

1597 The Family

Cast in thy Mite.

He who gives little from his store,
F little be his means,
Treads on the least of his shoes.

There are those who give to the poor,
And walk with a robe of light;
There is a treasury of good;
Cast in thy mite!

Thou mayest not have one piece of gold
To bless the poor man's pain;
But ergo will thy joy behold
If thou hast words that can be told.

And if thy brother weaker be,
If folly mark his path,
And if that thou be full-free,
If knowledge cleigh into thee,

Give not contempt or wrath;
But from the garner of thy word,
And from thy store of truth and light,
To serve thy brother's wants on earth,
Cast in thy mite!

My Fare.—A Cabman's Story.
Don't you make a mistake now and think I'm
not a working man, I am. Don't you
run away with the idea that because I go of a
morning and find my horse and cab waiting for
me, that I am a gentleman.

When I draw up I put the nose-bag on the
old horse, for him to snuff himself with, and so
as I could leave him, for he wouldn't sit an inch
with that bag on, to please all the plebsmen in
London. "Per' r'ings, and wats, and at last
gets my 'obers to go and help the young lady
lady."

I takes off my hat, wipes my shoes well, and
goes up; and there she was waiting, and smiling
so pleasantly again, and held out her hand to
me as though I had been a friend instead of a
jough, weather-beaten street cabman. And
do you see what she did at I went in there,
with my eyes all in at seeing her so changed? Why,
I felt as if I ought to do it, and I knelt down
and took her beautiful white hand in mine, and
kissed it, and left a big tear on it, for something
seem to say plainly that she'd soon be where
I hoped my own poor girl was whom I always
say I lost; but my wife says, "No, not lost,
for she is here still."

She was so light and I carried her down
in a minute, and when she was in the cab and on
the wheels, she took 'em down and held them in
her hand, and nodded and smiled at me as
though she thanked me for them.
"Go the same way as you went the first time,
Stephen," she said.

LOOK HERE!
JOE FITCH'S Golden Ointment.

COURES all diseases of the skin and is not only
a cure, but a preventative from taking any more
such a contagion by rubbing a little of this Ointment
on the affected part.

THE GREAT WANT SUPPLIED.
It is a well known fact that Physicians
have long sought to discover a vegetable
purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and
that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of
all diseased and retained humors, as thor-
oughly as Calomel; and will as thoroughly
cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the
bowels the diseased and retained humors.

Effect of Rum.
The drunkard soon loses all self-respect,
the star feelings and affections of the heart become
obscure and blunted; he is prepared to do what
we could not imagine any person on this side
the bottomless pit would perpetrate. Think of
a father coming home at the midnight hour in
such a rage that wife and children flee as a flock
before him; the wife is in tears, the children are
sobbing, and the father is in a rage that he
cannot restrain himself from striking his wife
and children.

A Chinaman's Opinion of Rum.
Taking a walk one day through the commis-
sariat stores in Hong Kong with a friend, I
came to a portion of that establishment where
four Chinamen were emptying a large tub of
rum, which they were carrying in galleys made
of tin cans, and were pouring into a large
barrel.

Should Farmers Overwork Them-
selves?
We are no advocates of idleness. That we
must be usefully employed, we cannot
doubt. But we do not believe that it is neces-
sary or wise for the owners of farms to engage in
hard manual labor the year round.

Dr. Sydney Stevens' Treatment of Cures
with Eucalypti.
Information of the Bowel-Bills, Eucalypti,
Dr. Sydney Stevens' Treatment of Cures
with Eucalypti.

Suppression of the Menstrues, Headache,
Hysteria, Nervousness Cured.
Dr. Sydney Stevens' Treatment of Cures
with Eucalypti.

Loss of Appetite—Melancholy—Nervous-
ness—Bad Dreams—Sleeplessness Cured
By Dr. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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Religious

Thoughts on the
graph between
Am...

See, see what
Are through old
Thought that ever
seem;

That long from
To shed its fall
Through heavy on
To pray the world
That from the Sav
Till will Divine on

Two thousand
Man's message
Now that the feat of
The wire of Faith
That bore a swift
That here on earth it

And if I should
In science to show
That lightning's answer
What shall such
If saved to meet
Where none can meet
fall?

And man to science
Such wonders here
And make a wire through
What mighty aids
Shall they in science
When all its light to be

Then let the light
And bear o'er long
And there beneath the
The thoughts that
And Love's great
And all that tends to be

My name
I tremble
Is my name
Once on a brighter day
I seemed to hear him
"Cast off
My triumph
My blood hath sprinkled
And thou, my proud
But I'm a year
Nearer each day to death
I weep and
And, fear, if ever I was
I've felt my seat in
An answer
O, if thou wilt respond
And say, "It is I," what
Delight I
What bur
No cross too heavy for
Of his whose name is

Wholeso
In a recent number
I Cuyler, addressed
Vanguard. We copy
It will be read not only
by all members of the
found faithful even to
" There are large
have been copiously
pleased and the pro
verts have been recor
numbered by thousand
to those who are just
may not be out of place
" Remember that it
is upon you, my friend
you who you publicly
vise. He has a bed in
to till, a plot of
vine. He promises the
years; yours are the p
pleased and the pro
will hold you responsi
ness you 'ye shall
fall out.