

The Family Circle.

MY HOME.

I have a home, a happy home,
And friends to love me there;
With daily bread
I still am fed,
Have still warm clothes to wear;

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A STORY TOLD TO A CHILD.

BY JEAN INGELW.

(CONTINUED.)

The next day, just as my lessons
were finished, papa came in with his
hat and stick in hand; he was going
to walk to the town, and offered to
take me with him.

It was always a treat to walk out
with my father, especially when he
went to the town. I liked to look in at
the shop windows, and admire their
various contents.

To the town therefore we went. My
father was going to the Mechanics' In-
stitute, and could not take me in with
him, but there was a certain basket-
maker, with whose wife I was often
left on these occasions; to this good
woman he brought me, and went away,
promising not to be long.

And now, dear reader, whoever you
may be, I beseech you judge not too
harshly of me; remember I was but a
child, and it is certain that if you are
not a child yourself, there was a time
when you were one. Next door to the
basket-maker's there was a toy shop,
and in its window I espied several new
and very handsome toys.

"Mr. Miller's window looks uncon-
mon gay," said the old basket-maker,
observing the direction of my eyes.

"Uncommon," repeated his wife;
"those new gimcracks from London is
handsome sure-ly."

"Wife," said the old man, "there's
no harm in missy's just taking a look
at 'em—eh?"

"Not a bit in the world, bless her,"
said the old woman; "I know she'll
go no further, and come back here
when she's looked 'em over."

"O yes, indeed I will; Mrs. Stebb's,
may I go?"

The old woman nodded assent, and
I was soon before the window.

Splendid visions! O the enviable
position of Mr. Miller! How wonder-
ful that he was not always playing
with his toys, showing himself his
magic lanterns, setting out his puzzles,
and winding up his musical boxes.
Still more wonderful, that he could bear
to part with them for mere money!

I was lost in admiration, when
Mr. Miller's voice made me start.
"Wouldn't you like to step inside,
miss?"

He said this so affably, that I felt
myself quite welcome, and was be-
guled into entering. In an instant he
was behind the counter. "What is
the little article I can have the plea-
sure, miss—"

"O," I replied, blushing deeply, "I
do not want to buy anything this
morning, Mr. Miller."

"Indeed, miss, that's rather a pity.
I'm sorry, miss, I confess, on your ac-
count. I should like to have served
you, while I have goods about me that
I'm proud of. In a week or two," and
he looked pompously at him—"I
should say in less time than that,
they'll all be cleared out."

"What will they all be gone? all
sold?" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Just so, miss, such is the apprecia-
tion of the public;" and he care-
lessly took up a little cedar stick, and
played "The blue bells of Scotland"
on the glass keys of a plaything piano.

"This," he observed, coolly throw-
ing down the stick, and taking up an
accordion, "this delightful little in-
strument is half-a-guinea—equal to
the finest notes of the hautboy." He
drew it out, and in his skillful hands it
"discoursed" music, which I thought
the most excellent I had ever heard.

But what is the use of minutely
describing my temptation. In ten
minutes the accordion was folded up
in silver paper, and I had parted with
my cherished half-sovereign.

As we walked home, I enlarged on
the delight I should have in playing
on my accordion. "It is so easy,
papa: you have only to draw it in
and out; I can even play it at dinner
time, if you like, between the meat
and the puddings. You know the
Queen has a band, papa, to play while
she dines, and so can you."

My father abruptly declined the
liberal offer; so did my grandfather,
when I repeated it to him, but I was
relieved to find that he was not in the
least surprised at the way in which I
had spent his present. This, however,
did not prevent my feeling sundry
twinges of regret when I remembered
all my good intentions. But, alas!
my accorcion soon cost me tears of
bitter disappointment. Whether from
its fault, or my own, I could not tell,
but draw it out, and twist it about as
I might, it would not play "The Blue
Bells of Scotland," or any other of my
favorite tunes. It was just like the
piano, every tune must be learned;
there was no music inside which only
wanted winding out of it, as you wind
the tunes out of barrel organs.

My mother coming in some time
during that melancholy afternoon,
found me sitting at the foot of my lit-
tle bed holding my accordion, and
shedding over it some of the most bit-
ter tears that shame and repentance
had yet wrung from me.

She looked astonished, and asked,
"What is the matter, my child?"
"O mamma," I replied, as well as
my sobs would let me, "I have bought
this thing which won't play, and I have
given Mr. Miller my golden oppor-
tunity."

"What, have you spent your half-
sovereign? I thought you were going
to put poor little Patty Morgan to
school with it, and give her a new
frook and tippet."

My tears fell afresh at this, and I
thought how pretty little Patty would
have looked in the new frook, and that
I should have put it on for her, my-
self. My mother sat down by me,
took away the toy, and dried my eyes.
"Now you see, my child," she ob-
served, "one great difference between
those who are earnestly desirous to do
good, and those who only wish to
lightly. You had what you were
wishing for—a good opportunity; for
a child like you, an unusual oppor-
tunity, for doing good. You had the
means of putting a poor little orphan
to school for one whole year—think
of that, Oris! In one whole year she
might have learned a great deal about
the God who made her, and who gave
his Son to die for her, and his Spirit
to make her holy. One whole year
would have gone a great way towards
teaching her to read the Bible; in one
year she might have learned a great
many hymns, and a great many useful
things, which would have been of ser-
vice to her when she was old enough
to get her own living. And for what
have you thrown all this good from
you and from her?"

"I am very, very sorry. I did not
mean to buy the accorcion; I forgot,
when I heard Mr. Miller playing on
it, that I had better not listen; and I
never remembered what I had done
till it was mine, and folded-up in
paper."

"You forgot till it was too late?"

"Yes, mamma; but O, I am so
sorry, I am sure I shall never do so
any more."

"Do not say so, my child; I fear it
will happen again, many, many times."

"Many times? O mamma! I will
never go into Mr. Miller's shop again."

"My dear child, do you think there
is nothing in the world that can tempt
you but Mr. Miller's shop?"

"Even if I go there," I sobbed, "it
will not matter now, for I have no half-
sovereign left to spend; but if I had
another, and he were to show me the
most beautiful toys in the world, I
would not buy them after this, not if
they would play of themselves."

"My dear, that may be true; you,
perhaps, would not be tempted again
when you were on your guard; but
you know, Oris, you do not wish for
another toy of that kind. Are there
no temptations against which you are
not on your guard?"

I thought that my mother spoke in
a tone of sorrow. I knew she lamented
my volatile disposition; and crying
afresh, I said to her—"O mamma, do
you think that all my life I shall never
do any good at all?"

"If you try in your own strength, I
scarcely think you will. Certainly
you will do no good which will be ac-
ceptable to God."

"Did I try in my own strength to-
day?"

"What do you think, Oris? I
leave it to you to decide."

"I am afraid I did."

"I am afraid so, too; but you must
not cry and sob this way. Let this
morning's experience show you how
open you are to temptation. To let
it make you think you shall never
yield to such temptation again, is the
worst thing you can do; you need
help from above; seek it, my dear
child, otherwise all your good resolu-
tions will come to nothing."

"And if I do seek it, mamma?"

"Then, weak as you are, you will
certainly be able to accomplish some-
thing. It is impossible for me to take
away your volatile disposition, and
make you thoughtful and steady, but
with God all things are possible."

"It is a great pity that at the very
moment when I want to think about
right things, and good things, all sorts
of nonsense come into my head.
Grandpapa says I'm just like a whirligig;
and besides that, I can never help
laughing when I ought not, and I am
always having lessons set me for run-
ning about and making much noise
when baby is asleep."

"My dear child, you must not be
discouraged; these are certainly dis-
advantages; they will give you a great
deal of trouble, and myself too; but
you have one advantage that all chil-
dren are not blessed with."

"What is that, mamma?"

"There are times when you sincere-
ly wish to do good."

"Yes, I think I really do, mamma;
I had better fold up this thing, and put
it away, for it only vexes me to see it.
I am sorry I have lost my golden op-
portunity."

And so, not without tears, the toy
was put away. The silver and the
copper remained, but there was an end
of my golden opportunity.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PLACE TO PRAY IN.

"Mother," said a pious boy the night
before going away—"mother, the
worst of leaving home is, I am afraid
I shall not find a good place to pray
in." Secret prayer—prayer by one's
self—is to the Christian what oil is to
the lamp. There can be no light with-
out it. It is sometimes called "closet
prayer," because, when the Lord Jesus
laid the duty upon us, he says, "Enter
into thy closet, and when thou hast
shut thy door, pray to thy Father
which is in secret, and thy Father
which seeth in secret shall reward thee
openly."

Any one who loves to pray can find
some place to be alone with God. "I
can always find a place to pray, when
I have a mind to pray," said a man-of-
war's man. "I can commune with
God leaning over the breach of a gun,
though fifty men were walking the
deck at the same time." "And I," said
another, "can crawl out on the
forechairs, and there I can pray un-
disturbed."

"Ah," said another sailor, "when
the Spirit of God got foul of me and
showed me my sins, I was miserable
indeed. I looked into my Bible, and
the more I read, the more it con-
demned me. Everything in it seemed
against me. So it went on nearly two
weeks, till one day I was sitting aft on
the booby-hatch, strapping a block. I
was afraid I should become discour-
aged, and begin to swear again; yet it
did appear of no use to try. Then I
thought I would make one more effort
to get pardon. I threw down the
block and strap, and started aloft for
the maintop-sail yard, and I leaned
over the yard and prayed, 'O Lord, if
there is mercy for a poor sinner, let
me have it now, here on this topsail-
yard, before I go down on deck. Thou
art able; Oh come.' Just at that mo-
ment, when I felt, 'I can do nothing;
O God, help me!' then the answer
came; light broke on my soul, and I
knew that God is love."

"Oh, happy day,"
When Jesus washed my sins away;
And I have never since wanted a closet
in which to call upon my God."

So, my children, in this duty as well
as in almost everything else, "where
there is a will there is a way." Even
under the most unfavorable circum-
stances, you can still find some quiet
spot to kneel by yourself and pray to
your dear heavenly Father and divine
Redeemer. How often you want to
whisper something into your mother's
ear that others shall not hear; how
often you desire to say something to
father alone; and much more will it
be sweet and precious to have no ear
but that of Jesus to listen to your
humble prayers.—Child's Paper.

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR GIRLS.

A friend of mine saw at a short
distance before him an old man walking
with great difficulty, and very tired.
He seemed at a loss which way to go.
Between my friend and the old man
two girls, eight and ten years of age,
were walking, and talking about the
old man.

"How tired he looks," says one.
Just then a young man passed by,
of whom the old man asked his way
to No. 16—street. A hasty an-
swer, not at all clear, was the only
reply. In his bewilderment the old
man struck against a post, and his
staff fell from his hand. The larger
girl sprang forward to support him,
while the other handed him the staff,
saying, "Here it is, sir."

"Thank you, my kind girls," said
the old man; "can you direct me to
No. 16—street? I came to the
city to-day to visit my son. Wishing
to surprise him, I did not send him
word that I was coming. I am a
stranger here, and have been walking
a long time to no purpose."

"O, we will go with you, sir; mo-
ther said we might walk for an hour,
and we can as well walk that way as
any other."

"God bless you, my kind girls," said
the old man. "I am sorry to trouble
you."

"O," replied the little girls, "it is
not the least trouble; we love old
folks, and we love to do them a favor."

They at length brought the old man
opposite the house which he sought;
and he was dismissing them, but they
said, "We must cross the street with
you, lest the carriages run over you."

What a delightful body-guard were
those kind children! As they separ-
ated, the old man said, "If you ever
visit my country, come to the house
of John B., and you shall have a hearty
welcome and as good entertainment as
a farm-house can afford."—Mother's
Magazine.

HURRIED DEVOTIONS.

Why hast thou left the throne of grace,
And quickly turned away?
Hast thou already seen His face,
And strength got for the day?
Hast thou thy ways declared all,
And told Him all thy fears,
That He may save from dangerous fall,
And keep thine eyes from tears?

And is thy conscience clear from sin,
Thy heart quite free from care?
Hast thou no rancoring thorn within,
No burthen hard to bear?
Hast thou no friend that needs His aid,
No foe that needs His peace,
And hast thou for His kingdom prayed,
That sin on earth may cease?

Hast thou thy armour girded on,
And is thy lamp alight?
Then leave in peace the heavenly throne,
Betake thee to the fight.
But, ah! dear friend, that hurried prayer
Fear portendeth woe to spare
Hast thou no longer time to spare
From minding things below?

Art thou in haste thy God to leave
And seek the world's turmoil,
Where all combines thee to deceive,
And of thy peace despoil?
Beware, beware! that hasty prayer
Will work thee only ill;
Turn thee, and seek with patient care,
Till life thy spirit fill.

Turn thee again, be not afraid
To tell Him what He knows;
Turn thee again, He'll not upbraid,
If thou thy heart disclose.
And show Him how to dust it cleaves,
And pants for things of nought,
While things of Christ and heaven it leaves
Unvalued and unsought.
Thus pray, and faint not, foolish one,
Thy earnest cry repeat,
Till He who sits upon the throne
Has brought thee to his feet.

SWISS LAUNDRESSES.

Any account of village life in
Switzerland would be incomplete,
without mention being made of the
lessives, or large lye-washings, that
each family has twice a year, in spring
and autumn. From the infrequency
of these washings, it may be supposed
that the people must possess a large
quantity of linen, mostly homespun,
of all descriptions, and that after lying
dirty several months, it must take a
more than ordinary amount of labor
to make it clean again; so that the
preparing for a lessive, the actual work
itself, and the getting up of the linen,
is in every household about the most
important domestic business in each
half year. For a large one, six wash-
erwomen are required, and they are
such important and much desired per-
sonages, that they must be engaged
some time before they are wanted;
you must also bespeak the fountain
near which you reside, by mailing on
it a piece of paper, on which is writ-
ten that, on a certain day named,
Madame so and so requires the great
stone trough into which the water
runs, for her lessive, and then no one
on that day dare put a finger in it
without your leave.

The whole business of the wash lasts
four days. On the first day the clothes
are stepped in cold water only. On
the second they are all put together in
an immense tub, over which is laid a
strong linen sheet; on this a great
quantity of wood ashes is placed, and
then boiling water is poured on them
till the linen is covered with the
lye. They are then allowed to lie an
hour, when the liquor is run off
through a tap; then more boiling
water is allowed to filter through the
ashes, and this process is repeated until
evening. The third day the linen is
taken out of the lye and well washed
with hot water and soap; and the
fourth, it is removed to the fountains
to be rubbed and beaten on boards,
rinsed and blued. When the linen
comes out of the lye, any one unac-
customed to this mode of washing,
would be sure to think it irremediably
ruined, so yellow is it; and it is not
until it has been well thumped and
rinsed in the fountain that it regains
its color and becomes beautifully white.

These washerwomen are a peculiar
and distinctive race. They are the
greatest gossips, the loudest talkers,
the biggest eaters, and sometimes
drinkers, of any in the canton. They
are all ugly, old, and bent, with lean
hands, wizened faces, and thick legs.
All wear immense hats, with a knob
at the top, and their old petticoats and
jackets look as if they might have
been buried some hundreds of years
and then dug up again. The three or
four days that, twice in the year, they
are on a visit to your house, your ser-
vants have quite enough work in cook-
ing a variety of dishes to suit their
fastidious appetites, for they have a
diet peculiar to their body; and if you
don't oblige them in this respect, you
are left in the lurch, and your linen
must go unwashed.

After all is dried, there is ironing
for several days, during which every
female in the house is pressed into the
service, as well as two or three laun-
dresses, and then, when all is well aired,
mended, and put away, there is quiet
in the house for five months and more;
and I am not sure that if we had but
the same immense supply of linen, we
should not find it a better plan, both
as it regards the bleaching of the
clothes, and the comfort of our house-
holds, than our everlasting, unsatisfac-
tory, order-destroying, weekly washes.
All my life I shall think of these weird-
looking women gabbling and bawling
away at the fountain, and I am con-
vinced that if I could return to Switzer-
land two hundred years hence, the
race would be unchanged, and that
one of the first things my eye rested
on, would be, to all appearance, the
same crooked, wizened hags standing
in the mud round the fountains.—Vil-
lage Life in Switzerland.

A LITTLE TOO RIPE.

As many of our readers are doubt-
less aware, it was the custom for plant-
ers at the South to purchase clothing
for their slaves by the wholesale; and
as, of course, they had not the oppor-
tunity to examine closely each article,
they were sometimes swindled, by a
few bad ones being thrown in among
the good. An acquaintance of ours
tells us that on one occasion he laid in
a box of shoes, and distributed them
among the negroes. A few days after-
wards, "Old Bob," a favorite servant,
found that the shoes which had fallen
to his lot were bursting out. So going
to his master, he said:

"Massa, where you buy dese shoes?"
"I bought them in New Orleans,
Bob," responded our friend.

"Well, whar did de New Orleans
people buy 'em?"

"They bought them from the people
up North. They bought them from
the Yankees."

"Well, whar do the Yankees get
'em?" persisted the Yankee.

"The Yankees?—why, they pick
them off the trees, Bob."

"Well," responded the darkey, hold-
ing up his shoes, "I reck'n de Yankee
didn't pick dese pair soon enough,
massa; I reck'n he waited till dey was
a little too ripe."

THE WAY TO THE CROWN.

We must taste the gall, if we are to
taste the glory. If justified by faith,
we must suffer tribulations. When
God saves a soul, he tries it. Some
believers are much surprised when
they are called to suffer. They thought
they would do some great thing for
God; but all he permits them to do is
to suffer for his sake. Go round to
every one in glory; each has a differ-
ent story to tell, yet every one a tale
of sufferings. But mark, all were
brought out of them. It was a dark
cloud, but it passed away. The water
was deep, but they reached the other
side. Not one there blames God for
the way he led them thither. "Sal-
vation" is their only cry. Child of
God, murmur not at your lot. You
must have a plain as well as a white
robe. Learn to glory in tribulations
also.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

SECOND SERIES. I.

BY REV. EDWARD PATYSON HAMMOND.

IN EARNEST.

A few weeks ago, as I got out of the
cars at Rochester, N. Y., I saw a crowd
of people around a very little boy,
who looked so small, I thought he was
not old enough to talk much. Every-
body seemed anxious to get even a
look at the little fellow, and so I wait-
ed around to find out what it was all
about. Soon a young gentleman who
knew me came and told me something
that interested me very much. And I
think it will interest you too, my little
friend, when you hear the story.

This boy, who did not look over
three years old, had been off alone twenty
miles on the cars, and came into Roch-
ester on the same train with me.

And what do you think took him
off so far all alone? "How came his
mother, to let him go?" I can hear you
ask. But she didn't let him go. He
ran away down to the depot all alone,
and got on to the cars himself just as
they were starting. And away went
the little man twenty miles from home
before anybody knew where he was.

But now you say, "What in the
world made him do such a strange
thing?" I will tell you. He loved
his father very much, because his fa-
ther used to be very kind to him, and
bring him home toys, and playthings,
and picture-books, and candies, and
lots of good things. He thought there
was nobody quite so good as his fa-
ther, and he felt sure nobody loved
him so much. But his father had
some business in California, thousands
of miles away. And so one day he
told his wife and children that he
must leave them all and go there.

Little Frankie at once said, "Can't
I go with you, papa?"

"No, my child; it is too far for you
to go with me."

This made the little fellow cry bit-
terly.

When the time came for the father
to take the cars, little Frankie was not
allowed to go to the depot with him.
But after awhile he found a way to
get out, and off he scampered to the
depot with all his might. Just as he
reached there, he saw a train about
starting, and he thought of course his
father must be on that train; and on
to it the little fellow climbed, and
went all through the cars, looking for
his dear father.

After he had rode about twenty
miles, the conductor chanced to get
hold of him, and found out his name,
and telegraphed back to his mother,
and then gave him to a conductor of a
train they met. And thus he was taken
back to Rochester, to his home. It was
his own brother who told me all this.

And what do you think I thought
of, when I looked upon the face of
that persevering little fellow, and knew
how determined he had been to find

his father and go with him to Califor-
nia? I will tell you. I said to my-
self, "O, I wish that little children,
even as young as three or four years
old, were everywhere as anxious to
find and go with One who has done
ten thousand times more for them
than that father ever did for little
Frankie." I think you know who
THAT ONE is. Yes, it is the dear, dear
Jesus. And he loves you, my little
friend, more than that father loved his
little boy Frankie. He has made you
a present of every good thing you
have had, and he is the only One that
can take you home to your Father in
heaven. He is willing to give you a
new heart, so that you will love God
and all good things, and love to pray
and read your Bible. I have known
some little children who had been
about as persevering in seeking for
Jesus as was little Frankie.

I think I will let you read a letter
from a little girl in the State of New
Jersey. Her father and mother were
very wicked, and did not love Christ;
and so, when this dear child came
home from a children's meeting, where
almost hundreds of little ones were
seeking the Saviour, and told her mo-
ther about it, you will see how angry
she was.

I think she found more trials in
seeking to follow the Saviour than
Frankie did in trying to go with his
father. To make sure that the little
girl really wrote this letter, I sent
down where she lived to find out all
about it, and I have reason to think
that all she says is quite true.

I hope you, my little friend, have a
father and mother who pray for you
every day, and would be glad to have
you become a follower of Jesus. I
could hardly keep the tears from my
eyes when I first read this letter.

NEWARK, March 18th, 1865.

DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—I have felt very
happy since you spoke to me. I went there
Wednesday, and I felt very bad that night,
for I thought that I was a sinner. So after
meeting you came up to me, and spoke to me
I went home crying. My mother asked me
what was the matter. I told her that I was
crying for I felt that I was a sinner, and I
didn't like Jesus. She called me a fool, and
told me that I had no business to go to meet-
ing; and she began to swear at me, and said
if I went again, she would beat me almost to
death. The next morning I prayed and read
two chapters in the Bible, and picked all the
nice verses out, and learned them, and I was
talking to my mother about Jesus, and all
about what you told me, and she told me that
she did not want to hear any more of my
preaching, and told me to go along about my
business. She didn't want to hear my voice
any more. Father came home, and he was
mad, and I told him about my feeling as
though I was converted, and told him all
that you told me, and he began to swear at
me, and he locked me up in a room, and he
said if I would promise him that I would not
go to meeting, for he did not like me to go
to meetings. He said it was a bad place to go.
He kept me locked up in a room a week, and
fed me on bread and water. But one day
father went out and mother was sick, and
she wanted me to wait on her. So she let
me out, and about half past three o'clock I
asked my mother whether I could go
to meeting, and she said yes. She said that
she was glad to get rid of me. So I went,
and when I came home, father was home, and
he gave me a whipping, and so did mother;
and father gave mother a scolding because
she let me out of the room, and let me go to
meeting. I hope you will pray for mother
and father, that they may become converted,
and pray for me too, so that I may have
strength to cling to Jesus.

You remember that poor little Fran-
kie was disappointed because he could
not go with his father; but there never
was a little boy or girl that really
wanted to go with Jesus, but that he
was ready to take them, and make
them fit for a useful and happy life
here, and for a joyful life in heaven
forever.

Among hundreds of letters from
dear little ones, telling how they came
to Jesus, I find one from a child of
only nine summers, who lives in De-
troit, Michigan. She was one of many
children there who were led by God's
Spirit to believe in Christ.

I have been spending half of the
morning in reading over a pile of let-
ters from children and youth in that
city. I wish you, my little friend,
could have read them with me. I am
sure they would have interested you
very much.

You see little nine-years-old Anna
says, "I have heard the dear Jesus say-
ing, 'Come unto me.'" Yes, and that is
just what he is saying to you. Fran-
kie's father drove him back; but the
loving Saviour says to you, as to
Anna, "Come unto me." "I will take
you as you are, in all your sins, and
make you my happy little one, and
will give you a new heart, so that you
will love God and love to pray to
him." I am glad she says, "I love
Jesus best of all." It is right for her to
love her minister; but her minister
can never save her. He has never
died for her; and even if he had, it
would not have done any good, for
ministers and all men needed a Saviour
to die for them, that their sins might
be forgiven.

I am a little girl nine years old. I believe
I have got the first link of the golden chain.
I love Jesus now, and am sorry I was so
wicked as not to love him before. I always
loved to sing that little hymn that says:
"I wish his dear hand had been laid on my
head.

His arms had been thrown around me;
And that I might have heard his dear voice
when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me."

I think I heard his dear voice saying Come
unto me; and I am glad I've come. One of
my sisters that is twelve years old, has loved
Jesus four years. And now I want you to
pray for our other sister that is older than
either of us. I love you for teaching us to
come to Jesus, and good Mr. Duffield too;
but Jesus I love best of all.

ANNA.