

Family Reading.

The Blue-Bottle Fly.

Buzzing and gay in the early dawn, Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall, Out for a flight over garden and lawn, Fearing no tumble and dreading no fall...

How our Hens helped to make me a Dressmaker.

'What skillful fingers!' I exclaimed, as my friend Mrs. Larkins helped me 'make over' an ugly, ill-fitting dress into a tasteful comfortable garment.

to come to the farm and stay until mother got back. 'We all helped and got mother started off in a few days. 'I wish Jane was here,' she said as she left the house...

'brave, unselfish child'—praise that was very dear to me. 'A fortunate journey,' said Duncan, 'for our Nannie got her health, and Bett has found out how smart she is.'

morning. Mr. Wilkin's father was with us then—he is a clergyman, you know—and he said to me, while the child lay moaning on my lap, 'Polly, wouldn't it be a comfort to you to have the boys baptized?'

earnest, and convincing words. I have been almost persuaded to be a Christian for a long time, but have been kept back by the attitude of Christians themselves in regard to their religious privileges.

M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, T—your Trust. 'The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—your Trust.'

Mrs. Wilkin's Twins.

'I really feel ashamed of my children's baptism,' said Mrs. Wilkins to a Baptist friend with whom, on other than denominational points, she had a cordial understanding.

'I Love to Tell the Story.' BY MRS. ANNIE S. PRESTON. I heard a good, large-hearted brother tell this story in a rather dull prayer-meeting one evening not long since.

Temperance. The following is old, but good, and we do not remember that it has been in the Messenger, at least for some years.

Dr. Dod's Sermon on Malt. Dr. Dod lived many years ago, a few miles from Cambridge, Eng. Having several times preached against drunkenness, some of the students were very much offended, thinking he made reflections on them.

I'll take what Father takes. 'Twas in the flowery month of June, The sun was in the west, When a merry, blithesome company Met at a public feast.