Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "Tim such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fraggant smell:
How many a little child would griev
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop Upon the grass should say, "What can a little dewdrop do? I'd better roll away!" The blade on which it rested," Before the day was done, Without a drop to moisten it, Would wither in the sun.

uppose the little breezes, Upon a summer's day, would think themselves too faint

cool
Traveller on his way ?
Who would not miss the faintest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

If they were talking so?

A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
If wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love.

Funny J. Crosby.

want; and you had better buy them, for the Charpentiers iind it rather hard to pay their way sometimes."
"All'right," said Bob, drawing a long breath, after he had set the mended table in its place; "if I want any of their melons, I'll buy them."
That night, for the first time in his life, Bob made a speech. He did not like to let the club know that he had been asking questions about the melons patch, so he said nothing of the Charpen-tiers directly. But he pointed out the possibility that the owner of the melons might not like to lose them any more than to lose the cash he might sell them for.

piece to a broken drawer, his aunt came in and watched the work as she went on with her knitting.

"Aunt Julia," said Bob, "ian't there a large melon patch just across the river near the eight-acre lot?"

"Yea," he replied, "I think so. You mean the Charpenlier's "
"Yea," he replied, "I think so. You mean the Charpenlier's "
"Yea," thou when. What do they raise moions for?
"I don't know. Do they own it?"
"Yea, They are those French people you know." They are employed in the factory."
"I know them. What do they raise moions for?
"Why, to sell, child," said his aunt, laughing. "What else? You didn't think they raised hundreds of those big. melons for their own table, did," "No., said Bob. "In fact, I didn't think much about it."
Then he resumed his work on the table drawer. After a minute he went on.
"Do you suppose the Charpentiers would mind if I went down there some time and took a few of the melons."
"By you suppose the Charpentiers would mind if I went down there some time and took a few of the melons."
"Maybe they could spare one or two, is and the server distance of the first of the sould and then he explained why he had 'opposed the rail. At Tom's problem, and they clid it, too, receive in a untereplied, amilling; "but there is no need of that. You can yay any yawant, and you had better buy them, for

patch.

Bob's serpent was decidedly popular,
and he exhibited, until one windy night,
when it capsized and came all to pieces
as they tried to right it. The poor moral
serpent was swreck, but Bob had saved
his club from perpetrating a very wicked
and very mean bit of fun.

The state of the control of the cont

A Tenement House Incident.

(Susan Tesli Perry, in Evangelist.)
Katherine Washburn sat by the win-

some of the money she would have spent in the mountains, and sending Tommy to the country. Near her uncle's farm there was a good woman, who would be glad to board Tommy and do what she could for him. The woman was poor, but always found ways of doing good, and after Tommy had been in the country it would be so nice to have the faithful, loving old grand-mother go too. Katherine's father entered into his daughter's project with much interest, and the matter was settled to the young girl's joy, and also that of the grandmother and Tommy.

Katherine never felt so bappy in her life as she did the day Tommy was lifted into the cars and put in the care of a kind gentleman, who was going to the same place. She knew the old grandmother would miss him so she went over every day and read an hour or so to her, while she did her work.

After a month the grandmother was to her, while she did her work.

After a month the grandmother was fixed up to take a journey to the codnity and see the old spits of her girlhord days. When they both came back to the city, they came with new strength and new life. Katherine's brother did not sevening. "In ever knew there was a much good in that sister sayed at home with him.

"What a bleasing Kate has been to us this summer, father "the brother said one evening. "In ever knew there was a much good in that sister of mine, God bless her."

"The happiest kind of a time; girls," Katherine answered when they all came home and asked about her summer in the city.



A YER'S Sarsaparilla

Y-our best remedy for E-rysipelas, Catarrh R-heumatism, and S-crofula

Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes A-bscesses, Tumors R-unning Sores
S-curvy, Humors, Itch
A-nemia, Indigestion
P-imples, Blotches A-nd Carbuncles R-ingworm, Rashes I-mpure Blood L-anguidness, Dropsy L-iver Complaint A-II cured by

AYER'S

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

O wand after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Simday excepted) as follows:

10.6. In many control of the state o



September 7.

BOCKING THE BAI I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimplec
That round her neck entwin
As she rocks and rocks the bal
In the room just next to min

I hear her rocking the baby Each day when the twilight And I know there's a world o and love In the "baby-by" she hums.

In the "bady-by" she nums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's rin
The sweet little, smiling, pout
That to her in kissing olings
As she rocks and sings to the i
And dreams as she rocks and

I hear her rocking baby Slower and slower now, And I hear she is leaving herg On its eyes and cheek and b

From her rocking, rocking, roc
I wonder would she start,
Could she know through the wa
She is rocking on a heart—
While my empty arms are ach
For a form they may not ps
And my empty heart is breaki
In its desolate loneliness?

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to min
And breathe a prayer in silenc
At a mother's broken shrine
For the woman who rocks the
In the room just next to min

THE HOME

In many countries men as are trained to carry heavy los shoulders or the head, not onloss of physical activity, but creased agility, and with a poise and erectness of carriad seem to be the direct result of denbearing. There is a lesse for these of ou who carry he The Oriental woman with the has the air of a queen. If he riskome, as gets from it a ringe. It is as easy to get sir and sadness from its of each of the control Dignified by Eurden

We have all heard the sto father of the German bride his daughter a golden casket, injunction not golden casket, injunction not golden casket, injunction not golden casket, injunction not golden casket, injunction had a stored to be a stored to b

cling to the stove and files about ochen, covering all other things untildy dust.

Once a month is often enoughy blacking to a stove, prostichen is kept clean. It is east to clean a kitchen, but she model housekeeper who keep chen clean. This implies care, especially of the stove; or ashes that they do not float a of the very blacking that it become a source of dirt. If by toward accident something is the stove, it should be clean once, and not allowed to burn store, and it is probably the best wand it is probably the best wand it is probably the best wand. All these cases are unhapy ward accidents. The experience of the store o