

The Family.

FRIENDS WHO WERE AND FRIENDS WHO ARE

My world is peopled not alone
By those its daily life who share;
The loved whom others have known
Descend from their diviner air.

JOHN BRIGHT

On Wednesday, the 27th of March,
one of the greatest statesmen of Eng-
land breathed his last. For nearly fifty
years the name of John Bright has been
a tower of strength among the liberal
and progressive classes in Great Britain.

MOTHER'S WAIF.

We were at the tea table, mother and
father, and all seven of us children, and
Aunt Sue beside. We are very fond of
Aunt Sue, and she always comes and
spends New Year's with us.

keeping the child. I never heard of
such impudence."
"Well, we have seven already," an-
swered mother.

Mary then opened a store in the
village, took an assistant, and in addi-
tion to her sunbonnets and aprons
began to make calico wrappers and
gowns.

At noon the lion drank at the pool,
still keeping a good look-out that his
prison should not move. Seeing him
in the act of stretching his hand towards
his gun, the lion roared, and was just
going to spring on him, when he
suddenly stopped.

"Well, boys, when men settle a diffi-
culty, if it is a serious controversy like
this, they have a judge, and I under-
stand you have asked me to be the
judge; but they also have a sheriff,
and I want a sheriff." I then picked
out a big boy with a good-natured face,
and said:
"Will you be the sheriff in this con-
troversy?"

The Children's Corner.

MOTHER'S GIRL.

She peeps at dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden flies.

CAPITAL, I.

One bright Monday morning the
small boy Sam Small came down to
breakfast late, and not waiting even to
say good morning, he commenced to
grumble as usual.

THE BOY SHERIFF.

I was going down town one morning,
and passing through one of the side
streets I saw a group of boys. It was
just before school hour, and the crowd
increased very rapidly.

THE CHILD AND THE LION.

A BUSHMAN was once sleeping in a
half-open tent with his wife and child.
The latter who was only about four
years old, woke about midnight, and
sat by the fire, which is always kept
burning to terrify the wild beasts.

TWO WAYS.

A FEW days since I was shocked at
hearing of the suicide of a young girl,
whom I knew very well, in New York
City. How distinctly I remember the
pretty face, the cheery, obliging Sadie
Kingman, the janitor's daughter of the
house where I had apartments at one
time.

"Of course you wouldn't think of
her work."

continued: