Our Minister's Sermon. The manuster said last night, said he, The manneter said last night, said he,

"Don't be afraid of givin':

If your lite ain't worth nothing to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"

And that's what I said to my wife, said I,

"There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,

He a coner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buying a dinner."

you our minister's prime, he is, at feouldn't quite determine, he feeard him a-givin' it right and left, no was hit by his sermon.

there couldn't be no mistake When he talked of long-winded prayin',
for heters and Johnson, they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say, ceicion's as good for every day
it 1- to bring to meetin'.

link much of the man that gives spends his time the followin' week me tin' and over-reachin'.'

iess that dose was bitter enough it a nan like Jones to swallow, iced that he didn't open his mouth "Harrau," said I, "for the minister" rse I said it quiet—
some more of this open talk,
ry refreshin' diet."

muster hit 'em every time, then he spoke of fashion, wo nan's ruling passion,

ui in't help a-winkin' -midging my wife, and says I, "That's you," quess it sot her a-thinkin'. myself, "That sermon's pat, much afraid that most of the folks

in take the application."
If he had said a word about
ersonal mode of sinnin',
we gone to work to right myself, sat there a-grinnin' n the minister, said he, now I've come to the fellers ve lost this shower by usin' their friends

says he, "and find your faults. Blend of huntin' your brothers', onne," says he, "and wear the coats in fred to fit for others." e she nudged, and Brown he winked,

il liere were lots o' smilin', o' looking at our pew, ny blood a-bilin'; ny myself, "Our minister toin' a little bitter, beim when the meetin's out that I be that kind of a critter."

Their Summer Vacation. vithin his office, in the city's busy mart

aght this very happy thought: et country places where the scenes that And all the city's noises shall be lost to eye and ith all this ceaseless rush; I'm weary of pleasure it would be to lead

and my week's vacation in the country ant fields and solitude are just the thing and free, He canabed up in the old barn's mow to feed the

horses hay,
And thought this very happy thought: "To-mor- would so much enjoy having her." Fow I'll away
From all this dull monotony and dreary stretch Why must I all my dreary days plod one prosaic oh, I would dwell where busy hands in multitudes abound! I'll spend my week's vacation in the city's throb-Of which, did fortune favor me, I'd be an active

Each went to the desired place, but very strange to say, Each one, before the week was up, was glad to come away.

They found each other's joys of white were fleeked with shades of black.

Though each were glad to go, yet both were gladder to get back.

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES Here madame was obliged to wipe away

her tears, and her voice was broken with sobs as she continued: "He and many others that had been with him were arrested, thrown into prison, then marched out of Paris, away, I knew not whither; I only anew that it was a burning summer day-inst his sufferings would be terrible. I found him again after a time; he was imprisoned at Z ... He was still alive. I went there, mon enfant, and with many of The start was made early in the morning, his colleagues he was tried. Some were condemned to death, others to transwhat my feelings were, as I waited to hear in keeping watch over the numerons that awful sentence. But God heard my possessions, ranging from butterfly nets to prayers. Victor was not shot; he was air-cushions and lucheon baskets. transported for lile. I saw him again before his ship sailed, and then, though I was so thankful for his life, yet, mon enfant, rail to Llanberis, the children in a state of it was very hard, very hitter. He supported uproarious merriment, Mme. Lemercier me, however; he told me that this trans- and Esperance talking and gesticulating, portation was no real digrace, that he had and Frances and Mr. Henderson finding sunk when she found herself once more merely done what he considered his duty. plenty of time for almost equally animated ing France. I think that but for me he division, Mr. Henderson well armed with would rather have died, and one of the last oilskin bags and fern trowels, preparing to would rasher have died, and one of she has offend to the she had been the said to me was, 'Antoinette, I go up Snowdon, with Fred and Harry as drawing room; then he carried her trunk am thankful that the young De Mabillon is companions, while the rest of the party upstairs and disappeared. saved from this; I might have dragged arranged themselves in a capacious him with me to his ruin, had he not been so shocked by the death of Clement Thomas." " Poor monsieur, he was always so brave

and good," said Esperance, crying from sympathy. "And you, dear madame, what happened to you then?

For days, mon enfant, I was like one walk up and down the pier from which I could not bring herself to associate any-had seen his ship sail. At last an English thing sad with the surrounding beauty stupefied; I could only look at the sea, and lady, who guessed, I suppose, that I was a the ruined tower, the calm lake, the rugged relative of one of the emigrants, introduced granite-crowned mountains, were too rest-berself to me, as I was walking backward ful, beautiful, too calmly grand—she could and forward distractedly one day. She not think of the past at all, and Maggie found out my trouble, inquired what I could not win her sympathy for the tragedy meant to do, and showed me all possible of poor Margaret.

kindness. I told her that I had scarcely any money, that I means to get a situation as a governess if I could meet with one, money to join my husband in his exile; was not sorry to be in Rilchester again, for and that in time I hoped to save enough ill, and I half hoped I might die. But the lady, Mrs. Henderson, said that she knew of a situation in England whitch was a later of the deanery porch, for the half was a situation in England whitch was a later of the deanery porch, for the half was a situation in England whitch was a later of the deanery porch, for the high was bitter cold.

When the door was thrown open, a situation in England whitch was a later of the deanery porch, for the high was bitter cold.

When the door was thrown open, a seven-year-old teeth, and had been disappointed that scarcely wiscome, which in the present chilliness of welcome, which in the present chilliness of two any them the door was thrown open, a place, while Bella had been cutting her two, who was always much better behaved two, when the door was thrown open, a presty picture was revealed. The hall was two left to himself, and so brightly lighted, the thied floor was stream two con, which in the present chilliness of the children cond.

I have been made evergeen. Bertha stood in the children condition of the hall was two contents of the deanery porch, for the hall was two cities was really comforting. Bella, her feelings was really comforting. Bella, her f not that I was very hopeful that day, for she had found two months at the watering-

had terrible suffering indeed. You have not told me, though, where Mr. Henderson lives."

" In Devonshire ma chere-a very presty estate of which Marguerite will be the heiress. We make now a tour in Wales, are staying for a few days at Bangor."

Frances, who had wandered away with the children, came back in time to hear this, and began to persuade Mme. remonstrate with the dean. Lemercier to spend a day with them at Llanfairfechan.

"You are very good; it would make me such pleasure," said madame; "but I can wait." think all the days are arranged; we go tomorrow to the Ogwen, and shall leave Bangor in two or three days."

Frances was sorry, as she was sure Esperance would like to see more of Mme. Lemercier; however, they had another long tete-a tete when Mr. Henderson and his little girl returned, for Kathie was eager to have Maggie for a play-fellow, and, with the boys for protectors, they were allowed to follow their own devices; while Mr. Henderson was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Frances, and talked for at least half an hour over his favorite hobby of

" I have been disappointed in not finding more of the parsley ferns," Mr. Henderson was saying. "I had always heard of it as being so acundant in Wales."

"My brother in law found any quantity growing in Snowdon," said Frances. " Have you been there yet?'

"No, but I had some thought of striking inland again in a day or two. I have promised to take my little girl to Llanberis. to him breathlessly.

"Oh, papa! we are so happy, and, do you know, Kathie Worthington is just my age—is it not funny ?—and we mean always to be friends. And, papa, she has never been to Llanberis. Don't you think it would be very nice if we could go together ? "

Mr. Henderson laughed. "Children's thoughts run apace," he said, glancing at Frances. "Well, Maggie dear, we must see what Miss Neville says to this idea of yours. Run off now, and enjoy your play."

The little girl ran away obediently, well hands, and Mr. Henderson turned to the place till this was the result." Frances with a smile.

" Perhaps, after all, Maggie's wish would give pleasure, to some one beside herself," said Mr. Henderson, half hesitatingly. 'Would it be possible for us to join forces Miss Neville, and make the excursion to Llanberis together?"

"It is very good of you to think of it," said Frances; "but we are such a large party we should only hamper you, and, indeed, I am half afraid it would be too tiring for our invalid."

"There would be no walking," explained Mr. Henderson, " and Madame Lemercier "We will talk it over with her,"

gested Frances. " It would be very delight-I'm so ng to the city where there's something to ful, and I know the boys are crazy to see

Both Mme. Lemercier and Esperance Llanberis expedition, that Frances could just within her reach, and had been sudhesitate no longer, and indeed, Esperance was looking so much bester, and appeared so little tired with her walk up the glen Bertha. that there seemed no reason against trying the longer day. Esperance went about now with a radiant

expression, the sight of Mme. Lemercier's home-like face had made her feel much less forlorn, and she had greatly enjoyed their long talk together. Her strength returned rapidly, her spirits rose, and all the old adopted that child."

That is sheer nor seemed well-nigh crushed out of her, came in her abrupt way. back once more. Frances felt quite happy about her, for she knew that she was taking the present happiness as a preparation for the return to life at Rilchester, and she bent all her efforts to make the month in Wales as enjoyable as possible.

Monday proved to be one of those delicious days of early September, when even the most inveterate weather-grumbler cannot complain—a day of sunshine and soft breezy air, of blue sky and fleecy white clouds a day, Esperance declared, on which it was impossible not to feel happy. Frances, with a sense of responsibility, driving with her four charges to the station,

met them at Bangor, and they went on by conversation. At Llanberis there was a who had a good deal of romance in her disposition, insisted on telling them all the legend of Dolbadarn Castle, and, indeed, it was partly owing to her pity and admiration for the beautiful heroine, Margaret, that she had been so very anxious to come

to Llanberis. Esperance listened half dreamily, but

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Mortlake had just returned from Scarborough, and, to tell the truth, she Marguerite. There! mon enjant, I have was waiting for her father and Cornelia, told you all now."

"Thank you, dear madame. You have and the breakfast was growing cold, they

still lingered over their letters in the library. Mrs. Mortlake, with growing dissatisfaction, out the leaves of the " Guardian," and read the list of preferments, glanced through the topics of the week, skimmed the correspondence, counted the number of ladies had come." finally, with an impatient exclamation, rose a soul have I seen except Bella and nurse and crossed the hall to the library to

"My dear father, breakfast has been ready for half an hour," she said, in a reproachful tone. "Surely these letters

Cornelia looked up; her face wore startled, agitated expression. "What is it, Christabel? Breakfast did

you say? Yes, I will come. You would like a cup of tea in here, quietly, would you not ?" she said, turning to the dean. He assented, but did not look up, and Christabel, full of curiosity, hastened back to the breakfast-room, wondering what bad news the post could have brought. She functed it must be in some way connected with the Mabillons; no doubt her father would feel it a good deal now if either Gaspard or Esperance met with any disaster,

but, after all, need he reproach himself? He had been very liberal, and they were only cousins. Children and grandchildren certainly ought to be the first consideration. She had made so sure that the trouble was connected with her cousins, that she utterance as she came into the room, closing to her grave words of pity, with a convicthe door behind her.

"Well, Christabel, I don't know what is this kind of sorrow, and had no right to to be done; George Palgrave has proposed talk. Now with a sense of relief, she told to Bertha." "To Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mort-

lake; "how altogether absurd. He must have known my father would not allow it." " On the contrary," said Cornelia, "they don't seem to have the least idea that he will object. George writes very properly, apologizing for having spoken to Bertha before he had asked father's leave, and explaining how it was that he was betrayed into a confession of his love before he had intended. It seems that he went to see grannie is when she gets young people with her, she did nothing but plan excursions content to leave things in her father's for them, and kept George hanging about received.

must come home at once; I am afraid we meat, and Lady Worthington began to have been partly to blame in this, we ought arrang the Christmas festivities. to have spoken to her in the summer, only of course I always thought she looked upon him as a sort of substitute for a brother." "Of course," said Mrs. Mortlake. "I

known that my father would never tolerate such a think. A poor man and a cousinpreposterous!" "Do not be hard on her," said Cornelia,

pitying; " I feel as if it were all my fault for not speaking to her, and now she will have such sorrow, poor child."

Cornelia was unusually tender-hearted were so delighted with the idea of the age, when love and happiness had see denly snatched from her, leaving her chilled can do a good deal, you see, with our own and embittered. Her heart sched for poor party.

Mrs. Mortlake was more angry than pitiful. " We have Esperance to thank for this," she said, in her vexed voice. " No doubt it at the last moment. I have set my heart

was all brought on by that visit to the upon having him for this dance." Palgraves in the summer. I knew no good would ever come of it, when my father 'That is sheer nonsense," said Cornelia,

in her abrupt way. "The only thing I do regret a little is, that you have taken away Esperance's attic, and put her in Bertha's room-the child will want to be alone." "On the contrary, I think it will be very

good for her to have a companion ; Esperance's chatter will keep her from broading over her troubles; besides, I asked her in my last letter, and she made no objection. The attic makes a capital play-room for Bella." Cornelia did not care to continue the

conversation, and soon left the table to acceptance." begin the difficult task of writing to Bertha, which Mrs. Mortlake altogether declined. Bertha came home the next day, and

early in the following week Esperance also and feeling glad to have Esperance's help returned. Frances Neville was coming back with the children to Worthington, so she was able to take her home in her carriage. Esperance had made up her Madame, Mr. Henderson, and Maggie mind to be very brave—she had even persuaded herself that she rather wished to get to the discipline of Rilchester, that she was anxious to be at work again after her long holiday; but in spite of this her heart deanery. The dean and Miss Collinson were at afternoon service, the footman told her, and Mrs. Mortlake had visitors in the

Esperance stood quite still, as if anxious to face her position. Her eyes wandered from the blue-and-white tiled floor to the frosted windows, up the dark cak staircase, and round the wainscoted walls, and she shivered a little as she remembered that this was a "coming home." She looked at the pictures of the dean's predessors, and fancied they looked down at her pityingly, while the brown, glassy eyes of the two stags' heads looked almost tearful, and seemed to say, "We are sorry for you; we too are prisoners, out of our natural element."

She felt the tears gathering in her own eyes, and with an impatient exclamation roused herself, and went upstairs to her room. Forlorn and uncomfortable as it had been, she received a sharp pang when she found that the attic was no longer hers it was all strewn with toys, Bella was in one of the corners, beating a refractory doll, and her nurse was working near the

window.

both arms round her neck before she could rise. She submitted to one of those warm, olinging French embraces, which Esperance was wont to give her, then said in her

" I have been here five minutes, and not just think of that! You will have to kiss me for all the rest of the family.

"You look much better," said Bertha, still very languidly. "Yes, I am quite well; it is you who look like the invalid. What is it, Bertha?

I am sure you are ill!" But she was not prepared for a sudden outburst of tears from her usually reserved cousin. Bertha had in truth found Esperance's endearments too much for her. In a few minutes she had, whether wisely or not, sobbed out the whole story to this most sympathetic of auditors. It had been no comfort to her to speak of it to the others. She had sat in one of the great library chairs, and heard her father express his slow, hesitating regrets that he was obliged to cross her wishes, and only grown in its sweet gravity or its smiling radiance more heavy-hearted. She had listened to and animation. Mrs. Mortiake as she sat over her bazaar work, showing the many worldly advantages she would have lost had she been able to marry George Palgrave, and had hurried away, at once sore-hearted and angry. She had was doubly startled by Cornelia's abrupt Cornelia in her study and had only listened tion that her sister had never experienced

> reproof, who would not add to her distress by saying, "You ought to have known." They went down stairs together, and Esperance received a kind greeting from her uncle and Cornelia, and a cold kiss from Mrs. Mortlake; there were some inquiries after her health, and a little conversation about Welsh scenery, and then

all to one who would sympathize without

deanery. She was constantly on the lockout for grannie at St. Leonards, and found Bertha little ways of helping Cornelia now, for she staying there; they were a great deal had a vivid remembrance of her kindness thrown together, and you know what to Gaspard, and the trouble she had taken during her illness; and Cornelia was not

So the autumn passed away, and the frosty weather set in; furs and winter wraps were brought out, housekeepers sively hot drawing-room, where he was refuse his consent. Bertha, poor child, thought of their plum puddings and mince-

"We must have a dance," she said her sister, one December morning. delightfully mixed dance, to which all have no patience with her, she must have cathedral dignitaries down to Mr. Jones' dispenser. I do like everybody to be happy. and for once all the cliques will be fused.' "They will keep in their own sets, I fancy," said Frances, " whatever you do.' " Well, we shall do our best," said Lady Worthington, hopefully, " and at any rate they will be all under one roof, dancing to the same music—surely that will establish this morning; she was thinking of an a sort of fraternity? Clauda Magnay will pisode in her own life, years and years be here, too, and he knows everybody, and will dance with any one; and have some of his cousins down here.

> "When does Claude come?" "On the 23rd, and he has solemnly promised that he will not overwork himself as he did last year, and disappoint us just "To dance with the Misses Smith?

said Frances, laughing.
"Yes, to be useful, and to brighten everybody up. It does one good to look at Claude, especially when he is in a holiday humor. He is the most unspoiled genius ever knew, and so delightfully fresh and young still."

"Yes, he does not look four-and-twenty. By the bye, will not Esperance come out this winter? "I should think so, and we must have

her to this dance, whether or no. Let us write the invitations now, and we will send her a separate one, so that Mrs. Mortiake shall not have a chance of preventing her "You most cunning Katharine! I should

never have thought of that." "My dear, one must be careful with

such people as Mrs. Mortiske—I do not trust her in the least." The invitations were received at the

deanery with much satisfaction. Mrs. Mortlake did indeed demur whether Esperance was old enough to go, but Cornelia was determined that she should have this pleasure, and made her write to accept it, condescending to talk of such trivial matters as ball-dresses in order to please

It seemed likely to be what every one called an old-fashioned Christmas, for on the 23rd there was a heavy fall of snow, and Claude Magnay, as he traveled down to Worthington Hall, was not sorry to find the usually bare, bleak country beautified by this white covering.

On Christmas eve Lady Worthington seemed bent upon making him useful, and in the afternoon asked him accompany her

on foot to Rilchester. So the matter was arranged, and Lady Worthington and her companion started at once on their snowy expedition, rather enjoying the novelty of trudging along country roads, with a keen north wind driving the snow-flakes in their faces. They shopped continuously for two hours, and it was quite dusk before they turned home again; but buying Christmas presents is tiring work, and the air was intensely cold. Lady Worthington paused involun-tarily as they passed the gateway of the

Vicar's Court. "What do you say to a cup of tea, Claude, and just a few minutes by a fire, before we leave the town? I am sure the dean would be delighted to see you, and Mrs. Mortiake's tea is excellent."

Claude thought the idea a good one, and certainly it was a relief even to stand in

She sprung down in a great hurry on seing the visitors, and Lady Worthington

kissed her affectionately, while Class looked and wondered. His " Mariana was gone! this glowing-complexioned child of the south, with her innocent wayy quiet, impassive voice, "I did not know you hair and her bright eyes, was not

was indeed Esperance? He still gazed and wondered. Esperance half put out her hand, then drew it back, a little vexed that he had so evidently forgotton her.

" My uncle will be delighted to see you. Mr. Magnay," she said, with a charming

little touch of hauteur." Claude startled, as if from a dream, and the two shock hands warmly. "A thousand pardons !- out you are so altered that I hardly recognized you."

"Ah! it is my short hair," said Esperance, coloring and laughing. Claude did not contradict her, but in reality it was the change in her expression which he meant. " Mariana" had fascinated him, but this was something far higher! He longed for fresh opportunities of studying her face, so bewitching, whether

" I hope you have good accounts of your brother," he said, delighting in the swift kindiing of the eyes at his words.

"Yes, Gaspard is very well, 'sne replied I hear from him every week, such long letters, too, almost like a journal."

" And does he like his work? " Very much indeed. He has to superintend the coolies you know, and see that they work well; he is out-of-doors all day long, and is getting so strong and well again. I always feel when I read his letters how very much we owe to you and Sir Henry Worthington; I have always longed to tell you how very, very grateful 1 was, and Gaspard told me it was quite your doing that he came to Rilchester it was so good of you to send him; is made the parting so much less bitter.

There was deep gratitude in her she settled down into her old niche at the expression, just touched with sadness, then in a moment she smiled again, that pure, radient, winning smile. Clands fell as if he were in some delicious dream he made some brief response, he hardly knew what, and then Esperance spoke again.

"There is tea in the drawing room, will insensible to the attentions she had you not come in? You must be very cold after your long walk."

Claude rabbed his snowy shoes on the mat, and followed into the almost oppreswarmly received by the rest of the family. He was a favorite with the dean, and was at once pounced upon to listen to something about the planet Mars, and some late improvements which had been made in the telescope, and fortunately the dean was too Rilchester shall be invited, from the much engrossed to notice that Claude's answers were vague and monosyllabic, or to perceive that he was bestowing all his attention on Esperance.

He did not speak to her much more that evening. Lady Worthington soon rose to go, and he was glad to hear her say to Esperance, "We shall see you then on Thursday evening; mind you come in good time."

Esperance promised, smiling, and then she followed tnem into the hall, picking up Henry will her fallen wreath, and standing in the doorway to the cold.

Claude walked away in silence, treasuring up his last vision of her as she stood on the white door step, holding her holly wreath. He began to think less about painting her. What if he could make her his own, not artistically but in reality! What if he could shield her from some of the sharp, pieroing, sorrows of this wintry world! "Well, Claude, you found your 'Mariana' a good deal changed, did you not?" said Lady Worthington.

"Quite; it is an angel face now," and Claude did not speak again, but fell into a deep reverie, and Lady Worthington did not disturb him.

(To be continued).

Fruits as Food.

It may be positively asserted that even the modern housekeeper, intelligent above her predecessors though she may be, still fails to appreciate the value of fruits. Nothing among all the productions of our bountiful mother can compare in richness and beauty, with their hues and flavors. Above all they give tone to the digestive organs, antidote biliary derangements, and afford an innumerable variety of dishes at once delicate and nutritious. Who rightly values the worth of the Northern apple or the date, that fruit which for half the year is the staple food of an Oriental race? Every breakfast table in the land ought each day to have a central dish of fruit, either cooked or in its native state. Oranges and melons, apple and grapes, figs and dates, currents and the royal line of berries, cherries and gooseberries, plums and pears, apricots and peaches, pananas and grape fruits, all are rounded in outline, exqueite in coloring and delicious to the taste. In one respect all fruits are alike. They should be eaten only when perfectly ripe and as fresh as they can possibly be procured. The unfortunate denizens of large cities may be compelled to consume them after being hawked about the streets and plentifully sprinkled with dust, but that is the price they pay for other privileges. Good Housekeeping.

Secret of Being Charming to Others.

The world to-day is filled with half morbid young people wishing they only knew how to make themselves more interesting and attractive to others. It is not a desire to be blamed, but one to be encouraged. The only trouble is that they get their attention concentrated on themselves, and the more they think of themselves the less do people want to look at the object they propose shall be attractive. No one ever fails to be delighted with a person who, having spent several summers in some enchanting spot in the mountains, takes in hand him, a stranger there, and leads him to the most poetic cascades or the sublimest points of outlook the whole region the shelter of the deanery porch, for the offers. Here, then, lies the secret of prov-

(London Christian (A little girl was hear prayer with these words little girl on the street footed: but it's none

" None of our business ! All through the streets Hungry and hemeless in

"Nore of our business Haggard and old with Hold fast your darlings What does it matter that

Some common mother Wails in a garret or sits
Too broken-hearted for " None of our business

How they may jostle a Hold back your garmen to it: Pass on the other side "None of our business

On with the teasting,

Somebody's hungry, so Somebody's soul will

Somebody's dying (on w One for earth's pot a One for a bauble has be Selling his all for a Ah! but One goeth abr Over lone deserts wit Seeking the lost ones in

Bruised though His His hands. Thorn-crowned Bis b stricken (Saving men's souls a Broken His beart for the

> The Three Three bachelors siept 1 In their shuttered r

high; Not one of them felt h Or take his t reaktas: For sing e men may i Till ten o'clock in th Three fair maids s

three-On these bachelers town ; They waltzed, they san And had their known; For it matters not if the maids are awake

And sometimes rise Three married men They felt for their And thoroughly real For women will never When there's breaklas

Though it's five oc There are hearts

At the whirling swor That are ready alike 'Neath the sabre's From the murdere But lips that laugh a Turn silent and whith

Bring it nigh, and And the rope on th Have less terror to The hand to be quit

The hour with torius But death is less tes A shudder betrays to While the quivering Are gashed by the ke

1 oint.

It has recked in the artill purple and was blood;

Drippingst comes for While grazing eyes kinte. Braggarts in courage At the cannon's mod Ye who have strugged With your wide with sward— Oh! boast no more:

And a dread of the g That rest on the wor The O Gosh t' goodte When the yal Tures to p When the da

Lumoved with a bre

An' we all There's the Primest ! Ginst the Watchin Catchin' o

An' we watel 'Mong the Rushes wher That old rail Into words For it's hel Of the farme Turos its yo Into purple a

When the t

Th

Goodness! w

All ill-traught calm And in the distance The lightning darts And the dread thun And wares the ru

It roars and whir The rustic's work And many a man The pretty cois tha And boughs were The storm bath ra turned Confu-ed in wrec

With mighty rush i

Saturday night street station, Lo on duty because a prominent per improvement of force bad been re Eventually this and the Bow str Yesterday 49 of. were suspende: last night. As house for their hooted at by a or

ontaide. " Papa," said I made of dust? were you would