

IMPLORA PACE.

The clouds that stoop from yonder sky
Discharge their burdens and are free;
The streams that take them hasten by
To find relief in lake and sea.

Deacon Rankin's Daughter.

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN.

"Its dread 'n' curious that minister's sons
and deacons' daughters should always be
greater trials than other folks' children. I
wouldn't have believed when Sylvy was a
child that she would have grown up to be
such a thorn in your side, Sister Sarah.
But you'll have to bear it, as the Lord's
will, and trust that she will be brought
sometime to see the error of her ways."

Deacon's house as a boarder, that he might
have all possible opportunity for prosecu-
ting his suit, and Syl was tormented al-
most beyond endurance.
The clinking of Aunt Dorcas' needles
went on, and Aunt Dorcas' sharp voice
kept company with it, ringing over the
changes upon Syl's ingratitude and hard-
ness of heart. Syl began to think she
would go wild listening to it.

The deacon started as if he thought she
must have taken leave of her senses, and
Silas Daggett grew a shade paler—or was
it only Syl's fancy? But they granted her
request, after a little laughter and jesting
about her "discovery."

And resolve, as after the first battle of
Manassas. He certainly does not represent
the feelings of the great mass of the South-
ern people if he desires to present discord
and bitterness. We do not believe he has
such a design.—Baltimore Sun.

Three persons out of four would rush
right up to the burning individual and be-
gin to paw with their hands without any
definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim
to do this or that, or to call for water. In
fact, it is generally best not to say a word,
but to seize a blanket or any woollen fabric
—if none is at hand take any woollen ma-
terial—hold the corners as far apart as you
can, and stretch them out higher than your
head, and running boldly to the person,
make a motion of clasping in the arms,
mostly about the shoulders. This instantly
smothers the fire and saves the face.