

some flower, and the drooping blossoms that are placed within them are nurtured into fresh life by tender, loving care. There is also a small home for the reception of particularly destitute cases, and which often enables a widow or deserted wife to go into domestic service. Mrs. Hilton does not obtrude her wants or her anxieties; but there are times when the daily cost of so much good work causes her grave consideration. Were she not cheery and hopeful by disposition she would sometimes feel despondent. But friends have helped her hitherto, and she is confident that they will continue to do so.

PILFERINGS.

GEORGIE comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage, whereupon mamma says to the four-year-old: "Georgie, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is." Georgie, full of influenza, replies: "No; I don't feel well. Bofe of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."

"WHERE do the pins all go?" asks a contemporary. Well, some go into clothes, some go on the street, some go into paper, and many of them occupy chairs in our schools and colleges.



OF THE

UPPER NURSERY.

[To the above eloquent and graphic description we can only add that this is a charity deserving of every possible support; and hope that at this season of the year it may be the recipient of many of those ever welcome gifts which go towards a happy continuation of an efficiently carried on work.—ED.]

A PROPER secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.—*Chesterfield.*

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

THE man who enjoys bad health—the doctor. In a provincial town not long since a local medical man answered the inquiry of a lady impromptu in rhyme as follows:—

She: "Do you dance the lancers, Dr. Brown?"

He: "No; I do not dance the lancers.

But when the dancers' health breaks down
I sometimes lance the dancers."

DOCTOR: "You see, wifey dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all! A very critical case, I can tell you." "Yes, dear hubby; but then you are such an excellent physician! Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved!"

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)