

each chord. It speaks his feelings, mourning in his woes, And smiling in his joy. It fills his

houseke

heart With an exulting bliss, stirs up the him to battle, melts him

into love, And lifts his thoughts in rapt desire to Heaven!

E'en as the rose-tint paints the lily pale

"Dat so," replict the source of the source o

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS.

I know, but there's a fresh crop of boys coming into the field daily, to whom, ever, it must be new; and if but one of each day's crop would take the old story to heart, the world in general would be better off and the boy himself would profit by

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER.

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ris. Preliminary advice free. Char c. Our inventor's Adviser sent un Marion & Marion, New York Life Bl 1; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A

Like a very test was Brown Olive's We and Mrs. Rain tachiag. This pleasant rect of riding the pony was shared ly by her and Guy, and if, some the lady objected with a frow the lady objected with a frow a pout to this arrangement, or word from Marjory, or with happened to be near, set her again. Yes, Miss Olive was derfully improving, was what loy said in those fast fleeting by days. 'Then something hap

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