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|  | LATE FOREIGN NEWS | $\begin{aligned} & \text { To-Morrow. } \\ & \text { "Ah wait," he cries, " but a little lon! } \\ & \text { elt,"- The young eyes glowing with holy fire,- } \end{aligned}$ |
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Golden Thouebts for Every Day．
Sunday－





 vhat direction we are moving．To reach
he port of Heaven we must sail sometimes
 Weedhesday－A back ward look over the
departed year can hardy faio to be tinged
with sadness．The menory of its lost
 over scenes which，as weast passod tor thoug
hen，were bathed in sunlight and
nany joys．
hould no
 and usefuluess to others．That way is op．
portunity that way is duty that way in
the way for roterieval of pat errors ；that
way is unefulness to others and improve．








 and if you saw them．To lio tright to．
a is the best preparation for the morrow．

Dall Times．
There＇s weeping now and wailing too
Among those genial powers
Which rostwile ued ou laugh anid sing
Throuthonit thed


Ad in a wretched horus
Theny yifg this dismal song－
Oh，theen are dull hard timos for as，
The open car is gone！
A Lonnsome Family．


＂Because $I$ heard her tell paph pyesterday
that nobody ever came to the hoase except
nen with bills to collect．＂
Fitting Advice．


