

THE LADIES' AID.

We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home. It's just the latest kilner, with a gallery and dome. It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town.

A LOVERS' DILEMMA.

"How are you feeling?" Words could not express the music of these six liquid syllables that fell through the stillness and the blackness on my ears.

of this shadow can know its desolation. Only they can understand the magic of the unbelieved Valerie Deane. "What is the meaning of this?" she asked one morning. "Nurse says you are fretful and fractious."

dying. I have been telegraphed for, and I must go." She sat on the end of the couch where I was lounging, and took my hands. "It isn't my fault."

name of heaven," I exclaimed, "who are you, if not the daughter of Dr. Deane of Stavaton Street?" "My father is Mr. Henry Deane, the oculist. You asked if I were the daughter of Dr. Deane. So many people give him the wrong title that I didn't trouble to correct you."

"But you look disappointed," "The fact is," I stammered, "I expected to see some one different—quite different. The face you described has been haunting me for three months."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. However things may seem, no evil thing is successful and no good thing is failure.—Samuel Loag-fellow.