


Lord's Day. A certain number of the London cabs are licensed only for the six days of the week, and may be known by the first figure of the printed number being 7; and these ought by all means to be encouraged.

It was said at the beginning of this paper that the temptations of the cabmen were great, but the writer would be sorry if any remarks of his were to be taken as reflecting on the cabmen of London as a class. He has, in the course of his ministerial labours, met with many honest, industrious, and sober cabmen, doing their best to support a wife and family out of means which were certainly not large. These men are the means of helping us on our earthly journeys; will not any large-hearted loving Christian take up their case, and help them on the heavenward journey? Much might be done by judicious distribution of tracts, by open-air addresses, and similar means.

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### *The Crown of Lilies.*

“ H, Jenny! what can you be doing to your new bonnet? You only put it on for the first time yesterday, and now you are pulling it all to pieces!”

“I am only taking out the flowers, dear,” replied her sister quietly.

“What a shame!” exclaimed Polly. “Why those bright red flowers did suit you so well, and I like to hear everybody say that you are the best-looking girl about the mill. You’ll make yourself a regular dowdy like that poor Mary Blake.”

“I wish I were more like her,” said Jenny sadly; then, bursting into tears, she added: “Polly dear, we must never laugh at Mary again.”

“Dear me! why, what has come over you?”

“If you like to bring your work here by me, close to the window, I will tell you all about it.”

The light of a summer sunset was streaming in through the window which looked down on a narrow street of a manufacturing town, as the sisters sat together at their work.

“Did you go to church yesterday afternoon?” began Jenny.

“No, indeed; you know mother kept me at home to mind baby. Shan’t I be glad when I am my own mistress and can go to work at the mill like you! Catch me pulling the flowers out of my bonnet when I have the money to buy any. I only wish you’d give me those.”

“Wait a bit, Polly dear; just listen to me first. As I was going to church yesterday, I overtook Mary Blake with her little ‘cees, and we walked on together. Now, you know, she is always very clean and neat; but I could not help thinking to myself all the way, how much better I looked than she did in her old winter bonnet and print dress. It didn’t strike me at the time that she might dress as fine as any of us if she chose; only, that she spends all the money upon her poor sister’s children.”