THE BEST WE CAN.

When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands
And say "No use in trying—
Fate baffles all our plans?"
Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast
"I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine
Alone the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the eternal plan;
Trust that the way will brighten
And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings,
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows strong of heart to hear,
He who sings over trouble
Is aye the wisest man.
He can't help what has happened,
But—does the best he can.

So, if things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume and fret;
For finding fault with fortune
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make the best whate'er happens;
Bear failure like a man;
And in good or evil fortune
Do just the best you can.

The Story of Nelly.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"Strawberries! Str-a-a-w-berries! Str-a-a-a-w-berries! All ripe, all ripe! Two boxes for twenty-five *cents!*"

I had heard the harsh, monotonous cry of the strawberry men a dozen times that June day, but this man's voice attracted my immediate attention. It was such a full, round voice, with none of the sing-song quality of most men of his class. In fact it was quite musical, and he sang rather than called out the words. When I stepped to the open window the man lifted his hat respectfully, and said: "Any strawberries to-day, ma'am?"

Then I noticed that he was walking along by the side of his little, old wagon, and that a little girl sat on the seat driving the slow-moving old white horse hitched to the wagon. The child had on a shabby, brown straw hat witha band of faded ribbon, and a faded and patched, but clean, calico dress. She seemed to be about twelve years old. When I appeared at the window her father turned to her and said: "Stop a minute, Nelly."

She reined up the horse and her father took a box of the berries from the wagon and came toward me. He was an honest looking man and neater in personal appearance than most men of his class.

"They ain't the best of berries, ma'am," he said, "but they're the best I could git in market to-day."

"He is an honest man," I said to myself, and then I said aloud to him, "You have a driver, I see."

"Yes'm," he replied, glancing smilingly toward the wagon, "that's my little girl, Nelly. It's quite a help to have her along to drive the horse. It saves me gittin' out and in so much. She can drive first-rate, and it tickles her to think she's helpin' father."

The little girl seemed to know that we were speaking about her, although she was too far away to hear our words. She turned and looked shyly toward us, and I saw a sound, sunburned, solemn looking face under the old brown hat.

When I carried the boxes of berries into the kitchen to empty them Norah, the cook, was taking a pan of hot sugar cookies from the oven. I put several of them into one of the empty boxes for Nelly and carried them to her father, who was waiting at the door.

"O, thanky, ma'am;" he said, gratefully, "she'll enjoy them as we go along, but it'll be just like her to save the last one of 'em for her ma and Billy, her little brother. She's just that way 'bout things."

"It proves that she has a kindly, generous heart," I said, "but tell her that I want her to eat at least two of the cookies herself."

Then I engaged to take twelve boxes of berries for canning on the following day.

"I'll have 'em here by nine o'clock, ma'am, and jest as good ones as I kin git," he said.

But he did not appear on the following day nor yet on the next.

"I guess he forgot it afore he turned the next corner," said Norah. "It's the way av them fellys, mum."

"Something happened to prevent him from keeping his word," I said, stoutly. "He was an honest man, I'm sure of it."

Three days later the rear doorbell rang, and a moment later Norah came up to my room and said, "It's your berries come, mum, but the man didn't bring 'em."

I went down to the door. There stood Nelly with a dozen boxes of very nice, clean berries in a basket at her feet.

"I'm sorry to be so late bringin' 'em, ma'am," she said, with downcast eyes and quivering lips, "I couldn't fetch 'em sooner for father he—he—" she passed the back of one hand quickly over her eyes before adding—"father, he got killed the day after he was here. There was an accident down to the wharf, a runaway, and father got hurt, so he died 'fore they got 'im home."

"I am very, very sorry," I said, "and you are going to bring berries around in his place?"

"Yes'm. We've got the horse and cart you see, and one of our neighbors peddles berries too, and he helps me about buying 'em in the market. He's real kind that way, and I've gone with father so much I know how to sell 'em. I'll bring good berries ma'am, and give good measure, just as father did."

"I am sure of it," I said, "and you may bring me three boxes every day. I'll speak to my neighbors about you, too. You are a very brave and good little girl."

Every day after that at about nine o'clock, I heard Nelly's sweet, piping voice calling out "Str-a-a-a-w-berries! Straw*berries*! All ripe, all ripe! Straw*berries*!" It was quite touching to see and hear the brave child, and sympathy for her secured many patrons among those who knew her sorrowful history. When the strawberries were gone she brought raspberries and then melons and finally grapes. But when the grapes were gone there would be nothing for Nelly to sell.

"I don't know just what I'll do then," she said one day in October when she brought me my daily basket of grapes; "father used to buy up rags and bottles and things of that sort, but I'm afraid I couldn't do that; I don't know what I'm going to do."

Her grave, womanly face wore a troubled look as she added, "I might get a place as cash girl in the store mother sews for, but it'd take about all I'd make for car fare and the cheapest of clothes, and it takes all mother makes for the rent and feul. I've got to do something."

Three days later she asked to see me particularly when she brought my grapes.

"I thought I'd like to say good by, ma'am, and thank you for your kindness to me," she said. "This is the last time I'll be 'round. Mother's brother, who lives on a farm out in Kansas, has sent for us to come out there and live, and we're going right away. Ma thinks the West will be good for her weak lungs, and I think it'll be beautiful to live in the country. It was very kind and good of Uncle William to send for us, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was," I replied, "and I am so glad for you, and if I knew your uncle William I would write and tell him that he had a little niece coming to live with him of whom he might well be proud. Can you write, Nelly?"

"Some, ma'am," she replied, with a blush, "but not very good; but uncle says there is a good school near his farm and maybe I can go to it."

"I hope you can," I said, "and I want you to write and tell me all about your new home. I'll give you a card with my name and address on it, and I shall be anxious to hear from you."

"I'll do the best I can, ma'am, but it won't be very good writin' nor spelin', but I'll write the best I can."

And that was the last time we heard Nelly's sweet, clear voice calling her wares on our street and I, for one, missed her sorely.

Her cheerfulness and courage often silenced my own repinings amid my life of ease and plenty, and I and others on our street learned many a lesson from little Nelly Wade.

One day, early in the following spring, the postman brought me a letter in a big yellow envelope with the stamp in the wrong corner and the address zigzagged across the envelope in blue ink. I knew it was from Nelly the moment I saw the Kansas postmark. This was what she wrote:

Dere frend: i take my Pen in hand to let you kno that i have not forgott my Promiss to rite but i Have put off doing so until i could rite beter. We got here all safe and sound. Uncle Will was to the Deepo to meat us and fetch us out to the farm where Ant Mary made us all wellcome. Ant Mary is such a Kind and good lady and so is Uncle Will. They have not got enny children and ma sez they are spoiling me and little Billy. They give us 3 rooms in thare house and we keep house but we ete togather Most of the time and Always on Sundys. We hav a cow and 2 pigs and 24 chickens of our own and frute in Aboundunce and i go to school and to Sunday school. Ma's helth is so well here. Her coff is gone and little Billy is so rozy and fat and we think kansas a bewtiful country. We kepe buzy all the time and so we kepe happy but i have not forgot you nor no one who was so kind when i pedled berries and grapes and I wish you all well and if you should ever come to this country we would love to see you. You would like Uncle Will and Ant Mary and so with best respecks and love i am your friend and well wisher

NELLIE GRACE WADE.

Too Much Hurry.

We of to-day live in a perfect frenzy of hurry; we can never go quickly enough; we are forever discovering short cuts to reform, improvement, and happiness in general, and straightway plunging headlong into them; and when one after the other proves to be an *impasse*, we hastily turn aside and look for a new one. There is poverty in the land; quick we rush to discover a means to make all men rich. Somebody or other offers to do it for us, if we will but give him so many thousands of pounds and our full confidence. "Quick, give him the money," is the cry, and a houl of indignation is raised against those who beg us to stay our hand and reflect. There is drunkenness, and we clamour to close all the public houses. We are far too impatient to live the life ourselves, and watch the gradual improvement of our race; we long to push them from behind, to goad them on in the path of virtue with acts of Parliament.

And the same with our expressions of opinion; we rush in the wildest haste to deliver them, to administer praise or blame. If any man be accused, he is hoisted into the pillory and pelted long before he has time to utter a word of defense; if any one please us he is hailed as a hero, and loaded with honors and adulations even before we know exactly what it is that he has done—the result being that we are constantly making ourselves ridiculous; a result that matters the less in that we never really leave ourselves time to contemplate the ludicrous figure that we cut. In our private life we are in no way better. We have never time to enjoy to-day, because we are always living in to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes it finds all our attention fixed on the day after. Too soon we rejoice; too soon we despond; and we are forever either in one extreme or the other. Too soon we pour out our complaints in the newspapers, too soon we bring accusations against our neighbors, too soon we try to push ourselves into the front ranks, even too soon do we wish to enjoy the fruits of the earth. The forced strawberry and the too early asparagus, are typical of our hurrying appetite. How much more comfortable and pleasant a place the world would be if we were only content to hurry less and enjoy more.—*The Spectator.*

— Alex. Stephen, senr., Esq., of Halifax, says: I suffered some time with asthma and bronchitis, accompanied with great nervous exhaustion; and after using three bottles of Puttner's Emulsion was completely revived, and perfectly free from either asthma or bronchitis, and my nervous system much invigorated

Undoing a Wrong.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

The homely truth that it is much more easy to do than undo a wrong, had a striking application in the recent death-bed scene of a young man, who, through the influence of a college friend, had been led into infidelity.

Philip Standish always said that it was the inconsistencies of professing Christians that shipwrecked his faith; that if they had all been like his mother, he would never have wandered so far out of the way. Be that as it may, when he entered the junior class in a Western college he took his skeptical views with him, and, though he did not intrude his belief upon others, he was very free to express his opinion when the occasion seemed to demand it.

He was a genial, whole-souled fellow, and his fine social qualities soon gave him a very undesirable influence over the students with whom he associated. His room-mate, Hugh Eadie, a young man of great promise, who had entered college with the ministry in view, was fascinated by his brilliancy, and soon fell a prey to his false logic. Young Eadie had been reared in a Christian family, and had never read an infidel book, or heard the Christian religion assailed, until, gradually, Philip began to undermine his faith by ridiculing the Bible. At first he was shocked at the young man's irreverence, then he began to listen uneasily to his arguments, and finally he was led to abandon his God and embrace infidelity.

After completing his college course Hugh turned his attention to business, and, amidst the hurry and bustle of city life soon forgot the sorrow and disappointment he had caused his widowed mother.

A year or two after Philip left school, during a wonderful revival in his native town he was hopefully converted. That memorable night, he went to the church for the purpose of criticising; but before the close of the meeting an arrow of conviction had pierced his heart, and he who had gone to mock, remained to pray. So deep was his feeling of responsibility to God, that he immediately gave up the study of the law, and began preparation for the ministry.

Some time after this, while he was still a student in the divinity school, Hugh Eadie was injured in a railroad accident, and, at his earnest request, was carried back to his childhood's home, to die.

Having heard of the wonderful change that had taken place in Philip Standish, Hugh's mother telegraphed to him to come to her dying boy, and try to undo the wrong he had done him.

Philip obeyed the summons; and when he entered the death-chamber, the sufferer looked wildly up into his face, and gasped, "Philip, you taught me how to live, now show me how to die"

Acknowledging the wrong he had done, Philip attempted to point him to the Lamb of God; but, with a scornful gesture, the dying youth stopped him, and, with a look of stony despair in his eyes, said: "You destroyed my faith, and took away my hopes of heaven; now point out the comforts that infidelity has in store for a dying man."

With deep emotion, Philip assured him that there were none, and again entreated him to give himself unreservedly to Jesus, whose blood could cleanse from all sin.

With a look of agony upon his white face, Hugh turned away, crying; "I will not be so mean as to come back to God at the last moment,—after having used the best years of my life in fighting against Him.: I will die in the faith I have lived, cold and cheerless as it is." And in this spirit he passed away.

With the accusing face of his dead friend before him, and the sobs of the heart-broken mother sounding in his ears, Philip realized fully the utter impossibility of undoing the terrible wrong he had inflicted upon that one who was now beyond the reach of tears or prayers. Too late the helping hand had been extended, and, no matter how deep and sincere his remorse, it could not restore the dead to life, nor give back the hope and faith he had so cruelly destroyed.—*S. S. Times.*

Taking Mother's Picture.

I was waiting, not a great while ago, in a picture gallery, and after amusing myself looking around on the many faces, old and young, handsome and ugly, that decorated the walls, and resting in my quiet corner, I was roused by a heavy footfall on the stair. The door opened and a young man entered. He had an honest, sunburnt face, on which a smile of quiet satisfaction beamed, and he was leading by the hand a small, quaint-looking old lady, neatly but plainly dressed. He led her tenderly, almost reverently, to a chair, and seated her. She seemed quite fatigued and trembled from weakness. The son looked upon her with such genuine affection and honest delight that it brought the tears to my eyes. Nothing could be more touching or striking than the contrast. He, just on the threshold of life, full of hope and freshness, everything wearing the rose-colored tint of early morning, having all things; she, with her snow-white locks and trembling age, leaning on his strong arm in faultless trust, the time of her departure near at hand, life's toils and labors over, its strife nothing to her.

"Can you take a picter? I hope that she is not too old or that her not seeing good will not make any difference. She didn't want to come for fear her being so blind and old you couldn't make a picture of her. Please try your best, sir, for you see she is my mother and I have plenty of money to pay for a big one; and she wants you to take mine for me to leave with her—you see I have to leave her, sir; I have the living to make now. No more hard days for her old eyes. I am the last one left of seven. Though she says she may not be able to see my picture, she can hold it in her old hands and kiss it and know it is me. Say, mister, if you have to stint either of us, don't stint mother. I feel like I don't like to lose none of her; don't make it too little."

The son was requested to lead his mother into the ante-room. As they returned he was loud in his praises to the artist at the success, and the humble little mother, clinging to the strong, manly arm of her boy as she passed out, had a calm, holy expression, as if she already discerned the golden gates of the New Jerusalem, which she must shortly enter. How gayly he chatted and laughed as they descended the stairs! I could but say "God be with him! Such a tender, loving son."

Have you a feeble old mother, young man? If so, don't hide your love, but, like this bonny boy, let it be seen in every glance of the eye, heard in every tone, felt in every action. This little scene in the picture gallery inspired pure and lovely thoughts and enriched my heart with precious memories.

The Old and the New Italy.

BY REV. J. C. BRACQ.

The transformation of Italy would almost suffice to make this an epoch-making century had nothing remarkable been done by other countries. One hundred years ago the Italian peninsula was scarcely more, to use Metternich's much commented phrase, than a "geographical expression." It was divided into no less than fifteen kingdoms and principalities. The men at the head of these political divisions ruled with the arrogance of conscious power, and terrorized the population by their heartless cruelty. The petty Italian aristocracies made the life of the people so hard that many were forced into brigandage through sheer despair. Everywhere were seen the workings of political and social systems akin to the *Ancien Regime* in France, but often more cruel. Home despotism was but the corollary of the subjection in which Austria held the whole country. To the abuses of political power corresponded monicipal absolutism, made more unbearable by local interest and by family feuds. The hostility of the states among themselves, that of the cities, and the lack of a national spirit were the worst obstacles to national deliverance. Spoliation was common, lawlessness was a matter of course with those in power, and, what was worse, the Pope and his high clergy taught that these things were by divine right.

Napoleon brought the people nearer one another. Napoleonic despotism was still despotism, but the despotism of intelligence is less bad than that of prejudice and self-interest. Much political and municipal evil was driven away by the Napoleonic love of systematization and centralization. Napoleon gave rise to ideals that were discussed by Italian patriots, rendered sacred by political martyrdom and realized by great men—Mazzini, the idealist, the man of lofty political conceptions, above all a sower of ideas; Cavour, the far-sighted statesman, to whose political wisdom Italy owed the help of France and its parliamentary institutions; Victor Emmanuel, the prudent and courageous prince, whose fortitude amidst trials, whose admirable bearing amidst stirring times, won the confidence of the Italians; Garibaldi, the enthusiastic man of action, the man whose heroism made him legendary while he lived, whose illuminism and magnetic courage drew volunteers from every part of Italy.

This movement was, however, favored from without. France helped the Italians at Magneta and Solferino. Though defeated in 1866 by the Austrians, the Italians, on account of their alliance with the Prussians, recovered the Venetian provinces. In 1870 the misfortunes of France enabled them to seize Rome notwithstanding the promise of Cavour that the Italians would never touch the Eternal City. Now they have become united in fact as they were in spirit. In a short time they have passed through the process whereby a people become a nation, with Rome, the sacred city of the Catholic world, as their capital. The Italian society has moved from the aristocratic, nay the autocratic, to the democratic stage. Its spirit has changed from the sacerdotal to the secular. The Italians have a good government, giving the people liberty and security. They have a national system of education, important institutions of learning, numerous scientific and literary societies that denote a great progress in the things of the mind. The public men are no longer ignorant slaves who obey the will of a despot, but liberally educated men, distinguished economists, and men with a scientific education in politics. Their legislators have endowed the country with an organic system of laws framed in keeping with the spirit of our day and resting upon modern scientific conceptions of man and of the state. Their penal laws and institutions have often caused foreigners to be ashamed on account of the inferiority of their own. They have destroyed clerical oppressions and have proclaimed liberty of conscience. They have now a press, not only able but free. They have reformed the charities of the country, taken the endowments out of the hands of the clergy, who often used them for purposes foreign to the intentions of the givers, and have put the management under the control of the state. They have almost all the known industries, boards of trade and banks. Though they have many poor they have no industrial *proletariat*. The highways and railways have brought the people together. Brigandage has disappeared, and while in Italy, as in other countries, are still to be found great evils, gross ignorance, appalling corruption, they are the exception where they were once the rule. Some of the results attained do not satisfy idealists. A score of years of national experience has disappointed many too sanguine patriots. The traces of ancient foreign domination have not disappeared, the Roman question is ever prominent, the finances are in a deplorable condition, and yet the fact remains that only one European country has possibly made greater progress than Italy during this century.

There has been a *risorgimento*, real, visible, comforting, not only of Italy as a nation, but also of Italy as a power in Europe. She has come to live of her own life, and to continue a glorious history so long interrupted. She has ceased to be the bone of contention of Europe, and the land to which European crowned heads have looked for a throne for a younger son. Her appearance among the Continental powers has brought no complication, and has singularly simplified the diplomatic life of Europe. Both for Italy's sake and for the sake of the world, every large-minded man must rejoice in the achievements of the Italian people.—*Cong.*

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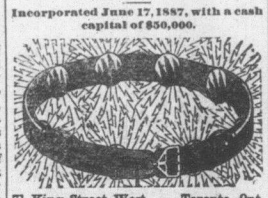

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SIX TRIPS per WEEK.
COMMENCING MONDAY, June 22nd, 1891, and until September 12th, one of the Steamers of this Company will leave
ST. JOHN
—FOR—
BOSTON,
AS FOLLOWS:
ST. JOHN, MONDAY, 7.25 a.m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
" TUESDAY, 7.25 a.m., and EASTPORT at noon, to Portland, connecting with Boston & Maine R. R. train, due in Boston at 11.10 a. m.
" WEDNESDAY, 7.25 a.m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
" THURSDAY, 7.25 a. m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
" FRIDAY, 7.25 a. m., and EASTPORT at noon, to Portland, connecting with Boston & Maine R. R. train, due in Boston at 11.10 a. m.
" SATURDAY, 7.25 a. m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
Through first and second class Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all railways, and on board steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.
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J. B. COYLE, Manager Portland.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
'91. Summer Arrangement. '91.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
Trains will leave Saint John,
Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.00
Fast express for Halifax, 14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, 16.35
Night Express for Halifax, 22.30
A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 16.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Moncton.
Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express Trains between St. John and Halifax.
Trains will Arrive at Saint John,
Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted), 6.10
Fast express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.55
Day express from Halifax, 18.40
Fast express from Halifax, 22.20
The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.
All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 17th June, 1891.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—
LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.
Arrive at Digby, 10.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m.
LEAVE Digby at 5.30 a. m. and 2.46 p. m.
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"THE WHITENED

META H. B. THO

So many idle, folded hand
And the harvest field
Low droop the heavy head
That wait the reaper's we
The sickle in his willing h
For "the harvest field

So many here that sit a
While 'neath you dar
The wretchedness and mi
Even angels well might we
How can we dare to sit at
Beneath these golden

So many gay and careless
That dance the hours
While there, with heavy
Adown the paths of sin a
Stray all too surely other
And life glides fast a

So fleet, so few the mome
For binding up the s
The Master calls; do not
But haste some fruit to w
For soon our only joy sha
In bringing home th

THE HOM

Your Daughter's R

One whose pen has of
work in the effort to help
of the R. N. Y. family ha
ill-treated by circumstar
herself suddenly thrown
sources, only to find the
ing; she has no resource
A farmer's daughter,
could not see, heretofo
necessary for her to h
self-support, as it would
chanic's daughter. The
meaning acquaintances h
her with, is "you ought t
and she finds her posit
and so bitter that she w
of the fulness of her hea
we lay the need of maste
ness or trade upon which
self-support in a possibl
yet once again before th
parents.
To be a district school
one great hope of the fa
who has a prospect of b
earn her own living, and
who like to have a little
dress than can be squee
often lean purse. No
she have special fitness
not, if she have sufficie
pass the necessary ex
becomes a teacher. The
ers are so plenty that it
be up and stirring no
to get a school, and the
work is never large. Bu
genteel method of bei
until one's marriage,
days in the week, six ho
The few who cannot
yet who must work, ta
ing, often with no kn
that of running the sew
no experience but that
ing a few dresses for mo
at home. The hours ar
quite sure to affect the h
ly in time; yet the ma
girls see no other way f
make a living, aside fro
ing.
The great difficulty t
the fact that no persua
to induce girls to prep
port unless there is app
Most of them, no doub
and thus provide for th
other way offers itself.
ago, the mother of an
intelligent girl now we
fifth birthday was talkin
daughter's future. In t
conversation we urge
even yet give A. somet
great danger for her
marry some one for wh
care, merely to relieve
home, and to have an
her own." The mother
danger confronts her n
beginning to realize th
virtually without choice
mistake for a mother
girl, who was not a
wanted to marry, now
ment ring, and she is b
sands.—*Rural New Yo*

Do Not H

"Economy and hoar
ly different things, alth
too often mistaken for
true law of life is to re
pass on." Thus says a
It is wisdom to make
future. For the impro
less I have small resp
this I speak, but of wh
possessor that might
service.
Do not fill garret
cast-off clothing, brok
books, etc. This is w
burden of caring for
Give your poor neighb
wraps that are out of s
fashion. When the da
comes, it it ever arrive
new material and cost
you to decide upon
growing older, is still
your old garments; the
good for some one in t
missionary barrel wou
you decide to swell
not hoard even old
allow your house to be
and rust will corrupt.
It is a law of natur
lost. Everything grav
and use. Follow this
books, magazines au
who have no money to
will be a God-send to
and thirsting for this
food, and you will be
memory, especially if
labeled "pass on." Y
the compound interest
If there is positivel
old broken-down furni
for kindling. It is be
up, and gather dust, a
the wood-pile at last.
How can a family li
room for useful, neede
folly to fill it with usel
everything that can
ience to others be pas
clear out and clear off
maximum of good h
minimum of old tru