

HUSKING PARTY.

NEW ENGLAND BALLAD.

BY DEXTER SMITH.

Shadow gleam the snow drifts...

Softly beam the rays from lanterns...

None are merrier than Huldah...

Gracefully the guests are bowing...

Talk of city hops and functions...

She starts back in consternation...

"Never!" says the city cousin...

Then there came full explanations...

Huldah, happy with her husband...

That he does not well remember...

When he saw the frightened glitter...

QUASTANA, THE BRIGAND.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Misadventures? Well, if I were an...

I had just entered upon my duties...

One morning I was at the club...

A minute later we were confronted...

The enormous animal quieted down...

At the table sat a man who looked...

rascal had the cheek to have his portrait...

While we were looking at the photo...

"No!" replied the man. "He is too...

The next morning I set out in full...

At Bonifacio we stopped for dinner...

We were fast friends in less than...

I entered a small inn and had some...

The unfortunate Matteo remained...

"He has come to my house," he said...

We went outside. It was very dark...

"That's my house," said Matteo...

A minute later we were confronted...

The enormous animal quieted down...

At the table sat a man who looked...

"Cousin Quastana," said Matteo...

When you have been an outlaw and...

It is astonishing what a man for card...

I watched the two men with great...

"Here you are!" he exclaimed. "The

without losing sight of the other player's...

Between two and three hours passed...

Suddenly there was a savage bark from...

Matteo and I were looking at one another...

They dragged us to our feet and drove...

It was broad daylight when we reached...

"What! Is it you?" exclaimed the...

Explanations followed. On the previous...

The unfortunate Matteo remained...

"But, my dear sir," said the Public...

"I am sorry for the Prefecture," he...

"So much the worse for the Prefecture..."

"Is God dead?" said a child to her...

The next day my grandparents heard an...

The story of that converted household...

There were 19 of us children. I trace...

Why He Didn't Tell Him.

George Butler, Canon of Winchester...

Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of...

REV. DR. PALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion at Home." (Issued Chicago, Ill.)

"TEXT: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'—Joshua xxiv. 15.

Absurd, Joshua! You are a military character...

Before we adopt the resolution of this old soldier...

It is a great relief to me and my house...

That whole scene has vanished, but it comes back to-day...

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had...

For how much would you have that some other man...

For how much would you have that some other man...

"Is God dead?" said a child to her father...

The next day my grandparents heard an outcry in an adjoining room...

The story of that converted household ran through all the neighborhood...

There were 19 of us children. I trace the whole line of mercy back to that hour when...

Why He Didn't Tell Him.

George Butler, Canon of Winchester Cathedral, was the son of Doctor Butler...

Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee breeches and cloth gaiters...

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I would be a Christian in the army, and I would not go home until I could answer her first question...

How often it is that we hear some one say, "Oh, he was a wild young man, but since his father's death he has been different..."

The hands that had tolled for that household so long, folded. The brain cooled off after twenty or forty years of anxiety...

Religion did so much for our Christian ancestry, are we not ready this morning to be willing to receive it into our own households?

They do not know much about the nobility of the western trapper. A traveler going westward by night and storm...

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