Subject: "Light in the Evening."

TEXT: "At evening time it shall be light."
—Zecharlah xiv., 7.
While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no ster pouring light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous—but such as you often see when the pomp and magnifleence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song while fife morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constollations and the sons of God were shouting for joy.

Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the sond the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belief traveler by the road-side, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks affeld, while angel lands show them set the sitre oblive schize-ring, ing, "Giory to God in the highest and on earth neare coold will toward men."

hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shapherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel lands above them set the sitres boils aringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men." What as deeme and glorous thing is night who wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropleal groves! Flashing night among and the star wilderness! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awilu light among the cordileras! Glorious night mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which, I hope, we are all salling, and blind mariners are we'll with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us we cannot find our way into the harbor. My text may well suggest that as the natural evening if often luminous so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light." This prophecy will be fulfilled in the even.

so it snain os ingin in the source.

Tows—of old age—of the world's history—of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickar struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent. and the book came to list twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and the sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were pressed, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the vine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and esse and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderboils of Tan every sun must set, and the brightest

ing in his hands so many thunderholts of power.

But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain driedwhy. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the set lamb. 'A deep—howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphomies. At one rough twang of the hand promises. At one study has been a sun to see the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flow a flock of calumnies! The new book would not set. A parent could not be secured for the invention. Stocks sank like lead. The insurance company exploded. 'How much,' says the sheriff, will you hid to much,' says the sheriff, will you hid to this plane?' 'How much for this family picture?' 'How much for this family picture?' Will the grace of God hold one up in such cricumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have

or this library? "How much for this family picture?" How much for this family picture?" Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What have become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the fiall and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust weeping, wailing and gnushing their teeth? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty womey vault and say: "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead saying. "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they beem on their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down—would God I were upon them moneless starless, dark and how will. It was to the stocks are down—would food. I were upon them moneless starless, dark and how will. No! No! At eventime it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The sterm constellations from the circuit about God's throne poured down an infinite labout God's throne poured down an infinite labout God's love. The sight blooming assurances of Christ's partly in the middle all he saturaphere with heavy and fame. All the trees of little of the control of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's good that I he savenward. "The sood at every step seemed, to start up the savenward. "The sood that passe and methy and labout from the cross." Right from the bear poles and the step ways and the Lord hant taken away," calcular ways and fame. "The savenward in the savenward. "And God shall wipe way all the savenward." "And God shall wipe ways and savenward. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hant taken away," calcular ways on jour brow. That snow was not allow what that is. Those wrinkles were not allow what that is. Those wrinkles were not allow what that is. Those wrinkles were not allow you on your brow. That snow was not allow your bow. That snow was not allow and allow on a saven wa

what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow. That snow was not always on your head. That brawny muscle
did not always bunch your arm. You have
not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignifed as you now are, you once write coastlog down the hillside, or threw off your hut
for the race, or sent the ball flying sky high.
But youth will not always last. If stays
only long enough to give us except single stay in the
flow in the stay of the stay of the stay
ing, and proad shoulders for burden carryits, and broad shoulders for burden carrystay, and broad shoulders for burden carryyay through difficulties. The path if you
real of the stay of the stay of the stay
for the wrinkles, but you cannot not cover the
wrinkles. If the time has come for you to
be old, be not ashamed to be old. The
grandest things in all the universe are old.
Old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old
stars and an old eternity. Then do not be
ashamed to be old unless you are older than
the mountains and older than the mountains and older than the stars.

stara and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the stars. How men and somen will lie! They say they are 40, but they are 60. They say they are 40, but they are 30. They say they are 40, but they are 30. They say they are 50, but they are 30. They say they are 60 they are 50, but they are 30. They say they are 60 they are 50, but they are 50. How some people will lie! Glorious old age if found in the way of Hydrosomes. How beautiful the old age of the same of the same

philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day saying to the passers by "You will be an old man. You will be an old man. You will be an old man. You will be an old woman. You will be an old woman." People thought he was crasy. I do not think that he was smooth the way for that mother's feet—they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs—they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart. It will soon cease to heat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot nondey of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock! I o'clock! The sandows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seveno'clock! 8 o'clock! The shadows fall longer and thicker and faster. Seveno'clock! 8 o'clock! The heavy dues are falling. The activities of life's day are all hushed. It is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock! 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. The blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. At the shad also find fulfillment in the latter days of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrefled. It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just

any text small also find miniment in the latter days of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good mengeon-parad with the institutions leprous and putrefled.

It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civilization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes flashing all up and down the sky is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to Good's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clangting back in the scabbord; intemperance buried under 10,000 broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow hoavenward for the benediction, ''libress' are the pure in heart; 'the last vestige of selfishness submerged in heaven descending charities; all China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal supersition acknowledging David Brainerd's piety, human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's 'Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer, the mountains coming down; the valleys going up. ''holiness' in-scribed on horse's bell and silkworm's thread and brown thrasher'swing and shell's tinge and manufacturer's shuttle and chemist's laboratory and king's scenter and Nation's Marna Charta. Not a hospital, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for there are no puppers; not a tear, for there are no porphans; not as prison, for there are no puppers; not a tear, for there are no porphans; not as prison, for there are no puppers; not a tear, for there are no puppers; not a tear, for there are no puppers; not a tear, for there are no puppers; not a tear for pupper for there are no puppers; not a tear for there are no puppers; not a tear for there are no puppers; not a tear for there are no pu

hills.

Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven ills all the scene with love and joy and peace. At eventime it is light—light!

ing of the world. The heats of surtaily conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fillisall the scene with love and joy of heaven fillisall the scene with love and joy of heaven fillisall the scene with love and joy of heaven fillisall the scene with love and joy of heaven fillisall the scene with love and joy of heaven fillisall the scene with love and joy of heaven fillisall the scene with love and the scene with the scene was apart. Supplies a scene was apart. Supplies and burial are near long-ther. With one hand the mother sche control of the scene was apart. Supplies and burial are near long-ther. With one hand the mother sche control of one of my parishioners on Thankous of one of my parishioners on Thankous of one of my parishioners on Thankous of one of my parishioners on that was bright and glad, and with it hould with ball. Christmas day none up and down the hall. Christmas day one the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thurks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventure it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I have seen seen glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad aharps, a myriad thrones, a myriad aharps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces, there dash upon us, "Hosanna! Hosanna!"

"Throw back the shutters and let the sun come in," said dying Scoville McCollum, one of, my sababat-school boys. You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Hugh McKail went to one store the scandid of martyrhom and cried: "Facewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all critis delights!" Then went to the other said the scandid of mart

Death. What a strange thrill of when the palsied Christian begins to use his sam again! When the blind Christian legins to see again! When the blind Christian legins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor playing put his feet on such pavement and Joins in such is feet on such pavement and Joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple!

company and has a free seat in such a great temple!
Hungy men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst weaping men no more to tweep is dying men no more to due. Gather to weep is dying men no more to due. Gather and all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exciamations. Bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disarchraitment! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God shouting: Free! Your eye has gazed upon the garnitus of earth and heaven, but the eye hath not seen it. Your eye has eaught harmonies

uncounted and indescribable—caught them

trom hap's trill and bird's eard and water-fall's dash and ocsan's doxology, but the ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of How did those blessed once get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robus of light? Who gave them wings? An eternity is not long enough to tell it; serapitin have not capacity of the the palms wave, let the control of redoeming lovs! Let the palms wave, let the control of the trees of Lobanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest! Sing on, praise only ye hosts of the glorified. And it with your scopiers you cannot express it, then let all the myriade of the saved unite in the exclamation, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" There will be a password at the gate of

it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the excismantion, 'Jessus' Jesus' Jesus' Jesus' There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great mulifude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of

we come up to begreat in neavon. A voice from within answers, "I never knew you," Another group come up to the gate of heaven and, knock. The gatekeper says, "The password," They say: "We have no password, We did a great many noble thines on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor," A voice from within says, "I'mever knew you," Another group come up to the gate of beaven and knock. The gatekenoer says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from Gol and deserved to die but we heard the voice of Jesus," "Ly, aye," said the gatekeper, "that is the password." If fur up your healts, ve evertheting gates, and let these people cone in. They go in and surround the throne, jublian forever.

said the gatokeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, we everlasting gates, and let these people come in. They go in and surround the throne, jubilant for ever.

Ah! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pairing may be heartranding. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of night sink their anchors of poart in lake and river and sea, so the waves of Jordan shall be filluminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my satvation; whom shall if ear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." In the last instance of his breathing he litted up his hands and reled; "Light! Light!" Thank God for light in the evening.

CLEVELAND IMPROVING

## CLEVELAND IMPROVING.

His Condition Not Considered Very Serious

Jefferson Calls on the President Gray Gables and Finds Him Out Bed and Dress d.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 8 .- Joseph Jefferson, the veteran acces, called on Fresident Cleveland at Gray Gables, last evening. Mr. Jefferson said letter that he had just visited the Fresident and found him much improved in general health and very cheerful.

"His illness is not of a said letter that he

His illness is not of a serious nature. continued Mr. Jefferson, "nothing slight attack of rheumatism from which, with the needed rest, he will recover in a few days."

President Cleveland was up and dressed

dent Cleveland was up and dressed

few days."

President Cleveland was up and dressed but he had not been out on the veranda.

Mr. Jefferson is the first and only caller President Cleveland has had since his arrival at Gray Grables.

"Mr. Cleveland did not come to his summer home," said the veteran actor, to continue his public business or to receive visitors, and I know that his friends will allow him his murh needed rest."

It has been the custom of President Cleveland and Mr. Jefferson to go on the fishing trips to Masbper for several seasons past, but the actor stated that he was very rusy formulating plaus for his new home, and that he thought it was doubtful if he or the President would be able to spare the time necessary for such a trip.

Dr. Bryant and Col. Lamont are still at Gray Gables. Dr. Bryant, it is understood, will return to New York some day next week, Col. Lamont will probably remain for saveral weeks.

"President Cleveland came here for rest, said Col. Lamont, "and will not receive

"President Cleveland came here for rest, said Col. Lamont, "and will not receive any callers."

Don't Think His Condition Serious. Don't Think His Condition Serious.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—The President's friends and such of his Cabinet officers as remain in the city are quite unwilling to believe that there is anything serious or unusual in the reported indisposition of the President. At the White House Private Secretary Thurber said the President was suffering from no serious trouble when he left Washington.

Called to the President's Home

Called to the President's Home.

OMABA July 8.—The departure of Mrs.
W. T. Hoyt, of Beatrice, for Buzzard's
Bay to see her brother, President Cleveland, has aroused fears that his illness is
more-serious than is admitted by his physicians. Mrs. Hoyt had just returned
home and had no intention of going East
until she was called by a despatch from
Mrs. Cleveland.

The Dive Broke His Spine.

ROCKAWAY BRACE, L. I., July 10.—
William Platt, of 225 Nassau avenue,
Brooklyn, while bathing this atternoon at
Rockaway Park, broke his spine by diving
off: a bathing pavilion into shallow water.
He will probably die. He is 45 years old
and married.

The Strike Declared Off. BUFFALO, July 10.—At the meeting last evening of the Central Labor Union, it was announced that the strike of the Union bakers had been declared off. The strike has been in progress since May 15th.

Morrisette Committed to Jail.

Morrisette Committed to Jail.

Bosrow, July 8.—Alfred Morrissette, arrested at Lowell on the charge of forging
Canadian bonds to the value of \$16,000,
and receiving Canadian bonds valued at
\$9,700, was brought before Justice Nelson
yesterday afternoon in the United States
District court, in accordance with the extradition treaty. He was ordered to be
committed to jail until next Thresday, toenable the Canadian representative here to
produce evidence to obtain the delivery to

MUTTON BROTH.—Remove every particle of fat and skin, leaving two pounds of lean mutton, when done pour over it a quart of old water and add a pinch of salt. After it comes to a boil let it simmer for two hours. Barley can be boiled in it, or small pieces of macaroni added, about twenty minutes before it is done.

about twenty minutes before it is done. Finen Eco Plant.—Pare and slice one large egg plant, let it soak in salt water for half an hour, them steam until soft enough to mash. Stir the egg plant into batter made of one egg, one cup of milit and flour enough to make it thin. Fry like fritters in boiling hard. Drain the grease off by placing the pieces on brown paper. When served spread well with butter.

BROWED KIDNEYS, -Broiled kidney BROULED KIENEYS.—Broiled kidney are delicious if cooked thoroughly with a little bacon for sensoning. Cut them through lengthwise and lay on the broiler with alternate slices of the bacon. Lay on a hot dish, sprinkle half of each with minced parsley, pepper and celery salt, and press the other half on it.

NOODLES KON SULES — Rest three cores

butter.

JULIENNE SOUP.—A nice summer soup for a Tamilly is the "Julienne," which is made as follows: Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the soup kettle; stir until melted; cut three young onions small, and fry them a nice brown; add three quarts of good clear beef stock, a little mace, pepper and salt; let boil one hour; add three young carrots and three turnips cut small, a stalk of oelery cut fine, a pint of string beans, and a pint of green peas; boil two hours; if the soup be not of a light, clear color add a spoonfail of say.

BONED ROAST CHICKEN.—For this purpose you must have a fine, tender chicken.

BONED ROAST CHICKEN.—For this purpose you must have a fine, tender chicken. After it is drawn, washed and wiped dry, lay it on a clean table and take a very shorp knife with a narrow blade and point. Split down the back, and let the knife follow the bones, scraping loose the flesh rather than cutting it. It requires care and pains to do it nicely, and to avoid tearing or breaking the skin. As you set the bones free, remove them carefully. Place bones and carcass in bot water, fold the chicken in cheese and lay across the bones in such a manand lay across the bones in such a man-ner that it will not touch the water; let steam for two hours, then brush with butter and bake in oven until brown. Serve with myshroom sauce.

butter and bake in oven until brown. Serve with mushreon sance.

Uthering Corp Poterry, -Cut the few into joints, temeving all skin and sinew; melt together with a tenspoonful of dont and a bare half ounce of butter, stirring it well till thoroughly amalgamated; then add to it about three-quarters of a pint of white stock (mado from the trimmings of the fowl if none other is landy), and let it boil for a few minutes with a strip or two of lemon peed and a morsel of mace, then strain it, pour it on the fowl, and let it-all-heat gently together; when hot, arrange the fowl neatly on a dish; thicken the gravy with the yoke of an egg beaten up in a wineglassful of cream, but do not let the sance boil after this is added, and pour it over the fowl, garnishing the latter with tiny rolls of fried bacon and sliced lemon. This, of course, makes a frieassee, but by using any stock and letting the four and butter brown, you can have the sance brown. brown, you can have the sauce brown.

Fancy Prices for Bric-a-brac.

Fancy Prices for Brie-a-brae.

There is always something useless which the rich will buy at fancy prices. A few years ago it was old china, Lord Dudley, for example, giving thousands of pounds for a china ship, which a housemaid might break: accently it was French furniture which had been used by some person of eminence; and to-day it seems to be rock crystal and other inferior precious stones. A vase of that substance, which is not specially beautiful, with enameled gold mounting, was sold at the Spitzer sale in Paris for £2,910. and a jasper cup, with similar mounting, for £1,92. A "smoky" rock crystal ewer went for £630, and a rook crystal ewer went for £630, and a rook crystal golet for £227.

Things in rock crystal have the merit of durability; but the material limits rather than develops the artist's skill. The constant deposit of millionaires in society tends, of course, to increase the demand for all things which cannot be reproduced, but one wonders how great the reduction in price would be if any general misfortune fell on Europe—a great war, for instance, or a great upheaval from below. We claimed durability, by the way, for the translucent stones, but it was a hasty claim. The price work in these which must have been accumulated in the old civilization, has irretrievably perished; and, indeed, the learned have never ascertained the fate of the Roman emeralds and rubics.—[The Spectator. and rubies. - [The Spectator.

Neighbor-Still sending money to your son out West, eh? I thought after paying his way through a medical college, and keeping him going a year, he'd begin to be self-supporting.

Farmer Harrow—Th' trouble is, Ike is too smart, that's what's the matter. He writes that he cures everybody so quick that he never can get up any bills for visitin'.—[Good News.

The old cemetery of Barcelona, Spain, is in truth a "city of the dead." Streets upon streets of walls, with five or six stories of niches, into which the coffine are to the placed, give one indeed the idea of a descript city. This fashion obtains all over Spain and in some parts of Italy.

AVAL THE TO LAUGE

Re Manual Resident Manual Resident Resi

heels the boy gave the animal feed.

The colt does not allow any militarities where feeding, and where the old man, in a stooping positive backed up against him, the clashed out with both feet. The man stood so near that the kick broke as bones, but he was shot as from catapult right through the clapboard on the side of the barn. His bear was driven through his tile, and when he extricated himself from the splic ters the rim of his headgear hum around his neck like a ruff. He for garded the whole business as rough and delivered an oration through but hat which the boy regarded as amusing. The youngster laughed. First he stood and laughed, then he laughed was driven and laughed, and rouled ora and over and hugged himself and still laughed. But when that devoted father got clear from the wrecken he seized the nearest strap, and the boy has not smiled once since. The boy knows now that he is not big enough to laugh at his father.—Mis-neapolis Tribune. neapolis Tribune.

There are no native Kargaroos except on the continent of Australia.

I LOST MY HEARING

As a result of catarrh in the head and was deaf for over a year. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and found when I had taken three bottles that my hearting. After taking six I stopped. It is now more than a year and I can heart perpired. Ly snell." HELWAN. HICKS, 30 Carter Street.

Hood's parilla Cures

- Hood's Pills care all Liver Ills, Billo Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

ife. You ought to YEARS OLD et all sufferers know

IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY—specially for old people. It builds up the general health. Treads free.

SWIFT SPCIFIC COMPANY,

## DR. MILMER'S CURED ME.

SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS!

Couldn't Eat or Sleep.

Couldn't Eat or Sleep.

Dr. Kilmer & Co:—'I had been troubled for eight years with atomach and heart difficulties.

I lived mostly on milk, as every-thing I ate but me so. My kidneys and liver were in a terribe state. Could neither sleep or eat. I had been treated by the best Chicago doctors without any benefit what ever. As a last resort tried your SWAMF.

BOOT, and now! cancer anything, no matter what anything, no matter what anything, no matter what anything, no matter what anything in on matter what any consideration of the consideration of the

Nothing hurts me, and can go to bed and stage a good night's sleep. SWAMP-ROOF

a good night's steep.
cured me,
Any one doubting this statement can write.
I will gladly answer." Mrs. German Miller.
Springport, Mch.
Dec. 20th, 1822.

## SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME

Had Torpid Liver For 14 Years. Billious all the Time.

DEAR SIRS:—"I have been troubled with Torpid Liver for 14 years and gone through courses of billous fever; many times it has been impossible for me to do any

bottle I was uncertain whether I was really deriving any benefit or not after taking the second bottle, however, I found that me.

SWAMP-ROOT. The Great Blood Purifier SWALD At Bringerists, 50c. & 1.00
Postude to Health Free Oranication Br. Kilmer & O.
Brigharton N. V.
Brigharton N. V.

Day Bland & Pills, Some

t's very strange, it seems The things the doctors We know that little dogg And that all horses neigh

nd yet when'er I catch a And yet when or I cannot have a bark. Carlyle Smith in St. Louis

THE PEWEE.

The pewee belongs to the is the earliest of those birth in spring. The differ this family have the char hing on a prominent point of the condition of the conditi tree, and suddenly dartin, pping up an insect on the proturn to their post of await for the next morsel-sight. They are very enders can hardly be called they have a variety of some or less musical. [1]

AN INTERESTING FAM It seemed to be a ball of clo bol or brown hair, about smeter, moving steadily al th. As there was no w acter, moving steadily at a. As there was no wi arcut explanation of the his mysterious body, I rer, upon which it cease was to all appearance d at first seemed to be, at there must be life in mewhere I proceeded to p y umbrella. Just as the tip about to touch it the obj ss about to touch it the objoresd out several inches in ons, the whole mass againgtionless. In the centre of us formed was revealed a city to do battle for its rounding patch of brown in dradiated from it being cyriads of little spiders, each as a single one alone won we been discernible to larper's Young People.

A QUEER LITTLE QUARER
Near the city of Philadelpl
few quaint old villages wh
ad Quaker customs are to b
they were in the days
Villiam Penn. You have no
id some of these customs a
ays ago, a New York lady
ag through one of these litt
ad, being tired, she stopp
rick farm-house to rest. I
here came out a little girl, d
ray, who invited her to co
ouse and have a cup of to A OHERR LITTLE OFARER ise and have a cup of to er refreshment and turned offered the old-fashioned man which she carried at her belt
"No, I thank thee," said t
ashfully. "I thank thee—b
"Please take the candy,"
ady. "I want to give it to
rou have been so kind to me.
For a minute the little on

ne put out her hand, as if temptation, and then drew it lutely, as she said: "I thank thee, no. I may candy now, because when the first, if I would have some,

CYNTHIA.

She was Little Boy Blu treasure. He loved her bett ne except papa and mamma Cynthia was the dearest a lolly that ever comforted a pedtime. She was so much bedtime. She was so much a doll with a head of china would break all to pieces if to use her for a drum stick happened to drop her

amplement to drop her window.

Sometimes, after they had Cynthia seemed restless, and Boy Blue would call:

"Cynfy wants a drink, m mamma would bring a litt mug, and after he had given she wanted Little Boy Blue the rest himself.

Sometimes in the dark might a little voice would or "Mamma! Mamma! Plen quick! I lost Cynfy!" and mamma would creep out fumble about under the cri Could recover the lost child.

numble about under the cri could recover the lost child. Boy Blue would scothe C she dropped off to sleep agai When Ungle John came college he was so kind the Blue felt he must be gene he said:

he said:
"You want Cynfy sleep
Then everyone laughed, and

Then everyone said:

"I'm afraid I might snore her up." Little Boy Blue grieved, Uncle John Blue grieved, Uncle John Stene "But if you could spare he "Yes, indeed!" cried the When bedtlime came Little looked so soher, Uncle John her was to leave the said the said to leave the said the said

looked so sober, Uncle John
"Now Fm not going to I
time; wouldn't you like to t
till I come up?"
And the smiles dimpled
face of Little Boy Blue as I
"S'pose I might!"
So Cynthia had two bed
night.—[Our Little Ones.

QUARRELSOME BIR "Mamma !" called little Fone day in May, "come here
"What is the matter, d

Why-sa summa I do