



THE NUT-TREE BABIES' LULLABY.

turn for the thrasher the rain set in and the grain sprouted. The loss of his wheat was a blow to the embarrassed farmer, and he received a little sympathy from his neighbors...

OUR LADY OF PEACE.

A Remarkable Oak Tree Church in a French Forest. Among the early inhabitants of France and of the British Isles oak trees were an object of worship, and much of the Druidical service of those forest days was connected with the monarchs of the forest.

KEEPING A DIARY.

To nearly every one any reference to keeping a diary recalls that which more than once been decided upon and even attempted, but like many other New Year resolutions, became irksome and may perhaps still remain unfulfilled.

OUR LADY OF PEACE.

At Alonville, in Normandy, one of these forest days was connected with the monarchs of the forest. When Christianity was introduced the early teachers of the gospel of the crucified turned these oak trees into temples, and statues of the Divine Son and His mother were erected in them.

OUR LADY OF PEACE.

Of course. And it would be a criminal waste, too. Sell 'em my friends, sell 'em the worst of 'em, but advertise everywhere their 'em. 'em. 'em.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The fire upon the altar is now, alas! how stillness everywhere! Like a trodden altar, here and there, and as the shadows round me creep, a child's face I see the glow.

CRAFTSMEN OF THE EAST, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Throughout the Bible, from first to last, the people among whom the sacred record was compiled were, for the most part, tent-dwellers.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

A gas engine has been made in England that makes 640 revolutions a minute. Canada will make a remarkable display of her mineral resources at the World's Fair.

"THANKFUL ELLIS."

Now the sun crept over the wheat-field, tracking across, black shadows fell across the yellow-green grass before the wind's swift passage, and rising again as the sun sent long, quivering gleams through the bright restless blades.

OUR LADY OF PEACE.

It was not long after this that the deacon's little girl died. This was the heaviest blow that had fallen upon him, but so deeply crossed was he in the effort to conduct his own affairs, that he forgot his own sorrow, and failed also to notice that the drouth had filled the corn before its time; so that when the time came to find the full ripe ear, only premature stubbles were hidden away under the crisp, yellow shucks.

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