His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On that same evening a large party was assembled at Dene Abbey, and Sir Basil made a great effort to give his mind to the present. He tried to forget the beautiful voice he had heard and the sweet face he had seen in the old gray church; he tried to forget the stern, haggard man looking with sad, wearied eyes over the waste of waters. He did his best; but the eyes of love are keen, and Leah saw that he was quiet and talked less than usual.

How she loved him! How her whole heart shone in her face as she went up to him! How the love-light glistened in her dark eyes and the sweet, sensitive lips trembled with their love-sighs! She had a pretty caressing fashion of going behind him and whispering loving words that no one else could hear.

"Basil, my darling," she said tremulously, "you have tired yourself with that long ramble. I felt almost jealous because you did not ask me to go with you."

He forced himself to talk to her, and he promised to row her as far as St. Margaret's Bay on the morrow.

"I will sing for you," she said. "A new song came for me this morning. It is dedicated to me; I have been asked twenty times to-day to sing it, but I resolved that you should be the first to hear it. It is called 'The Tryst;' the words and the accompaniment are alike beautiful. Listen, and tell me what you think."

"I will come with you," he said. He was sitting at the far end of the room, away from the piano.

"No; I want you to stay and listen critically," she replied, laughingly.

He did listen critically, wondering what there was in the rich contralto that reminded him so forcibly of the clear, ringing soprano he had heard in the old gray church.

"She glided o'er the meadow grass,
And through the young green corn;
Sweet as the summer blossoms she was,
And fresh as summer morn.
We laughed and loved beside the brook,
That sang its gay refrain;
And where we met that day, my love,
We swore to meet again.

"But sere the grass was dry and brown,
Amid the ripening corn,
Up to the churchyard on the down
A maiden's corpse was borne.
I weep alone beside the brook,
All swoll'n with autumn rain;
For where we met that day, my love,
We shall not meet again."

No one spoke to Leah as she went back to her place by her lover's side.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"How could I help it?" he cried. "But there is something strangely familiar to me in your voice. I had a peculiar, weird sensation, as though I had heard it in another world."

"That is impossible," she replied, laughingly. "If I had met you in another world I should have remembered it. I was jealous and pained for whole days after you said that you thought another face fairer—no, sweeter than mine. If my voice reminds you of another's I will never sing one note to you again."

He was flattered by her jealousy; but it did not pain him as it would have done had he loved her.

"Basil," she said, gently, "do you think I am very jealous?"

"I do not, Leah. I hope not. I should imagine that to be jealous must cause acute pain."

"Do you not know what it is like," she said—"this pain of jealousy?"

"No," he replied. "I do not remember that I was ever jealous in my whole life. Ah, yes, once I remember! When my sister's lover came, and I knew in my boyish heart that he was to take her from me—I was jealous then. I remember, too, that for a time I hated the man who was going to marry her. I have never been jealous since."

"Never?" asked Leah.

"No," Sir Basil laughed; "I may safely say never."

"Do you think that jealousy is a sign of love?" asked Leah, wistfully.

"I cannot tell. I have never thought about it," he replied. "I should almost say not."

"And I think the two must go together," said Leah. "I am jealous. I am sure that if you paid much attention to any one else, or said that any girl was very pretty, or looked at any one as though you admired her very much, I should be jealous."

"I do not see why," he said gently.

"Ah, then, you do not understand, Basil," she rejoined. "I cannot help it. I do not wish to be jealous; I do not make myself jealous; it comes naturally. Yesterday, when you were talking to Lady Grantleigh, she was laughing and looking up at you; and your eyes were so bright, Basil, I felt a pain as of a wound inflicted by a sharp knife. Basil," she whispered, "have you ever been jealous of me?"

"No," he replied, frankly, "never, Leah."

"Never, Basil? Ah, then, I am sure you do not love me as much as I love you. Are you quite sure?"

"I am sure," laughed Sir Basil.

"I do not understand that. When you see other men around me, and hear the compliments they pay me, do you never feel any jealousy?"

"No, on the contrary, I like to see you admired."

"The other day," she continued, "when Major Stapleton followed me to the piano, and would turn over the leaves of my song, looking so sentimental about it, were you not jealous?"

"No, I thought him very kind," answered Sir Basil, cheerfully.

"I will try to make you jealous," she said.

"Never play with fire, Leah," he remarked. "We are happy. What new element do you want to introduce into our happiness?"

"I do not want a new element," she said—"only to deepen an old one."

"What is that, Leah?" he asked.

"I should like you to love me more," she said. "Sometimes it seems to me that I ask for bread, and you give me a stone. It may be my fancy; but I cannot help thinking that I love you better than you love me."

"How can you measure love?" he asked.

"By love," she replied, quickly. "There is no other way."

"You must have patience with me, Leah," he said. "I am a novice in all these matters."

"You ought not to be a novice now," she replied. "I wish you would tell me when you really began to love me."

"Leah, you like to talk about love," he said, endeavoring to turn the conversation.

"Do I?" she questioned, gently. "It must be because my heart is so full of it."

She left Sir Basil more than a little puzzled. If jealousy were part of love, then assuredly he knew not love, for he knew no jealousy. And he wondered whether Leah would ever find this out.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Sir Basil started for Rosewalk the next day, he honestly believed that he was going to see Martin Ray from the most honorable and the highest motives. He might, of course, see the beautiful singer again; it was not improbable; but he was not going for that purpose.

A second time he left the Abbey for a long ramble without asking Leah to accompany him. This time she noticed it, but said nothing.

When he reached Rosewalk, a young and beautiful girl was seated near the wall overlooking the sea. What, at the first sight of her, made his heart beat so fast? He had to pass close by her, but he would not look at the golden hair and sweet face. He went into the quaint flower-wreathed porch and tapped at the door. Then, as one watches things in a dream, he saw the young girl arise and walk toward him with a firm graceful step.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I want to see Mr. Martin Ray."

"My father!" she replied. "He is not at home."

"Not at home," repeated Sir Basil. "I am sorry for that. I was to see him to-day, and I have walked some distance. Have I your permission to wait until he returns?"

"You can wait if you wish to do so," she replied; "but the hour of his return is quite uncertain."

"If you will allow me, I will risk it," he said. "I do not think any one could find a more beautiful spot than this in which to while away the time."

He sat down on the pretty rustic bench, which was so placed that one could see the incoming tide.

For a few minutes they were silent. Hettie did not raise her eyes from her work, and he was wondering why the presence of this one woman made so great a difference to him.

"I heard you singing in church last Sunday," he said. "I have been staying in this neighborhood for some time. You have a very beautiful voice; I was quite delighted with it."

"I am fond of music," she answered—"above all things, I am fond of singing; it is the one pleasure of my life. I forget everything else when I sing."

"Is there so much in your life that you would like to forget," he asked suddenly—"so young a life as yours?"

"I am not sure," she replied. "There are some things I should like to be able to think less about."

"I should not have thought," he said, "that you had had any trouble in life. You are young, and your face has something of the joy of childhood in it."

Then he talked to her of the country, of the sea, and of her father; and he was delighted with her enthusiasm about him. If gentle Hettie in her heart hated anything, it was this world which had not acknowledged her father's worth. She did not know much about his doctrines and belief; he had not given himself the trouble to teach her. She had every quality that went to make a noble woman; but she was not talented.

"There must be good," Sir Basil said to himself, "in one who is loved as she loves her father."

And, though the duke, in his quiet haughty way, had denounced him, Martin Ray rose from that moment in Sir Basil's estimation.

He told her about the picture in the academy and in her turn how the artist had come and taken a sketch of her face.

"You seem to live quite out of the world here," he said.

And then she told him of her busy life, and how, do what she would, she could not make the days long enough.

He sat by the ivy-covered wall more than an hour; and when at last he rose, longing to stay, yet aware that he had been there long enough, they both felt as though they had been friends for years.

He was so different from the type of men who had come to see Hettie's father hitherto. During her whole life she did not remember to have talked to any one like him.

The music of the sea was sweeter that night than ever; and Hettie fell asleep with a smile on her lips; and dreamed of a dark face, and dark eyes that said to her what no other eyes had ever said.

(To be Continued.)

Disease takes no summer vacation.

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Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

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50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

The Farm

LEAKS ON THE FARM.

Assuming that the farmer is a man of ability and industry, living on a farm of 160 or 200 acres free from debt, let us inquire into some of the losses that he sustains unnecessarily. We are considering an ordinary farm; the first leak we find is the incumbrance of worthless growths supported by some parts of the farm. Bushes, briars and logs are found not only in the pastures but also appropriating rich corners of the fields—a constant reminder of the curse recorded in Genesis: "Thorns also and thistles it shall bring forth unto thee." The neglected stump in the middle of a good field is a source of danger to machinery and a harbor for the groundhog. The combined fence without agents or admirers but with many owners is an eyesore and a leak. It may be seen skirting a field occupied by an old rail fence, briars, bushes, etc., a rich strip of ground entirely wasted. Another source of loss to the farmer is keeping and feeding scrub stock, putting feed and care into an animal that will only bring a low price when finished, but this leak is being stopped, for improved horses, cattle, hogs and sheep are increasing; still we can do better along this line. Improvement can also be made from year to year in feeding arrangements—sheds that will shelter man, stock and feed can be built at small outlay, windbreaks of boards, straw ricks, or cedar trees can be provided that will save animal heat. Another leak is a want of system and extent of plans in farm work. Ask the average farmer today how many acres he will devote to corn, oats or wheat next year, what rich acre for potatoes, what field he will seed to clover, if he will sow rye next fall, thus insuring early pasture for ewes and lambs the following spring and a good place to feed a bunch of shoats; he will reply: "Time enough yet."

Another bad leak is the want of care in selecting pure seed. It is still the custom of some farmers to hunt through a pile of corn in the crib for seed when the planter is ready to start, satisfied to risk a weak or dead germ. The same man sows his wheat as it came from the machine, when he ought to have selected corn in the fall and to have fanned up his seed wheat. Lack of keeping correct accounts is a general failure among farmers. The business man in any pursuit dare not proceed in the inaccurate method followed by too many farmers; it is just as necessary for the farmer to know how he stands at the end of the year as the merchant. A true inventory of property in hand at the beginning of each year, a ledger showing the receipts and expenses of each month and a balance struck can be made and kept by any farmer of ordinary intelligence. The negligence of saving and applying all the manure made on the farm is a leak widespread and grievous. This subject is so important that we cannot discuss it in a paragraph. Are we doing the best we can in this matter? We fear not. The question of how to manage our forage crops so as to secure their feeding values and return the refuse to our fields in the best shape for plant food is indeed an important matter.

APPLYING MANURE.

Spreading the manure and allowing it to lie on the surface should be practiced only on level fields where there is no danger from surface washing. It has been claimed that when manure is spread broadcast and allowed to lie on the surface there may be a serious loss of ammonia into the air, but experiments have shown that, in case of properly prepared manure, loss from this cause must be very small.

On a leachy soil there may be a loss of soluble constituents in the drainage if the manure is spread a long while before the crop is planted but in ordinary practice the loss from this source is also likely to be insignificant. In this method of application the fertilizing constituents of the manure are uniformly distributed, the liquid portion being gradually and thoroughly incorporated with the soil particles. One serious disadvantage, however, of the method is that the manure before being plowed in is leached to a large extent of its soluble nitrogenous compounds, which, as we have already observed, are necessary for fermentation and therefore, it does not so readily ferment in the soil. It is not advisable, therefore, in the case of light or sandy soils to follow this practice, but it is preferable to plow the manure in as soon as spread.

As to the depth to which it is advisable to plow in the manure, the general rule should be observed that it should not be so deep as to prevent the access of sufficient moisture and air to insure fermentation and nitrification and to permit of rapid washing down of nitrates to the drain. In very compact soils the depth should not exceed 4 inches. In light soils this depth may be considerably increased, although in such soils there is more danger of loss by drainage than with heavy clay soils.

Application in the hill or drill is useful where the supply of manure is limited and the full immediate effect is desired. For forcing truck crops this method is especially valuable. Well-rotted manure is best suited to this method of application. It has been claimed, however, that manure applied in this way sometimes injures the appearance of root crops, especially potatoes, by increasing the amount of scab.

The application of liquid manure has certain obvious advantages and is largely practiced, especially in Europe. Manure leaching is a quick-acting, forcing manure, and is especially valuable for grass.

POULTRY NOTES.

Milk is the best of poultry foods and will often take the place of meat.

There is no proper place in the barn for the poultry to roost.

Carbolic acid should be mixed in the lime wash, and it should be applied about once each month.

Guineas in the farmyard are a protection to young chickens. They are noisy and scare away hawks, and even fight them should they fly down within reach.

Always see to it that the drinking fountains are clean and well supplied with pure, cool water. Impure water affects not only the health of the fowls, but gives bad flavor to their eggs.

Too much soft food is worse than none at all. It is bad for the digestive organs. Hens must have something to grind. If not they will get shabby, and have a mopy appearance. Grain and grit are indispensable.

A chicken run, made by covering a slender framework with cheesecloth stretched firmly and tightly over it, is a great protection to the young birds. It keeps the ground dry so that their tender feet do not get wet nor muddy.

Put a shallow dish with some fresh water in front of every coop of chickens. They may not be able to get any if you do not thus supply them, and their growth will be retarded. Water is necessary to the very smallest chicks.

Hens, when laying, require more food than when not laying, just as a cow requires more food when giving milk than at other times. The amount needed for layers would make non-layers too fat. If possible, the laying hens should be fed separately.

When the weather is too bad to do work that you have planned, why not put in a little time constructing good, substantial brood coops, and thus make your wife's work with young poultry less irksome. Early hatched chickens are vigorous, but not strong enough to live and thrive in old coops, with currents of cold air circulating about them. The coming winter layers that will soon be making their appearance, will need tight, warm coops to prevent being chilled to death, or stunted in their growth.

EVEN DANGEROUS TO WALK.

Next to stopping at home the most dangerous thing is to go for a walk. About thirty-four per cent. of the accidents which befall people occur indoors, and twenty-four per cent. occur to those walking in the street. Horses and vehicles come next with 18 per cent.; recreation with 6 per cent., railway travelling 5 per cent., trams 3 per cent., the use of firearms 2 per cent., animal bites 2 per cent., assault 1 p.c., and steamship travelling scarcely 1 per cent. To become a permanent passenger on an Atlantic liner is, perhaps, the safest thing.

A BORN DIPLOMAT.

He—"Miss de Jones—Clara—I never loved anyone but you. Will you be my wife?"

She—"But I've been told that you proposed to four other girls within a month."

He—"True, darling; but I did it merely for practice, so that I wouldn't blunder in proposing to you."

Isn't It Quite Likely To Please You When It Pleases Millions Of Others.

"SALADA"

Once Tasted Always Used.

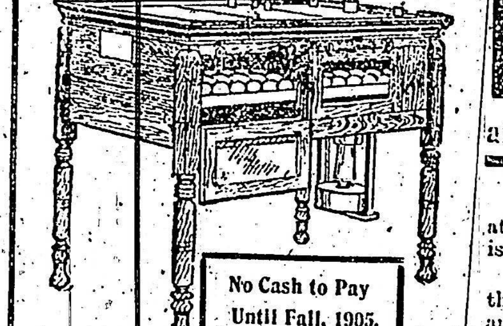
Black, Mixed or Green. Highest Award St. Louis 1904. Sold only in lead Packets. By all Grocers.

LIVING SEA LAMPS.

How the Deep-Sea Dwellers Derive Their Light.

The most recent and surprising discoveries of luminous animals were made in the course of another excursion into the region of the unknown, namely in the efforts to explore, under great difficulties, the forms of life in the uttermost depths of the sea. It is hard to concieve that life can exist at all in such physical conditions as those at the bottom of the deepest soundings in the ocean, where the water is five miles deep, where no ray of light ever penetrates, and where the pressure is one of two and a half tons to the square inch, or about twenty-five times greater than that which will drive an ordinary railway train. Yet it has been found that these depths teem with animal life, and that the plague of darkness is overcome to some extent by the artificial light given out by fish, crustaceans and zoophites. Most of these have their counterparts in creatures inhabiting shallower seas, and there is every reason to believe that in length of time and by a gradual change the profoundest depths of the ocean were peopled from the more shallow waters into which light penetrates, and that it was to combat the darkness in the new conditions that the light making and light-projecting organs of many of these deep-sea fishes were developed. The reader will perhaps agree with the opinion recently expressed that "hard as it is to conceive the bare existence of any life at all in the conditions found in the ocean abyss, we cannot fail to realize the completeness of the triumph by which beings, doomed to live in eternal night, are supplied not with mere shining secretions of luminosity, but with rows of bright and ever-burning lamps, in organs fitted with lenses and reflectors, which shoot their beams sideways through the circumfluent waters, or project shafts of light before their eyes to illuminate their path."

Some men would rather be president than not to hold any office at all.



MAY & JUNE

are the Best Months to Make Money Raising Chickens

Chicks hatched then grow more rapidly and require less care than at any time of year, and the knack of running the business successfully is acquired under the most favorable circumstances.

One good May or June hatching will bring out a brood of chicks that sell about October 1st for enough to pay for an Incubator and another batch can then be started that will get the chicks out in time for the Christmas market. The next batch will be ready for the March and April market, "broilers" commanding the very highest market prices.

A good Incubator is the foundation of real success in poultry raising, bringing the whole matter from guess work to certainty. We furnish you with a

Chatham Incubator

on easy terms. No cash to pay until November, 1905. By that time it should have paid for itself.

Nothing else raised on a farm pays like this, and the beauty of it all is that the women folks or children can easily attend to the very small amount of work there is to be done. Half an hour or so a day is all the time required.

Getting the right Incubator is pretty nearly the whole thing. The Chatham is the safest and surest Incubator made. It does the trick; 100 per cent. hatches every time if the eggs are fertile. Rather than go into details of construction here, we will print a few out of many hundreds of testimonials:

Brighton, Ont., April 15th, 1905.

The Manson Campbell Co., Chatham, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I told you when I received my Incubator and Brooder that I would let you know what success I had with my first hatch. When the Incubator arrived I went and got eggs to put in it, and as I was anxious to get it started I took all the eggs I could from the party, and he had only enough so I could not pick them over. There were some small ones and some long and narrow, and as I afterwards found out he was keeping twenty-seven hens with one cockrel, so they did not look very good on the start. I put fifty-six eggs into the Incubator and followed the instructions closely, and I got fifty chicks, two having died in the shell, which I think is first-class. They are all strong and lively. I am sorry I did not order the 100 size instead of the 50. I have it now filled with sixty white Wyandott eggs. I wish you could tell me where I could get a good poultry paper, something that would suit a beginner.

Yours truly,
R. H. BARAGER,
Box 234, Brighton, Ont.

P.S.—I would rather attend to an Incubator than one hen now. There is some satisfaction in knowing that if you look after them you will get chicks.

Valens, Ont., April 15th, 1905.

The Manson Campbell Co., Chatham, Ont.

Dear Sir,—The incubator that we purchased from you on the 18th Jan. last is certainly a dandy. Out of a No. 2 incubator with 83 fertile eggs I got 76 chickens, and they are all strong and healthy. I used 1½ gallons of oil. I think there is no better incubator in the world.

Yours truly,
MRS. JOHN ROBSON,
Valens P.O., Ont.

MANSON CAMPBELL.

We have similar letters from every State in the United States, and every Province in the Dominion.

Every Incubator we put out is the best kind of advertising we do, for it sells many others for us by its never-failing results.

The Chatham is built on honor, and its construction and workmanship are as perfect as an experience of fifty years and ample capital can make them.

The Chatham was the first Incubator made that was good enough to admit of its makers taking chances that it would make its cost for the poultryman before it was paid for.

Don't imagine for a moment that it is any longer possible to make big poultry profits by setting hens. As hatchers hens are as out of date as stone hatchets.

If these erratic, uncertain birds are kept busy egg-laying instead of wasting their time setting, the poultryman will pocket a good many extra dollars in profit.

If you want to get full particulars on the subject and learn all the details of successful Incubator hatching and profitable poultry raising send to-day for our superbly printed book, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks." It's FREE. Send for it now.

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THE EAST END OF LONDON

TRAGEDIES OF EVERY DAY IN THAT QUARTER.

True Stories of Life in the Crowded City, as Told By the Bishop of London.

Dr. Winnington Ingram, the Bishop of London, has long been [illegible] as the Bishop of the East End, says London Answers. He is well known all over Whitechapel, Mile End, and Stepney, and other East End districts; and it is said that no bishop is more loved by the poor than Dr. Winnington. His unconventional manner [illegible] happy knack he possesses [illegible] the hearts of the people [illegible] made him a great favorite [illegible] owing to these characteristics [illegible] East End experiences [illegible] interesting reading.

"You knock," the bishop [illegible] a door in the East End [illegible] hesitation, it will be opened [illegible] foot by a little girl. [illegible] distant voice from the [illegible] rear: 'Well, Sally, who [illegible]' 'Then Sally will turn [illegible] right round and shout: [illegible] it's religion!'"

The following incident [illegible] one of the bishop's East [illegible] excursions. "On [illegible] Dr. Winnington Ingram [illegible] variably spends a day [illegible] any of 150 to 200 lads [illegible] End. He says: 'One day [illegible] the express stopping [illegible] and wondered why, as [illegible] advertised to stop anywhere [illegible] the guard came to see me at [illegible] station.

WITH A VERY RED [illegible]

[illegible] said he would hold [illegible] for what my boys [illegible] so said that they had [illegible] larger connecting-rod [illegible] went round to see what [illegible] doing, and asked what [illegible] had done it. 'Oh, [illegible] chap at once, 'it was only 'anging my 'at [illegible]'

"Not long ago I was [illegible] London hospital a little [illegible] daughter of a clergyman [illegible] very near her end. She [illegible] I went to tell you, [illegible] afraid of dying. I [illegible] nearer and nearer, and I [illegible] waited a minute, and [illegible] the right word might [illegible] and then I said. [illegible] afraid to let me carry [illegible] room?' 'Oh, no!' she [illegible] Why should you be afraid [illegible] to let someone who is [illegible] kinder and fonder [illegible] younger carry you in His [illegible] other rooms?' [illegible] seemed to still her fears [illegible] came back next day [illegible] had never felt a [illegible] had fallen into [illegible] with her head on

THE SHOULDER OF [illegible]

I shall never forget [illegible] many sad scenes at [illegible] present in East [illegible] I spent with a [illegible] when, on the [illegible] evening, they lost [illegible] children one after another [illegible] in the early [illegible] and the [illegible] room.

I was with them [illegible] when all three were [illegible] and as we sang [illegible] sofa in the room [illegible] such a tragedy [illegible] not happen often [illegible] happen you see [illegible] children have upon [illegible] the parents; you [illegible] religiously important [illegible] children should [illegible] and good.

I remember also [illegible] little home in [illegible] The man was out of [illegible] was scarcely any [illegible] been pawned—and [illegible] in the house. He [illegible] his 'bed,' as we [illegible] That man engaged [illegible] him—he did not [illegible] me—with the [illegible] tree and we [illegible] two candles on [illegible] that his three [illegible] have something [illegible] tree. I do not [illegible] children loved [illegible] was, in all his poverty [illegible] distress, taking a little [illegible]

HIS POOR CHILDREN

[illegible] was more glad [illegible] I had something [illegible] them which would [illegible] wherewithal for a dinner [illegible] that poor little [illegible] hilarity among [illegible] beef and plum-pudding [illegible] better.

I can remember one [illegible] which was simply [illegible] husband was always [illegible] beating his wife. I was [illegible] mission in that parish [illegible] of that man; and [illegible] give up the drink and [illegible] pledge with me. He turned [illegible] leaf; he came out [illegible] altogether, and only [illegible] ago his wife met [illegible] smiling face, and [illegible] never gone back [illegible] years ago. My [illegible] happiest home in East [illegible] the happiest woman [illegible] one of my districts [illegible] which I and my fellow [illegible] was 'The Blackguards' [illegible] it consisted of fellows [illegible] turned out of every other [illegible] I knew that among [illegible] were numbers who [illegible] a gang of thieves.

"The first thing we did [illegible] Blackguards' Club was [illegible] boxing, and the [illegible] at that pastime for [illegible] months, bringing what [illegible] they could to bear upon [illegible] suddenly, one day, one [illegible] another 'Go and wash your [illegible] dirty villain!' That was [illegible] second course of evolution [illegible] state was bagatelle—a [illegible] refining game. From bagatelle [illegible] lads gradually advanced [illegible] other things. The result [illegible] that I last held a service [illegible] district, and I have seen [illegible] of thirty of 'The Blackguards' [illegible] sitting in church, as reverend and godly as it is possible to [illegible]

WORRY HELD [illegible]

Laws That Never [illegible] Are Taking [illegible]

A despatch from [illegible] says:—Rev. Dr. Newell [illegible] preached from the following [illegible] "Consider the birds [illegible] sider the lilies of the field [illegible]"

Jesus is talking [illegible] ness of worry. [illegible] ought to be happy [illegible] cause God is a [illegible] at hand. Try [illegible] not escape from God's [illegible] His loving providence [illegible] take no burning thought [illegible] row. For worry [illegible] consumes like a [illegible] like rust; worry [illegible] as a moth eats [illegible] can bring the whole [illegible] down in ruins [illegible] worry? God has [illegible] vests and filled [illegible] hedges with [illegible] lark rises early [illegible] soon as it has [illegible] song. But the [illegible] the lark's [illegible] loveliness of the [illegible] butus lily [illegible] of the field [illegible] silence, by [illegible] for his worry [illegible] thoughts.

But if Christ [illegible] worry was [illegible] stricken, and [illegible] much more [illegible] it! To-day [illegible]

ABOUT M[illegible]

Our people are [illegible] feverish desire [illegible] ousies in the [illegible] What fierce [illegible] What bitter [illegible] ers! What [illegible] social circle [illegible] And these [illegible] struggles [illegible] Worry plows [illegible] whitens the [illegible] of her [illegible] prematurely [illegible] strong [illegible] And yet the [illegible] Plant, a [illegible] goes [illegible] bloom [illegible] the black [illegible] the [illegible] street [illegible] blossom [illegible] their [illegible] friendly [illegible] hind [illegible] sing [illegible]

THE S[illegible]

INT[illegible]

Lesson XIII. [illegible] Golden Text [illegible]

[illegible]