

THE KNITTERS.

All hail to the little brown fingers That pull the first blossoms of life, And hail to the strong hand that lingers To calm the hot pulses of strife!

BORN TO SERVE By Charles M. Sheldon, Author of 'IN HIS STEPS', 'JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS', 'EDWARD BLAKE', ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED. While her room was in process of reconstruction, Barbara had been going home to stay with her mother.

"I do not think you ought to be shut out, of course. We have gone over the ground a hundred times. But your position does shut you out. It is not a question of ought, but it does."

ever make any cruel or false distinction between different kinds of labor." "It isn't that altogether," Mrs. Clark wearily said, as if too tired to continue.

"Yes, Mother's father was from Washington county." "How interesting!" The young woman smiled in a very interesting manner at Barbara.

HUMOROUS. Glad When He Stops—"I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?" "Yes; but I always dread his beginning."



"YOU ARE ALL WORN OUT," SAID HER MOTHER.

you were to join his church and become a worker there, you could not expect him to ignore the fact that you were a servant girl.

Practical Benefit. Rivers—You've been having your hair singed, haven't you? What good does that do?

British Naval Discipline. A curious story of English naval discipline has just found its way into print. When the Ophir, with the duke and duchess of Cornwall on board, was nearing St. Helena the signal was made to the attendant cruisers St. George and Juno, as it was desirable to reach port before nightfall.