The Family.

A CHILD'S DAY.

Will will was a little child It as always golden weather.

My days stretched out so long

From rise to set of sun.

I sang and danced, and smiled—

My light heart like a feather— From morn to even song; But the child's days are done

I used to wake with the birds-The little birds wake carly, For the sunshine leaps and plays On the mother's head and wing-And the clouds were white as curds; The apple-trees stood pearly; I always think of the child's days As one unending Spring.

I knew where all flowers grew I used to lie in the meadow Ere reaping time and mowing time And carting home the hay. And oh, the skies were blue i Oh, diffing light and shadow!
It was another time and clime—
The little child's sweet day.

And in the long day's waning
The skies grew rose and amber
And palest green and gold,
With a moon's white flame;
And if came wind and raining,
Grey hours I don't remember;
Nor how the warm year wan'd col Nor how the warm year waxed cold And deathly Autumn came. —Spectator.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

ANNA RASDALL DIESS A WOMAN FARMER is the subject of my story. She never held a plow nor troubled to get labourers, and the men mon, makes a motion?"

swing a scythe, she never even milked almost did their work well.

"That ith what I mean, right off, swung a scythe, she never even milked a cow or churned a pound of butter. She has not great red arms or hard-

preach when she was but four years of old. The first two or three years of her married life were spent in England, whither her husband had been sent on some special embassy for his denomination and special embassy for his denomination and the sight customer came."

All the sw out of her her husband had been sent on have realized as much as I did by wait augured most hopefully for the future.

All the sw out of her her more closely. This society, though, saved itself just has no means of ventilation except by though and lowering the windows and opening the doors.—N. Y. Christian three, tour, first two or three years of back upon. Had I been obliged to bodies.

This society, though, saved itself just has no means of ventilation except by though and as it circulated its petition an energy was developed that augured most hopefully for the future.

All the sw out of her her more closely. The suggestion and lowering the windows and opening the doors.—N. Y. Christian three, tour, first two or three years of back upon. Had I been obliged to bodies.

This society, though, saved itself just in time; and as it circulated its petition an energy was developed that augured most hopefully for the future. quainted with William and Mary Howitt, George Eliot, John Bright and Bridgeport. In these places, as every- son is a physician. where, Mrs. Thomas attracted to her,

from the ministry that Mrs. Thomas while returning from his mission. purchased twenty acres of land at Tabecame farmer and stock raiser. It and she set about making it yield her obtained the seed in one of the far south- Mrs. L. Thomas, in N. C. Advocate. western States, and that the species had not before been introduced in the east.

Seed was purchased for her next year's HOW THEY CUT THE CLAWS crop, and so great was the superiority of the grain when harvested that she sold one hundred and fifty bushels at \$1 60 per bushel, an advance upon said Willy Westcott. the market price of that season. She "So do I," sobbed his thin-faced, also disposed of fifty bushels of seed weary mother, wiping her eyes. She always had a good garden, but the boys called him "Old Claws."

not entirely devoted to raising wheat father goes," exclaimed Willy. and pears-it became famous as a ney cattle of so good a quality that "Mother!' he soon broke out again, a voice angrily. "Cant't you let my live longer, there was a demand for her stock in "why can't a boy do something? They boy alone? It is shameful." Colonel is s ock farm. Mrs. Thomas bred Alder-

and never to be eaten. They were port of last meeting.

women. I find alternoon an could from his prison-cell to the weak and that it is to buy the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually disposed of in breeding trios, at \$5 per trio. The eggs were never sold for less than \$1 per dezen, and glasses, read the report, which was appoint with beasts at appresus, ne can proved that it is to buy the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually disposed of in breeding trios, and glust now there's so there that it is to buy the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually disposed.

We ought to have put up with it, and he hoped they all Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice!" other gold piece."

Women. I find alternoon an could progress at appresus, ne can prove thee that the boyth were hurt, yeth, from his prison-cell to the weak and unhappy in all ages: "Rejoice in the put up with it, and he hoped they all Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice!" other gold piece."

Women. I nittly alternoon an could from his prison-cell to the weak and unhappy in all ages: "Rejoice in the put up with it, and he hoped they all Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice!" other gold piece."

Women. I nittly alternoon an could by that it is to buy the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all ages: "Rejoice in the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to continually all the book of poems for much for you to do 'thout tryin' to co

what she does not know about bees is Manning.

Mrs. Thomas kept but one man and that stammering tongue. upon the premises; his duty was to take care of the stock and do general to have all agricultural labor performed boy with black curly hair, and a lisp- his claws and take his head off too l by day workmen. She superintended the work herself, making frequent trips on horseback over the little farm to see that all was going on properly. She paid the usual prices for labour, but the work herself the work herself to say he would surely go to Congress. A good way to secure this result is never to start the appetite. So, while thouldn't boyth petithon? Haven't you petition, be sure to keep the pledge to have the works and take his head off too! He will lose his head when men lose to say he would surely go to Congress. A good way to secure this result is never to start the appetite. So, while the will lose his head off too! treated the men so well that they altered they right? I thay leth put that thing through," When he said "through," dragon!—Rev. E. A. Rand, in S. S. Times.

I they right? I thay leth put that thing through, "When he said "through," he screamed it out as if from the top of a ladder. "Everybody will be on our thide—moth everybody. Old lemonade, ginger cookies, biscuits and right and a lemonade, ginger cookies, biscuits and lemonade, ginger cookies, biscuits and clawth for him." pies. At twelve a sumptuous dinner clawth for him." was provided under the trees in the rear of the house, where the table was spread with snowy linen and was made as attractive as possible. At four dent, I am more than ever convinced open the windows, told them to break four lane. The society introdusty application. Are given. Mr. Spurgeon, in a crowded house that was hot and filthy for want of air, and the ushers were not able to open the windows, told them to break four. o'clock there was another spread in the that my friend, Mr. James Harmon, out panes enough of glass to let in field, and if the workmen remained to will go to Congress. What has been God's pure, free air, and that he would

always did their work well. Mrs. Thomas refused \$100,000 for and the thooner the better," said lecturing. He said: "I never knew a her farm last year. She owns a hand- Jummy, his face redder than ever. ened hands. She worked her farm some house in Lexington Avenue, with her brains.

"I second the motion, Mr. President of the president of the secretary."

New York, and another at Fordham, dent," said the secretary.

preach when she was but four years very rich land and some money to fall fate sure to overtake all do-nothing have no provision for ventilation. We

the Lowell Offering was projected by him. This paper was published by the factory guis of Lowell, some of whom became afterwards known in the literary world. Here Lucy Larcom, the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world. Here Lucy Larcom, the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world. The sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world in the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world. The sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world in the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world. The sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world in the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world. The sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world in the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the literary world in the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle of the same should be tween the two poles of the trained between the two poles of the or with the sweet subject we discuss."

"Why do you keep that absurd figure or with the lumps of earth ure there?" a friend asked him. "It ting it lovingly around them. "But you are too dry—I was the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection of the saw the boys filing into the selection the sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle back and forth as she wove her thoughts in rhyme and laid the foundation of her fame; and it was here that the poem, "Hannah Binding Shoes," was written.

It was after the utter failure of her should be sweet song-bird, threw her shuttle back and forth as she wove her thoughts in rhyme and laid the foundation of her fame; and it was here that the poem, "Hannah Binding Shoes," was written.

Mr. Cameron stand in his own State?"

"They call him honest Simon," she icks a-really goin' to put that thing side," he answered. "I find it a whole-story in the state of the name of being honest is a good recommendation," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I think I must have Simon Cameron in my Cabinet."

So the dragon freshly sharpened his claws and went over to the fight. Something body else went from the den of the old beast. That was John Westcott. It was after the utter failure of her Thomas was Minister of the Argentine beast. That was John Westcott, a cheerful book, a talk with a friend, husband's health and his retirement Republic under Mr. Lincoln, and died Willy's father. He hardly knew why would serve the purpose better than a grandmother and her sister Madge the fringe. Grandma must have

cony, a suburb of Philadelphia, and gaged in philanthropic work. She cause he was one of his victims. was recently sent by Clara Barton to was a very little farm compared with a Williamsport and Lock Haven to reWestern ranch, but the soil was fertile port to the Red Cross Society in reand the set about making it yield her williamsport and Lock riaven to 15.

Simon Stone, a man that had no con a Southern woman, lately visiting wouldn't be lost, would it?" said ment came over Polly's face. No solid dollars. Riding out one day she towns. She was president of Sorosis had a conscience, but it had gone to one day: "This is the best year of my Tom. saw a particularly fine field of wheat. during the last term of four years, sleep over the rum trassic. There was life! My husband and children are in She sought the owner and found he had She has done much literary work.

OF THE OLD DRAGON.

"I wish something could be done,"

wheat to the neighbouring farmers at | The two stood at a shabby old win-\$2 a bushel, and had the satisfaction dow, side by side, watching a shabby of knowing that she had raised the man crawling down the street toward Stone. grade of wheat throughout the section. the saloon kept by S.mon Perry. The vegetables raised there were entirely window of his rum-shop, besides the out of the way! This is ridikerlus!" for her own use. She did not at black bottles, there was a heap of fishtempt to make money in a great many hooks, an article he sold to fishermen, little ways, but always concentrated and which suggested the claws of the way! I want to git in and speak." her energies upon what would bring dragon "Drink" protruding in all di-

she produced for market was Bartlett victim.

"Wish you were," said his mother. He was silent a moment.

nearly every State in the Union. She say everybody has the right of petition. It was the drunkard aroused to innever sold a calf of four weeks for less. Why haven't boys that right?" His dignation by the rum-seller's violence. candle in his empty stove "to make bethan \$50; and adult cattle brought blue eyes flashed, he threw back his proportionate prices. An ice cream head, and in a manly fashion talked man Knapp, his conscience waking up "rare flavour" of the raw turnip and get your work do dealer in Philadelphia bought all her away: "Why haven't boys the right of Then Selectman Noble jumped cold water which made his scanty meal. leave it undone." dealer in Philadelphia bought all her away: "Why haven't boys the right of Then Selectman Noble jumped cream at the door for twenty-five cents petition? I guess we can do some-upon his feet, and didn't he make a

and could at any time handle them with perfect safety, though the advent of a nervous, irritable person in their midst would rouse their antagonism to the utmost. She was as careful in the selection of her bees as of her cows and on one occasion paid and horses and on one occasion paid nettion—to the selectmen—to ston occasion paid nettion—to the selectmen—to ston occasion paid to couldn't neip himthell. They were two to one you thee. Yeth, Mith Westcott Wethcott, they are going to cut old Perry'th clawth!"

All that was attempted was accomplished, and more, even.

The claws of the dragon Drink were not only cut and the many three to the selectmen—to ston one you thee. Yeth, Mith Westcott Wethcott, they are going to cut old Perry'th clawth!"

All that was attempted was accomplished, and more, even.

The claws of the dragon Drink were not only cut and the most of the dragon Drink were not only cut and the most o end horses, and on one occasion paid petition—to the selectmen—to stop not only cut and the rum-shops closed,

"Mr. President I'

Every boy turned toward the speakwork. She found it more economical er. It was Jimmy Harmon, a short

The society furiously applauded. make a long day's work, a bountiful proposed is in my opinion a very good settle the damages at the close of the supper was furnished. As a result of —good—thing—I mean measure. Do service. The writer says that he heard such good feeding she was never I understand that my friend, Mr. Har-Henry Ward Beecher rebuke a people

of eighteen she was married to the Rev. Abner Thomas, who was much her senior, having been ordained to her senior, having been ordained to don't know. I had twenty acres of the subject with the subject. Nothing is ing up," she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up," she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up," she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up," she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up," she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up," she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up, she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up, she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up, she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is ing up, she said, stretching down as the floor in great disconder the subject. Nothing is a dreadful thing."

We show the subject the subjec

Mrs. Thomas's husband died some The meetings were well attended. The years ago. She has two sons, one of membership grew. Indeed, every many other people distinguished in literature and philanthropy. Returning to America her husband filled pastorates in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Ridgeport. In these places, as every Ridgeport and Ridg grew. Some of the old folks wanted help of the criminal and pauper classes, ing in the dark ground. Hurry along, to sign the petition. The girls, always had upon his library table a Turkish you beauties; just let me help you a people of large brains and generous heatts, and she was always their achieved the made the acquaintance of large l Before his marriage Mr. Thomas Mr. Lincoln long before the war, and had preached at Lowell, Mass., and she was in the Presidential party on its set of young masculines as ever was "Why do you keep that absurd fig-

thorn in the flesh."

hater of the dragon. "Mr. Chairman," said big head-Stone, "we boys would like to hand in head. a petition asking you to enforce the

law and shut up the rum-shops."
"Yeth thir," added the trrepressible Jimmy Harmon.

"Why, why"-stammered Chairman

In the somebody entering the room. Git plied her friend. It was the dragon.

good and sure returns. The only fruit rections, and ready to fasten on any shoved one of the boys against the of us, if we have but courage and faith. in order."

Westcott.

raised mixed fowls; she kept only light Brahmas, which were selection moderate caters, and peaceable in moderate caters, and peaceable in the moderate caters, and peaceable in an order, and the scoretary read the rempts. All her fowls were to be caten. They were usually disposed of in breeding trios, and the scoretary read the rempts of the post of the

Mrs. Thomas had her aplary, and to bring before the meeting?" shouted and then Knapp he theconded it, that the law be enforthed. The chairman not worth telling. She loved her bees The society for lack of something to couldn't help himthelf. They were

\$1,000 for a single queen bee which she imported from Italy. The honey made was of so rare a quality that a fine income was yielded from it alone.

The honey that his father was a victim of the safool any longer. He quit his glass forever.

So hurrah for the boys' temperance society I

Down with the saloon ! Down with the dragon Dink! Cut

the sentiments of Spurgeon and Beecher are given. Mr. Spurgeon, in a crowded near Boston for not better ventilating or do anything in the house on such a floor, she recalled something grandma their new town hall, in which he was over another man's quid of tobacco, and yet you will sit here and breathe over another man's quid of tobacco, things? If I pulled down the curtains The smallest thing we do may be an offering of service to the Lord of wall She was not reared to agricultural pursuits, her father was a judge, and she studied Virgil, Cæsar and Black-stone with her brothers. At the age of eighteen she was married to the subject. Nothing is Advocate.

he went. Perhaps he was curious; laughing donkey. We are a nervous, and Tom holding a grave consulta dropped it there before she went to Mrs. Thomas is now largely en perhaps he followed the dragon just be auxious people, and many of us have tion. inherited from Puritan ancestors a The selectmen, three in number, oc- belief that amusements and mirth are piece!" exclaimed Madge in a breath.

Henry Noble, whose conscience was good health, and free from financial down in the well or in a haystack." awake. Simon Stone called him "a worry; my sons are honourable, Christfriends. God has heaped blessings on grandma, "to give him the money, and me. I am perfectly happy !

An ominous silence followed these pocket; so I must have lost it on the ed Manning Randall, addressing Simon words, and melancholy shakes of the

night.

"And shall I not thank God while I your three pairs of bright eyes would "See here," snarled the voice of am yet in the land of the living?" re-

This wor'd, no matter how poor or said Madge. ill or solitary we may be, is not for any He snarled again "Git out of the of us altogether a vale of tears. It has its sunshine and pleasures, its cheerful As he pressed ahead he angrily heights, which may be climbed by all

"Here, here, stop that!" commanded his melancholy brother, but actually Madge?

Colonel Sellers had found the true It was the drunkard aroused to in- philosophy of life when he lighted a low voice. 's Yes, it is shameful!" said Select lieve there was a fire," and praised the The man whose religion makes him

gloomy, austere and hopeless falsifies asked Polly of her grandma. a quart, and it yielded ner \$35 per thing if we start out for it. Now, week. Her Hambletonian horses were of the purost breed and readily brought large prices. Her poultry yielded an income of \$1,000 per year. She never raised mixed fowls; she kept only light Brahmas, which were select.

A quart, and it yielded ner \$35 per thing if we start out for it. Now, speech i gloomy, austere and hopeless faisifies asked Polly of her grandma.

The temperance society this afternoon. Willy Westcott, and reported that should make light of the troubles of the meeting to Mrs. Westcott. "You this short life if not he who believes the meeting to Mrs. Westcott. "You this short life if not he who believes the meeting to Mrs. Westcott. "You this short life if not he who believes the meeting to Mrs. Westcott. "You this short life if not he who believes the meeting to Mrs. Westcott, and in an un-nding life of happiness at its light of the troubles of the meeting to Mrs. Westcott. "You this short life if not he who believes the meeting to Mrs. Westcott, and reported that should make light of the troubles of the troubles of the meeting to Mrs. Westcott, "You the should make light of the troubles of the meeting to Mrs. Westcott, if you in an un-nding life of happiness at its light of the troubles of the meeting to Mrs. Westcott, and reported that happy if not the Christian? Who should be "If we do, Uncle John will be gone "If we do, Uncle John will be gone there," said Tom.

Willy Westcott, and reported that happy if not the Christian? Who should be "If we do, Uncle John will be gone there," said Tom.

Willy Westcott, and reported that happy if not the Christian? Who should be "If we do, Uncle John will be gone there," said Tom.

Willy Westcott, and reported that happy if not the Christian? Who should be "If we do, Uncle John will be gone "If we do, Uncle John will be gone there," said Tom.

Willy Westcott, and reported that happy if not the Christian? Who should be "If we do, Uncle John will be gone there," said Tom.

Willy Westcott, a

The Children's Corner.

THE GOLD FINCHES.

You say you are sure that nothing Really and truly likes
An ugly, prickly thistle,
Covered with thorns and spikes.
And though it bears the lightest
White seeds that ever blew—
Smoke note from a mounthing free Smoke puffs from a moonshine fire— You wish one never grew.

But watch the wild canaries, The finches in bright flocks, Full-grown and fledglings together As yellow as your locks;
They have no gloves on their fingers,
And on their feet no shoes,
Yet the bristling, briery thistle
Is the very perch they choole.

They make a double sunlight
Wherever they stop to feed,
And sing in the sweetest fashion
A song between each seed.
So I'm glad that by the wayside
Plenty of thistles grow,
Since the little black-winged singers Appear to like them so. -The Pansy.

GRANDMA'S GOLD PIECE.

" Polly, have you done your sweep-

ing?".
"No, mamma, but I'm just going to

"Be quick, then, little girl. Don't waste your time this beautiful morn-

morning as this. I hate to sweep, and had said at breakfast-time: dusting is worse—it takes longer "Bringing an earnest purpose of What's the use of dusting all these doing our best to everything we do.

Going to the window to try the ef-ect of the pulling down, Polly put out "I wonder if grandma would call fect of the pulling down, Polly put out

little bits of green.' out of her head as she ran out to look

A WELL-KNOWN philanthropist in little darlings, I know you are glad to with it as she brought a few budding

little." With careful little fingers she pressed away the earth from some which seemed anxious to get farther out, crumbling the lumps of earth and pat-

"But you are too dry-I must give

She brought the sprinkler and watched the brightening of the tender green shoots in the sparkling drops. "Polly I" called a voice.

"Yes, grandma," she answered. "Where are you?" "Round here on the back porch,"

shouted her brother Tom.

"Polly, grandma's lost the gold- but Tom stopped her. "Where?" said Polly, in dismay.

"It might," said Polly, "if it was

"I was going over to your Uncle when I got there it was not in my way. It was getting dusky when I came back, so I could not look for it, "It makes me tremble to hear you," but as I went by the short cut through one of them said at last, "when I think the meadow and the bit of woods, no

spy it out. "Yes, it'll sparkle in the sunshine,"

"Can you all go?" asked grandma. "Yes," said Madge, "I put our room

only draw more friends to his side than my sweeping to go with Tom and his grandmether in a cabin on the

"Where?" asked her mother. "Look out!" cautioned Tom in a " Just over to Uncle John's."

"No, I told you some time ago to get your work done, and you must not so readily. He evidently had a greater

"Then can't they wait till I do it?"

"But, then, Uncle John will not be going to the city to buy the book, and her birthday will be past," said Midge.
"Yes, it will be a pity if you do not find it, for I have no more money to-

day," said grandma.
"O dear!" Polly groaned more heavily than before, as she returned to her neglected duties. "Such a lovely morning for a walk! I wish there weren't any brooms in the world, or any carpets, or tables, or books. When I am a woman, and have a house of my own, I'il never sweep. I'll stay out of doors all the time. O dear I I forgot to tell Tom to see if that little bird is building its nest again in the alderbush. And I wanted to see the fish in the little creek. They'll find wild flow ers in the woods, I know. And I'd have told him to leave them, so we'd have them for mamma's birthday tomorrow. But they'll be sure to pick them all. It will be too bad if they don't find the money, so we can have the book. I know I could have found it. I don't care if I don't sweep clean -I sha'n't take up the rug or move the chairs. I wonder if grandma'll give us another gold piece if we learn texts another year? We've learned such a lot, but there are plenty more. I had mine better than Tom this morning, but it was a short one."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do. do it with all thy might."

Waste time—O dear!" groaned Polly said it almost without thinking, Polly, as mamma, who had looked into then repeated it more slowly, as a sense the room, went away with brisk steps. of its meaning came over her. As her "I think it's a waste of time to sweep eyes wandered about the half-swept

this sweeping a piece of faithful work. "I do believe those seeds are com- O dear! Duty is a dreadful thing." "Yes, I know they are | I see the ma didn't think it her duty to make us children learn to do things about the All the sweeping and dusting flew house. Hattie Pierce never has to

sweep and dust.' But after a few moments' thought, "Yes, here they are—one, two, the chairs were dusted and carried out three, four, five, six—more than I can of the room, and the rug lifted and count. Here is the phlox, and these shaken. Then a half hour's patient are the nasturtiums, and there is the work put a very different look upon mingonette-just peeping out. O, you things, and Polly was well satisfied

"Now this door-mat-I didn't mean to touch it as I swept the porch, but

here it goes." "What's that?"

A flish in the sunlight as she jerked up the mat, a clink and a roll down step after step. With a cry of Joy, Polly sprang after the shining thing. "The gold-pleec! Oh, how glad I" am that I lifted the mat."

With a few words to grandma, she sped across the field to Uncle John's. When nearly there she met Madge and I'om coming back with downcast

"We didn't find it." "I've found it—here 'tis," cried Polly, waving her hand. "It was Polly, waving her hand. Polly ran around, and found her under the mat on the porch. Just in Uncle John's." She was rushing on,

"It's too late now. Uncle John's

gone to the station." birthday present would be waiting for mamma

"O, if I had only swept my room when mammatold me!"—The American.

Our Story.

JIM THE SAVAGE.

"No," said Captain Bell, thoughthow soon all this may be changed, and one has probably passed that way fully, "I don't think you'll find the peothat you may even be dead before since; so it may be lying somewhere ple here hard to manage, except Jim, along the path, and I am sure one of perhaps—Jim the savage, they call him your three pairs of bright eyes would —and he's the stuff o' twenty sinners in

The new minister looked up interestedly. A vision of the original frequenters of the magnificent forest on which "Yes," said Tom, "I've weeded my they had just entered passed through his mind, and he asked if Jim was the only member of his tribe in Woodside.

"Oh, he is not a redskin!" laughed ood and sure returns. Ine only fruit rections, and ready to lasten on any shoved one of the boys against the produced for market was Bartlett ears.

But the domain of twenty acres was after the couldn't shut up Old Claws, where of the couldn't shut up Old Claws, where one of the boy's hand went up to a bleeding his poverty, who finds something to his poverty, who finds something to called to her mother, who was going the Captain, "but he might as well be swept the sitting-room. Mamma!" she one for all the good he is. Such a called to her mother, who was going the Captain, boy's hand went up to a bleeding his poverty, who finds something to down the garden path, "Can't I leave how the father goes," exclaimed Willy.

The man who will not yield to disasting who makes the best of his poverty, who finds something to down the garden path, "Can't I leave how and in the forehead. It was Willy and the captain of the Captain, but he might as well be swept the sitting-room. Mamma!" she one for all the good he is. Such a called to her mother, who was going the Captain, but he might as well be swept the sitting-room. Mamma!" she one for all the good he is. Such a called to her mother, who was going the Captain, but he might as well be swept the sitting-room. Mamma!" she one for all the good he is. Such a called to her mother, who was going the Captain, but he might as well be down the garden path. "Can't I leave here and disease, who makes the best of the captain, but he might as well be down the garden path." Can't I leave here and disease, who makes the best of the captain, "On-h h!" moaned a voice, while a called to disease, who makes the best of the captain, "On-h h!" moaned a voice, while a called to disease, who makes the best of the captain, "On-h h!" moaned a voice, while a called to disease, who makes the best of coast. But as I was a sayin' about that new carpet," and the Captain, thinking enough time had been wasted on Jim, turned to the more important subject of a new carpet for the church.

But the minister did not give Jim up leaning towards this lost sheep than his predecessor, for Captain Bell felt called upon to expostulate.