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S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,

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Oxfords for Ladies, Misses and Children's wear. We carry the Largest Stock in the city, and of the very best quality. Our Specialties are Hand sewed Hand Welts Goodyear Welts and McKay sewed Double

If you are looking for stylish footwear of the best quality, at low prices Go to W. McLaren & Co

The answers to our Christmas puzzles have been examined. Miss Tena G Head, Guelph, is the successful competitor for the second prize, $2.50 and any pair of Shoes in our store valued at $2.50. As the WHOLE SOLUTION was not correctly given by any one, the first prize was not awarded. We wish to comment on the neatness of the answers throughout, but more especially on those received from John Kopus, Harrison, Lottie E Webb, Springe, M H. Stewart, Clyde, Lizzie D Snow Erin and Ad McAlister, Reaper

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Poetry.

MATRIMONY.

Married? Well, yes, and you're single, my friend, you have my sympathy, too.
No wonder you look downhearted and talking of feeling so blue.
And I'll wager right now your suspenders are both of you tied with a string.
And you envy the bluebirds and robins now seeking their mates in the spring.

I claim that a fellow is selfish who "flocks by himself" all alone,
And rents a back room in an attic, or lives in a palace of stone,
Where the music of children's sweet voices no echoes awake on the stairs
Who shares not the pleasures of others, knows naught of their sorrows and cares.

Why, I'd rather go home in the twilight, after my day's work is done,
And play with my girl and her dollies than have all your bachelor fun,
For the laugh of my new little woman will carry me back to the days
When I fished in the brook, and barefooted I treaded the forest ways.

And I'd rather sit down in the glowing, when the angels are painting the skies,
And watch the large light that grows tender, and burns in my darling's blue eyes,
Than to go out alone to the theater, and sit through the grandest of plays
That ever came from the pen of the master that wrote in those far away days.

There is trouble in life, that I grant you; but the burdens are lighter to bear
When there's some one that's watching and waiting, and willing to carry her share.
And I tell you the love of a woman surpasseth the knowledge of men,
And selfishness prompt the discomforts that's found in a bachelor's den.

If women were selfish as you are, the world would be cold as a stone,
That sweet word would lose all its meaning and that dearest of words they call home.
And life would be scarce worth the living if poor love had nothing to give
As a bachelor you'll not enjoy existing, get married, and you will live.

Select Family Reading.

"Sarepta."

BY AMY BENSON.

"So you think you'll like this city young man eh?" said Israel Ives.

"I love him already," said Sarepta, gleefully.

"Humph!" commented Israel. "Wait and see what you think."

"Oh, but I've heard all about him, you know," said Sarepta, pushing the broad straw hat impatiently from her sunny brown curls, as she wore a wreath of poppies and blue corn flower, enthroned in an aerial perch on top of the load of hay. What a wild, beautiful off she was, with her glowing cheeks, her eyes full of hazel fire, the quick, graceful movements of her arms and hands! "Come, Israel," she went on "aren't you going to start the oxen? I must get home and dress. You don't suppose I am going to entertain Mr Carew in this faded old calico dress?" with a disdainful downward glance at her dress.

"I'm waiting for you to get down," said honest Israel, who could not restrain the admiration in his eyes.

"But I shall not get down," said Sarepta. "You'll reach home a deal faster if you walk across Dennison's meadow."

"But that won't be riding on the load of hay," said the domineering little Princess of Hearts. "And I choose to ride. So start up your team, Israel as soon as you please."

Israel Ives smiled indulgently. Sarepta Wilcox was the pet and darling of the whole household, and her will, however extravagant it might be, was law.

"Sarepta," he said, "suppose just for the sake of supposing, now that this young college graduate should fall in love with you. Gee up, Dobbin! Whoa, Pollux!"

"If Sarepta he will fall in love with me," said Sarepta, laughing gleefully, from the top of the load of hay, as the mild eyed oxen tramped steadily along over the mowed down buttercups and daisies, and the sweet scents from bruised clover and half dried grass and ferns rose up, like an incense, around her. "That's in the programme, you know."

"And suppose you are married to him, do you think that you would always have your own way as you do now?" asked the young farmer mechanically tapping his whip goad against the shining tire of the wheel.

"Why, exclaimed Sarepta. "Why, I—I don't know," said Israel. "All men aren't alike."

"Israel, don't be so careless," said Sarepta. "You'll tip me over."

"I would sooner fling myself under the cart wheels," said Israel, and there was something in the tone of voice with which he spoke that made Sarepta look up and dainty. Her eyes, shining with dewy hazel light, met his, dark, intent, full of electric fire. She crimsoned deeply, the wreath of scarlet poppies slipped down into the tresses of fragrant hay.

"Israel, do make haste!" she exclaimed, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry. But for all that a strange, novel sensation was stirring within heart. Why had Israel looked at her so? Why did the blood leap with such a magnetic current through her veins? Sarepta was too bewildered to answer herself these questions.

Under the old barn door rumbled the load of hay. Sarepta still sitting enthroned on its scented mass.

"Israel," she cried, as the wheels sounded with hollow resonance on the floor, "father is calling you! Go to him! Quick! I can jump off by the cut bin!"

But when Israel and his oxen good were gone a sudden spirit of obstinacy seemed to descend to the sturdy red cattle. They stopped just within the barn door, and not an inch further would they budge.

"Pollux! Dobbin! Oh, you hateful things, why don't you go on?" cried Sarepta, very with vexation. "How am I ever to get off, if? Oh, goodness me!"

For Sarepta, chancing to glance at the barn loft, which was about on a level with her bright eyes, met the amused glance of a handsome young man, who was lying, at his full length, on the hay, with a book in his hand and a Panama hat tipped over his eyes.

"The nobleman! The New York capitalist! And here was Sarepta, flushed, dishevelled, dressed in faded calico, with a crazy wreath of poppies and corn flowers on her head, and, worst of all, perched boyden fashion, on the top of a load of hay, whence she could not possibly descend in any graceful manner. And, to give additional mortification to the scene, the young man, in the cool linen suit, with the mocking dark eyes, absolutely laughed!

"Miss Wilcox, I presume?" he said in strong, calm accents. "Can I have the pleasure of—"

"No, you can't!" cried Sarepta, feeling her cheeks kindle into a blaze, and spring lightly up to the loft. A jump she never would have dared to take in cool blood. She bowled across the hay, tumbled down the ladder and pushed it away, letting it fall heavily on the floor. "Now," said she, "you may stay there until you are sorry for having laughed at me. You are not a gentleman, and you don't deserve to be treated as such."

Away went Sarepta, her young blood at throbbing fever heat; and the mild-eyed oxen, finding themselves without a guide or driver, walked deliberately through the barn and into the cowyard. And Hiram, the cow boy, supposing that the hay was to be unloaded in the lower barn, a few rods away, quickly shut the big doors and "gee hawed" the oxen down the lane; so that Mr. Carew was left in a very pretty predicament, especially when one considered that the hay-loft was a great deal too high to jump from, and that there was no feasible way of climbing down.

"Rather a severe punishment for laughing," said he to himself, as he pulled angrily at his mustache. "And now I should like to know what is to become of me. I don't propose to cry for help like an enchanted prince shut up in a watch tower, and yet, for the life of me, I don't know what else to do."

In the meantime little Sarepta had hurried frantically towards the house, as near a fit of hysterics as she had yet come in the course of her healthy, wholesome life. And, as luck would have it, she ran almost into the arms of Israel Ives, who was just coming out of the garden gate.

"Sarepta! Why, Sarepta, what is the matter? You are crying!" he exclaimed.

"No, I am not," exclaimed Sarepta. "At least, if I am. Oh! Israel what shall I do?"

"My little one, stand still," said Israel with an indescribable quiver in his deep voice. "Don't flutter about so, like a wounded bird. Now tell me what ails you."

"I hate that college graduate!" cried Sarepta, with a stamp of her foot. "And how I wish that I never had ridden on the top of that load of hay! And oh! Israel," lifting her troubled, brimming eyes to his face, "why isn't everybody as good by me as you are?"

"I suppose," said Israel quite frankly and simply "it is because everybody does not love you as well as I do."

She looked up at him with a sudden awakening of the slumbering forces of her heart.

"Israel!" she cried, "do you really love me? Do you love me, Israel?"

There was great preparation for a festive "high tea" in the Wilcox farm house that evening. Mrs Wilcox, flushed with her many exertions, came to the door for a breath of fresh air.

"It's all ready now," she said. "But good gracious me, where is Mr Carew? I haven't seen him since dinner. Israel! Israel! Why, there is Israel coming up the evergreen path, with Sarepta! Why child, child, where have you been?"

The young giant smiled at her expression.

"That is the right word, Mrs Wilcox," he said tenderly, leading Sarepta forward. "We are both your children now, dear mother. Sarepta bless her dear little heart! has promised to be my wife."

"Mother, I love him," said Sarepta, looking with innocent hazel eyes up into Mrs Wilcox's face.

"And you couldn't have faced a better man," said the good woman, with a soft mist coming into her own eyes. "But—"

"I've found him, mother!" shouted a hearty voice from the barn door beyond. "Our little Miss Mischief had pulled the ladder away from the barn loft, and Mr Carew we shut up there. Ha! ha! ha! but it's all right now. Here he is."

Mr Carew advanced smiling and graceful. If he had not forgiven Sarepta's mischievous prank, he had, at all events, made up his mind to treat it as a joke.

"I have to beg Miss Wilcox's pardon for laughing when I was not expected to laugh," said Carew lightly.

But the Sarepta who stood before him now was not the Sarepta of two hours ago. All at once, as it were, the bud had blossomed into a rose, the child had become a woman, Sarepta stood there before him, shy and stately as a young queen.

"You are pardoned," she said with natural dignity. "And I am ashamed of having acted so much like a child."

Mr Carew glanced from Sarepta to the tall young fellow at her side, he read the whole history at a glance. But he went into the house with no comments or remark.

And if he felt that his admiration for her hazel eyed beauty would easily develop into a warmer feeling, in spite of the hay-loft mishap, he never said so.

THE UNREASONABLE NEIGHBOR

A saloon keeper who had a very pleasant Garden attached to his residence was much annoyed on Account of the constant Depredations therein of a number of birds belonging to a Prohibitionist who lived near by. One day he came to this neighbor with an Angry Scowl upon his Face and said "See here, sir! those Pigs of yours are in my Garden again destroying Everything, and I want to give you Warning that I'm going to Shoot the whole Outfit of 'em if you—" "But, my good sir" cried the Prohibitionist, "this is very Unneighborly on your Part. My Pigs may be in your Garden, but I assure you, sir, they cannot do any Harm.—I've got 'em all thoroughly Regulated. Give yourself no anxiety, I pray you." "What do you Mean? I tell you they are Rooting up Everything!" roared the Saloon man, madder than ever. "It can't be Possible, my good sir," calmly replied the prohibitionist, "come till I show you." Together they went to the Garden and there the Owner of the Hogs pointed out that each of the Animals had been branded with the municipal Coat of arms. "But what's that got to Do with it?" demanded the Other. "Does that Brand prevent 'em from Destroying my Fruit and Flower?" "Well," replied the Hog owner, "it ought to, at least up Much as the Municipal licenses you hold prevents your Saloon from destroying my Boys!"

MORAL. License as a Means of Restraint is one of those things no Fellow can understand.—J. W. B.

LITTLE MIDGE.

BY AMY BENSON.

Midge had grown up in a workhouse, blossomed into "a situation" at nine years old, and, at fourteen, had had all the varied experiences of a mid-of-all work. She might of had a complexion, but if she had, no one saw it, so obscured was her round little apple face with stove black, dust and grime. She might have had a soul, but if she had, no one troubled himself much about it.

"I s'pose I'm pl some good," said Midge, as she meditated over her evening dishwashing, "but I don't know what. I'm sure I'll find out one of these days."

She had learned to read; she did not know how, nor where, and once in a while such a crumbled piece of newspaper or straw leaf of a book would come in her way, and agitate the inner cells of her being. And one day the milkman, delivering his half pint of milk at six o'clock in the morning, when no one but Midge and the black bottles were up, gave her a bunch of little withered buttercups and red clover.

"Here, little 'un," said he. "The children picked 'em in the meddler where I was milking before daylight."

"What be they?" said Midge, eying them intently, while a thrill of strange delight went through her veins.

"Why, flowers. Don't you know 'em?"

"Where does they grow?"

"In the fields at home. Lots of 'em."

Midge said nothing more. But the next day, when her mistress, who was the keeper of a sailor's boarding house on Cherry street, broke into one of her usual storms of objurgation and abuse, Midge made up her mind. She would run away.

And she part morning she "shadowed" the milkman in his various rounds, and ran, dusty and panting, after the wagon as it finally made its devious way through dreary suburbs and desolate, marshy flats, to the Long Island farm, where roses of Sharon opened their great purple cups in the hedges, and scarlet cardinal flowers blazed, like torches of flame, from the swamps.

"Don'ts you want a girl for general housework?" demanded Midge of the milkman's wife, as she presented herself at the back door, looking more like a magnified pair of eyes than anything else.

Mrs. Mullen took her in, washed her face, bound up her sore and swollen feet, and heard her story, related over a bowl of black berries and milk.

"I don't blame you, child," said she. "I d a done the same myself. As for me, I don't keep a girl. I can't afford it. But I'll recommend you to Mrs. Joliffe, on the next farm, as her husband is a house painter with lots of work, and a young baby to mind!"

So Midge got a place.

But one day Mrs. Joliffe came panting in, with the "young baby" on one arm, and the other hand on her hip.

"It's the barn door," said she, breathlessly.

"Set afire by tramps?" demanded Mrs Mullen.

"Bless your heart! no but painted all the colors of the rainbow! Our old cow and Jiffie's pottrait, as like as life and a red poppy head, and last night's sunset, and one of the baby's hands! And Midge she done it! Joliffe says she's a natural born artist, and she'd ought to go as a scene painter to a theatre, or some such place, where they do a deal of painting and not much fancy touching."

And it was in this odd, out of the way manner that Midge's one talent blossomed out.

"I haven't a deal of money to spare," said Mr. Mullen, "but if Midge really has a turn that way, it's most a pity she shouldn't have a few lessons, and if all the neighbors would turn to and each give a little."

"I don't believe in that ere sort of thing," said Mr. Joliffe, who was reputed to be a miser, with an old stocking full of gold somewhere in the background. "I'm a poor man, I be."

But Mrs Joliffe mulcted herself of the black alpaca dress which had been her autumn's ambition, and secretly put the money into the Mullen fund.

"She's a good girl, Midge is," said she. "And because I've been ground down into the dust all my life, it's no reason Midge should be."

Midge's big black eyes filled with tears when she heard of this act of self abnegation.

"I'll pay her off some of these days," said Midge. "See if I don't."

So Midge, decently clothed was sent to a school of design, and boarded at a cheap and respectable place near by, until she gained a scholarship, and was selected as one of ten to be sent abroad to study art under the grand shadow of St Peter's at Rome.

"I see it myself, said Mr Mullen, one day, as he returned from his usual route, "in one of the Broadway shop windows, with a crowd of people flattenin' their noses agin the glass to get a peep at it. And I knowed it the instant I set eyes on it."

"Set eyes on what?" demanded his wife. "How on earth is a body to know what you're talking about, Mullen?"

"Our old farm house," said the milkman, "with the tumble down stone wall, as you have always been at me to get mended, and the scarlet Virginny creeper trailin' all over it, and the old well sweep, and Billy's gray donkey lookin' over the hedge, so as you'd almost expect him to bray. I went in and axed the price, cause I thought you might like it in place of General Washington on his charger over the best room mantel piece, if it didn't come too dear, but, bless my soul alive! it was priced at two hundred and fifty dollars, and some one had bought it at that." And our Midge painted it.

"And you shall have it, dear, dear Father Mullen," cried out a sweet voice, half choked by tears, and Midge herself ran out from behind the door, "growed out of all recollection," as Mr Mullen afterward declared, and clasped the good hearted old milkman around the neck.

"I thought you was in Europe," said the milkman, staring as if he were all eyes.

"I only came home night before last," said Midge. "And I hurried straight here, and Mrs. Mullen had me, when we heard you coming! And I've brought you ever so many pretty things and..."

"You're a kind of a pretty thing yourself to look at," said Mr. Mullen, looking admiringly down at her rosy cheeks and brilliant sparkling eyes. "Who'd a supposed that one stunted little Midge could have grown up into a beauty like this?"

Midge laughed through her tears.

"Just you let me set my easel up in the garret," said she, "and I'll paint every nook and corner about the old farm for you."

And dear old Mrs. Joliffe is dead, and the children are put out to service; but I'm going to adopt the baby for my very own. She's eight years old now, and I should be an ungrateful beast to let Gracie stay on at the poor house, after all that Mrs. Joliffe did for me."

"But, child alive," said Mr. Mullen, slowly shaking his head back and forth, "you can't afford it!"

"Can't I though?" said Midge. "I'm a famous little artist now, Father Mullen, and I'm getting great prices for my pictures."

Before summer had mellowed into autumn Midge had painted a duplicate of the two hundred and fifty dollar picture for Mrs. Mullen's best room chimney-piece.

"Ain't it wonderful?" said Mrs. Mullen.

"Squire Sedley has offered Midge three hundred dollars for that little picture of Butter-milk Falls with the ruined saw-mill at the top. And that's all that John Johnson got for paintin' the Baptist Church in red and out."

"Midge is a genius, that's where it is," said the milkman. "And John Johnson ain't."

SUBSTITUTION.

Just at this moment the door leading in to the side aisle was violently pushed open, and the post man entered. He looked slightly disturbed, and held a yellow paper crushed in his hand.

"I have news for you, Miss Manners," he said, drawing her away from the bridal party and speaking in a low voice, "very provoking news. I've just had a telegram. Philip's train has been delayed by a wash out, and he can't possibly be here to-day."

Miss Eleanor depressed the corners of her lips.

"Good gracious!" she murmured, "how ghastly! And how very inconsiderate of Philip!"

"What shall we do? The church is packed. The bishop is here, and four clergymen."

"It's dreadfully annoying," observed the bride, nervously fingering Aunt Louisa's old Flemish point, "and while we're all at sixes and sevens here I suppose Philip is sitting on the wash-out reading 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

"What shall I say? I can go back and tell the bishop that the wedding is postponed, that the bridegroom has met with a wash-out."

"That will be horrible! Fancy sending all those clergymen away without giving them a thing to eat! And all the flowers will be faded by to morrow. What shall I do?"

"Nothing but postpone it. We can't have a wedding without a bridegroom, that's an established fact."

"And my trunks packed, and the presents so beautifully arranged, and then to disappoint all those people!"

"Well, of course, if you've no objection, here I am. If you'd rather marry me than disappoint the bishop and the people, I am more than happy to be able to oblige you."

"Oh, Mr. Trevor, you are always so kind!" An expression of relief relaxed the bride's features. "But I hardly like to accept such a favor."

The best man smiled deprecatingly.

"Pray don't mention it. To be able to oblige you is a privilege, to be of service to you a pleasure. And really it does seem a pity not to have a wedding when everything has been so nicely arranged."

"Are you sure that you are quite willing, that you are not sacrificing yourself to save the occasion?" queried the bride, smoothing the rumpled telegram in her white gloved hand.

"Not in the least. Have I not always been your slave? Of course I am entirely at your commands, but my advice is that you had better marry me. Those people have been invited here to see a wedding. True consideration for your guests should prompt you to have a wedding, even though it isn't the one they came to see." *Lippincott's.*

Feathers Flying About

In a rural district of Haddingtonshire a young farm labourer once went courting one Saturday night. A preliminary interview with the object of his affection passed off successfully, and in due time he found himself seated by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen.

This was the young man's first appearance in that character and, as he and the girl had had little previous acquaintance he found himself sadly at loss for something to say in order to give conversation from which he expected much pleasure.

In vain he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion not one sentence could he utter, and for a long time he sat on in silent despair.

The girl herself was equally silent she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Men mean be the first to speak." At last the young man suddenly exclaimed

"Jenny, there's a feather on yer apron."

"I widna be wondered if their had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sittin aside a goose a lang while."

MIRTH PROVOKERS.

Police Judge What is the charge against this man? New Officer I should say it should be about $10, your honor.

Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod liver oil without crying we get five cents each. And what do you do with the money? Mamma buys some more oil with it.

She There are moments when I wish I was a man. He When? She whenever I see a jeweler's store I cannot help think how happy I could make my wife by buying her a new ornament.

This dollar doesn't sound right said the clerk, ringing the coin on his counter. Humph! said his coarse customer, what do you want for a dollar anyway? An operatic solo with orchestral accompaniment.

Morgue Keeper Looking for anyone? Visiting Orlan looking for me dear friend, Moike Mooligan, who's mysteriously disappeared. It 'ud break my heart to find him dead. Ot loved him like a brother. Has he any marks by which you could identify him? Yis, he do have a big scar on his forehead where Oi hit 'im wid a brick.

It is estimated that there were 19,574 papers published in the United States and Canada last year.

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it.

Mishrel's Liniment cures La Grippe.

THE TWO WORKERS.

BY WILLIE L. BAIRD.

The singer went out in the morning,
And he met a laboring man;
With his tools swung over his shoulder
And his meal in a small tin can.
"How fares it with thee, thy heart's desire?"
The singer mournfully said,
"Has thou ever a sinking spirit
Or ever an aching head?"

"My task may only be singing,
A strain that is strong and glad,
Yet often my heart is weary
And oftenmy heart is sad."
"Hps fares it with thee, my brother?"
Spake the man of toil to the lader
"Thy drives thee with restless rigor
To labor early and late?"

"Nay, master! I am not driven
To toil in the cheerless heat,
For the love of the wife and children
That in the labor have part;
And I see the streets of the city
Are crowded with toiling men,
Some working with hammer and chisel,
And some with the tools and pen.

"The rich do not know the joy of toiling
That carries them home at eve
Then can fully discern for their children
Enough and modest with zest
But merchant, artist and scholar
All leave as they pass me by
The strength of a look that is dauntless
The light of a purpose high.

They have faith I will do my duty
I have faith they will do theirs,
We each have our outlook and our
Workers are all for one Master
Whether in war or in van
Hammering, trading, or singing
Each for his fellow man
God give thee a blessing Worker
Cheerfully facing the fad
The thought of the merchant and scholar
Goes with thy hammer and tool
And the Ringer, for all of thine singing
Leaves not Christ's spring to be cool
That strengthens the hour of sorrow
And sweetens the hour of rest

A LIFE-PICTURE

BY ALICE L. BARNHAM.

Very lovely and very happy was Mary Searle upon that June morning. And wherefore not? Were not roses and orange-buds in her hair? and diamonds upon her bosom? and over all the rare white veil? And was she not the only child of rich and doting parents? and was not Charles Hildreth handsome, and in every way a desirable husband? and this her wedding day? And she said to herself, and to "Charlie," and to her mother, "What else of joy has earth to give? I have everything."

An angel, all unseen, softly beating the perfumed air with long, silvery, bent tender, loving eyes upon her, and half sorrowing sighed "Except in him you love, a great, manly, generous heart that loves you, who in he looks into your face, and takes you to his bosom, for the angel within you, rather gold and sense; except a pure and noble mind, except great strength in the path of rectitude, except high purposes of good and greatness in life, and except in yourself the Priceless Pearl."

Two years are flown. Two years of gay, whirling life. Feasting, dancing, dressing, and driving, fill up the measure. They are now established in their own home. All is warmth, elegance, and splendor; and over all is written "Present Life." She, the young wife, is grown more lovely, because more womanly. And now upon another rosy morning her mother lays a baby in her fair young bosom. But when autumn comes the twinling leaf rustles over that dear mother's grave. Life's first sorrow has fallen upon her, and a voice soft, gentle, and tender comes through the night, saying "Mary, give me thine heart." But the autumnal affections again seek the glitter and vanity of the world, while the soul is starving upon diamonds and laces, until, from a midnight dinner amid the fumes of wine and tobacco, his reeling comrades bring him upstairs, a senseless, drunken husband. And soon thereafter a pale faced, white haired old man says, half in sorrow half in rage "I kept it off as long as possible, but he has ruined me at last! Coffers of gold, however full, cannot be held against plays and drink."

Five years go long with grinding weakness, and weary with sickness, poverty have passed away. Another and another child has come to take its life from hers, and although God's sunlight still shines, the heavy clouds press down upon her, and she feels not its warmth and glow. Her father, dissatisfied with life, entreated to death, lies beside her mother.

Again the angel stoops, and says just as softly, just as tenderly as before "Mary, will thou give me thine heart?" But toil and want occupy all her time, and disappointment and sorrow all her thoughts, until down through the thick lowering sky there sweeps the black smothering wing of the avenging angel. The air is stifling, the sun, moon and stars go out, for down the narrow garret stairs strange hands carry her baby, so fair, so beautiful but stiffened and cold. Two clinging children follow with her to the lonely grave. He, whose privilege and duty it was to mourn with and comfort her, was she knew not where, nor did any one, save the night watch who took him up in the cold, gray morning, sleepless, beaded dead.

The snow fell upon the new earth, and upon the coffin, as it was lowered into the narrow, little grave. Then the drunkard's wife, the bereft mother, groaned "What else of sorrow has earth to give me?" Then, as the little coffin sank and rested within its earthy bed, while she gathered the other two to her stricken heart, there arose from out her baby's grave the same soft, tender, pleading voice saying "My poor child, give me thine heart! I will be thy Comforter." And suddenly the sun broke out, and sunshine covered the earth, and turned the falling snow into flakes of gold; and now it shines down upon the prosperous, happy home of a Christian mother and two noble, godly sons.

HAVE YOU A BANK ACCOUNT?

Some excellent advice given to grocers in an address recently delivered before the Grand Rapids Retail Grocers Association by a cashier of a bank in that city. He said "We quote from the report in the *Mich