se was fund of flowers. She m in masses, in a cracked white and she admired what she called quet"-such as her son Orrin nday evenings to his sweetg in the garden.

Pease spent hours over them, ng, training, clipping, watering, t the narrow paths, hanging penit- shed. ers repaid her in many ways. They the air with sweetness, they seemto smile and nod to her through m and sunshine, they seemed quite nan in their silent grace. She called m all by name, often in grateful invitingly. mory of some friend, generally for giver of the plant or proious slip

nee his mether's aunbonnet bobbing among the bushes or bending intently to themum.

"I do declare." said Mrs Pease, one summer evening, "that Marthy lily does look dreadful peaked, just like the Ponds. I kinder hated to call it after one of 'em, but I see that she was going to feel badly if I didn't, so I did. Now look at it, all yeller and droopin'. Seems as if there was a sort o' sympathy

Orrin was a youth of few words. He looked interested, but said nothing.

"There's that "Betsey peony," cor tinued his mother, walking slowly down the path, "how it does grow! Great strappin' thing. Every time I look at think of Betsy in her red Jersey."

"How is the verbens, mother?" said Orrin, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "The Emma Jane?" said Mrs Pease. stopping over a plant whose little fingers

spreading out in all directions, promised to cover a large space with pure blossoms. "It's a growin' beautifully," and she sighed.

Her son looked serious for a moment then knocked the ashes from his pipe her. and straightened up to his full height of six feet, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, in his shirt sleeves, with his sunburned face freshly shaved

"I guess I'll go over to the Centre.

He went into the house silently, and the good woman, piching a dead cinna-

"I hope to mercy she'il be good enough for him and not one of your flightly kind. I a'pose she'll like s be'quet."

And then, with care, if not with skill. the kind soul gathered a large bunch of the different flowers and wrapped a bit of newspaper around their stems.

When Orrin appeared in his best clothes he thanked her warmly, picked a blossom of the white verbena for his

button-hole, and blithely strode away. She watched him through the dusk as long as she could see. He and the flowers were all she had to love : sometimes it was hard to leave her of an evening, hard to know that such a fair face had such power to win him from the devotion and companionship of

"He's better than the common run." she thought with pride, "more quiet behaved and faithful. He's been a good son to me. He'll be a dreadful indulgent husband. For she ain't good to

She turned away from the gate and shock her head as if words failed to express her feelings. At each side of the path the blossoms leaned toward her, filling the air with their sweet breath, as if reminding her :

"We are always here. We never leave you.

"No more you do," said the simple woman, understanding them. And then she too picked a bit of the white verbena.

"Sweet creature," she whispered, "just as innercent and sweet as Emma Jane herself."

Meanwhile through the scented even ing walked Orrin with his big boquet, His honest heart was full of tender anticipations. Would she be out in the yard watching watching for him? Would she smile with the look in her eyes he loved to see there? Or would she be unaccountably shy and cool, seem surprised to see him, and take his offer indifferently? Somehow he fancied that his mother had always been straightforward and easy to understand. Abby was different-all spirit and change; one minute wild with merriment, the next quiet, inscrutable,

"Twill take more than a garden to satisfy her, I guess,' he thought, halfamused, half-tender. "God bless her," he added, reverently.

en a sickening fear came over her; erhaps he might not come at all! Sudenly a dimness clouded her sight. She ried to still with one hand that beating her bresst. He was coming. Ah, e would know him among ten thousindling eye.

When he opened the gate she was in ridly. Her bent figure could be the kitchen; by the time he had reachall summer long, moving lovingly ed the door she had gained the wood-

over the brilliant beds. The Deacon Swift answered his knock. "Good evenin'," he said politely. "Good evening," said Orrin.

Abby to home?" "Guess likely ; step in."

And the deacon opened the parlor door Orrin walked in over the rag-carpeted

"entry" into the dark and sacred "best from which the blossoms sprang so room." An indescribable odor, musty, herby, close, pervaded it, an odor pe-Her son, too, felt an interest in the culiar to New England village parlors arden. He shared her pride in the The haircloth chairs and sofa stood lusty roses and geraniums, he liked to stiffly on the red and yellow ingrain cov- the air. The apple-trees stood each in he waited in the dim, close parlor. As ering of the floor, the marble topped a little pool of shade. The summer's Abby came slowly in, he met her with a centre-table bere a lamp and a few the ground. He was interested in the cherished books, the mantel-piece with grasses with a languid sigh of pleasure. "Liddy Ann pink." and solicitious as to shells, deguerreotypes, and wax flowers. the growth of the "Amandy chrysan- A row of family photographs and a es, a patient, homely figure. The hard, wedding certificate in a black walnut black huckleberries rattled like hail into frame adorned the walls and green paper | the tin receptacle, and while her fingers shades covered the windows. The deatied up one of them, saying :

"The wimmin folks hain't been in here lately, I guess, to jedge from ap. with her triflin' ways. I'd like to give pearances.

"Abby, Abby." Abby appeared, demure and calm. "Good evenin', Orrin," she said, "nice

"Yes, I walked over, seein' 'twas so leasant. I've brought you some flowers. Abby." "Oh, ain't they pretty! Your mother

does have the handsomest flowers of any it, a standing up so pert and sassy, I one I know," she said, so admirably that her lever blushed with pleasure. "I'm glad you like 'em. Abby.

"How is your mother?" she next asked him, as she put her bouquet in a china vase, painted with pink and yellow

"She's well." he replied, watching her trying to lift the vase to its place on the "what not." That's too heavy for you," he cried, jumping up and trying to help

They stood close together. He could see the flush deepening in her soft cheek; he could almost touch the rings of hair about her pretty ear; how long her eyelashes were. They both held the vase

Above the flowers he gazed at her, "Abbey, look up," he whispered. A tremulous smile hovered above her ling : she hir them and

ed her head away. "Abby, dear, look at me."

And he put one hand over hers as i rested on the gay china. She tore it His grasn on the wase loosened down

it fell, dashing to a hundred pieces on the floor. He was kneeling in a moment picking them up, and she was beside him. They gathered all together silently and laid them on the table. Then they looked at each other. His eyes were full of mischief; her's brimming with a tears; the shock, the reaction, something, she knew not what, had

brought them there. Instantly his arm was around her He said some inarticulate words, then kissed her gently on the forehead, where the pretty locks were parted-for Abby didn't wear a bang.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "I'll buy you a dozen china vases. I'd give you all the world, Abby, if I could." The tears were rolling first down her

round cheeks now. "Will you come and live in the little house with me, Abby ? Will you be my wife? Say, Abby, will you?

As he stooped to hear her answer white flower in his coat fell out. It smote the girl's heart, then dropped to so !" the carpet. She stooped and lifted it without a word, raised her shy, happy eyes to his, then kissed the little blossom tenderly.

"Oh, don't, Abby, don't do that. 'Twas Emma-Jan's, you see. Somehow I don't like you to-I-"Emma-Jane's!" she said slowly,

with the radiance dying from her eyes. "Yes, I think a heap of it for her sake, you know; but-'

And at that moment Mrs Swift walked in with civil greetings. "Good evenin', Orrin. All well to

your house, I hope?" He went home slowly, with a puzzled expression on his manly face.

"I could a swore she almost took me res his thought. "What was it changed her so all in a minute? What could it have been ?"

The summer glowed and deepened. It reached its height—then waned.

The birds carrolled madly in the elm trees-by August they had changed their song. The crickets piped with ominous distinctness through the long hot afternoom. The locust uttered its hot afternoon The locust uttered its Orrin helped his mother to a large nowledged by the medical profession to cheaper than bamboo, but not nearly heartless, shrill ery from the stone wall slice. As he handed it to her, she said; be the best blood purifier services bles.

She was watching for him with all her and hedge. A sense of sadness and of in her great, dark eyes. She was change lay on the hills and pastures. hinking, with a pang, how late he was; In Orrin's heart winter had come already. His mother had no reason to complain of his leaving her alone.

He was more eilent than ever; and she wondered but asked no questions. She tried to cheer him in every way she knew. She made many different kinds Miss Abby Swift, over in the end, with his broad shoulders and of pies as possible—lemon, custard, re." Best of all, she loved them springing step. She leaned against the berry, and apple. She even concocted berry, and apple. She even concocted indow frame and watched him with a an imitation mince turnover-knowing his fondness for the real thing-but it was useless. He tasted them all with you had better kind o' explain to her an absent look in his blue eyes, pushed yourself." away his plate with and sighed.

"It does beat all," she thought. have done my best. Doughnuts won't rouse him up, and blackberry shortcake."

So she put on a pink calico sun bor net, hung a two quart pail over her arm, and started for the berry pasture.

"I'll go to deacon Swift's patch first," she decided. "The best and sweetest always grow there."

In the fields the sun lay warm sweetfern and on vines. A scent, born of ripening fruit, and wild-wood green things basking in the warmth, filled all spicy breeze swept over weeds and

Mrs Pease bent over the loaded bush moved, she thought:

"Tain't much use, after all. That Abby Swift, she's at the bottom of it her a piece of my mind."

With the thought a shadow fell across the grass and a slim young figure stood beside her in a white sun bonnet and a black gingham gown; a girl unmistak ably erect and trim. The pink and white bonnets confronted each other. Two kindly, dim eyes peered out from the one, two sorrowfully, dark ones from the other. Mrs Pease had turned with anger in her heart; when she saw the girl's pale cheeks and altered look she softened

"Why, Abby, for the land's sake, where did you drop from ?" "I came down to pick some berries

"How's your ma?" and the good man put on her spectacles for a closer look at her companion.

"She's tolerable well." said Abby listlessly.

"Pa well?" continued Mrs Pease, re garding her sharply.

"Pretty well," said Abby "And how are you child? Seems me you ain't looking very peart."

"I'm all right," said Miss Swift promptly. 'Huckleberries is plenty this year,' added.

"Orrin ain't right well just now," the old lady after a pause. The girl's hand trembled, half the berries she held fell to the ground.

"What's the matter with him she said, in a low voice. "I ain't seen him lately," she said aefiantly.

"No. I know you sin't," said Mrs above a little green bed; on whose many theories on the subject of teaching Pease with decision. "Whose fault is small slab was

"Tain't mine," said Abby, twitching a bush towards her.

"Tain't his. I know for sartain." said the mother, rattling her tin pail. "He's the most sot in his feelings of anybody I ever see There ain't no change in him. The gal that gets Orrin Pease 'll get a dreadful good husband. And the gal that trifles with him will live to repent it- He ain't one to be took off and one like an old shoe, I can tell you, Abby Swift, and the time may come when he

can't be got back noways," "Who wants him back?" cried Abby, her face in a blase. "Not I, for one," and she burst into tears. Between her sobs she managed to say: "You think he-ain't-the triflin'-kind. I knowbetter. He' been a-keeping company with me-and all-the time-he caresfor-another girl. He's good as said

"Land o' Goshen !" exclaimed Mrs Pease, nearly dropping her pail. I hain't heard of no such a girl; what be you thinkin' of Abby Swift ? It's you and nobody else, he's been a follerin after these two years. Ef ever a man was dead sot on havin' a gal you, it is Orrin. Why, he'll smile just to see your pa's old white horse comin' down the road; he's fairly tickled to death to see that critter ramblin' along. There, child for the land's sake, don't get no sech foolish notion in your head. Only be good to him; I beg and pray of ye to be good to him. He is dreadful tenderhearted and faithful, Orrin is, and the old lady put her worn, thin hand on her shoulder and looked at her beseechingly.

With a cry, Abby flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Good to him!" she said, brokenly, 'Oh, Lord, good to him !" and then she turned and fled away over the frightened grass, as fast as she could go.

At six o'clock the huckleberry short cake lay smoking, and liberally sprinkled with sugar, on Mrs Pease's tea-table. Orrin helped his mother to a large

"I picked them over in Deacon Swift's pasture. Abby was there a-pickin',

Orrin looked up sharply, she?" he said. "She looks dreadful peaked." declared his mother.

"Sick, mother ?" "Yes, real sick. I dor't know, Orrin, why she thinks so, but she's got an idee that there another girl you're a-keepin' company with. I done my best to prove to her there warn't. I think likely

"Another girl !" cried Orrin, frowning. "Oh, mother!"

"There, eat your supper and then over to the Centre. 'Taint best to let such things spoil your appetite." "Save my supper, mother, I'm

"But, Orrin ; a leetle more shortcake, do, -bless my heart, how dreadful fool-

ish young folks are.' The Swifts were all at the table. deacon, his wife, Abby and her brother, deacon, his wife, Abby and her brother, of Ayer's Ague Cure. It contains an unfailing antidote and specific for miassurprised when Orrin knocked. There was no bouquet in his hand this time, as agents which purify and re-invigorate determined look on his face.

"Get your hat and take a walk with me," he said, quietly, yet so firmly, that situation. Owing to her fastidionsness, she never thought of disobeying. Without another word they left the house, walked down the silent street, passed a few shut-up houses and out to where whether she was able to do plain cooking there was space and solitule. Then he stopped and looked at her gravely.

I'd ever cared for anyone but you?" Her face dropped before his gaze. At last she nodded sadly.

"For heaven's sake, who?" "Emma-Jane!" came the answer,

There was a moment's silence between "Oh. Abby!" he cried. "come and

"Yes; I do love them. Come." and he drew her hand through his arm and

held it there. Still she resisted him. He stopped short, clasped her reluctant hand firmly, and said in a voice that the rugs are sometimes curled

"I swear to you, my love, I've never cared for any girl but you, Abby."

"Then, why ?-"

"Come, trust me, and I'll show you why. They walked along through the soft evening light. The hills lay bathed in most any way; there are blocks and the sunset splendor; above them shone railread engines and stiff-legged horses and stripe of palest amber sky. Every and stiffer men and women from Noah's ark scattered around everywhere; the thing seemed strangely hushed and table cover is away; the ottoman's botaceful. Even the village graveyard tom side up, and things wore a sweet, restful aspect as they pass-ed through its gateway. Over the quiet says that the room looks awful, and she sleepers the grass waved gently, field at night when the two little enemies flowers nestled lovingly about the head- law and order are in their little beds. stones, and wild strawberry vines clasped the graves with clinging fingers. In minutes the next day. Children of their years are natural foes to tidiness and a distant corner a hemlock tree sighed

"EMMA JANE," AGED FOUR YEARS AND ONE MONTH

prim, and not the rollicking, childish, "Suffer little children to come unto me, fer of such is the kingdom of heaven." And over the tiny mound spread and wandered, like an exquisitely embroidered pall, the starry blossoms of a white

verbena.

Orrin took off his hat and stood beside the grave. "You see," said he, in a low

and whistles. I took her flowers when she was sick and dyin'. She'd hold 'em It will only cost you 10 cents, and you in her little hands, and smile and thank can at a small cost test the great pain me, poor little girl. She came to our cure, Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles house once when you was away to school like enough you have heard of her. She was cousin Lucinda's child, left alone without a home, and mother took her. We liked her like she'd been always with us. And we named a plant we've got to home the Emma-Jane verbena

cause she was fond of it.' Abby was crying softly. He put his favourite design.

arm around her. "I thought," he added, "that night, when you was a kissin' the flower, 'twarn't a lucky thing for you to do, seein' she'd dropped and died so easy. It

seemed as if it was a bad sign when we was makin' promises for life, my love.' The girl, in her impulsive way, sank down by the little grave. She flung her arm across it, and he tears fell fast on the little white, radiant blossoms. Orrin knelt beside her, and tried to draw her towards him.

"We shan't never misunderstand each other again, Abby ?" he whispered.

"No. Orrin. never !" And they kissed each other humbly, as children kiss who have quarrelled and made up.-Grace Winthrop, in the St. Louis Republican.

No medicine is more conscientiously prepared, more powerful, or more highly concentrated, than Ayer's Sarsparilla.

Its standard of excellency is the result careful study. This preparation is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the medical profession in the profession is acknowledged by the profession in the profession is acknowledged by the profession in the profession is acknowledged by the profession in the profession in the profession is acknowledged by the profession in the prof

WORDS OF WISDOM

I know of no blessing so small which can reasonably be expected without prayer, nor any so great but may be Destroy the worms or they may destroy the children. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and expel all kinds of worms.

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Malarial fever and chills are he broken up and prevented by using Mil-burn's Armatic Quinine Wine 1m

He who acts his strength is strong, and will be stronger. No injurious effects can follow the us matic poisons, together with remedia the system.

She "Passed" A worthy lady advertised for a plai however, none of them seemed to suit

her requirements, but at the eleventh hour a maiden from the Emerald Isle made application. In reply to a question she gave an affirmative answer, adding 'the plainer the better for me." "Tell me," he said, "did you think being further tested in an oral manner the good lady said—"My husband like his meat boiled, and I like mine roasted Now, if you get a fowl to cook, how would you do it? "Please, ma'am said the girl, "I would roast it first, an you could ate your share; then I would boil what you left for the masther." The girl obtained the situation.

One of the blesaed missions of thes see Emma-Jane with me. Come now!"

The girl shrank away. "No, no,"
she faltered. I couldn't. You wear
her flowers. You think they're too fine
for me. You—"

baby visitors to our homes is to keep
us from being too tidy, for there is such
a thing as being too nice by half in the
keeping of one's house. My wife was a
lave to the broom and dish-rag for the
four long years proceeding the birth of
our first baby. Now we have two boys, baby visitors to our homes is to keep four and two years of age, and she-well, she ''lets things go" in a manner that gives the boys and me great satisfaction. Things are no longer just se The curtains do not hang "exactly so, flopped clean over, chairs lie supinely on their backs for an hour st a time in the sitting-room; there are streaks made by moist little fingers on panes of glass once spotless and unblemished as crys tal; the books and ornaments on the table are all tumbled up; the papers in the rack are not folded evenly and spends a good deal of time cleaning up children to be orderly, "like little ladies and gentlemen," but I have always such children rather stiff and

freely happy youngsters I want my little boys to be while they are yet little boys.

Do Not Forget It. It is a fact that Nerviline cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nerviline contains the best, most powerful and the latest discovered remedies It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, Emma-Jane and me were great friends, I played with her. I made her boats

I played with her. I made her boats

Stiff neck, cranps, neuralgia colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle.

only 25 cents. Novelties in Inkstands A tiny ink-bottle is set in the centre of a silver knapsack.

A brouze bear scrambling over a fence has been made to do duty as an ink stand. The old oaken bucket, with its

picturesque well swept attachment, is a A pear made entirely of glass is hand-

somely mounted in metal and has a space for holding ink where its core should be. Devotees of the national game will appreciate an inkatand consisting of an ivory base ball, with the batter in

ronze close at hand. An attractive novelty is a grinning clown brass with the head stuck through a loop of the same material. The ink i

disclosed by lifting his peaked cap. An appropriate designment for a sporting man is a jockey cap in brass, with silver trimmings. It rests upon a couple of riding whips. The ink is hidden away under the topknot of the

For the girl who is afflicted with the yatching craze a nautical inkstand is by all odds the proper caper. By turning a windlass once around the well is dis-closed and a drawer opens containing

A Wonderful Organ The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chese's L ver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe book and modining \$1. Sold by all denomines. guaranteed to cure. Recipe book medicine \$1. Sold by all druggists.

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can unhesitatingly pronounce them th best cathartic in use."

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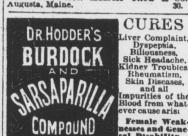
that distressing disease, catarrh. Her case was one of the worst known in these dies I ever saw advertised, but they of no use. I finally procured a bottle of Nasal Balm. She has used only one half of it, and now feels like a new person. I feel it my duty to say that Nasal Balm cannot be TOO HIGHLY recommended for catarrh troubles, and am pleased to have all such sufferers know through use they will receive instant relief and CHAS, MCGILL Farmer

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Casteria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

THE GOLD LESSON II, THIRD

NATIONAL SEF The Text of the Le in Ex. 22211, 15-

John v, 21-Comm "And Moses turn from the mount." saw Moses going up the revelation of G

sons and the sevent Joshua, and bidding ers to tarry till the they went up into the covered it. After unto Moses from the Moses went into the n was there forty day Joshua, and what J days, we are not told after God had given concerning the tab which are recorded i then gave him two ts of stone, written w (xxxi, 18), and said t the mount, for the p calf and were wo also said to Moses th people in His wrath great nation; but in sion of Moses on bel sented to spare then Written with the 18 Deut. ix. 10. in the ark were als the mount (Deut. x. set forth in these te which the holiness who would draw n favor, and this is type and symbol. deep significance plained by the Lor

the mount, and the in one point is go we may well excl saved?" But bless intercessor who sa wrath of God; an death became a now risen from th the law for every x, 4), and because intercession, He utmost (margin * nto God by Him and brake them he does in symbo and were doing l perfectly happy law of God. H and stop the ear see on every side continually brok perfectly happy fully set in the keep silence; a and it shall be Him. Now con lest He tear you to deliver." (P 20. "The calf In verse 35 it calf which Aar Moses says: "I ye had made." the children of the fruit of the We would sup

and plague (vs. generations wor boam at Bethe SOn: but it resu ten tribes, fro turned. Therethat sin will punished, and that shall he are not writte 15), and even t they shall b saved yet so The only thin not already d has already fa came sin for t live in us whatever He 21-24, Aar place the gui whom thou ne of the tr But he was a his excuses very angry thim; and I pr eart saw the and only by saved from because of the mit, we wou concerning we receive do good and (Jas. iv, 17.) is sin." (Ro to persons "The trans John iii, 4.)

sin." (Prov. 25. "The ploose). It w clothing o 26. "Who of Levi resp guilty ones whole nation whole visib fesses to be ilar consecr today in ord golden calf, clear consc number of say in our with Mose sons of Lev spirit and faith, and

not in our