

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands; They are so full, they turn at our demands. So often they reach out, With smiles scarcely thought about.

They are such fond frail lips That speak to us. They love strips Them of discretion many times, Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes.

They are such dear familiar feet that go About the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take.

How the boys fought the Wolf. What a winter it was! The cold set in the first day of December and never let go its grasp until the middle of March.

When dinner was ready, and she sat down with the farmer's family to the abundant table, she could hardly keep back her tears at the thought of how different the poor meal her children would sit down to at home.

But Hannah Wilson, made it buy a half-dollar worth of supplies for the wants of a family of five people.

Poor, worried Hannah! she was Christian, yet for the moment she forgot that her Father was bound to take care of her; but the snow yet made it light enough for her to see something at the side of the yard that was not there when she went away.

That's a bit longer," says Ted; and then he went to the foot of the stairs, and

sung out, "Oh, Jack! Jack! Net! Bet! tumbled up then, every one of you, else you won't get any breakfast. Come along, now."

"Well, we're coming," came from upstairs; and shortly the three came sleepily down. If breakfast was only mush and milk, there was plenty of it, and it was very good; but Ted and Jack were both rumbly, because the mother did not have the cup of warm coffee which she so much needed before she went out in the cold.

"I ain't afraid, nothing will hurt us," promptly said Nettie.

"I ain't afraid, if Nett ain't," put in little Bet.

"If you can do anything to help mother, do go, and never mind us," cried Ted, eagerly.

"I'll do it gladly," said Mrs. Wilson, laying off her shawl and bonnet and taking up the iron at once.

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bread at one end, a print of golden butter in the middle, a fish of ruddy baked apples near by, and a hot platter just set on, heaped with a nicely fried rabbit.

"Bread-and-butter! come-to-supper," sung out little Bet. Ain't it a nice one, mother?"

"Where did these things come from?" asked Hannah, looking from one to the other.

"We got 'em in with our fight," says Jack. "Sit down, mother, and we'll tell you."

"Quick, then; the tea will get cold," put in Nettie.

"Hannah sat down, and Ted began. "Well, mother, when you went away this morning, Jack and me, we thought we would try to see if we couldn't help work for you, and as he was hauling wood for himself, he just had us up a load to-day."

"I don't fear now boys, but I was so ungrateful, I forgot there was one taking care of us all the time, who would be sure to show us a way out of our trouble. He has shown it, dear children, and we will thank Him before we touch this nice supper."

"I think the boys enjoyed it even more than the tired mother, not because they were boys and had boys' appetites, but because they had earned it by their own work; and that's the manliness of being useful."

Unrestricted Reciprocity may be of inestimable advantage to Canada or it may be a mere "fad" as its opponents call it, but no one can deny that Nasal Balm, has done more for sufferers from catarrh than any other remedy known.

Mabel's Prayer Answered.

Mabel Harris was sitting before the grate in their cosy sitting-room, very quiet and thoughtful as she stroked Pussy's silken coat.

"Why Rob," said Mabel, "Jennie Lee and I were out this afternoon trying to decide what to buy for Christmas gifts. We were having such a nice time when we saw a tiny mite of a girl crying near us."

"I don't know," said Mabel. "When I came home I told papa about it and he said that I must not talk with beggar children on the streets. I know where they live and I am going there to-morrow with a basket of something nice."

"We do not wish to buy it; if I should close the saloon you could not have so many nice things."

"I have thought about it many times since your mother's death and your wishes have finally decided me," said he.

"Here is a touching incident of the Johnston horror: "Mr. J. M. Fronleiser, one of the Superintendents in the Cambria Iron Works, lived on Main street. His house was one of the first to go, and he himself, his wife, two daughters, son and baby, were thrown into the raging torrent."

"Let me go, papa, and save brother; my leg is broken and my foot is caught below."

"Good-morning, papa; I'm all right." The plucky little thing is getting along handsomely, and the boy has as yet suffered no ill consequences from his immersion.

"The Closing of the Doors."

In the May Forum, James Payn writes of "The Closing of the Doors," under which head he refers to his own gradual loss of hearing, the closing of what Bunyan calls "Ear Gate."

"The closing of the doors," he writes, "is a very promising topic, he gathers a good many entertaining incidents connected with the loss of this sense. A person with a low, soft voice (one of the gifts of the habitual burrower), asked to see me for half a minute on business."

"And what about those 'cards,' dear brothers, dear sisters? Will you please come to next Wednesday evening's prayer-meeting and give us your experience? Do come, and also come prepared to tell us how next, in great haste, has come to you, and therefore may to us, from these pictured pasteboards. Shall we announce 'Sister A. and Brother B. have promised to be with us at the next prayer-meeting, and speak on progressive eunuch as a means of grace? Shall we And I shall add, 'Bring your Bibles and Patience with you?'—The United Presbyterian.

Woman's Modesty. Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those disorders arising from functional derangement of her peculiarly delicate organism, and the most serious results are often caused by this neglect.

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DRUNKENNESS. Or the Ignominious Penalty of Intemperance.

There's a beautiful soul, And spans my A beacon-light goal, Tho' hidden my shoal, O, wild, wild earth, roll, My agonies were trials, The sword of Jell scroll At last—no!

Love builded And lit the blessing and rain, Each niche held refrain; Earth was an why its splendor were slain, Pleasure and pain, At last, I shall My gardens were with dew, And heaven it Hope day's day, And faith shed true; Why the golden withdrew, My roses were rue, And only the thorn At last, I shall Other hearts so, And there, I wonder, ah, in prayer, God-sword and care; If angels their For blossom keep the air, Unchoked and rare, At last, I shall Ah, could we b day, The phantom How swift work shackles a (breathing a stay) day, o, the rather ally, Act like a Chris Wearing the And when-t say, "We don't know!

How God Hubner self been putting an exasperation went wrong of the engineer wouldn't have collided with it was that it married on, and left their inventor, and have lived at believed that Mrs. Fritz after him, which had exceeded. This belief served in the youth, and although he citizen by they could flat, so that in which furniture his father him of feeling ex Mrs. Fritz men, and we painted the mind about of it. So slept sweet which had seem to be twins came to stow the Fritz, when handsome ance for gr Annelise perhaps be was et dulle and the hour o to his song Each one two; they when they was twing too lar evidently earth."

New M about law prominent yield a young Tur scold Fritz! n spoken in who was hear it. "When I remar I was w as that, and M. "Why far as far you have Grand mode of stance, —if it is in Why? tered bill of wise that dis be a governm Great C Fritz business

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