THE HOME.

O weary Hands! that, all the day,
Were set us labor hard and long.
Now cotty fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for evensors.
An hoer ago the golden use Sank slowly down into the weet;
Poor weary Hands, your totil is done;
Tis time for rest.—tis time for rest!

On timp to rest. — a time to real.

O weary Feet I that many a mile.

Have trudged along a story way.

At last ye reach the trysting stile;

No longer fear to go astray.

The gently bending, runtling trees.

Rock the young birds within the siest,

And roftly sings the quite brever:

"Fis time for rest!— Air time for rest!"

When the rest !— the time for rest !"

O weary Eyes I from which the tears
Fell mean a time like thunder-rain—
O weary Heart I that through the years
Beat with such hiter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife.

And brow when Hearen, shall send is
beat town the tangled web of life:
This time for rest!—"In time for rest!

— Florence Tyler, in Chambers' Journal.

In the blooseleasers to history to becoming the boundaries of the position of

iscence of recest lucky finds—"I four," mon's hull piece of a top yes tendary," and one.

'I four,' a big bone in our aller, a storful big bone," and the second, ""n."

The youngest child—the very dirties, mallest, thannest haby that ever walked—had listened with a saule of perfect content, and now be chimed in, in a tone whose pride and job no words can convey. "Thin merain' four, a senant."

You see, it is not what you have, what you find, that makes you happy, but the has you reake of it. If you was it to en oy it, get all the pleasure and profit there is in it out of it, you will be nappy in its possession, but if you think all the time that you want the thing you have not got, or cannot have, you love all the pleasure and all, "I have learned in whatever paste I am, therewith to be content."

Now, that is a text for you to think about. But means that she had learned how. One that means that he had learned how. One that means that he had learned how. One there are not you have not you see if years the present give, the present friends; that if was not vice to see grasping all the time for something out of reach. Think about in—Christian Union.

THE FARM

down on the curbetone to compare reminiscences of recent lucky finds—"I foun" mon" a bull piece of a top yesterday," and one.
"If foun" a big bone in our alley, and are controlled thereby. It blusts the conscience and wheets the knife of the assassing the special pole of the property of the same and wheets the knife of the assassing the same of the property of the property and instrule; it fills the land with poverty and mistrule; it fills the demand for time-locks and doubling the police force, and still leaving bases people in dread of the finde manufactured in the dram,—shop. This moral polition not only endangers life and property but tains the very atmosphere with base polition and any on the state of the finder with the state of the finder with the state of the politic of their burst in the state of the finder with the state of the state of the finder with the state of the state of

Balested.

—The Mayor of Alanta, Ga., confirms the report of the benefits of the recept reform in that city, and says emphatically that it 'now has peaceful streets and bapy houses, with soler husbands, sons, and brothers, with plenty to eat and to wear, where before there were broken hearts, fear of domestic outrage, and sometimes actual want." He adds the cheering announcement, "The barroom nuisance announcement, "The barroom nuisance would like the world to know it. Our people are practically united in the belief that the barroom will never come back."—In California they make alcohol out of beets. Here we make beats of alcohol.—Texas Home.

—We will turnish a pair of wings for every asloon-keeper that obeys the law every day in the year.—Gatesville (Tex.) Advance-Sun.

— The facts and considerations

Advance-Sun.

The facts and considerations just named make clear the said troth that the children of parents whose systems were clearly deposited by the control of the con

Amt Sarah's Prisoner.

"No, John Westlake, you are not going out," said Aunt Sarah Westlake, the resolute maiden sister who had dome all the way from Beechton to see what could be done for her brother John.

She found things looking desolute models the poor wife pale and careworn, the children hidings whenever father came home.

This evening, he had come in cross and surly, as only atrong drink can make a man. His wife had made a cup of fice, a strong coffice, which she hoped would make him forget the little black bottle always kept oncoedied in the dark cupboard under the stairs. It was there now, but empty. Annt Sarah had found the bottle and turned its contents into the drain.

Now, as he seated himself at the table to partake of the nice supper which she had helped to presgare, he muttered comething about "not being able to eat, as his medicine was gone."

"Try a cup of this nice coffee, won't maked his wife in a trembling voice.

With an cath he caught, the coffie pot

thing about "not being able to eat, as his medicine was gone."

"Try a cup of this nice coffee, won't you, John "harred his wife in a trembling voice.

With an eath he caught the coffee pot from his wife's hand and dashed it to the floor; they, eathbig his cold, battered his wife hand and dashed it to the floor; they, eathbig his cold, battered his wife's hand and dashed it to the floor; they, eathbig his cold, battered his was there before him.

"No, John," abe repeated again, "you are not going out. You are not going to the street. Everywhere are the places where poison is sold. It has almost descroed you and your with and children now. You are my prisoner. When mother deds he said to me: 'Sarah, take care of Johnny, and bring him to me heaven'; and I tried, John—you know I dil."

John Weetlake was crying now. He had sunk into the chair beside him, and his old hat lay at his feet.

He saw his dy.ng mother, and his sister and had and the tears falling down her checks, as he said: "Will, mother. God helping me, I will." How she had given be read to the child he left his eafe country home for the will he left his eafe country home for the will he left his eafe country home for the will he left his eafe country home for the will he left his eafe; God to help you, and we will all help you, and you shall be savel," Aunt Sarah said, with tears falling their wrom around his neck.

Aunt Sarah prayed, and the father prayed also, crying: "God help, me!" He did help, and in Aunt Sarah's eafe country home, where no rum-shopsare found, John Weetlake and ha fannly are to-day eafe and happy.—Nat. Tem. Almanac.

Barting Baby Geed.

Bertie, Tom and baby were playing together,—not in the pleasantest way, though, for baby could not always understand when his turn came and when it didn't, or the took turns when he ought not to, and became cross if anyons tried to prevent vinc. Bert was not the most patient boy the world, and, bay-like, he began to think baby a little tyrant, which he was, without meaning to be, and to rebel against his frequest integreence. "Mammas," shouted he, "come and make baby play fair." And then, when mamma arrived on the scene, he added more thoughtfully, "I don't see why flood could not have made a good baby instead of a cross one."

shoughtfully, "I don't see why God could not have made a good baby instead of a cross one."

Mamma looked amused rather than shooked. Indeed, it was Master Bert who looked quite shooked when she quietly replied,—
"Judging from your work since you began to make him, baby would not be much improved, if you had made him just to your liking."
"Me make a baby?" and Bert Tooked very much mystified.
"Yea; you have been helping to make him ever since God gave him to us. God only made him a taby. It is you and Tomwro, more than any one else, make him either a god or a bad baby. Look at him now."

As directed, Bert, who was standing with his hands behind his back wondering what his mother meant, case his eyes upon his little brother, and saw him standing in usactly the same position, his hands behind in sactly the same position, his hands behind

him, trying to look as much like him as possible.

"Push your hat on one side of your head," said mamma.

Bert did so, and the baby immediately did the same with his hat.

"Whistle a liste," suggested manina.

"A history is a son as he heard the sound, baby, too, was puckering his little lips, doing all he could toward producing a whistle.

sound, baby, too, was pitchering his little lips, doing all he could toward producing a state.

In the state of the could toward producing a state.

Stop mocking me!" and gave baby a push. The right was a scream of remonstrance of the could be stated by the country of the cou

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Onestor, J. I.

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