

A CRADLE SONG.

Hush! my dear, be still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed! Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head.

A STOLEN CHRISTMAS.

"I don't see you air goin' to do much Christmas over to your house." Mrs. Luther Ely stood looking over her gate. There was a sweet, hypocritical smile on her little thin red mouth.

bed, their fat little legs and arms waving wildly. "Granny! granny!" shouted they. "For the land sake, don't make such a racket! Mis' Ely can hear you to her house," said Marg'ret.

the odor of evergreen, and new varnish, which was to her a very perfume of Christmas, arising from its fullness of peace and merriment. Flora Trask, Mrs. Ely's daughter, entered. Marg'ret went out quickly.

"I'm 'magine' it," muttered she. She would not turn over to look at the window. Finally she did. Then she sprang, and rushed toward it. The house where Mrs. Luther Ely lived was on fire.

go in to-night, I've got to," she muttered. Still she did not start for a while longer. When she did, there was no hesitation.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. What rules the world? Is it thought? What rules the world? Is it love?