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OR.

SOME ONE LOVES US BEST. BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

Said the rosics to the pansies, As they looked around the bowe "Who can drubt it, who deny it? We excel all other flowers. See our robes of many colors, And our petals smooth and fair; With a wealth of richest fracrance Fill we all the summer air."

Fin we ail the summer air. Not far off a finy violet Wailed till abe heard them through, Then, with gentle voice abe whispered "But the people love us too. Though we are not tain and stately, Though our faces are not fair, Search amid the richest garlands, You will find the violets there."

Soon there came a gentle maiden. As she looked the garden o'er, "Ah !" she cried, " you lovely rose All the world must you adore. But my place is very humble, Like the violets that I see; Ladies fair must wear the roses, Violets, you were born for me."

Violets, you were own for me. With her little hand she gathers Violets "white and violet ablue; Close upon her heart she lays them, Pure and fragmant, freah with dew. And the tiny violets trembling. Nostling closer to her breast, Cry: "We are not likewhe roses, Yet, you see, she loves us best."

Yet, you see, and loves us best." "Ah!" I thought, "the violets teach us Lessons sweet and lossons true; Though we are not like the roses, Some one's sure to love us too. "Hough we are not fair and stately, Mor in silk and jewel, dressed; If we are but kind and gentle, Some one's sure to love us best." *Like Congregationalist.*

THE HOME.

of the perils of our age is just here. It is at once an age of culture and a ma-being divided, part of them seeking only unaterial progress and treasures, while others seek only culture. It is said of a man well known in two routinents as a profound scholar that in the early period of his married life has de-termined to give one hour each day ab-olutely to his children. If devoted that hour to a study of their character and to the direction of their ways. He considered this particular hour engaged as saded to gene divery invitation and to the direction of their ways. He considered this particular hour engaged seased to open divery invitation and cult and occupation which might marked. The result was his children the consult him treely on every human dive studiere couldence in human and his children could be and the one of the could be and the first and occupation which might provide the open studies are and the himitarity which existed between this of it, awing: "I am too hus ygrubbing all day to car I amething to leave my to his children make hor the to his children make hor the

children. I have no time for such idle-ness." This busy man bequesthed a fortune to bis children, which for want of discip-line and principle they soon soundered, while his friend, whore familiar associa-tion with his children he smeeringly call-disconse, gave to his some and daugh-ters noble principles, more to be desired than gold. Thousands of parents who have lived a Christian life and offered many prayers for their offspring, and given all their time and strength to them, and now bemoan their impratitude and waywardness, might find the secret cause of the great calamity in their own failure to maintain familiar and confiden-tial relations with them as they grew to manhood and womshood. — Christian Adoccate.

THE FARM.

Carrie

MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

