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"Who Plucked that Flower?" BLOOMFIELD, OF ATRENS, GA., FEI

Who plucked that flower?"
Cried the gardner as he walked thro

"The Master."

"The Master."

"The Master."

"Who places that flower? the gard ner said

As whiter with his missed, he spled

A stalk with mutilated head.

There once had blodmed, his hope and pride

A brief response his open and enade.

"The Master; let the murmrings essee."

And from that moment held his peace. "Who plucked that flower?"

In anguish deep, and dark and wild;
'I have no more on earth to prize;
Who took my sen, my darling child?' While yet she speaks a calmness stills The waves of sorrow's sea; they cease "It is the Master; thus He wills,".
And the mother holds her peace.

"Who plucked that flower, my darling boy? The father says, in hopeless grief; 'He was my light, my life, my joy;

But lo, there shines from heaven a light!

He sees and all his serrows cease;

'It is the Master—all is right.'

And so the father holds his peace, "Who plucked that flower?" the man of care Exclaims, when wealth cludes his grasp And vanishes in misty air
The prize he fondly hoped to clasp,

A voice fall gently on his ear—
"The Master—let thy longings cease Wealth cannot buy an entrance here."
And so the worldling holds his peace.

"Who plucked that flower I've watched long?"
The aspirant for honor cries;

With it, my hopes for fame were strong; Witeout it, all ambition dies." An answer comes—"Humanity Will bid all love of glory cease; Tis the Master—yes, 'tis He,"
And so the murm'rer holds his peace.

'Who plucked that flower?" we all inquire When disappointment is our lot, And hopes are blasted as by fires— The future dark, the past a blot. But when we list to Jesus' voice, Our murmurings all quickly cease "It is the Master"—we rejoice— And all, submissive, hold our peace,

#### MARY MOORE

A Pleasant Love Story

All my life I had known Mary Moore; all my life I had loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and

first cousins.

My first recollections are of a boy in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sun-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself-Harry Church; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I see myself at the old school house, drawing my little chaise up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear was something of a flirt even in her pinafore. How steps when I called her name; how gayly won her away from me. This was the ment. rang out her merry laugh. No one child—his child and Mary's. but Mary could bring her heart so near her lips. I followed that laugh from my blow, and hiding my face in my hands, glossy is fast turning gray. I am now the heated noon of manhood; and now, ed at me, grieved and amazed, and put life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I when the frosts of age are silvering my up her pretty lips as if about to cry, would not recall a single day, for the hair and many children climb upon my while the perplexed servant stepped to love that made my manhood so bright the memories of youth are strong, and who it was that conducted himself so An old man! Can this be so? At the music still.

When I was fifteen the first great sorter all hearts are tough things.

I left college in all the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkwark or embarrassed. I had grown to cried, and threw herself upon my breast, Withrow, or 240 Jarvis street, in the be a tall slender stripling, with a very and wept as if her heart would break. Moore, it was to think how I could daz- her before them all. Moore, it was to think how I could daz-zle and bewilder her with my good looks There was a rush, and a cry of joy, and Oil the best advertised article by when I say that self conceit has left me And as I held my dear old mother to my

An advantageous proposal was made while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that me at that time, and, accepting it, I all was not yet lost; and although anothgave up all idea of a profession, and pre- er had secured life's most choice blesspared to go to India. In my hurried ing, many a joy remained for me in the visit home of two days I saw nothing of dear sanctuary of home. Mary Moore. She had gone to a board- There were four inmates of the room ing school, and was not expected home who had risen on my sudden entrence until the following May. I uttered a One was the bue eyed child whom I had sigh to the memory of my blue-eyed already seen, and who now stood beside

ed to be, why, then, perhaps I may mar-slender figure, half hidden by the heavy ry her.

young lady whom I had not seen for over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid four years. I never thought of the pos- grace, and Frank Chester warmly graspsibility of her refusing me - never ed my hand. dreamed that she would not condescend "Wecome home, my boy," he said in to accept my offer.

me then she would have despised me. never would known you; but no matter Perhaps in the scented and affected stu- about that; your heart is in the right dent she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, I should "How can you say that he is changperhaps have found myself mistaken. ed?" said my mother, gently. "To be India was my salvation, not merely be- sure he looks older and graver, and more

cause of my success, but because my inborious industry had counteracted the
evil in my nature and had made me a
a better man. When, as the end of
three years in India, I prepared to
returnhome, I said nothing of the reformation of myself which I knew had
taken place. They loved me as I was, I
murnured to myself and they shall find
out for themselves whether I am better
worth loving than formerly.

I picked up many a token from that
ed quietly as I looked into his fall, handtime.

land of romance and gold, for the triends some face : I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it I think for the better." was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and her's engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handstrangly thrilled me as I balanced it on the end of my little finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small plain circle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, but its elegance of the beautithere—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, and the ter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie would come to the door, and I might greet my family when no strange eye was "for the sake of old times, and because looking carelessly on.

mons. They were too merry in the par- old fellow, you are never to repeat the lor to heed the long one who asked for ceremony. Come, here she is; I for one admittance. A bitter thought like this want to see how you will manage those ran through my mind as I heard the ferocious mustaches of yours in the ope sound from the parlor, and saw the half ration." suppressed smile on the servant's face.

myself known or asking for any of my hope almost too dazzling to bear came family. And while I stood silent a over me, and I cried out before I strange apparition grew up before me. thought, "Not Mary." From behind the servant peered out a I must have betrayed my secret to golden head, a tiny, delicate form, and one in the room. But nothing was said: sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, so even Frank, in general so obtuse, was like those of one who had brightened my this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek boyhood, that I started with sudden feel- of the young wife, and hurried to the ngof pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I asked, while the wondering servant held low eager tone, "have you no welcome the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly. She lifted up her hands to shade her face. I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many they made me. I would not have yielda time-and answered in a sweet, bird- ed her up at the moment for an Empelike voice :

"Mary Moore Chester." My heart sank down like lead. Here sweet Mary Moore. The eyes I had was an end to all bright dreams and dreamed of day and night were falling hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and Chester, my boyish rival, who had often the sweet face I had so long prayed to tried in vain to usurp my place beside see was there beside me. I never knew elegantly she came tripping down the the girl, had succeeded at last, and had the meaning of happiness until that mo

I sank, body and soul beneath this py night, and the hair that was dark and days of childhood till I grew an awkward I leaned against the door, while my heart grown to be an old man, and can look blushing youth; I followed it through wept tears of blood. The little one gaz-back to a happy, and I hope a well spent knee and call me "father," I find that the parlor and called my sister out to see shines also upon my white hairs. that even in gray hairs I am following strangely. I heard a light step and a heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, pleasant voice saping:

row of my life came upon my breast. I I looked up. There stood a pretty, upon it, is still the Mary of other days. was sent to school and was obliged to sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much To me she can never grow old or changpart with Mary. We were not to see changed from the dear little sister I lov- ed. each other for three long years. This to ed so well. I looked at her a moment, me was like a sentence of death, for and then, stilling the tempest of my till life shall cease to warm it. Mary was like life itself to me. But af- heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said :

"Lizzie, don't you know me?" "Harry ! oh, my brother Harry !" she

and particular. If I thought of Mary

Moore, it was to think how I.

and wonderful mental attainments, and then my father and mother sprang tonever thinking she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb,
heart-felt tears.

There was a rush, and a covery for joy, and the best accretised attended to be sides the many cases of rheumatism it has cured right amongst us, it has rendered me the most efficient service in

I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust that I may be believed when I say that self conceit has left me the way-worn traveller.

Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn traveller. Satisfactorily." heart, and grssped my father's hand

playmate, and then called myself a 'man' Frank Chester, clinging to his hand Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's In a year, I thought as the vehicle eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to whirled away from our door-I will re- which she had hurriedly retreated when turn, and if Mary is as pretty as she us- my name was spoken, stood a tall and

window curtains that fall to the floor. And thus I settled the future of a When the first rapturous greeting was

the loud, cheerful tones I remembered But now I know that had Mary met so well. "You have changed so that I

I picked up many a token from that ed quietly as I looked into his fall; hand-

"You have changed, too, Frank, but

"Oh. yes; thank you for the compliment," he answered, with a hearty somer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still.

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, ful white hand that was to wear it. But and kissing her crimsoned cheek. " not to me-how much was embodied tell you. Harry, there is no other such in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?" "Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo?" cried Frank, with a suddenness which made me start violently. "I hum of conversation and cheerful laugh- have forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe you and she used to be playmates in your younger days. Yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back, you were not at the wedding, I will give But no, a servant answered my sum- you leave to kiss her once, but mind

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blush I hesitated a moment before making ing toward me. A gleam of light and

> silent figure looking out of the window. "Mary-Mary Moore!" I said in a

to give the wanderer?" She turned, and laid her hand in mine

and said hurriealy-"I am glad to see you here, Harry.

Simple words and vet how blessed ror's crown. For there was the happy home group and dear home fire side, with

with [her bright hair parted smoothly "Did you wish to see my father, sir?" from a brow that has a slight furrow

A Well "Cured" Editor.

At No. 80 King Street, East Toronto, Ont., are the editorial rooms of the Sunday School Manual, edited by Mr. same city. Conversing recently with

Per Severe Coughs and Hearsteness.
Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1876.
Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS:

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