'I'll try, try, try again.'

"Then, Dolly, most of all, there's
the trying to get to heaven. Don't be
satisfied without that. The only way,
like the needle-threading and the
alphabet, is to put your foot on the
lowest step of the ladder. Do you
know what that is? Trust in the
Lord Jesus Christ, and then you can
look up the ladder and see that the
top is in heaven."

And Dolly went and sat on the old
tree-stump at the cottage door, and
Lizzie went on with her sheet; and
let us hope they both pondered over
the little sermon they had heard.

M. K. M.

"Will You Laugh to Me Again,
Mother?"

It was little three-year old Mabel
who asked this question one morning
in the early spring. She had been bring-
ing me the first spring flowers, and oh!
how "buful" she thought those
bright yellow dandelions were. I had
enjoyed them too, and had responded
to her enthusiasm with words of appre-
ciation and thanks; but it was the
smile which seemed to delight the
little darling most, and, as she started
out to hunt for more flowers, she came
back to ask in her own earnest, win-
some way, "will you laugh to me
again, mother?"

It was a simple question, or rather
request, but it almost startled me, and
started a new train of thought.

Was that dear little heart hungry
for more brightness, and thus seeking
for it as the vine sends forth its tiny
branches in search of the sunshine?

While careful, and perhaps too often
troubled about household duties, striv-
ing to have everything as comfortable
as possible for the dear husband and
little ones, had I been failing to give
them the smiles and sunshine which
their loving hearts craved, and which I
could so gladly and easily give them?

When I was quite young, I remem-
ber being touched by hearing a little
child say, "Mamma, they are the
laughingest folks at Uncle P——'s I
ever saw. I wish we had more laughin'.



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stitution) and deliver promptly.

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Births, Marriages, Deaths.

DEATH.

(Enone Helena Beatrice, eldest daughter of
William and Harriett M. Craig, fell asleep at
Christ Church Rectory, Petrolia, on Thursday
morning, January 10th, 1895, aged 14 years and 8
months.

at our house." Ah! perhaps our little
ones often wish for "more laughin'
at our house," though they do not say
so. Surely we should strive in every
way to gladden their young lives.

What Made Baby Cross.

"Mamma, I wish you would call the
baby in; he is so cross that we cannot
play," cried Robert to his mamma one
day, as he was playing in the garden
with his sister and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if
you were not cross to him," said mam-
ma, coming out. "He does just as
he sees you do. Just try him and see.
Put your hat on one side of your
head."

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie
whistled, and the baby began to try to
whistle, too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie,
giving the baby a push. Baby scream-
ed, and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother,
"the baby does just as you do. Kiss
him now, and you will see how quickly
he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like do-
ing this, but he did, and the baby
kissed and hugged him back very
warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother,
"you can make a cross baby or a good
baby of your brother, just which you
choose. But you must teach him
yourself."

It is good for a man to be reminded
that the object of the Creator in mak-
ing this world was not to make the
easiest place to live in, but the best
place to develop manhood.

Wheat
Wheat
Barley
Oats...
Peas...
Hay...
Straw

Dresse
Beef, 1
Beef, 1
Mutton
Beef, 1
Beef, 1
Lamb,

Butter
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Butter
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Eggs,
Chick
Ducks
Turke
Geese

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