GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS.

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"there's st souls. ves, or is that sunther who n' heart. r father, e terrible aint the learer 'n heavens,

vely, not r to Coslily. n of our s artistic, we were nd when ho, with autumn in her years but with spring-time in her heart, went to the piano and struck the glad chord that awakened in our hearts and in our home a tide of rapturous song :

"Glory to God in the Highest,

"Peace on earth,

"Good will towards men."

THE END.