

The Nut Tree Babies.

The nut tree babies, young and small,
Lay in green cradles, satin lined,
Rocked lightly by the summer wind;
No bough did break, no cradle fall—
The nut tree babies one and all.
Slept in their cradles peacefully,
While wood doves crooned a lullaby.

One autumn day the nuts awoke,
The yellow leaves were strewn about,
And mischievous Jack Frost was out,
And played those babies such a joke—
Their cradles with a touch he broke,
And the brown nut tree babies fell,
One with another, all pell-mell.

But with the coming of the spring,
When all the earth is green again
With April sun and April rain,
We shall behold a curious thing—
A crowd of saplings in a ring,
Where every nut fell down will be
A tiny sapling tree.

Some day the saplings will be grown,
And on their branches will be seen
Hundreds of cradles, soft and green,
Amid the leaves that make their crown
For nut tree babies of their own,
And winds will rock them low and high
And wood doves croon a lullaby.

TROTTY'S JOURNEY.

Subdued joy pervaded the Hotel Lombardia, at Florence, because it was rumored abroad that Miss Roseleaf's pug TroTTY was in extremis. He was not an attractive animal mentally or physically, and had endeavored himself to one save his lovely young mistress. His figure was ruined through overfeeding; he had lost one eye in a bygone tussle with a butcher's cat, and the other optic glared at the world with a sinister expression from out the black patch upon his countenance. Had he not motified Major or Winkham's slipper into an unpleasant pulp, and retired under Miss Pilcherton's bed, there to snore and frighten that lady into spasms? He had also snatched a biscuit out of the hand of infant innocence—the mother of said innocence passing a sleepless night wondering if it were not well to send for Pasteur, to be quite sure that the bite was no more than biscuit.

For all these misdemeanors, Miss Roseleaf apologized with a grace so charming that the malcontents were seen to stop on the stairs to stroke TroTTY, and tell him he was a dear little fellow, so he was not the same quaddled which they had first apostrophized as a hideous, squab legged, overfed, vicious-tempered brute.

But how could they do else than melt, with Doris Roseleaf's sweet eyes caressing them from under the shade of her big tossing-plumed hat, and the shell pink on her cheeks deepening to warm sunset rose at praise of her ill-favored pet!

"Yes, Doris is so foolishly fond of the dog, I'm obliged to put up with him; but he is a great nuisance, to be sure, particularly in traveling. When we start for the Tyrol next week there will be the usual harrowing scene—the railway people refusing to let TroTTY go in the carriage with us, Doris in tears, and at last a fee to pay, or a bribe, that really breaks my heart. We cannot afford such foolish outlay. I wish something would happen to the wretched animal; he has lived quite long enough." In the above words, Mrs. Roseleaf had been wont to express her chief grievance to a mixed audience of friends. Now that destiny, in the shape of cramps and a stiff neck, seemed close upon the heels of TroTTY, Mrs. Roseleaf inwardly rejoiced, but maintained a hypocritical attitude of unconcern in the presence of her daughter.

"I believe it would be well to send for a veterinary doctor; he could give poor TroTTY some chloroform, or something to end his sufferings," she said to Doris, and, then aside to a friend, added: "I grudge the expense, but it would be such a relief to have the little brute surely done for, once and for all."

A few hours later, as Mrs. Roseleaf returned from a walk, Doris met her with a radiant face, crying: "Oh, mamma, TroTTY is so much better! Going to recover and be better and stronger than ever before, the doctor says."

"What doctor?"

"Why, the vet, you said we ought to send for. I had him come while you were away, and he must be a wonderfully clever man—he has certainly saved TroTTY's life. He asked fifteen francs, but I had to give him twenty, as you had nothing smaller in your purse, and I couldn't ask him for five francs change. Mamma, I don't believe that you are one bit glad that poor TroTTY is better!" and tears welled over in the lovely violet eyes which worked so much havoc in the mother most of all.

"Yes—yes, child, I'm very glad," the mendacious old lady answered, but her looks belied her words. "Twenty francs more paid for making the dog's life surer than before, and I believed he would be dead to-night. Ah, me! and that dreadful journey impending!" was the burden of her thoughts.

"Mamma," said Doris one morning, breaking in upon her parent's pursuit of "She." "I have a brilliant idea for making the journey easy for us all. Miss Willis told me she gave her cat an opium powder once, before taking him on a thirty-six hours' journey in the train. He dozed all the time in his basket, quiet as a lamb, and the guard thought he was luncheon."

"I suppose you mean to give TroTTY an opium powder, but I fear the guards can scarcely be induced to mistake him for luncheon."

"No, they will be otherwise deceived. TroTTY is to be given a big powder to keep him quiet, and he is then to be dressed as a baby, laid on a pillow, and with a veil over his face is to cross the frontier. Perk shall carry him."

"Doris, do you think I would ever consent to such a preposterous idea? It isn't respectable. What would people say and think? Put such nonsense out of your head at once, I beg of you."

"Not a bit of it, mamma dear; the idea is too excellent a one to let slip. You will be of my opinion quite, when you have allowed yourself time to reflect. The Stanton's nurse is going to lend me a pretty pillow with lace and embroidery, and one of their baby's dresses, and a cap. Your chuddah will do to wrap around his body. Tina will dress him and tie him on the pillow in

quite the orthodox way. It will be great fun; Perk's face will be a treat when she hears she has got to carry TroTTY masquerading as a baby."

Poor Mrs. Roseleaf's face was clouded and sad. She knew perfectly well that Doris would carry her point—she always yielded to the child; and what dreadful results might not follow this last escapade! But in this instance, as in thousands of others, the weak old lady decided there was nothing to do but to make the best of a bad bargain, and she took a limp interest in the preparations for what seemed to be a most novel undertaking.

"There is another blessed infant to make the night hideous for somebody," so mollified a good-looking young Englishman, peering forth from the window of a carriage at the Florence Station.

"The train seems very full; I'm afraid we can't have a coupe to ourselves," said Mrs. Roseleaf, regretfully. "There is one compartment with only a young man in it; shall we go there?"

"Yes," said Doris, promptly. "A man will not notice anything odd in the conduct of my baby, and will not wish to kiss it, as some silly woman might."

"By Jupiter! they are coming in here—am an unlucky dog, and no mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Harold Lyman, the young man already mentioned.

His dismay was pardonable. He was escorting from Florence to Verona his sister's baby, the very juvenile Contessa Montefiore, as well as her stolid Abruzzi nurse; the woman to return at once to her mountains so soon as she should have laid her young charge in the arms of her successor at Verona. The baby's mother was ill of measles at Florence, and to escape infection, the little contessa was hastily dispatched to its grandfather's under the guidance of its rather scatter-brained young uncle.

The baby was a brazen-jungled young fiend of six months; sleeping like an angel on a laced pillow at that moment, but anon she would awake and rend the air with her yells. To escape this, Mr. Lyman had feigned a perfidious guard for the adjoining coupe left vacant for him, and now beheld his privacy invaded by another squalling torment. He fumed and fretted inwardly for a time, and then found some solace in watching the movements of Doris, in the light of the half-veiled lamp. She took the baby from the grim Abigail, hugged him to her breast, kissed him through his white gauze veil, and hushed him to sleep on her soft arm—the sweetest rest in the world.

"Impossible that that girl is the baby's mother," mused Mr. Lyman to himself; "and yet, why not? She is very young, but that kind of exquisite pretty girl generally marries young. Lucky chap, her husband! It must be her baby—girls don't coddle and pet other people's offspring in that way. The old dame has 'grandmother' plainly written on her countenance and in her fussy manner, and I heard the young lady call the elder one mamma. The vinegar-visaged party is their maid, of course."

Thus Mr. Lyman mused on in a way that caused him an annoyance he could not understand. Why should he care whether his pretty traveling companion was married a dozen times or not at all? He would never see her again after that brief journey. What an extraordinary quiet baby it was! for two hours now it had not stirred or lifted up its voice, though it had been laid by itself on the seat by Mr. Lyman. Was it a baby at all? Perhaps only a doll or a bundle. But a long sigh from the somnolent TroTTY, and a slight fidgeting of his corpulent body, removed the young Englishman's dawning doubts, and caused Miss Roseleaf to redouble her attentions to her disguised pet.

Presently a violent jerk of the train threw everybody into everybody else's arms. Mr. Lyman found himself closely clasping both of Miss Roseleaf's hands, and assuring her that there was not the least danger, though he knew no more than she did what was the trouble. A guard, running the length of the train, crying out some trifling cause for the sudden stop, soon restored serenity.

All through this commotion the remarkable infant uttered not a sound nor moved as much as a finger. Lyman resolved to hazard a remark that would convince him whether or not his fair companion was the mother of this stolid cherub.

"The—it—your baby is unusually good; does it never cry?" he managed to enunciate.

His charming neighbor's face broke into smiles, Lyman's face fell—yes, only a mother could look so radiant at praise of her darling.

"Yes, he is very good," the young lady said, with a blush.

Mr. Lyman somewhat did not seem to feel a desire to pursue the conversation which the mishap to the train had started, and he soon sank quietly back into his corner.

Doris settled back for a reverie in her corner, with her hand laid caressingly on TroTTY's fat back.

What a good-looking, intelligent, humorous fellow he seemed—her vis-a-vis! How she would like to know him, and lead him back an adoring slave to flaunt before the envious girls at the Lombardia! One met such men only in books and on fleeting journeys, where one lost them again for ever at the first big station. This phase of life was really very hard.

Early dawn at Verona; here the silly boy and girl who had traveled ten hours together took leave of each other for ever, they supposed, and both looked grieved out of all proportion to the occasion. Mr. Lyman saw his little niece and her nurse installed by the door of the waiting-room, and then went out on the platform to fume and fret because the Montefiore carriage had not come.

"That baby looks about the age of ours," said Doris to her mother, designating the little contessa, of whose existence she had heard nothing from its uncle. "Ecce gauze veils are evidently the proper thing, too. Perk, we will put TroTTY on the bench on the other side of the door, beside that very safe-looking old dame who is half asleep, and then I want you to come with me to the toilet-room to mend the flounce

I tore getting out of the train. Mamma will keep an eye on TroTTY."

Alas! "mamma's eyes saw only the land of dreams while her daughter and maid were absent.

The baby contessa becoming particularly fretful, the nurse bethought herself of a possible pin, or too tight string, and carried the baby off to Toilet-room No. 2, to investigate.

At this juncture the Montefiore carriage drove up in a tremendous hurry. There was not a moment to lose. The Signor Conte had been telegraphed for to go to his son, who was very ill, and it was only by a miracle that they had wronged out the time to come for the contessa. The Signor Conte must have the carriage in twenty minutes, without fail.

"Go," said Mr. Lyman to the footman, "and take the baby from the nurse she is waiting at the door. You need have no words with her, as she has been paid and dismissed. Make haste, and don't wake the child."

To the great disgust of the affectionate uncle, the new nurse had not been able to come in the carriage for the baby, and he must have a *tete-a-tete* drive with it. Fortunately, it was not far. While the man was gone for the baby, he busied himself arranging a bed of shavings in the carriage, big enough for the infant's grandfather to repose comfortably on. "There, I hope she will sleep," he said, giving his work a final pat.

The footman dashed into the waiting room, cast a hasty, comprehensive glance about, and then gathered up the unconscious TroTTY as the only infant in the room. He quietly withdrew him from the partially overhanging draperies of the snoring old woman at his side, whom he took for the nurse. "Maldonnamia! what a fright the old girl will have when she finds the baby gone! It serves her right, though; she ought not to go to sleep at her post, and I have no time for explanations."

Mrs. Roseleaf, on the bench opposite, continued to sleep the sleep of the just, and TroTTY was borne away.

"Asleep, Carlino? That is lucky. Put her down gingerly, my boy, on these shawls. All right. Avanti!" and the Count's carriage dashed forward.

Before the rattle of its wheels died away there began an animated scene in the waiting room at Verona. Doris, her toilet adjusted, sought out the cozy nest where she had left her pet, but to her horror the bird was flown. Then arose tears and lamentations which would have melted granite. Where was he, her darling, her beauty? She did not care if the whole world knew he was a dog—only let some one return him, and he should have any reward he asked for. Somebody testified to having seen a footman, in livery, come in and take away the baby, or dog, or whatever it was. "A case of abduction, then, and more hopeless than ever!" wailed Doris. The imperturbable Abruzzi nurse, with her baby sleeping sweetly as an angel, blinked stupidly at the excited people around her, understanding or caring nothing about their evident distress. She only wondered vaguely why the Signor Conte's carriage was so slow in coming.

Presently Harold Lyman, with a face as white as a ghost, dashed into the room. He carried a lace handkerchief in his hand, and went straight up to the weeping Doris, saying: "Madam, is this your property? I believe it is, for I noticed the same name on your portmanteau in the train."

"Yes, it is mine. Is he still alive? Pray, pray don't tell me he is dead!"

"Very much alive, my dear young lady, and I am here to beg you to come and claim him. He is quite too much for any of us to manage." Then turning to the nurse and a baby on whom his eyes had rested for a moment with intense relief as he entered the room, he said to the woman, with flashing eyes: "How dared you disobey me and go wandering off and losing yourself at the most important moment? Your stupidity has nearly been the death of us all. The other nurse has gone into fits, and if she dies, her blood will be on your soul!"

"It was a pin, Excellence," the woman replied, unmoved.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Roseleaf, Doris, Mr. Lyman and the real baby were packed into a carriage and were spinning along to the Palazzo to which TroTTY had been conveyed.

Never in all her life will Doris forget the aspect of things as she was ushered into the presence of her lost darling. It was a large, airy room, like a nursery, TroTTY, considerably recovered from his opium drowsiness, stood on the floor in extreme *neglige*, barking furiously at a dozen or more frightened people, any one of whom would rather grasp hot coals than touch him. His cap was rakishly careened on one side, he had torn his lace dress for and aft, and his shawl trailed sideways on the carpet.

"TroTTY, dear TroTTY!" cried Doris, rushing forward.

Benignity and pleasure softened TroTTY's sinister eye; slowly his tattered draperies swayed to and fro with the beatific wagging of his tail. He started toward his mistress, but tripped ignominiously in his petticoat and rolled over. "You darling, you shall not be a baby any more!" and she tore off the garments so much the worse for wear, and allowed TroTTY to appear in the dignity of his own coat.

This interview, very painful for all persons concerned, save one, was ended as soon as possible, and the Roseleafs were driven back to the station, there to begin their usual pleading with the guards to allow their dog to accompany them.

Before bidding them adieu, Mr. Lyman managed with considerable *finesse* to find out where Mrs. Roseleaf and her daughter were going to spend the next six weeks.

Oddly enough, he appeared, quite by chance of course, at the same place a fortnight later, and somehow found it necessary and expedient to go to the resort next selected by them.

It so turned out that when Doris returned in the autumn to the Lombardia she did have a handsome admirer to flaunt in the faces of the other girls.

"He is wonderfully devoted. When is the wedding to be?"

"In May, Mrs. Roseleaf told me. She

is heart-broken at the idea of losing Doris, but it is the only way she can be rid of TroTTY—and this thought consoles her."

NEPTUNE'S MIGHTY POWER.

Various Kinds of Ocean Waves.

A wave is a thing of beauty, but it is only a joy to those who watch it marching in splendor and foam from the safe refuge of the shore. It is a very nauseating condition of voyaging. I makes the bones of ships creak as if they were full of rheumatism. It fills the brain with sense of chaos, and one moment swings the moaning traveler to the stars and the next plunges him into an abyss hideous with gloom and the hissing as of millions of snakes. To measure waves in a severe tempest is even more difficult than to mark effects. When the weather rises to such fury as makes the seas colossal enough to render the determination of their height exceedingly important, there is usually too much anxiety, and even distraction, for observation. The weight of the wind is so violent that it is almost impossible to show one's face to it. The ship whether a sailing vessel or a steamer, hove to plunges so abominably that a man's main concern is to hold on and save himself from being drowned should one of the frothy mountains tumble on board. There may be other reasons why the officers of the mercantile marine have not very zealously devoted their leisure moments to measuring the height of waves. But more information than may already be found collected is badly wanted and, unquestionably, captains and mates would be doing substantial service by neglecting no opportunity to ascertain, by the best means in their power, the true altitude of ocean seas.

DOWN BY CAPE HORN.

For the true Andean sea one must go down to Cape Horn, perhaps to as far as 60 degrees south. There are sailors who, standing at the wheel of a ship running before these seas, will never willingly look behind them, lest the sight of the oncoming rampart of green water, arching toward the taffrail, should unnerve them. Standing on a deck twenty feet above the water line you yet look up at the crest of these seas as at the top of a mountain. The gigantic grace, the huge majesty of these liquid Titans cannot be described. It is necessary to be hoive to appreciate their height, volume and power; to watch from the low broadside the swinging approach of the mighty mass, with its fleecy front and foaming head flickering in bottle green to the dull light of the gray sky; to feel the sweep of the ship up the enormous acclivity, and then while, for the space of a breath only, she hangs poised with upright masts and shrieking and rigging on the headlong valley, to look down and behold the broad valley beneath, into which the vessel an instant after slides like a comet.

It is difficult to write of the seas which run in heavy weather off the southern-most point of South America without risk of being charged with exaggeration; they must be seen, and a little spell of custom will render admission easy. It is impossible to be tossed by them in such vessels as now make the passage of the Horn, without wondering by what miracle or luck or phenomenal merit or seamanship the old navigators were enabled to beat against them in their small half decked boats, some no bigger than a Deal lugger, without a touch of the weathery qualities of such craft.

CYCLOPICAL AGITATION.

But let it not be supposed that the high wave is the dangerous one. The regular running surges may be as tall as the biggest hotel in London, with a ninth fellow among them as high as the monument, and yet none prove nearly so dangerous as the pyramidal seas of the cyclone. Of all forms of vexed water the cyclonic agitation is worst. Here is a whirlwind of astonishing fury so many miles in diameter. For a little while it runs a steady sea, but presently its gyrations brings up a surge from another quarter; then comes the lull, followed by a frightful outburst of storm from a direction opposite to the point from which the wind last blew. The seas, coming into collision, fight like wolves. They snap and howl, leaping high in conical shapes in the very smallitude of sentient passion. The staggering of the ship is indescribable. There is no rhythmic swing to give her motions something of the vibrations of the pendulum. Her decks are filled with water, while her bows dive into a chasm that has opened under her forefoot, a valley yawns under her stern and a hill of water flashes up on either side. It has not been suggested that the altitude of the cyclonic wave should be determined. Probably there is no eye aloft equal to such an undertaking.

Another very uncomfortable sea is the volcanic wave. It is not very long ago that a vessel, steaming through quiet waters on a dark night, was suddenly hurled up by an invisible billow that was reckoned to be between thirty and forty feet high. Three such waves passed under her, the last being the least in volume, and then all was dead flatness of ocean again. The stoutest heart might well thump to such an encounter as this.

Marriage Among the Eskimo.

As regards matrimonial matters, they generally have but one wife, and never more than two at the same time. No formal preliminaries in the way of a marriage service seem to be presented. When a couple come to the same way of thinking, the man takes the woman from her home, sometimes even without asking the parents' consent, and installs her in his own igloo as the fire tender and "slavery" thereof. Usually the relation is a happy one. Sometimes, however, incompatibility of temper reveals itself, and then the uncongenial wife is returned to her former home, having been taken only "on approval," and no formal divorce being required.

Take straw to Es-ravin (where straw is exceedingly plentiful) is one of the oldest Jewish proverbs extant.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

The Marriage Feast.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 22: 1-14. Memory verses, 11-14.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor.*—Heb. 2: 9.

LESSON TOPIC: *A Message Disclosing Opportunity.*

Lesson: (1) Opportunity, vs. 1-4, 8-11. Outline: (2) Misuse, vs. 8, 11, 12. (3) Penalty, vs. 7, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.*—Rev. 19: 9.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 22: 1-14. A message disclosing opportunity.

T.—Prov. 9: 1-12. Wisdom's feast.

W.—Luke 14: 7-24. The great supper.

T.—John 2: 1-11. The wedding feast at Cana.

F.—Luke 7: 36-50. A festal gathering.

S.—Eph. 5: 22-33. A model love.

S.—Rev. 19: 5-16. The Lamb's marriage.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. OPPORTUNITY.

I. A Splendid Feast:

A certain king... made a marriage feast for his son (2).

Eat ye of my bread, and drink of the wine (Prov. 9: 5).

His fruit was sweet to my taste (Cant. 2: 3).

Buy wine and milk without money (Isa. 55: 1).

Blessed are they which are bidden to the marriage supper (Rev. 19: 9).

II. A Pressing Invitation:

All things are ready: come to the marriage feast (4).

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye (Isa. 55: 1).

Come unto me, all ye that labor (Matt. 11: 28).

Come unto me, and drink (John 7: 37).

The Spirit and the bride say, Come (Rev. 22: 17).

III. An Honorable Robe:

A wedding-garment (11).

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness (Psa. 132: 9).

He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness (Isa. 61: 10).

She should array herself in fine linen (Rev. 19: 8).

Clothed in fine linen, white and pure (Rev. 19: 14).

II. MISUSE.

I. Refusal:

They would not come (3).

I have called, and ye refused (Prov. 1: 24).

When I called, ye did not answer (Isa. 65: 12).

When I called, none did answer (Isa. 66: 4).

Ye will not come to me, that ye may have life (John 5: 40).

II. Ridicule:

They made light of it (5).

They... contemned the counsel of the Most High (Psa. 107: 11).

Ye have set at nought all my counsel (Prov. 1: 25).

They laughed him to scorn (Matt. 9: 24).

Festus saith with a loud voice, Paul, thou art mad (Acts 26: 24).

III. Violence:

The rest... entreated them shamefully, and killed them (6).

They took him, and cast him forth, and killed him (Matt. 21: 39).

O Jerusalem... which killeth the prophets (Matt. 23: 37).

All... took counsel against Jesus to him to death (Matt. 27: 1).

Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging him on a tree (Acts 5: 30).

III. PENALTY.

I. Present Punishment:

He... destroyed those murderers, and burned their city (7).

The people... shall destroy the city and the sanctuary (Dan. 9: 26).

Jerusalem shall become heaps (Micah 3: 12).

There shall not be left here one stone upon another (Matt. 24: 2).

Slay them before me (Luke 19: 27).

II. Outer Darkness:

Cast him out into the outer darkness (13).

The way of the wicked is as darkness (Prov. 4: 19).

The sons... shall be cast forth into the outer darkness (Matt. 8: 12).

Cast ye out... into the outer darkness (Matt. 25: 30).

For whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved (2 Pet. 2: 17).

III. Remorseful Weeping:

There shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth (18).

Oh that... I might weep day and night for the slain (Jer. 9: 1).

There shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth (Matt. 24: 51).

There shall be the weeping... when ye see Abraham (Luke 13: 28).

He found no place of repentance (Heb. 12: 17).

1. "He sent... and destroyed... and burned their city." (1) The incensed king; (2) The burned city; (3) The destroyed culprits.

2. "Bind him... and cast him out." (1) Condemned; (2) Bound; (3) Ejected.—(1) The judge; (2) The culprits; (3) The executors; (4) The penalty.

3. "Many are called but few chosen." (1) The many called; (2) The few chosen.—(1) The call; (2) The choice.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

SPIRITUAL FEASTING.

Wisdom's feast (Prov. 9: 1-5).

Solomon's song of the feast (Cant. 2: 3, 4).

The king's marriage feast (Matt. 22: 1-4).

The great supper (Luke 14: 16, 17).

Supping with the Lord (Rev. 3: 20).

The Lord's meat (John 4: 31-34).

The disciple's meat (Rom. 14: 17; John 6: 53-58; 1 Cor. 10: 3, 4).

Meat for all (Isa. 25: 9; 55: 1, 2).

Meat forever (Luke 22: 29, 30).

Tested by tasting (Psa. 34: 8; 1 Pet. 2: 2, 3).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The present lesson follows immediately the twelfth lesson of the last quarter. This parable of the marriage feast is given by Matthew only; though a similar one is narrated by Luke (Luke 14: 16-24), in a different connection at a somewhat earlier point in the history. The place and time are therefore the same as before: in the temple, on Tuesday, the twelfth of Nisan (April 4), according to Andrews, year of Rome 783.—A. D. 30.

Still Looking for "Little Mamma."

The wife of Michael Flanagan, a laborer, of No. 452 Warren-st., Brooklyn, while rummaging through an old trunk found this circular:

CHILD LOST!