

sections of the country, many of them giving sad experiences of disappointment and loss by the home work fraud. This of course is only representative of the vast number reached by our warning, but at the same time shows the wide dissemination of these plausible promises. We cannot express too warmly our acknowledgments to the press for its valuable assistance in this work, which all must admit to be of vital importance.

ABBY MORTON DIAZ,
President Women's E. & I. Union.

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good LORD, remember me.

When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart;
Good LORD, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good LORD, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good LORD, remember me.

—HAWES.

PILGRIM FATHERS' ALPHABET.

[These lines have gone deeply to the heart of America, having been learned at school and at home in the early Puritan infancy of New England. Who can forget the dear old Primer with its pictures, in which we first loved them? They are good and loyal lines! Let every child learn them by heart. America has few relics so dear and venerable.]

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|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A In Adam's fall | B Thy life to mend, |
| We sinned all. | God's Book attend. |
| C The Cat doth play, | D A Dog will bite |
| And after slay. | A thief at night. |
| E An Eagle's flight | F The idol Fool |
| Is out of sight. | Is whipt at school. |
| G As runs the Glass, | H My Book and Heart |
| Man's life doth pass. | Must never part. |
| I J Job feels the rod, | K Our King so good. |
| Yet blesses God. | No man of blood. |
| L The Lion bold | M The Moongives light |
| The Lamb doth hold. | In time of night. |
| N Nightingales sing | In time of spring. |
| O The Royal Oak it was the Tree | |
| That Saved his Royal Majesty. | |
| P Peter denied | The Lord and cried. |
| Q Queen Esther comes in royal state, | |
| To save the Jews from dismal fate. | |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| R Rachel doth mourn | For her first-born. |
| S Young Samuel dear, | The Lord did fear. |
| T Time cuts down all, | Both great and small. |
| U V Uriah's beauteous wife | |
| Made David seek his life. | |
| W Whales in the sea | God's voice obey. |
| X Xerxes the great did die, | |
| And so must you and I. | |
| Y Youth forward slips; | Death soonest nips. |
| Z Zaccheus he | |
| Did climb a tree | |
| His Lord to see. | |

New England Primer, 1737.

A CHILD'S TRUE FAITH.

By Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,
And softly told, with pious air,
His A B C as evening prayer.

Then said the pastor, passing near,
"My child, what means the sound I hear?
Where'er the hills and valleys blend,
The sounds of prayer and praise ascend."

"Must I not in the worship share,
And raise to heaven my evening prayer?"
"My child, a prayer that may not be:
You have but said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray,
But all I know to GOD I say:
I tell the letters on my knees,
And he'll make words Himself to please."

"THE QUEEN NODDED TO ME."

[A Scotch woman near Balmoral published these lines. The Queen saw them and was kind to the "auld body."]

I'm but an auld body,
Livin' up in Deeside.
In a two-room'd bit hoosie
Wi' a toofa beside,
Wi' my coo and my grumphy
I'm as happy as a bee,
But I'm far prouder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm na sae past wate,
An' the blinds were aye doon,
I'm gie trig and hail,
Can plant twa three tawties,
An' look after my kail;
An' when our Queen passes
I rin out to see,
Gin by luck she micht notice
And nod oot to me.

But I've aye been unlucky,
An' the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her ycesit cam roon',
I waved my bit apron
As brisk 's I could dae,
An' the Queen lauch'd fu' kindly,
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt,
It's nee ease to freit;