

IN THE MEADOW.

A little song of sunshine,
Of daisies and blue sky!
Alone upon the meadow sea
A little ship was I.

LOVE IS BEST.

USK had come in the drawing-room, but the lamps were not yet lighted, and the young women in the picturesque hats clustered round the little table as closely as their huge sleeves and dimmable skirts allowed, and sipped their Assam-Pekoe between the bursts of confidence proper to the half-hour.

lamps, the high vases heaped with red roses, the lounges heaped with silken cushions, the Dresden and silver, the beautiful girls getting into their princely furs, talking scandal like dowagers, her sister Bab's face with the scarlet on both cheeks, and her own, white and angry, in the glass, as he marble Diana behind her.

herds are prospering so that we shall have to take counsel of the prophet. Wasn't it Isaiah that said: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes?'

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

A TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.
Subject: 'The Worst Foe of Labor.'
Owing to great grief at the sudden death of his lamented wife, Rev. Dr. De Witt Talmage has been unable to preach, but in order that the vast congregation to which he speaks through the press may not be disappointed, a famous and always timely sermon delivered by him on a previous occasion is supplied for this week.

It is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the day-break of National prosperity. Some people think it means to turn the gas full when they go out of the cellar, they feel embarrassed if the door-curtain hangs before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table.

are on the roads and streets of this land day little children, barefooted, unwashed and unkempt—want on every patch of the faded dress and on every wrinkle of the prematurely old countenance, who have been in churches to-day, and as we stand as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them to the grave. O rum, thou son of God, the desecrator of homes, thou restorer of the pit, I hate thee!