

# ANNALS

OF THE

# NICKERSON HOME

FOR CHILDREN,

NO. 14 TYLER STREET,

BOSTON.

FOR THE FIFTEEN MONTHS TO JANUARY 1, 1897.

---

VOL. LXI.

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“Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble.”

“He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.”

“Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hands to do it.”

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Published by a Committee of the Society.

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BOSTON:

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# Board of Officers for 1896-97.

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**President :**

MRS. S. E. DAWES.

**Vice-President :**

MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY.  
MRS. E. L. VAN HORN.

MRS. A. S. HODGKINS.  
MRS. E. A. WILSON.

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**Secretary :**

MRS. G. M. DAWSON.

**Trustees :**

MRS. S. E. DAWES.  
MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY.  
MRS. M. S. HOLWAY.

MRS. A. S. HODGKINS.  
MRS. E. L. VAN HORN.  
MRS. G. M. DAWSON.

**Auditing Committee :**

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MRS. M. A. LANSIL.  
MISS C. M. HILL.  
MISS CARRIE L. BOSWELL.

**Matron :**

MRS. LOLA C. HOLWAY.

# Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

*In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty.*

## AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION.

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, by authority of the same, as follows :*

SECTION 1. SARAH HAYWARD, SUSAN B. HOLWAY, FRANCES S. KETTELLE, RUTH SEVERANCE, their associates and successors, are hereby made a corporation, by the name of the "LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION," to be established in Boston, in the County of Suffolk, for the purpose of establishing a Home and a school, to aid in the support and education of indigent youth, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, restrictions and liabilities set forth in the forty-fourth chapter of the Revised Statutes.

SECTION 2. Said corporation may receive and take by purchase, grant, devise, bequest, or donation, any real or personal property, and hold the same for the purpose aforesaid, and may manage and dispose of the same according to their discretion, provided that the whole amount of real and personal property held and possessed by the said corporation shall not exceed in value at any one time the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, April 15, 1850.

Passed to be enacted.

ENSIGN H. KELLOGG, *Speaker.*

IN SENATE, April 16, 1850.

Passed to be enacted.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, *President.*

Approved.

April 16, 1850.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, April 18, 1850.

I hereby certify the forgoing to be a true copy of the original act.

WM. TUFTS, *Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.*

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## AN ACT

### TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE "LADIES' AMERICAN HOME-EDUCATION SOCIETY AND TEMPERANCE UNION."

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows :*

SECTION 1. The "Ladies' American Home Education Society and Temperance Union," a corporation established in Boston, under the provisions of chapter two hundred and eleven of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and fifty, shall be known as the "Nickerson Home for Children," on and after the first day of April, eighteen hundred and eighty.

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Approved March 11, 1880.

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## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I, A. B., do give and bequeath to the "NICKERSON HOME FOR CHILDREN," the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ for the use and benefit of said Institution, to be applied by the Board of Managers thereof to the general object of the Home. And I do direct that a receipt, signed by the President and Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge.



# CONSTITUTION.

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ART. 1. This Home shall be called the NICKERSON HOME FOR CHILDREN.

ART. 2. Its object shall be to provide a home for destitute children, especially half orphans, when their homes are suddenly broken up by death, where they can enjoy all the comforts of a well regulated family, and be instructed, not only physically, but intellectually and religiously. For the privilege of such a home, a small board will be required, which, although not enough for the child's support, will serve to give to parents the feeling that he or she is doing what they can for the support of their little ones. A limited number of children, which will be increased as our means shall permit, will be admitted to the Home free of charge. Parents or friends may visit the children at the Home, or may remove them from it whenever their circumstances will warrant their assuming their children's support.

ART. 3. Any person paying one dollar annually shall be a member. The payment of twenty-five dollars at one time, shall constitute a life membership.

ART. 4. The officers of this Society shall be a President and Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer and Auditors, and sixteen Managers, one of whom shall officiate as Librarian. Five shall be chosen annually as Trustees, of whom the President, Secretary and Treasurer shall constitute a part. At any regular meeting convened, any number of the Officers and Managers present may be competent to proceed with the business in thirty minutes after the appointed hour, and five may constitute a quorum.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the President, in concurrence with the Committee, to call all special meetings, and to preside at meetings of the Board of Managers, each of which is to be opened with prayer. In the absence of the President, one of the Vice-Presidents shall preside.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all the proceedings of the Society and Board of Managers; and at each meeting for business she shall read the record of the last preceding meeting. She shall, on special occasions, notify the members of the Board, and shall assist in any other duties the Board of Managers may assign.

ART. 7. The Treasurer shall keep an account of the money received and expended, and shall present the bills due against the Home at each meeting of the Board, to be approved by them and signed by the President. She shall make a written report annually to the Managers. Such assistance shall be allowed to the Treasurer in collecting of funds, keeping of books, etc., as the Board of Managers shall deem expedient.

ART. 8. There shall be an Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers held the first Thursday in October, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., when the officers shall be chosen once in five years; but the office of each lady will only be held by the faithful fulfilment of their official duties. An Annual Report of the Secretary and Treasurer shall be presented, the report from the Board of Managers read, vacancies upon the Board filled, and such other business transacted as may come before them. Meetings of the Managers are holden at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the first Thursday of every month; Quarterly Meetings of the Board of Managers the first Thursday of October, January, April and July, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Home.

ART. 9. It shall be the duty of some one or two of the Trustees to meet weekly or oftener at the Home, to see that suitable provision is made for the support and instruction of the family, and to take charge of the financial affairs generally pertaining to the Home; to transact business, so far as practicable, with individuals who may wish to place children under the patronage of the Home, together with other important daily visits made at the Home, which require to be recorded and promptly reported at the meetings of the Board of Managers for their action.

ART. 10. Amendments may be made to this Constitution by a majority of the members present at the Annual Meeting.

## LIFE MEMBERS.

[Those marked with a \* have deceased.]

- Mrs. Esties, Amesbury Mills.  
 Mrs. A. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Mrs. A. Noyes, Georgetown.  
 Mrs. Tenny, Windsor, Vt.  
 Mrs. Deacon Skinner, Windsor, Vt.  
 Mrs. C. Towne, Bellows Fall, Vt.  
 \*Rev. Mr. Pierce, North Attleboro.  
 Rev. G. M. Adams, Portsmouth, N.H.  
 Mrs. E. Goddard, Claremont, N. H.  
 Dr. T. Gordon, Plymouth.  
 Rev. L. Stone, Charlestown, N. H.  
 Rev. Mrs. Ventries, Hyde Park.  
 Rev. Mrs. Webster, Hyde Park.  
 Rev. Mrs. Dickinson, Foxboro.  
 Mrs. Richardson, Malden.  
 Mrs. Albert Ballard, Framingham.  
 Miss B. A. Faxon, East Braintree.  
 Mr. E. Brown.  
 \*Mr. E. H. Emmons.  
 Mrs. E. A. Ritchie, Brookline.  
 Shepard, Norwell & Co.  
 Hogg, Brown, Taylor & Co.  
 \*Mrs. John J. Swift.  
 Miss Sarah D. Ryder.  
 Mrs. N. H. Emmons.  
 Churchill, Watson & Co.  
 Mrs. J. M. Edmonds, Portsmouth, N.H.  
 Mrs. Luther, Attleboro.  
 J. P. Bradlee.  
 D. Nevins, Sr.  
 \*Hon. Jacob Sleeper.  
 Mrs. E. H. Ryder.  
 \*B. F. Sturtevant.  
 \*Mrs. Fenno Tudor.  
 George A. Nickerson.  
 Mrs. Mehitable Adams.  
 Elisha Atkins.  
 Mrs. Deacon Allen, Holyoke.  
 Mrs. Mary Farley, Ipswich.  
 Mrs. Mary P. Swasey, Beverly.  
 Mrs. R. C. Mather, Beaufort, S. C.  
 Mrs. William Ellison, Duxbury.  
 Mrs. Hixon, Springfield.  
 Mrs. Pettigale, Newburyport.  
 Mrs. Paul Lunt, Newburyport.  
 Mr William Danforth, Plymouth.
- Mr. A. Low.  
 \*Mrs. S. Hooper.  
 Miss Sarah M. Bailey, Abington.  
 Miss Phœbe Newman, Newbury.  
 \*Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, Groton.  
 \*P. C. Brooks.  
 N. D. Whitney & Co.  
 George Young.  
 \*H. D. Parker.  
 Mrs. Charles F. Adams.  
 \*Edward Brooks.  
 \*J. Warren Merrill.  
 F. Gordon Dexter.  
 Mrs. C. Humphrey.  
 John Bailey, Topsfield.  
 Mrs. R. C. Waterson.  
 \*Miss Rebecca Bowker.  
 \*Miss C. L. Donnison, Cambridge.  
 Henry S. Shaw.  
 \*Rev. Photius Fisk.  
 \*William F. Carey.  
 Silas Pierce.  
 M. D. Spaulding.  
 C. W. Kingsley.  
 Frank Goodwin, Boston.  
 Fuller, Dana & Fitz.  
 Mrs. Harvey Jewell.  
 Mr. John Foster.  
 Mrs. Dr. Ladd, Malden.  
 \*Hon. Martin Brimmer.  
 Hon. Alden Speare.  
 Mrs. N. Thayer.  
 \*Henry L. Pierce.  
 A Lady, Jamaica Plain.  
 Mr. Stephen G. Deblois.  
 Mrs. J. F. Haitt.  
 Mrs. Philip Radin, New Jersey.  
 Adison P. Wanson, Gloucester.  
 W. S. Spaulding.  
 H. C. Thatcher.  
 Charles Woodbury.  
 D. R. Whitney.  
 Arioch Wentworth.  
 Mrs. C. A. Fuller.  
 Mrs. Marian M. Pearse, Newtonville.



## DONATIONS

TO THE HOME FOR 1896.

- Hall & Cole, bbl. apples.  
 North Packing Co., ham.  
 D. Atwood Co., 2 gals. oysters.  
 Isaac Locke, fruit.  
 Reynolds Haley, 15 lbs. beef.  
 J. B. Young, bush. potatoes.  
 George Flint, ham.  
 Geo. M. Legg, turkey.  
 Simpson, McIntire & Co., box butter.  
 L. M. Dyer, forequarter lamb.  
 Curtis Davis Co., 2 boxes soap.  
 James Morse, box soap.  
 E. F. Andrews & Co., 15 lbs. fish.  
 Tucker & Roak, beef.  
 Niles Bros., 2 hams.  
 Swain, Earle & Co., box of starch.  
 Rice & Holway, bbl. apples.  
 Geo. O. Brown, forequarter lamb.  
 J. Dillaway, corned beef.  
 S. E. Woodbridge, roast.  
 W. W. Benjamin, bbl. squash.  
 J. E. Robinson, beef.  
 Rich & Matthews, 25 lbs. fish.  
 Prior, Ingalls & Co., 25 lbs. fish.  
 Crosby Bros., box butter.  
 Lowell Bros., bbl. potatoes.  
 E. H. Kingman, bushel cranberries.  
 Edward Newton, 25 lbs. salt fish.  
 Calvin Ball, corned beef.  
 Hanson Ricker, figs, etc.  
 L. G. Sturtevant, 2 turkeys.  
 Curtis & Co., bbl. apples.  
 S. S. Pierce, bbl. flour.  
 C. D. Cobb, bbl. flour.  
 Alonzo Knight, canned goods.  
 Youth's Companion donated.  
 Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, 10 lbs. tea.  
 Whittemore Bros., gilt-edge dressing.  
 Mr. Cushman, 2 curtains and fixtures.  
 Edith B., Concord, hats.  
 S. E. Fletcher, bushel beans.  
 Mills & Deering, box butter.  
 Loring Crocker, canned goods.  
 H. L. Lawrence, 2 turkeys.  
 Patch & Roberts, 3 baskets grapes.  
 Austin & Graves, half bbl. crackers.  
 Fobes, Hayward & Co., 3 boxes candy.  
 Dempsey, bbl. apples.  
 A. Smith, vegetables.  
 C. H. Murch, 2 bushels potatoes.  
 Rich Bros., beef.  
 Taylor, Ford & Co., bbl. turnips.  
 Dwinell, Wright Co., 5 lbs. coffee.  
 Benjamin, bbl. squash.  
 Charles Moody & Co., box raisins.  
 Darmody Bros., vegetables, etc.,  
 Hartshorn, some essences.  
 Mr. Parker, cake.  
 G. W. Van Herr, 2 bushels peas.  
 Simonds Bros., box onions.  
 H. & R. Atwood, 2 gals. oysters.  
 M. E. Hardy, fruit.  
 C. S. Swain, bbl. apples.  
 W. W. & C. R. Noyes, bbl. apples.  
 J. V. Fletcher, 15 lbs. roast.  
 S. B. King & Co., vegetables, fruit,  
 canned goods.  
 Mr. Stone, Waltham, 16 hats.  
 McLellan, Star & Brigham, bush. pean-  
 nuts.  
 E. L. Smith, oranges.  
 W. Legg, turkey.  
 Lowell Bros., bbl. apples.  
 Friend, clothing.  
 H. M. Sanders, scissors.  
 F. H. Johnson, 25 lbs. salt fish.  
 Charles Lawrence, nuts, figs, &c.  
 Mrs. Whitney, Melrose, 2 bundles  
 clothing.  
 B. Johnson, 10 lbs. lamb.  
 Downs & Wentworth, lamb.  
 C. C. Aiken, box of candy.  
 Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, 10 lbs. tea.  
 Mr. Cobb, box of candy.  
 Cobb, Aldrich & Co., box of candy.  
 Mr. Moody, box of candy.  
 Cheney, Upham & Co., bbl. potatoes.  
 Stail, box of candy.  
 G. Legg, 3 chickens,  
 Friend, 1 ham.  
 Eugene Niles, 1 ham.  
 C. M. Ryder, 1 ham.  
 Sturtevant & Haley, beef.  
 Swan & Newton, 2 chickens.  
 Mr. Richer, figs, etc.  
 Mr. Hall, grapes.  
 Alonzo Knight, dozen canned goods.  
 Mr. Morse, box of candy.  
 Friend, bbl. apples.  
 Murray & Willey, Malden, clothing  
 valued at \$10.  
 Mr. George Dorr, 1 bundle.  
 Mrs. Paffs, Cambridge, 3 bundles.  
 Mrs. Leeds, Cambridge, 3 bundles.  
 Mrs. W. G. Harris, Boston, 1 bundle.  
 Howard W. Spurr & Co., bbl. sweet  
 potatoes.  
 Patch & Roberts, bbl. apples, 2 bush.  
 grapes.  
 T. G. Merriam, \$5.00.



Mrs. E. A. Bartlet, \$5.00.  
 D. Atwood, 1 gal. oysters.  
 Mrs. A. W. Clark, cake.  
 Murrey & Welby, clothing, value \$10.  
 Mrs. Leeds, 6 bundles of clothing.  
 Mrs. Taffs, 20 bundles of clothing.  
 Mrs. Poor, 1 bundle of clothing.  
 Mrs. W. O. Harris, 1 bundle clothing:  
 Mr. Samuel Ricker, 2 bdls. clothing.  
 Alfred Pierce & Co., 12 cases germ  
 meal and 3 cases salt.  
 American Cereal Co., 3 cases rolled  
 oats.  
 Clark's cottons, 3 doz. spools.  
 Oriental Tea Co., tea and coffee.  
 Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, crockery  
 ware.  
 Abram French Co., crockery ware.  
 Shapleigh Coffee Co., 10 lbs. cocoa  
 and coffee.  
 H. & S., 3 lbs. tea.  
 Rev. D. W. Waldron, 1 bbl. apples.  
 Mrs. Tenney, 1 bbl. apples.  
 J. S. Eastman, 2 bbls. apples.  
 Mrs. Alexander Cochrane, 1 large  
 turkey.  
 Donations from Tremont St. bakery.  
 Mrs. M. A. Bailey, hats.  
 Friend, \$5 for Thanksgiving.  
 Mrs. F. W. Andrews, Christmas toys.  
 Mrs. William Sheafe, Christmas toys.

Page & Shaw, Christmas toys.  
 The Needlework Guild, Gloucester, 50  
 pieces clothing.  
 Mrs. I. J. Barrett, hats.  
 Beachmont Seashore House, 1 week  
 outing.  
 Benevolent Society connected with the  
 First Parish of Hingham, aprons  
 and dresses.  
 Mr. F. S. Branscomb, Dorchester, 4  
 bags pan-cake flour.  
 Miss Rea, Maplewood, 50 pairs chil-  
 dren's stockings.  
 Miss Spear, Neponset, fruit and toys.  
 Mrs. Ella F. Bumstead, Ashmont, chil-  
 dren's clothing.  
 St. Andrew's Sewing Circle, Hanover,  
 \$1 subscription.  
 Oak Grove Creamery, 2 gals. ice cream.  
 Wright & Moody, box of candy.  
 L. J. Sturtevant, 25 pounds beef.  
 Glines & Co., 3 pounds of coffee.  
 Mr. Thomas Wood, 5 lbs. tea.  
 Mr. G. Winslow, 3 lbs. tea.  
 Mrs. Olive Smith, 1 bundle clothing.  
 Cutler Bros., essences.  
 First Baptist Church, Melrose, Christ-  
 mas box.  
 Mr. McNutt, 1 load of wood.  
 C. E. Osgood, table.

## REPORT OF SECRETARY.

---

We trust that the year 1897 has opened as joyfully to our friends, in response to the cheery greetings of Card and Calendar as it has to us, as Managers of the Nickerson Home.

But we are reminded of the words of Thomas Carlyle, "Let but Eternity look more or less visibly through the Time Figure" as we send forth this annual message to the many kind friends, and donors of our society.

That our Patrons, by their hearty co-operation, in a work which has for its object, the up-building of the social, through the individual life, may the better judge of our future success, in the line of philanthropic work ; as a society, we give them a summary of its unified work during the past year.

The work of this Society has been carried on in a systematic way by the heads of the several departments, each person falling into the niche assigned with cheerfulness and zeal.

Throughout the year, the monthly meetings have been well attended, there being only one instance when there was not a quorum present. This was due to a severe storm.

The reports of the visiting committee from time to time have added much to the general interest of the meetings. Many valuable suggestions from this department have been acted upon, so we can truly say, that for cleanliness and comfort our Home compares favorably with other institutions of its kind in the city.

The domestic life is one of the most important features of the work.

The Matron, Mrs. Lola Holway, and her assistants have been no laggards in the carrying out of the "daily round of duties" — "the trivial tasks" which make for the greatest good of the whole in the end.

It is partially owing to the genial Christian spirit of the one who presides over the inner life at the Home, that there has been so little friction in the work of its members. Calls innumerable — and wants imperative — have been attended to with patience and alacrity. The result, we hope, will be increased capacity for labor, and a greater success for the Home in the near future.

Every year brings necessary repairs on our house. The expenses of those of the past fifteen months have largely been met by the proceeds of two parlor sales.

One of the pleasantest features of these occasions was the serving of an afternoon tea by Mrs. Theodore Nickerson and her daughters.

The pretty china, and the bright flowers made the room very cheerful, while the delicious tea was very invigorating.

This same kind lady and her children have gladdened the hearts of our children at Christmas time, by leaving well filled stockings. Some forty or more.

The number of children cared for the past fifteen months has been considerably more than one hundred.

There has been but little sickness at the Home during the past year. In several instances, medical advice has been sought, and cheerfully given by Dr. Galvin of the Emergency Hospital. He has shown great interest in the Home, and attended the children without charge, offering future service free, as well. This kindness deserves special mention here.

The good health of our children is also largely due to the wholesome Germ Meal, with which Mr. Alfred Pierce & Co. have supplied us.

Our thanks are due to the "Young Ladies' Society," of the Old South Church, Boston, for again contributing twenty dollars to the Home.

"In season and out of season," the Bromfield-Street Church has remembered the "little ones." Now, a Christmas tree loaded with substantial gifts "for the feet that are never weary," then six suits of clothes for the little folks!

There have been gifts from the Old Colony Mission every year, at Christmas, which have been gladly welcomed by all.

We would thank the "Needle Worker's Guild" for fifty children's garments.

The garments furnished by the Benevolent Society of Hingham were also heartily welcomed at the Home.



During the summer the children had many out-of-door excursions. One, a picnic in Arlington, where the balls and swings gave the children an enjoyable day, which was none the less dreary when ice cream and cake, generously supplied by Mr. H. J. Hardy, were passed round!

There was a week's rest at the Seashore Home at Beachmont, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Demming. During this visit everything was done for the comfort of the little guests.

There was also a trip to Nantasket. The tickets for transportation being furnished by Rev. Mr. Waldron, of the City Missions.

Another fine entertainment with a dinner, was given by Mr. D. O. Wade, at Ocean View. This was supplemented by gifts to the children. Tickets for this were also furnished by Mr. Waldron.

A trip to Wakefield, with a picnic in the grove, where the entertainment and refreshments were given by the Y. P. C. E. Society of Wakefield — helped to pass away the long days of vacation. Tickets for this outing were also given by our friend Mr. Waldron.

For these opportunities for "our little ones" to commune with Nature and Nature's God, we would gratefully return thanks.

Respectfully submitted,

GARAFELIA M. DAWSON,

*Secretary.*

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

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The eventful day has come, Election Day, to which all have looked forward with intense interest in this land, and in other lands ; for are we not all of one family, all children of one Father ?

I am now sitting at my chamber window, where I view the voters filing into Hawthorn Hall to cast their ballots for the different candidates. Their great thought is, Who is to be our next President ? May God grant that we may have the right man in the White House — not upon a throne, for we have a Republican government in these blessed United States of America.

And what has this to do with my writing the report for our Society ? I answer, Much every way ; for, as a Society, we in our Nickerson Home are training future voters, who are to take the place of those who vote to-day. Not all of to-day's voters will go to the polls four years hence. As a Society we are letting fall our little drop of influence into the unfathomable ocean of such holy influence that is spreading over the world for the healing of the nations, for in our home we have gathered children from many nationalities.

Shaking hands with thirty or forty of the children on a recent afternoon, I found that they or their parents came from many countries ; yet all were bright and happy in our one delightful family, tenderly loved and cared for by our Matron, who carries sunshine in her very countenance.

This, our Children's Home, at 14 Tyler Street, Boston, is called the " Nickerson Home," in honor of the late Joseph Nickerson, who canceled our mortgage of between three and four thousand dollars, when it was severely pressing us, and we gave it the full name of " The Nickerson Home for Children."

Having labored for more than fifty years in connection with our Children's Society, I am most deeply interested in its continued prosperity. Would that we had the means to do far more than we are at present able to do. Were it possible, no poor child should be turned away from our doors.

I have been called, year after year, to mourn the departure of our donors ; but never so frequently as in the past year have we lost so many who gave to us very liberal amounts.

Hon. Martin Brimmer, whose father, at that time the Mayor of the city, was the first gentleman to pass to my hands the first subscription of \$5.00 I ever received for the Society ; Mr. Eben D. Jordan, Mr. J. L. Bremer, Mr. J. P. Spaulding, Colonel Peabody, and many others too numerous to be mentioned in this report.

I am glad that I am a believer in the Life Everlasting. "If a man die, shall he live again?" The sacred Book answers the question : "Life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel." "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

We are very grateful for the health of our children during the past year ; and, though the twelve months past have been remarkable for continued financial embarrassment, we have been favored in having food in abundance for all the little ones committed to our care, and all have been lovingly housed, clothed and cared for through the kind gifts of our friends. We thank them, one and all.

Our children attend the Bromfield Street Sabbath School, where, under the care of the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Lewis B. Bates, and the teachers, they are growing wise in the best things of life, and we trust are having a bright future before them.

We are indeed very grateful to all who have helped us so readily in so many ways ; and to all my donors I wish to say that their greetings have been so pleasant that I love to dwell upon my happy calls with you all. Some have lost their companions, and with these afflicted hearts I can and do most deeply sympathize.

I have not been able the past year to make as many calls and secure as many donations as I would if my age would permit me, but I am truly thankful that I have been able to see as many of my friends as I have. One could not expect that, having passed the eighty-sixth milestone of my life, I should be equal to my joyful work of former years ; but I gladly realize that a young heart may delightfully dwell in a body somewhat infirm.

I had the pleasure last summer of visiting Chautauqua, the summer resort of western New York, and spending my thirteenth season in that lovely place. My vacation was most delightful, and I returned greatly refreshed in body, mind and heart, feeling that I have much for which to be grateful, and strengthened to do all that I ought to do to make others happy.



“WHAT MANNER OF CHILD SHALL THIS BE?”

BY JAMES T. REEVES.

O'er the hills of Judea, in days long ago,  
 Rang the echoes of gladness and joy :  
 For the home of fond parents, “well stricken in years,”  
 Had welcomed a wonderful boy.  
 Foretold by an angel, by prophets proclaimed,  
 His fame spread from mountain to sea ;  
 “And all they that heard” marvelled greatly, and said :  
 “What manner of child shall this be?”

O'er the plains, where the shepherds lay watching their flocks,  
 Burst anew blessed tidings of joy ;  
 For, lo ! in a stall, to a virgin is born  
 A still more remarkable boy.  
 O'er his head shone a star ; angel hosts sang his praise ;  
 Kings from far came to worship and see.  
 “And all they that heard” wondered greatly, and said :  
 “What manner of child shall this be?”

In the homes that we love, of our own happy land,  
 Oft the angel of comfort and joy  
 Brings unwonted delight to fond parents and friends  
 In the birth of a beautiful boy.  
 With the gift is a message — a Heavenly charge :  
 “Take thine offspring, and nurse it for Me.”  
 Looking upward, in faith, do the favored ones ask :  
 “What manner of child shall this be?”

In the realms of the church, and its adjunct, the school,  
 There are those who find sweetest employ  
 In moulding the mind and directing the thought  
 Of many a promising boy.  
 Sublime is their mission ! And O that they might —  
 Parents, pastor and teachers — agree,  
 With the deepest concern for the future, to ask :  
 “What manner of child shall this be?”

MRS. SUSAN B. HOLWAY, *Treasurer.*

Dr.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Cr.

By cash on hand, October 1, 1895 . . . . .	\$414.89	To water tax, fuel and light . . . . .	\$230.68
Subscriptions and Donations, S. B. Holway . . . . .	835.50	Repairs on Home . . . . .	377.96
“ “ “ C. L. Boswell . . . . .	1,524.55	Printing Annals . . . . .	75.00
“ “ “ E. Bumstead . . . . .	197.00	Help in Home . . . . .	1,116.00
“ “ “ C. M. Hill . . . . .	358.40	Current expenses . . . . .	3,963.34
“ “ “ Agent . . . . .	496.65	Balance on hand, January 1, 1897 . . . . .	117.51
Received at Home . . . . .	2,053.50		
	<u>\$5,880.49</u>		<u>\$5,880.49</u>

The above account has been examined and found correct.

WM. D. BRIDGE, }  
 CLARA H. BESTWICK, } *Auditors.*

*To the Children of the Nickerson Home, Boston,  
Mass.:*

*Dear Children* — A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all. May you each for Christmas, have just what you want — dolls, toys, books, candies, nuts, fruits, hats and shoes, whistles, balls, sleds and carts, and many other things to make you happy for the holidays, and all the days to come.

While you are sharing in the good gifts of friends, may you remember God's great gift of the Christ child so many years ago. In His spirit may you try to make others happy, for remember we can best thank our Father in Heaven by doing something for His children on earth. I want to tell you a little story, that you may call *your* Christmas story.

There was once a poor man that went walking by the river-side. Pretty soon his foot slipped and he fell into the water. He screamed for help, but thought no one heard him. Just as he was about to sink under the water for the last time, a stranger who was going by jumped into the river and saved him. When the poor man came to himself, the first thing he thought of was the man who had saved him. He was standing there, kindly smiling at him. "Oh, sir!" cried the poor man, "I haven't *much* money, but take all I have, for you have saved my life." The stranger shook his head, and said, "I don't want your money." "Then take my clothes. They are all I have," said the man, "but you are welcome to them." The stranger again smiled, but said, "my poor man, I need neither your clothes or your money, for I am a king, but if you really want to thank me for saving your life, you best can do so by doing a kind act to everyone you meet." Now children, *our* king has done much more for us than did that poor man's king for him, and as we remember God's great Christmas gift to us, let us show Him how truly thankful we are, by helping other people to be happy.

Thank your Father in Heaven, and kindred and friends,— not forgetting those in the Home, who care so faithfully for you in sickness and health, and then you will grow better year by year, and by and by see the Christ in His glory.

Truly yours,

L. B. BATES,

Pastor of the Bromfield Street Church.



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 Loring, J. A.  
 Lockwood, Mr.  
 Lowell, Augustus  
 Lothrop, H. A., Sharon  
 Lombard, Mrs. Benjamin  
 Locke, W. S. & Co.  
 Lawrence, Hon. Abbott  
 Lee, Thomas  
 Lodge, J. E.  
 Loring, George H.  
 Lock, Charles A.  
 Lowell, Mr.  
 Loring, Benjamin  
 Lawrence, Samuel  
 Leeds, T. C.  
 Lombard, E.  
 Lowell, F. C.  
 Lovell, J. G.  
 Loud, Augustus

Lovett, J.  
 Lowell, Mrs.  
 Lowell, E.  
 Lawrence, Edward, Charles-  
 town  
 Lee, Henry  
 Lyman, Mr. G. W.  
 Lombard, Israel  
 Loring & Phillips  
 Loring, C. G.  
 Lyman, G. L.  
 Lodge, Mrs. G. Henry  
 Lyman, Mrs. G. T.  
 Lawrence, Mrs. William  
 Lawrence, Mrs. James  
 Lawrence, Mrs. Samuel  
 Lawrence, Mrs. W. R.  
 Loring, Mrs.  
 Loring, Mrs. Elisha T.  
 Loring, Mrs. George H.  
 Lane, Jonathan, Bedford  
 Lane, R. J., Boston  
 Loring, Mrs. Cornelia  
 Loring, Miss A. M.  
 Lawrence, Mrs. Abbott  
 Lincoln, Beza  
 Lamson, Mr., Windsor, Vt.  
 Loughton, Mrs. N., Ports-  
 mouth, N. H.  
 Lunt, Mrs. Paul, Newbury-  
 port  
 Loring, A. K.  
 Lyman, George W.  
 Lawrence, M. N., Waltham  
 Lane, Mr. Josiah A., Brook-  
 lyn, N. Y.  
 Lane, Mrs. J. A., Brooklyn,  
 N. Y.  
 Lovejoy, L.  
 Lewis, W. H. & Bros.  
 Loud, S.  
 Lewis, Mrs. J. A.  
 Lawrence, A.  
 Longfellow, H. W., Cam-  
 bridge  
 Little, S., Georgetown  
 Low, Ariel  
 Lawrence, Amos A.  
 Lawrence & Ryan  
 Leeland, A.  
 Lawrence, R.  
 Loud, D. L., Abington  
 Lincoln, W. H.  
 Livingston, Mrs. W. E., Lo-  
 well  
 Lane, J. & Sons  
 Lane, Zenas, East Abington  
 Lawrence, Benj., Chelmsford  
 Loring, Miss Lydia  
 Lothrop, Mrs. Anna M.  
 Lockhart, W.  
 Lowell, Mrs. J. R., Cambridge

McClure, C. F.  
 Munroe, Otis  
 Manson, R. H.  
 Mosely & Hodgman  
 Minus, George A.  
 Munroe, J.  
 Mosely, Alexander  
 Mussey, Benj. B.  
 M not, S. R.  
 Marston, John  
 Merrill, J. Warren  
 Minot, G. R.  
 Mills, Isaac B.  
 Mitchell, Mrs.  
 Miller, Mrs.  
 Mason, Mrs. R. A.  
 Morey, D. R.

Moring, Mrs.  
 Macay, R. C.  
 Manson, N. G.  
 Mudge, E. R.  
 Merrill, B. L.  
 Maynard, H. E.  
 Mixer, Whitman & Co.  
 Minot, W.  
 Minot, C. H.  
 Mellen & Co.  
 McKay, Donald  
 Maynard, I. S.  
 Marrett, L., Cambridge  
 Marsh, John, Gloucester  
 Minot, Mrs. C. H.  
 Matchett, Theodor  
 Munroe, I. W. & Co.  
 Mackay, W.  
 Moore, Miss E. S., Brookline  
 Moors, Skilton & Co.  
 Merriam, O. W.  
 Muonroe, William  
 Marshfield, G. T.  
 Moriand, Mrs. Dr.  
 McMahan, Dr. J. B.  
 Merriam, Mrs. A. M., Topsfield  
 McDewell, John  
 Mudge, E. R., Sawyer & Co.  
 Merrifield, Moses  
 McPherson, W. J.  
 Munroe, Miss, Concord  
 Merrill, Mrs. Moody  
 Morland, Wm. W.  
 Mason, R. A.  
 Morse, Mrs. C. G., South  
 Dedham  
 Merritt, F. S.  
 Marsh, Robert  
 Mair, Thomas  
 Moore, C. H.  
 McGregor, J.  
 Manning, J. B.  
 Mackay, J. W.  
 Morse, L. H.  
 Metcalf, Pierce & Co.  
 Moody, Charles E.  
 Marsh, L. H.  
 Marston, S. W., Jr.  
 McNutt, J. J.  
 Mack, Mr.  
 Matchett, William F.  
 Morse, —  
 Morse, H. E., N. Somerville  
 Macullar, Williams & Parker  
 McIntire, P.  
 Merrill, Joshua  
 Merrill, Wm. B.  
 Merrill, D. B.  
 Marey, J. W.  
 Mason, Mrs. Wm., Taunton  
 McDewell & Adams  
 Miller, Henry F.  
 Miner, George A.

## N

Norwell, Mr.  
 Noyes, Mrs. A. B., George-  
 town  
 Nash, Spalding & Co.  
 Nurse, B. F.  
 Neal & Rogers  
 Nickerson, F. & Co.  
 Nickerson, E. & Co.  
 Naylor & Co.  
 Norton, Mrs. Andrew  
 Nelson, Mrs. Mary, New-  
 buryport  
 Nickerson, J. & Co.  
 Nickerson, Pliny  
 Nash, Mrs. N., Hyde Park

Nash, Israel  
 Nazro, Parker & Co.  
 Nickerson, Thomas  
 Nevins, D., Jr.  
 Newman, Miss Phoebe, New-  
 buryport  
 Nevin, G. P.  
 Nickerson, T. W.  
 Nesmith, Mrs. J., Lowell

## O

Otis, Mrs. Wm. C.  
 Oliver, Miss  
 Osgood, John F.  
 Osborne, A., Cambridge  
 Osgood, James R. & Co.  
 Oxnard, Mrs. Henry

## P

Pierce, Rev. Mr., Attleboro'  
 Potter & Co.  
 Pettes, George W.  
 Phelps, F. O.  
 Potts, Mrs. Thorpe, Hyde  
 Park  
 Page, Dr. Wm. H.  
 Pierce, J. B., Boston  
 Phillips, Jonathan  
 Pope, William  
 Perkins, Thomas H.  
 Pond, Moses  
 Peters, E. D.  
 Peck, A. G.  
 Pierce, Silas  
 Parker, Richard T  
 Prouty & Mears  
 Peaslee, C. H.  
 Payson, Arthur  
 Porter, C.  
 Pierce, S. W.  
 Pierce, Robert, Lowell  
 Potter, A. H.  
 Putnam, Miss Catharine  
 Parker, James  
 Parker, Mrs. J.  
 Phelps, Mrs.  
 Parkman, Mrs. George  
 Parker, Mrs. James  
 Peabody, Mrs. J. H.  
 Perkins, Mrs. T. H.  
 Parsons, Mrs.  
 Plimpton, Mrs.  
 Paige, J. W.  
 Paige, Mrs. J. W.  
 Popc, P. P.  
 Pratt, Mrs.  
 Peters, Mrs. L.  
 Pratt, Miss Mary  
 Parsons, Miss B., Cambridge  
 Phelps, S.  
 Peters, G. H.  
 Parker House  
 Perkins, William  
 Preston, J.  
 Potter, J. C.  
 Pratt, Mrs. William  
 Pierce, H. L.  
 Pierce, F.  
 Pike, David  
 Phillips, E. P.  
 Pettingale, Mrs., Newbury-  
 port  
 Phillips, Mrs.  
 Preston, I. P.  
 Page, Samuel  
 Parker, Wilder & Co.  
 Palmer, D.  
 Pope, E.  
 Pomeroy, Mrs. E.  
 Pierce, Mrs. A., Brookline

Poor, C. V.  
 Peabody, Wm.  
 Pickett, Mrs. John, Beverly  
 Page, Edward  
 Plumer, Avery  
 Pope, W. & Sons  
 Pecker, Seth & Co.  
 Potter, Silas  
 Pratt, Isaac  
 Parker, David & Co.  
 Paul, Joseph F.  
 Phipps, George, Framing-  
 ham  
 Pickman, W. D.  
 Pettengale, W. H., Cambridge  
 Prosser, Mrs. Amanda M.  
 Lexington  
 Perry, O. W.  
 Phelps, F. S.  
 Pond, Moses W.  
 Philbrook, I. W.  
 Potter, Silas & Co.  
 Pitkins, Mrs.  
 Page, Mrs. H. P., Watertown  
 Pratt, Mrs. E. W.  
 Pope, Mrs. B. J.  
 Perkins, S.  
 Patten, Mrs. H. T.  
 Pratt, E. F.  
 Pratt, Chas. A.  
 Pray, B. S.  
 Pearson, John H., Jr., New-  
 bury  
 Pratt, Laban, Naponset,  
 Mass.  
 Patch, Lyman, Fitchburg  
 Porter, Mrs. Dr.  
 Partelow, W. H.  
 Pratt, J.  
 Porter, Mrs. W., Quincy

## Q

Quincy, Hon. Josiah  
 Quincy, Miss E. S.  
 Quincy, T. D.  
 Quincy, E., Dedham  
 Quincy, Miss M.

## R

Richardson, Mrs.  
 Rice, Miss Lila P.  
 Russell, G. R.  
 Ropes, William  
 Ropes, Mrs. William  
 Roe, J., Milton  
 Richardson, George, Dor-  
 chester  
 Rich, Isaac  
 Reed, Washington  
 Reed, S. G., Dorchester  
 Richardson, John, Dorchester  
 Richards, J. D.  
 Raymond, C. B.  
 Richardson, A.  
 Richardson, George C.  
 Richardson, C. T.  
 Richardson, J.  
 Richardson, Jeffrey  
 Reed, Mrs. James  
 Roberts, Mrs.  
 Ritchie, Mrs.  
 Rand, Mrs. E. L.  
 Ruggles, S. P.  
 Robinson, S.  
 Robinson, George W.  
 Rice, Kendall & Co.  
 Robinson, E. B.  
 Reed, J. H.  
 Reed, Mrs. S.  
 \*Ritchie, U. & J.



Reed, Mrs. S. G., Roxbury  
 Richardson, C. & Co.  
 Robbins, Mrs. R.  
 Riley, G. W.  
 Richards, R. A.  
 Rice, E. E.  
 R. K. & Co.  
 R. S. D.  
 Riley, F. R.  
 Richardson, G. L.  
 Radford, Miss N., Hyde Park  
 Radford, Miss Ann M., Plymouth  
 Richards, F. C.  
 Russ, Charles E.  
 Robinson, J. S.  
 Ripley, Robert  
 Richie, Mrs. E. S., Brookline  
 Richardson, N. H., Fitchburg  
 Ropes, J. S.  
 Rice, R. C., Concord  
 Richards, Mrs. D. N.  
 Rogers, R. D.  
 Rhodes & Ripley  
 Reed, Benjamin  
 Russ, Augustus  
 Richie, John, 2nd  
 Raymond, F. H.  
 Rice, F. & F. & Co.  
 Richards, J. L.  
 Ritchie, Miss, Brookline  
 Rockwell Brothers  
 Roberts & Co.  
 Ropes, W. C. & Co., Boston  
 Russell, Mrs. George, M. D., Boston  
 Rideout & Co  
 Rideout, Mrs. W. A., Lawrence  
 Roach, Geo. F.  
 Ryder, Mrs. E. H., Chelsea  
 Ryder, Miss Sarah D., Chelsea  
 Robey, D.  
 Richardson, Chas. L.  
 Rice, Lewis  
 Rideout, J.  
 Ranney, Mrs. A. A.  
 Rowe, Mrs. H. R. S.  
 Richards, Mrs., Brookline  
 Russell, Suter & Co.  
 Rogers, Arthur  
 Rogers, S. G.  
 Rand, O. J.

## S

Sanford, A.  
 Stimpson, Mrs. C. A., Charlestown  
 Snow, Mrs.  
 Stearns, R. H. & Co.  
 Stearns, Wm.  
 Spence, A. W.  
 Shaw, Gardner H.  
 Shaw, Robert G.  
 Shaw, Mrs. Rob't, Fitchburg  
 Smith, J. B.  
 Stone, Mr.  
 Sturgis, Mr.  
 Sturgis, William  
 Sturgis, Henry D.  
 Smith, Stephen  
 Sullivan, Richard  
 Sprague, Hon. Phineas  
 Spence, John  
 Spaulding, W. H.  
 Stearns, S.  
 Soule, S.  
 Sumners, Swift & Co.  
 Sewall, Day & Co.  
 Sargent, Horace B.  
 Stow, Robert B

Simpson, George R.  
 Stearns, W. M.  
 Sturgis, James  
 Shaw, Mrs. G. Howland  
 Shimmen, Mrs. W.  
 Story, Mrs.  
 Story, Mr.  
 Shaw, Q. A.  
 Shaw, Mrs. Robert G., Jr.  
 Stowe, Mrs. H. B., Andover  
 Sears, Mrs. B. W., Newton  
 Sayles, Mrs. M. F.  
 Sayles, Miss H.  
 Steadman, A. & Co.  
 Sturtevant, —  
 Sturgis, Mrs. Russell  
 Sherman, E.  
 Sherman, Mrs. Robert, Pawtucket, R. I.  
 Southwick, Mrs. R.  
 Spooner, W. B.  
 Sharp, Mrs. Dr.  
 Sargent, Turner  
 Scudder, Harvey  
 Sleeper, Hon. Jacob  
 Sheafe, William  
 Sumner, Jabez  
 Sanford, O. S.  
 Spaulding, S. R.  
 Stone, Eben  
 Sargent, M. H.  
 Stanwood, E. C.  
 Shaw, T. V.  
 Sawyer, J. H.  
 Simpson, Mr.  
 Skinner, F. & Co.  
 Spaulding, John P., Boston  
 Sawyer, Warren  
 Stroh, F. E., Boston  
 Sears, Mrs. D.  
 Shepard, Norwell & Co.  
 Skillings, D. N. & Co.  
 Sherburne, R.  
 Smith, J. Andover  
 Saltonstall, Mrs. H.  
 Smith, Mrs. C., Cambridge  
 Sargent, Mrs. H., Brookline  
 Sargent, W. P.  
 Stevens, C. T.  
 Straw, M. A.  
 Stetson Mrs.  
 Sweet, Mrs.  
 Sherburn, Warren  
 Sanderson, Mrs., Waltham  
 Story, Mrs. C., Newburyport  
 Sturgis, Mrs. J. W.  
 Spence, Vila & Co.  
 Shepherd, John  
 Sprague, Charles J.  
 Snow, B., Jr., Fitchburg  
 Shank, Catharine N., Springfield  
 Stone, E., Dedham  
 Sunderland, Mrs., Hyde Park  
 Shaw, L.  
 Snelling, S. G.  
 Sawyer, E. K., Somerville  
 Sanderson, Foster & Co.  
 Sullivan, Mrs. Sarah S.  
 Shank, Mrs. C., Washington, D. C.  
 Sanderson, Mrs. M., Waltham  
 Swane, C. S., Clinton  
 Stetson, Alpheus M.  
 Smith, Mrs. Wm. E.  
 Stewart, Mrs. E. H.  
 Shaw, Henry S.  
 Shepherd, Mrs. Springfield  
 Shurtleff, Nathaniel B.  
 Studley, Mrs. E. A.  
 Simpson, Mrs. M. H.  
 Spalding, Mrs. S., Lowell

Stimpson, Mrs. C. A.  
 Stevens, H. R.  
 Smith & Lovett  
 Swinerton, C. E.  
 Sproat, C. W.  
 Slade, Leroy S.  
 Swift, Mrs. John J.  
 Swift, Miss Lillian A.  
 Storer, W. Brandt  
 Shimmin, Chas. F.  
 Sears, Miss  
 Smith, A.  
 Southworth, E.  
 Standish, Mrs. J.  
 Storey, J. C. & Co.  
 Saltonstall, H.  
 Samuels, Mrs. S. B.  
 Sears, J. Henry  
 Stedson, Mrs., Walpole  
 Sprague, Mrs. Phineas  
 Story, J. C.  
 Skillings, D. N.  
 Stodder, Mrs. S. C., Brookline  
 Sharp, Mrs. J. C.  
 Smith, S. D. & H. W.  
 Stevens, H. R.  
 Sprague, Mrs. Judge  
 Studley, Mrs. M. A.  
 Smith & Wright

## T

Tiffany, Mr., Framingham  
 Tieknor, E. B.  
 Thaxter, A. W., Sen.  
 Thayer, J. Elliot  
 Tilton, Stephen  
 Tudor, Frederick  
 Thaxter, A. W., Jr.  
 Tuekerman, Townsend & Co.  
 Train, Enoch & Co.  
 Tyler, J. C. & J. W.  
 Timmings, Henry  
 Timmings, George H.  
 Tobey, E. S.  
 Thayer, Mrs. N.  
 Thayer, Mrs. J. E.  
 Thayer, Mrs. John E.  
 Taft, John B.  
 Twombly, Mrs.  
 Ticknor, Mrs.  
 Tappan, Mrs. C. W.  
 Thayer, Mrs. Joseph  
 Torrey, Mrs.  
 Thayer, Miss Anna Frances  
 Thompson, Miss  
 Tileston, Mrs., Dorchester  
 Trull, John  
 Thayer, N.  
 Thomas, Mrs. William  
 Turnbull, George  
 Tudor, Mrs. Frederick  
 Thatcher, Isaac  
 Thatcher, H. C.  
 Tuttle, Gaffield & Co.  
 Tobey, Mrs. E. S.  
 Talbot, Mrs. C., Lowell  
 Tappan, McBurney & Co.  
 Taylor, H. B.  
 Tyler, J. S.  
 Tower, Wm., East Boston  
 Tappan, Mrs. C. S., Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Taylor & Son  
 Thompson, N. A.  
 Taylor, Frederick B.  
 Tuxbury, Mrs.  
 Turner, Mrs.  
 Tuttle, James  
 Tufts, Otis  
 Tower, Edward  
 Talbot, J. W., Billerica



Train, Mrs.  
 Train, C. R.  
 Thorndike, S. L.  
 Tyson, Mrs. George  
 Tappan, Mrs. J. G.  
 Tappan, Miss C.  
 Turner, Mrs. J. A.  
 Tilton, J. B.  
 Tuttle, Mr.  
 Thwyng, S. C.  
 Tucker, J. A.  
 Tappan, John G. & Co.  
 Tracy, T. U.  
 Trustees Estate Chas. Sanders  
 Tappan, J. H. A. & Co.  
 Taylor, Isaac  
 Torrey, E., Fitchburg  
 Tracy, J.

## U

Upton, James  
 Upton, G. B.  
 United States Hotel  
 Upham, H.  
 Upton, George  
 Underhill, B. K.

## V

Vila, James  
 V. H. & Co.  
 Valentine, L.  
 Vinton, Mrs. S.  
 Vinal, A.

## W

Wells, Rev. E. N. P.  
 Wentworth, A.  
 Wentworth, Mrs. A.  
 Winslow, Geo. S.  
 Williams, John D.  
 Whittier Machine Shop, Boston Highlands  
 Wakefield, Mrs. Cyrus, Wakefield.  
 Winchester, E. P.  
 Whittemore, ———  
 Walley, S. H.  
 Whitney, J.  
 Wetmore, T.  
 Wetherell, John  
 Warren, George W.  
 Weld, W. F.  
 Williams, J. M. S.  
 Worthington, William  
 Winslow, E.

Wilbur, A.  
 Wigglesworth, Edward  
 Wells, Charles  
 Walcott, Mrs. J. H.  
 Wigglesworth, Mrs. T.  
 Willis, Mrs. H.  
 Winchester, Mrs.  
 Williams, Moses  
 Williams, Mrs.  
 Worcester, Mrs.  
 Woodward, Mrs.  
 Wells, Mrs. J.  
 Wheelwright, Mrs. C.  
 Wadsworth, Mrs. W. W.  
 Whitney, Misses  
 Washburn, Mr., Natick  
 Welton, B. & Co.  
 White, Benjamin C.  
 Wales, Thomas B.  
 Wilkinson, Stetson & Co.  
 White, Joseph A.  
 Welch, Francis  
 Way, S. A.  
 Whitney, J. G. & Co.  
 Wills, R. A.  
 Wheildon, Mrs., Concord.  
 Walko & Barnum  
 Whipple, M. J.  
 Winchester, E. W.  
 Walworth, J. J.  
 Wade, Mrs. C. H., North Cambridge  
 Walko, Martin  
 Woodman, E. E.  
 Wason, R. B.  
 Wilder, Mrs. Marshal P.  
 White, Luther L.  
 Warren, S. D.  
 Wright, E.  
 Williams, Miss S. N., Foxboro'  
 Witherell, O. D.  
 Watson, Jeremiah  
 Wason, E.  
 Whiton, L. O.  
 Walker, Samuel A.  
 Williams, Mr.  
 Willcutt, Mrs. L. L., West Roxbury  
 White, Mrs. Dr.  
 Worthington, W.  
 Williams, T. S.  
 Windsor, Mrs. Jane, Duxbury  
 Weston, Mrs. H. B., Duxbury  
 Washburn, William  
 Williams, Mrs. S. H., Foxboro'

Wheelock, J. B.  
 Whitney, Mrs. H., Cambridge  
 Weld, Aaron D.  
 Wildes, Mrs. S.  
 Wesson, Mrs. D. B., Springfield  
 Wilder & Easterbrook  
 Wadsworth Bros. & Howland  
 Warren, C. W.  
 Walker, G. W.  
 Way, Mrs. S. A.  
 Wentworth & Faxon  
 Warren, Mrs. C. M., Brookline  
 Winthrop, Mrs. R. C.  
 Wadley, G. A., Boston  
 Whitney, Mrs. Chas.  
 Whitney Israel  
 Whitney, Mrs.  
 Whitney, Israel G. & Co.  
 Wales, J. M.  
 Warren, Charles W.  
 Wellington, J. C.  
 Whitney, N. D. & Co.  
 Weld, O. E.  
 Worthington, J. H.  
 Whitten, Burditt & Young  
 Wesson, Mrs., Springfield  
 Wright, Mrs., Duxbury  
 Walker, Mrs., St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Wallace, Rodway, Fitchburg  
 Weston, H. C.  
 Woodbury, C. L.  
 Weld, George W.  
 Wellington Bros. & Co.  
 Whitemore, Mrs. S. H., West Roxbury  
 Wood, Mrs. Henry  
 Wright, Luther A.  
 Whitney, James S.  
 Wadley, Spurr & Co.  
 Woodbury, C. S.  
 Wheeler & Wilson  
 West, Wm.  
 White, Miss Margaret  
 Willard, Mrs. Eliza  
 Whitney, Charles  
 Whitney, D. R.

## Y

Yale, R. M.  
 Young, C. L.  
 Young, A. S.  
 Young, Geo., Young's Hotel

## ADDITIONAL NAMES.

## A

Adams, W. M., New Bedford  
 Allen, C. H.  
 Allen, H. A.  
 Allen, I. S.  
 Allen, Mrs. W. H.  
 Ames, Fred. L.  
 Armstrong, S.  
 Andrews, Mrs. Wm. T.  
 Agassiz, Mrs., Cambridge  
 Amory, Harcourt  
 Allen, Lane & Co.  
 Allen, Thomas J.  
 Alley, John R., Boston Highl'ds  
 Atkinson, C. F.  
 Amory, Mrs. C. W.  
 Ames, Mrs. Oakes, Easton  
 A. D. W.  
 Alley, John B.  
 Atkins, E. F.  
 Abbott, Mrs. H. E., Brookline  
 Atwood, R. K.  
 Ames, Mrs. F. L.  
 Ames, Oliver, 2d  
 Andrews, E., Kennebunk, Me.  
 Abbott, Mrs. G. St L., Concord  
 Andrews, Alonzo  
 Adams, Hon. Chas. Francis  
 Aiken, Mrs. Walter, Hampton  
 Falls, N. H.  
 Alford, E. B., Brookline  
 Armstrong, G. W.  
 Arelanium, Mrs., Dorchester

## B

Baker, Mrs. E. H.  
 Bassett, H. F., Taunton  
 Bradley, W. F.  
 Bray, C. F.  
 Baker, E. H., Jr.  
 Bigelow, Mrs. H. M.  
 Burbank, G. S., Fitchburg  
 Bullard, John R.  
 Brown, Durrell & Co.  
 Baker, E. H.  
 Barrett, Mrs. J. F., Concord  
 Blake, Geo. F.  
 Brewster, Mrs., Cambridge  
 Burgess, B. F.  
 Burr, I. T.  
 Beal, F. L., Natick  
 Butler, Wm.  
 Beebe, E. P.  
 Bigelow, Eleanor  
 Boit, Robert  
 Bradley, Fred.  
 Bradlee, N. J.  
 Bradley, W. L.  
 Burbank, A. O.  
 Burditt, H. S.  
 Barrett, Mrs. R. F., Concord  
 Bigelow, Bertha  
 Barry, Eugene, Lynn  
 Baker, T. J.  
 Brackett, Mrs. S. E. W., Cambridge  
 Brown, C. F.  
 Brown, E. P.  
 Bowditch, J. Ingersoll  
 Buck, W.  
 Bullard, Mary, Dedham  
 Bullard, Mrs. W. S.  
 Burge, L.  
 Bradley Fertilizing Co.

Bradford, Geo. R., Gloucester  
 Bacon, W.  
 Bennett, Edmund H.  
 Bradley, Miss  
 Beebe, J. Arthur  
 Black, J. N.  
 Bradlee, Caleb D.  
 Burrage, Mr.  
 Blaney, W. O.  
 Baker, E. H.  
 Bosell, John  
 Bowditch, Charles  
 Bigelow, Miss H. E., Marlboro  
 Brooks, Phillips  
 Brewer, Mrs. J. L.  
 Bradley, Miss A. A.  
 Brewster, Mrs. Wm., Cambridge  
 Browne, Mrs. T. Quincy, Concord  
 Benedict, Mrs. W. G.  
 Bowditch, C. P.  
 Bishop, Rev. T. W.  
 Burnett, Joseph  
 Bremer, S. Parker  
 Burlett, Mrs. Esther A., Ch't'n

## C

Cash  
 Cash  
 Cash, Beverly  
 Chase, Mrs. Gardner, E. Douglas  
 Codman, C. H.  
 Coos, William, Gloucester  
 Cochran, Hugh  
 Clifford, G. E., Fitchburg  
 Cummings, Mr. E., Cambridge  
 Carter, Rice & Co.  
 Cummings, John  
 Codman, C. R.  
 Chandler, J. W.  
 Chamberlain, T. R.  
 Chase & Barstow  
 Clark, R. F.  
 Cash, Boston  
 Cash, Quincy  
 Coe, Henry F.  
 Chandler, W. L.  
 Clark, B. F.  
 Converse, Stanton & Davis  
 Cunard Line  
 Co., W. B.  
 Cushman Bros., Cambridge  
 Cash  
 Campbell, C. A.  
 Converse, E. W.  
 Curtis, H. G.  
 Crocker, Mrs. M. C., Fitchburg  
 Clapp, James, M D.  
 Crocker, C. F., Fitchburg  
 Chase, Mrs. W. L., Brookline  
 Cogshall, H. F., Fitchburg  
 Carpenter, Mrs. G. O.  
 Chapman, Mrs. J. H., Concord  
 Cobb, Henry E.  
 Cash.  
 Colburn, Mrs. C. H., Hopedale  
 Canny, P.  
 Chase, Wm. L.  
 Cox, Mrs. Geo. P., Malden  
 Cummings, W., Fitchburg  
 Carpenter, Geo. O. & Son  
 Cox, Mrs. J. N., Brookline  
 Curran & Burton.  
 Clemson, Mrs. Harriet H., Taunton

Coburn, Mrs. G. W.  
 Cousens Mrs., W. D. Arlington  
 Cash, Kennebunk, Me.  
 Crosby, Mrs. A. R., Attleboro

## D

Dana, R. H. Mrs.  
 Davis, Miss E.  
 Dana, Mrs. R. H., Jr.  
 Dove, Mrs. H. C., Andover  
 Davis, Mrs. S. C., Jr.  
 Dove, G. W. W.  
 Dodge, Theo.  
 Davis, Mrs. E. Sleeper  
 Dyer, M. J. R.  
 Dewson, F. A.  
 Draper, Wm. F., Milford  
 Draper, Eben, Hopedale  
 Davis, Hon. Joseph  
 Durgin, Mrs. J., Arlington  
 Denny, Arthur B.  
 Dutton, Mrs. E. P., New York  
 Dyer, Joseph, So. Weymouth  
 Ditson, Mrs. Oliver  
 Draper, George, Hopedale  
 Dunn, E. H.  
 Draper, Mrs. C. H., Brookline  
 Dane, Frances  
 Dow, Mrs. M. A., Brookline  
 Dickinson, M. F., Jr.  
 Dyer, M., Jr.  
 Dexter, F. Gordon  
 Dutcher, Miss G. M., Hopedale  
 Daniels, N. H.  
 Davidson Rubber Co.  
 Descalzo, Joseph

## E

Eager, R. A., Canton  
 Endicott, Wm., Jr., Beverly  
 Evans, Mrs. R. D.  
 Eldridge, Mrs. Asa, Jamaica Plain.  
 E. W. S.  
 Estabrook, A. F.  
 Emmons, W. H.  
 Eddy, Darius, Dorchester  
 Eastman, Mrs. A. F., Somerville  
 Emery, Mrs. J. S.  
 E. T. S.  
 Eaton, Mrs. W. S.  
 Emerson, Miss Ellen, Concord  
 Edmands, George D.

## F

Farrar, J. H.  
 Fenno, I. & Co.  
 Fenno & Manning  
 Fern, O. S.  
 Fluker, Joseph  
 Farnsworth, E.  
 Field, J. H.  
 Folsom, W.  
 Foss, E. M., Jamaica Plain  
 Freeman, Miss H. E.  
 Friend, Jamaica Plain  
 Fitz, Dana, & Co.  
 Faxon, Mrs. W. H.  
 Fillebrown, C. B.  
 F. E. P.  
 Fennessy, F. E.  
 Field, C. C., Greenfield  
 Foster, John R., Clinton  
 Fenno, Mrs. Isaac  
 Feaning, A. C. Jr.  
 Ferrara, F.  
 Fay, Miss Lucy, Fitchburh



**G**

Goldthwaite, Mrs. J.  
 Gammage, Mrs. J.  
 Glover, Winfred  
 Goodrow, Mrs. Joseph, Cambridge  
 Glidden, Mrs. W. T.  
 Goodale, A. M., Waltham  
 Ginn & Co.  
 Goepper, Mr., East Cambridge  
 Gregory, G. N.  
 Goddard, George  
 Glover, J. B.  
 Glover, John  
 Goodridge, C. F.  
 Gordon, Dexter F.  
 Grew, E. W.

**H**

H. M.  
 Hall, Mr. F.  
 Hall, John G. & Co.  
 Hathaway, W. S., Cambridge  
 Horton, E. J., Attleboro'  
 Houghton, A. J.  
 Hill, Mrs. Emily S., Belmont  
 Hills, W. J.  
 Hinman, Mrs. Chas. W.  
 Holt, Mr.  
 Howe, G. D.  
 Hartt, Mrs. J. F.  
 Harwood & Son  
 Hedges, Mrs. S. M.  
 Howe, Elmer P.  
 Haskins, W. C.  
 Horton, Mrs. E. J., Attleboro'  
 Harper, Mrs. J. W., N. York  
 Holway, Wright & Rich  
 Hollis, G. M., Brighton  
 Hillis, E. A.  
 Haven, F., Jr.  
 Hersey Bros., South Boston  
 Hobart, Aaron  
 Howe, Mrs. J. C.  
 Harwood, Geo. S.  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell  
 Holway, Rev. W. O., Chaplain,  
 U. S. N.  
 Holleday, Mrs. Geo., Malden  
 Hall, John G. & Co.  
 Haussmun, Mrs. E. H., N. Y.  
 Haile, W. H.  
 Hayden, E. D.  
 Hardy, Ed. E.  
 Hill, Mrs. W. H., Brookline  
 Houghton, Mrs. A. J., Brook-  
 line  
 Homer, G. S. & F. A., New  
 Bedford  
 Hart, Thomas N.  
 Hubbard, Phineas, Cambridge  
 Hastings, Wm. Jamaica Plain  
 Hollander, L. P.  
 Heffernan, Edward  
 Hudson, Mrs. Woodward, Con-  
 cord.  
 Houghton, Hon. H. O.  
 Hollaway, Mrs. A. Brockport,  
 N. Y.  
 Hardy, N. G., Arlington

**J**

Jackson, E. T., Taunton  
 Jacobs, Mrs.  
 Jenkins, Chas. Arthur  
 Jenkins, Mrs. C. E.  
 Johnson, C. E.  
 Johnson & Smith  
 Jenkins, Charles E  
 Judge, John

Judge, J.  
 Jordan, Mrs. E. D., Jr., Brook-  
 line  
 Jaynes & Co., Boston

**K**

Kittredge, Mrs. S., Tewksbury  
 Kenney, James  
 Kent, Mrs. W. M.  
 Kidder, H. P.  
 King, Charles A.  
 McLellan, J. M.  
 Merriam, F. G.  
 Moody, Miss F. S.  
 Kingsley, C. \*  
 Kingman, Mr., Middletown  
 Kidder, C. A.  
 Killum, Mrs., Jamaica Plain  
 Kennedy, Miss L., Concord  
 Kendall, E., Cambridge  
 Kellene, Mrs. H. V., Jamaica  
 Plain  
 Kent, Mrs. H. M.  
 Kendrick, J. R.  
 Kingsbury, Mr., Boston

**L**

Lamb, Henry W., Cambridge  
 Lawrence, O. H., Fitchburg  
 Loud, Mrs. John  
 Lilly, C.  
 Leonard, H.  
 Longfellow, Miss A. M., Cam-  
 bridge  
 Lawrence, W. B.  
 Laury, Ira F., Taunton  
 Ladd, Mrs. A. K., Malden  
 Low, Mr. W. A.  
 Ladd, Miss Josie A.  
 Lambert, W. B.  
 Livermore, George F.  
 Lamson, A. W.  
 Lefavour, J. W., Beverly  
 Little, Samuel  
 Leppelman, Mrs. M. J., San-  
 dusky, Ohio.  
 Lowell, Percival  
 Lovering, Charles L., Taunton  
 Lewis, Miss Helen, Waltham  
 Leighton, E. B.  
 Lowell, A. L.  
 Lowell, J.  
 Loring, A. P.  
 Learned, S. S., Boston  
 Lincoln, E. L., Taunton.  
 Lord, Robert, Kennebunk, Me.

**M**

Merriam, Mrs. Caroline  
 Motley, Mrs.  
 Mulliken, H.  
 Merrill, D. R.  
 Merrill, Moody  
 Meredith, J. M.  
 Mellen, Mrs.  
 Mellen, James  
 Mellen, Mrs. Sarah  
 Manadier, J. E.  
 Minot, Lawrence  
 Mackay, Miss F. M., Cambridge  
 Merrihew, E. T.  
 Murray & Whaley  
 Myers, J. J.  
 Moffatt  
 Miller, Mrs. R. P., Dorchester  
 Marcy, H. S.  
 Mackinnon, T. A.  
 Miller, Rebecca W.  
 McLellan, J. D., Boston

**N**

Nash, A. C.  
 Nichols, Dupee & Co.  
 Nickerson, A. A.  
 Nickerson, George A.  
 Nickerson, F. W.  
 Nickerson, Alfred A.  
 Norcross, Mellen & Co.  
 Newhall, Mrs. Isaac, Lynn  
 Nicolls, James, East Cambridge  
 Nichols, J. Howard  
 Nettleton, E. P.  
 Nash, H.  
 Newell, Mrs. Harvey  
 Nash, Herbert  
 Nickerson, A.  
 Nickerson, Theodore  
 Nickerson, Mrs. Theodore, W.  
 Newton.  
 Noyes, Mr. Lynn

**O**

O'Brien, F. L.  
 O. C. & Sons  
 Osgood, Mrs. Edward, Hopedale  
 Osborn, Francis A  
 Oak Grove Farm Co

**P**

Page, Moses S.  
 Parkman, George F.  
 Parkman, Miss H. E.  
 Peabody, F. H.  
 Payson, Mrs., Foxboro'  
 Payson, Mrs. G. R.  
 Payson, Miss S.  
 Peter, F. A.  
 Parkinson, John  
 Patterson, C. G.  
 Payson, Mr.  
 Peabody, O. W.  
 Prang, Mr. Lewis, Roxbury  
 Patch, Mrs. Isaac, Gloucester  
 Phillips, James, Jr., Fitchburg  
 Perkins, A. T.  
 Parker, Wilder & Co.  
 Pfaff, J.  
 Pray, John H., Sons & Co.  
 Pfaff, Mrs. Catherine  
 Paine, Mrs. R. T.  
 Peabody, Henry W. & Co.  
 Parker, H. D.  
 Procter, Thomas E.  
 Pfaff, Henry  
 Phillips, E. Burt, Cambridge  
 Poor, Mrs. Henry V., Brookline  
 Pierce, S. S.  
 Priest, J. L.  
 Parker, George  
 Parker, Mrs. Elizabeth  
 Pierce, T. W.  
 P. H.  
 Port Warden Society, Boston  
 Putnam, George  
 Pierce, Mrs. Silas  
 Plummer, George  
 P. J. F.  
 Peters, George E.  
 Pond, Mrs. V. S., Foxboro  
 Pomeroy, A.  
 Pray, B. S.  
 Pearson, F. S.  
 Pierce, Alfred  
 Proctor, J. H.

**Q**

Quincy, Edmund, Boston  
 Quincy, Mrs. H. P., Dedham

**R**

Rice, Alex. H.  
 Russell, Mrs. H. G.



Rogers, W. C.  
 Rogers, J. C.  
 Riley, G. W. T.  
 Robbins, R. E., Waltham  
 Richardson, S. W.  
 Rollins, E. L. & F. S.  
 Rice, N. W.  
 Richardson, Mrs. T. P., Lynn  
 Roessle, J., Boston.  
 Russell, Mr.  
 Ranney, W. M.  
 Russell, C. F. & T. H.  
 Robinson, David I., Gloucester  
 Rich, I., & Co.  
 Richardson, F. L.  
 Reed, Mrs.  
 Richards, Henry J.  
 Richardson, Wm. Fox  
 Reed, Clarence G.  
 Reinhardt, J. W.  
 Rich, Joshua, Richmond, Ind.

## S

Sears, Mrs. J. M.  
 Sewall, S. E.  
 Smith, E. W.  
 Smith, Mrs. Lizzie B.  
 Sweet, Mr.  
 Stetson, Mrs. E. P., Walpole  
 Storrow, Charles  
 Sturtevant, Mr.  
 Sumners, Mr. S.  
 Smith, E. M., Boston  
 Sears, Mrs.  
 Sears, J. M.  
 Stearns, Mrs. C. H., Brookline  
 Sleeper, S. S.  
 Smith, Mr. F., Boston  
 Sawyer, Mrs. Joseph  
 Slade, Geo. F.  
 Sargent, E. P.  
 Sears, Mrs. P. H.  
 Story, F. H.  
 Sherwin, W. F., Prof.  
 Sortell, Daniel R. E., Cambridge  
 Smith, J. G. R.  
 Shirley, G. H., Waltham  
 Smith, A. F., Lynn  
 Smith, D. H., Attleboro  
 Stone, Mrs. J. S.  
 Stearns, Miss M. E., Brookline

Storrow, J. J.  
 Stanley & Co.  
 Swan, W. W.  
 Southers, J. H.  
 Sanderson, Mr. J. F., Boston  
 Speed, Mrs. Fanny, Louisville.  
 Ky.  
 Souther, Mr. J. B., Boston  
 Highlands  
 Salisbury, D. W.  
 Samuel, Prof. H., Kansas City  
 Stickney & Poor.  
 Sears, Miss E. E.  
 S. & P.  
 Standish, Mrs. L. M.  
 Smith & Engel  
 Sanborn, J. W.  
 Sweet, B. D.  
 Smith, James M., So. Boston  
 Sears, Mrs. Z.  
 Stearns, Mrs. J. P., Brookline  
 Shuman, A. & Co.  
 Slack, Mrs. E. A., Brookline  
 Stearns, Miss M. E., Brookline.  
 Sturtevant, Mrs. B. L., Jamaica Plain  
 Sleeper, F. H.  
 Shattuck, Miss M. S.  
 Smith, Patterson & Co.

## T

Thayer, Miss  
 Thayer, E. V. R.  
 Tyson, George  
 Thomas, J. B.  
 Thayer, N.  
 Thayer, John E.  
 Turner, A. T., Jr.  
 Torrey, M. A.  
 Turner, E. C.  
 Thayer, Mrs. J. H.  
 Taylor, Charles H.  
 Turner, A. M.  
 Thomas, Oscar G., Taunton  
 Thayer, Bayard  
 Thomas, Joseph B.  
 Tilton, S. & Co.  
 Thomas, W. B.  
 Townsend, F. A.

## U

Usher, Samuel

## V

Van Nostrand, W.  
 Vining, Wm. H., Whitman

## W

Whitney, N. D.  
 Weston, Mrs. D. M.  
 Whittemore, Cabot & Co.  
 Whitney, Charles  
 Woodbury, Rufus H., Beverly  
 White, Miss Susan J.  
 Willis, J. D. K.  
 Wanson, A. H., Gloucester  
 Wires, E. I., Milford  
 Whiton, M. F. & Co.  
 Woodbury, H. O., Beverly  
 Wood, Rufus  
 Wade, L. C.  
 Williams, M.  
 Wilder, Hon. Marshall P.  
 Winsor, H., Jr.  
 Wing, B. F., Maryland  
 Waitt, Henry  
 Warren  
 Warren, F.  
 Warren, G. H.  
 Williams, C. A.  
 Whitmore, C. O.  
 Wilder, H. A.  
 Wilcox, Mrs. W. H., Malden  
 Whidden, A. J., East Boston  
 Wheeler, Miss S. E.  
 Woods, Henry, Sons & Co.  
 Wilder, Edward B.  
 Wilder, Misses  
 Woodbury, Charles  
 Wales, J. H.  
 Warren, S. D., Estate of  
 Wonsen, Arthur S., Gloucester  
 Wier Stove Co., Taunton  
 Waterston, Mrs. R. C.  
 Whitney, Miss M.  
 W. T.  
 Webber, Mrs. A. D.  
 Wilkins, S. F.  
 Whitney, H. M.  
 Winthrop, Hon. R. C.  
 Whitney, R. H.  
 Walworth, Mrs. C. C., Brookl'e

## LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AT A TIME TO THE HOME.

[Those marked with a \* have deceased.]

Brooks, Hon. Peter C.  
 Brooks, Mrs. Peter C.  
 Tudor, Mrs. Fenno  
 Sargent, Mr. Turner  
 Healy, Mr. John

Foster, Mr. John  
 \* Sleeper, Hon. Jacob  
 Lawrence, Mr. Abbott  
 \* Lawrence, Amos A.  
 Shaw, Mrs. G. Howland

\* Brimmer, Hon. Martin  
 Nickerson, Mr. George A.  
 Hartt, Mrs. J. F.  
 Davis, Mrs. E. Sleeper.  
 Fuller, Mrs. C. A.  
 \* Nickerson, A. W.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## CASH TWENTY-SEVEN.

“**C**ASH! Cash! Ca-a-sh!” called a busy salesman in a large Boston shop, and a pale girl of 12 years ran up to the counter, saying: “Twenty-seven,” as she reached it.

“Well, Twenty-seven, you took your time about getting here!” growled the salesman, “and here’s this lady in a hurry to get her train. Be quick, now.”

Twenty-seven darted away, and soon came back with bundles and change. The call of “Cash! Cash!” came from a neighboring counter, and “Twenty-seven” rushed away to answer it. As she ran, she stopped to pick up a book which lay on the floor. It was not new, but had evidently been much read. She looked at the title and saw that it was a story, then glanced at the people near to see who had dropped it. A young lady with a pleasant face was nearest. “Did you lose this?” asked “Cash,” holding up the book. “I must have dropped it just now,” said the lady; then, seeing the look of disappointment in the child’s face, she said: “Are you fond of reading? You may have the book if you’d like it.”

“Oh? thank you. I love books,” said Cash, when a “walker” came up, and began roughly: “Cash Twenty-seven, why don’t you go to the linen counter there, instead of gossiping with the customers?” Cash started, and went toward the linen counter, giving a grateful smile to the lady, who turned to the “walker,” and said: “Mr. Green, is there any rule forbidding customers to speak to the cash girls?”

“I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ellerton, I did not see it was you. Our cash girls would waste much time, and keep customers waiting so long for their change, if we let them talk to every one, that we have to forbid their stopping to speak to any one.”

“I am sorry, then, that my carelessness got the child into trouble,” said Mrs. Ellerton. “I dropped a book, and she picked it up and asked if it was mine. That was all.”

“That was all right,” said the “walker,” “but it’s not often a cash girl has a good reason for delay. They’re a very trying lot,” and he went off to tell an old lady where to find the lace counter—“the real laces, you know, not the miserable imitations.”

When the noon hour came, Cash Twenty-seven declined all invitations to walk or talk, and sat in a corner, eating a wedge of pie, and reading the book given her by the lady.

It had several stories of widely different kinds. The first was a short fairy tale, about a princess who had everything she wanted, married the prince and lived happily ever afterward. This left Cash Twenty-seven wishing she were a princess, and could have another piece of pie for dinner, one piece was so little after being on one’s feet all the morning.



All the afternoon she thought of the happy princess, and wished that she was a princess herself, till by 5 o'clock it really seemed to her that it was not worth while to be anything if she could not be a princess and "live happy ever afterward."

In a very discontented mood, Cash Twenty-seven started homeward. It rained very hard and she had neither rubbers, umbrella, nor waterproof cloak.

"The princess could have a hack," she thought, "and ride home comfortable, and have a nice hot supper — oyster stew, I shouldn't wonder — when she got there. A princess has a king for her father, and that's what's the matter, I guess. My father ain't a king — he's only 'Drunken Joe.'"

"Drunken Joe" was not at home that night, and his wife had a pair of trousers to finish for the slop shop for which she worked. So Cash Twenty-seven pulled an old chair up to the table on which the lamp stood, and began a second story. It did not interest her much, so she turned over the pages till she came to the last story of all, which was headed "The King's Daughter." "There's another princess!" she said to herself. "I'll read that, and see if she was always happy and had everything she wanted."

It was a very different story from the first, and told how a young girl started a club of ten girls of her own age, and how they tried to do something good every day, and to help people about them. It told of their weekly meetings, where each member of the ten told what she had done during the week, and how many people she had helped. It told what the ten did with the money raised by the weekly fees or contributions, and it ended with an earnest appeal to all the girls to become daughters of the King, and do good all their lives, explaining that every girl could be a daughter of the King, no matter what her condition of life.

Cash Twenty-seven went to bed thinking about the two kinds of princesses, and said to herself: "Now I can be a princess if I want to. How the girls'd laugh if I should tell 'em that! There ain't any club of ten that would want me, and I ain't by no means sure that I'd want the other nine! I'd feel kind of mean to stand up an' say before 'em all I couldn't do very much; but I tied up Katie Ryan's arm when she hit it, an' I gave a lady back the purse she lost in the store — I wanted it awfully, too! — an' I took Maggie Flynn's work, in my hour, 'cause she had a headache an' runnin' hurt her, an' I gave Winnie Shea half my dinner 'cause it rained too hard for her to go out an' get some, and she was too near late to stop for it in the mornin'. I'd look nice saying all that to 'em, wouldn't I now? That's the kind o' thing they told, though — settin' the table when Mary had a headache, and pickin' the baby out o' the gutter, an' tiein' up his leg where he hurt it. I don't see the sense in tellin' things like that. Any one'd do 'em, an' I don't see the use o' makin' such a fuss about it. But I'm bound to be a princess, an' I can't be the other kind, so I'll be this kind; but I'll be it on my own hook, an' not go braggin' about it to any ten! I guess the King'll know all about it, if I do all the things I can. I'll have a badge, though, an' wear it 'round my neck on a string. It'll be just the first shiny 10-cent piece I get, a nice, new one. Pat'll put a hole through it for me at the blacksmith's shop. I shan't have any fees, so I'll just have to do the things that don't cost money. There's lots of 'em. I can help the little Cashes, an' not sass the clerks, an' be quick, an' careful not to knock into folks. Oh, there'll be ways enough." And, after a little, Cash Twenty-seven was



asleep, dreaming of being turned into a golden princess, who was always setting tables and eating thick pieces of pie.

In the morning she awoke with a sense of something new and pleasant that was going to happen, and in a moment she remembered her plan of "being a princess," and she began to practice it at once by dressing quickly and helping her mother to get the scant breakfast. Then she hurried away to the shop, and worked hard all day to keep pleasant and not "answer back" when the tired salesmen and women scolded or blamed unnecessarily. She helped the other girls as much as she could, but had done nothing that seemed to be worthy of a princess.

Several days passed thus, and she began to think that she couldn't "be this kind of a princess" either, when one rainy Saturday her chance came.

A lady, who was hurrying for her train, dropped her purse and a small parcel just as Cash Twenty-seven was passing with some change, and saw them fall. Picking them up, she ran after the lady, and reached her at the door, stumbling and falling against a sharp corner as she did so. The lady was very grateful, and, seeing that the child's arm was grazed, she said: "Take this, and get some plaster for yourself. I can not stop to do it for you, or I should lose my train; but I am very sorry you hurt yourself on my account."

So saying, she gave Cash a bright, new dime, and hurried away.

"There's my badge," said Cash, joyfully; and wrapping it in a piece of paper, she put it into her pocket until Pat should "put a hole through it."

At the noon hour a small, timid, sickly-looking Cash came up to her and said: "Say Twenty-seven, will you lend me ten cents?"

"Ten cents! Do you take me for Jordan & Marsh? What do you want of ten cents, anyhow?" asked the princess.

"Maggie Murphy, an' me, we ain't had no breakfast, nor no supper last night, an' we ain't got a cent to get any dinner with, and you are somehow different to others, an' I says to Maggie: 'I am going to ask Twenty-seven to lend me ten cents. She's kinder'n the other girls.' An' Maggie, she says to me: 'I wouldn't then,' says she. But I knew you'd speak easy, even if you wouldn't lend me the dime, an' so I came."

Cash Twenty-seven looked into the appealing eyes turned up to hers, and her hand went to her pocket; it went very slowly, but it went, and, after a moment's silence, she said: "I ain't got but a dime, but you can have that. A lady gave it to me for finding her purse this morning."

The little girl ran away to find Maggie Murphy, and Cash Twenty-seven was left alone with a very empty-feeling pocket.

"Well," she said to herself at last, "I guess it's all right. If I was the other kind of princess, I'd have a crown so people would know, but, bein' I'm this kind, an' no one knows anything — except the King — why I don't really need a badge. He'll know, an' I know. It was kind o' nice to have a badge, though; but it was nicer to give it to the little Cashes, I guess. It's awful to be hungry. I can get along without the badge better'n they could without the dinner, an' I guess the King's daughter would have done it."

After this, plenty of chances came to Princess Cash Twenty-seven, and she did so well with them that the saleswomen, the "walkers" and even one of the partners noticed how gentle, careful, and helpful she was, and, when she was 16, she was promoted to a place behind the counter, and soon became a favorite saleswoman.

She could now spare a few cents every week for the dinner of some hungry Cash; and at her noon hour she was so surrounded by the cash girls, who were then off duty, that one day the junior partner going by, stopped to say: "Why, Miss Flint, you are quite a princess, with her court about her!" The little cash girls never knew why Miss Flint's cheeks grew so pink, nor did they hear her say to herself: "Princess Cash Twenty-seven! And somebody knows besides the King and me! But I never told."—*E. B. Gurton, in "Lend-a-Hand."*

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## THE WAY MILLY WAS CURED.

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BY E. S. TRAZMORE.

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MILLY'S bed was near the window which looked out upon the great spreading elms. Mrs. Anderson, the rich woman who had given so much money to build the hospital, had insisted that this particular corner should be Milly's, and she usually had her way. It had been visitors' day, and the last friend had clicked carefully down the broad iron staircase. The room was quiet, for all the other children were lost in the land of dreams. Milly alone was awake. Her poor bent back ached, and she had no loving mother to take her gently and try to quiet the pain. But Milly was an orphan, and as she was only one of forty children who lived in this great room, all under the care of two nurses, she had learned that she must be brave about her pain, and bear it silently.

After Mrs. Anderson, who always called Milly "*my* little girl," went away, bedtime had come — if so it could be called, when the sick children had to lie abed all the time, — and Nurse Adams had let out the hard straps which kept Milly's back quite straight all the long, long days. This rested her, and the pain didn't seem half so hard to bear. She looked out the window and watched the beams of the great silver moon as they crept nearer and nearer along the roof just outside the glass. Milly was wondering what Mrs. Anderson meant by her parting words. The lady looked extremely pleasant, and said that something good was going to happen, and then she went away. So Milly lay thinking it all over, and then the next she knew the bright sunshine was pouring in at the windows!

That morning the doctor came into the room, bringing three other men with him. One had clear, brown eyes, which had a way of twinkling whenever he looked at one that made it easy to smile in return, and a pleasant voice. Then the nurses brought a screen, which was drawn all about Milly's bed, and after a careful examination the doctor with the merry brown eyes said: "*Yes. It can be done!*" Then they all looked as wise as possible and went away.

The next day something strange happened. A queer looking chair on wheels was brought into the room and rolled up to Milly's bedside. Upon this chair, which was long and flat, was placed a pretty, brown mattress. Nurse Adams and Nurse Brown lifted Milly from her bed and laid her down upon this very gently. Then they drew the chair away, and the other children did not know where she was going. Milly did not ask — she was so glad of this little journey away from that great room, with its white regiment of beds. The chair was wheeled to a glass door in the wall, and Nurse Brown



touched a tiny knob and something went *trrrrrrrrtwing!* and a little room suddenly appeared at the door in the wall which rolled back. They wheeled the chair right into this room, which Milly knew must have wings, for a boy who wore a blue suit with gold bands, which said "elevator," upon his sleeves, pulled a shining handle, and up-up-up went the room—yes, the whole room, chair, nurses, Milly and all!

Soon they stopped, and the chair was rolled out again through a broad hall into another room which had no furniture, except a wide table, some chairs and a leather-covered sofa. There was a broad shelf, and upon it were a great many bottles, big and little. A queer odor pervaded the room, but no one seemed to notice it. Two men came forward and lifted the mattress, with Milly upon it, right onto the broad table, which she thought was strange. Still, as everybody smiled kindly, and as Mrs. Anderson entered the room just at that moment and came close to her, she thought the whole arrangement quite a joke, and laughed in a very jolly way. Mrs. Anderson put her arms gently about her and pressed her face close down to Milly's.

"My dear child," she whispered, "the doctors told me that I might come here to-day and tell you that they are going to cure this poor back of yours, and, after you are well enough to be moved, I am going to take you to a dear mother who wants you to be her little girl, because her own child has gone back to God. Now, Nurse Adams will put this handkerchief over your face for a few moments, and I want you to keep tight hold of my hands, for you are my little girl just now, you know. Be as brave as you can, and if you feel frightened, dear, remember that I tell you that it will be all right. You can trust me."

She stepped aside to give place to the doctor with the merry brown eyes, who came up to the table. He twinkled those eyes at Milly in so comical a manner that she smiled bravely in response. Then he turned to the physician with the pointed beard and smiled again, and Milly heard the word "plucky." Then Nurse Adams came and leaned over her, and placed an odd looking tin thing, which had a white handkerchief inside of it, right over Milly's nose and mouth. It had a queer odor, which she did not like, but she held on to Mrs. Anderson's hands tighter and tighter. It seemed so strange, too, to hear voices from ever so far away: "There, there! Never mind! There, there! It's all right—all—right—right—ri"—and there came a queer jumping-off place, and everything rushed by so fast, O so fast! Then she—forgot.

I saw Milly yesterday. She was on her way to her home, and was walking quite easily. If you did not notice just a tiny limp, you would never dream that she had not always been a strong, healthy child. She goes every visitors' day to the hospital, and is a great favorite with all the doctors, nurses, and the little sick children. She has a beautiful home, for Mrs. Anderson kept her word, and Milly was adopted by a friend soon after the time she went to sleep in so queer a way and that painful back was cured.—*Congregationalist*.

LET mothers possess their souls in patience. The noblest women, and sometimes the happiest, are evolved from girlhood's tempestuous conditions. Give the child room to grow. Let her live her own life, as far as she can. Do not preach to her. Make her as free in your own house as you can, as your sons of the same age are. And trust her to God and time.—*Christian Intelligencer*.



## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

**M**Y name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away, upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones. One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home, to sell some fifty head of cattle — as fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me, "Buy a big one." Nobody but a parent could understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of the road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles or maybe six from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but, suddenly, I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. All was dark as I got down and felt about in the grass; called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I am not superstitious — not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry, and said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here to die." I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"O, don't tell him!" she cried. "It will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said: "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet "Daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road — the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Ah, friends, the blessings of our work often comes nearer to our homes than we ever dare to hope.—*New York Evangelist.*

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### THE WARMTH OF A WORD.

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’T WAS a day in the dead of winter,  
 And the echo of hurried feet  
 Struck sharp from the icy pavement  
 Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer was loth to linger,  
 Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;  
 For the air was a-tingle with frost flakes,  
 And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimetar wind in its fury  
 Bore down like a sweeping foe;  
 The tempest was waiting the onset,  
 And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet, ’midst it all, with his tatters  
 A-flap in the whirling blast,  
 A child who seemed born of the winter —  
 A creature of penury — passed.

So tremulous were his accents,  
 As he shivered, and crouched, and sung,  
 That the names of the mumbled papers  
 Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,  
 As a wondrously genial face  
 Arrested his voice and held him  
 With a pity that warmed the place.

“Have a paper?” The kind eye glistened  
 As the stranger took the sheet,  
 And glanced at the stiffened fingers,  
 And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value  
 Of his fifty papers sold;  
 “Ah, poor little friend,” he faltered,  
 “Don’t you shiver and ache with cold?”

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,  
 Sobbed out, as he raised his eye  
 To the warmth of the face above him,  
 “I did, sir, till you passed by!”

—Margaret J. Preston, in *Christian Union.*



## IT IS ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

SOMETHING more than a year ago, as the writer was sitting in a railway carriage, a pleasant voice sang out :

“ Paper, sir ? Paper, sir ? Morning paper, ma’am ? ”

There was nothing new in the words; nothing new to see a small boy with a package under his arms; but the voice — so low and musical in its clear, pure tones, mellow as a flute, tender as only love and sorrow could make — called up hallowed memories. One look at the large brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his story was known.

“ What is your name, my boy ? ” I asked, as, half blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

“ Johnny —— ; ” the last name I did not catch.

“ You can read ? ”

“ O, yes; I have been to school a little, ” said Johnny, glancing out of the window, to see if there was need of haste.

I had a little brother once whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair and tender, loving eyes; and perhaps it was on this account I felt very much disposed to throw my arms around Johnny’s neck to kiss him on his thin cheek. There was something pure about the child, standing modestly there in his patched clothes and little, half-worn shoes, his collar coarse but spotlessly white, his hands clean and beautifully moulded. A long, shrill whistle, however, with another short and peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There was no time to choose; my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty clasp, was in Johnny’s hand.

“ Will you read it, Johnny ? ”

“ I will, ma’am; I will. ”

There was a movement — we were off. I strained my eyes out of the window after Johnny, but I did not see him; and, shutting them, I dreamed what there was in store for him — not forgetting God’s love and care for the destitute, tender-voiced boy.

A month ago I made the same journey, and passed over the same railroad. Halting for a moment’s respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same calm eyes and pure voice.

“ I have thought of you, ma’am, ” he said; “ I wanted to tell you it is all the little book. ”

“ What is all the little book, Johnny ? ”

“ The little book has done it all. I carried it home, and father read it. He was out of work then, and mother cried over it. At first I thought it was a wicked book, to make them feel so bad; but the more they read it the more they cried, and it has all been different since. It is all the little book. We live in a better house now, and mother says it will be all right again. ”

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so fast; but his eyes were bright and sparkling, and his brown face all aglow.

“ I am not selling many papers now, and father says maybe I can go to school this winter. ”

Never did I so crave a moment of time. But now the train was in motion. Johnny lingered as long as prudence would allow.

“ It is all the little book ” sounded in my ears; the little book that tells of Jesus and his love for poor, perishing men. What a change! A comfortable home, the man no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents; health mantled the cheeks of the



children. No wonder Johnny's words came brokenly. From the gloom of despair to a world of light; from being poor and friendless the little book told them of One mighty to save; the very friend they needed; the precious Elder-Brother, with a heart all love, all tenderness.

Would that all the Johnnies who sell papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the ruins of once happy homes, took to their wretched dwellings the little book that tells of Jesus and his love! And not only these, but all Johnnies that have no parents, living in cellars and sleeping in filth and wretchedness, — would that they could learn from this little book what a friend they have in Jesus. — *The Industrial School Gem.*

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### SOMETIME — SOMEWHERE.

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UNANSWERED yet! the prayers your lips have pleaded  
 In agony of heart these many years?  
 Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?  
 And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
 Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
 You shall have your desire — sometime — somewhere.

Unanswered yet! though when you first presented  
 This one petition at the Father's throne,  
 It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
 So urgent was your heart to make it known.  
 Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
 The Lord will answer you — sometime — somewhere.

Unanswered yet! Nay, do not say ungranted;  
 Perhaps your work is not yet wholly done.  
 The work began when your first prayer was uttered,  
 And God will finish what he has begun.  
 If you will keep the incense burning there,  
 His glory you shall see — sometime — somewhere.

Unanswered yet! Faith cannot be unanswered;  
 Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;  
 Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
 Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.  
 She knows Omnipotence has heard the prayer,  
 And cries: "It shall be done!" — sometime — somewhere.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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### TOILET ACCESSORIES.

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There are many things necessary nowadays for the up-to-date toilet table. One of the requisites, which fortunately can be procured without expense or trouble is a jar of salt — common table salt, and it is a panacea for many ills. A little of it dissolved in warm water is sure to remove the slight inflammation from eyelids reddened by a long drive in the wind. If used for a gargle it will allay any slight irritation in the throat; a little should occasionally be put in the

water in which one's teeth are brushed as it helps to harden the gums.

Tincture of camphor or tincture of myrrh, dropped into the water, is an excellent wash for the mouth and throat when the breath is not sweet. When the latter is used the proper proportions are ten drops of myrrh to a glass of water. Powdered alum is another important adjunct; a little should be thrown into the water in which you bathe your hands before putting on gloves for a crowded reception or ball, when there might be a tendency to perspire too freely. It is said that a few drops of sulphuric acid in the bath water is also a preventive of the too free perspiration of either hands or feet. An equal mixture of lemon juice and glycerine is another "aid to beauty," necessary to the toilet table — it whitens as well as softens the hands.

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### A PASTURE WITH A ROCK IN IT.

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"NO, I don't go away summers," said good old Aunt Abby. "Oh, yes, I know; most folks do, the best of folks — ministers and all. And they tell me I'd ought to go; say it's refreshing, and 'wakening, and lifting, and broadening. The church at the Hollow, and the one at the East Road, and Mr. Edwards', all shut up for three weeks at a time in warm weather; and we don't have any Sabbath School at all in July and August.

"Mr. Edwards says he gets more strength of body and mind, more help for his work and points for his sermons, in his vacation at the seashore or in the mountains, than in all the year besides. I dare say. But I don't exactly see my way to going; there are things to see to here, and it costs something even at the cheapest places. And I've got a way of my own of having a vacation. I don't know but after all I'm lifted and broadened and strengthened as much, and get as many points out of it, as the rest with all their traveling. Maybe you'll smile when I tell you where I go, and what kind of a place it is. It's nothing in the world but a pasture with a rock in it.

"It isn't half a mile from my house, though I'm right in the busiest part of Factoryville, you know. You go down to the bobbin-mill, and then along north as far as Giles' store; then you turn to the left, and keep right straight ahead. And there 'tis — a good bit of pasture land, and a big boulder nigh about the middle of it.

"I came upon it two years ago. I hadn't lived here long, and wasn't used to a big, bustling town like this; and when hot weather came I did just ache for fresh air and growing things and woodsy places.

"I went out one day, and walked and walked, trying to find big trees and bushes and such things. By and by I saw something green ahead, and 'twas this. I stopped at the rail fence and looked over. Just at first it didn't seem very inviting when I thought of the woods at my old home, all dark and cool, with soft, wet moss for your feet to step on, and brooks running along; and I says to myself, but out loud: 'It's nothing in the world but a pasture with a rock in it.'

"Well, do you know, I hadn't more than spoke those words than I seemed to see a wonderful meaning in them. I forgot all about the heat and dusty road, and I crawled through the rails and went over to the boulder and sat down on the grass, and I began to think. 'Why,'



I went on to myself, 'what's religion, when you come to think of it? or, come to that, what's heaven itself any more than that — a pasture with a rock in it?'. I began to love that place right then and there. I can't tell you what it's been to me, and all the thinking, and help, and brand-new light I've found there. Points for sermons! Why, it's just bristly with them. I find a fresh one every time I go, and I haven't near come to the end yet.

"Some days I'll be so tired I can't do a mortal thing but just stretch myself full length out on the grass and keep still, and then'll come into my head that verse out of mother's favorite psalm — I guess 'twas your mother's, too; 'tis most folks' mothers' — about 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' Deary me! I don't want a better sermon; and again I'll get to looking at the grass. There's red-top and timothy and a little herdsgrass there, and it looks so pretty, shaking in the wind. And I recollect how our Lord took notice of all such little things. 'If God so clothe the grass of the field,' you know; and, before I know it, that's led me off into the most comfortable, beautiful thinking.

"And then there's the rock; I can't hardly talk much about that, but you know what I mean, 'Green field's beyond the swelling flood,' as mother used to sing, is all sightly and beautiful; but, after all, it's the Rock up there that's such a thing to lean on and look to. And down here in this world, too, lying down in green pastures and looking at the grass is nice and comforting in fair days; but, come to storms and rough weather, a rock is what we want after all.

"I believe I get more points out of that boulder than I do out of the pasture. In a hot afternoon I get on the east side of it in the shade, and then I think of the 'man that shall be the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Sometimes there comes up a storm with a pouring rain, and I creep under the lee of that boulder, and keep safe and dry. And then I am sure to get thinking of the 'strong rock for a house of defence,' and of father's hymn :

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.'

"Sometimes it's Moses hiding away in the rock to watch the Lord pass by; again it's the rod bringing water out of the rock, and lots of times it's about the tomb hewn out of a rock, that new sepulchre in a garden, wherein was never man yet laid. Or by spells I think of David keeping his father's sheep, and leading them out in the pastures; or Isaac going out into the fields at eventide, and that story beautiful of the shepherds abiding in the fields around Bethlehem.

"But, after all, I come back most times to the thing itself, just as it struck me the first time I ever saw it — a pasture with a rock in it. So I don't go away in warm weather, and I never expect to now. For I'm getting on in years, and there's plenty of things in my own little watering place here to last as long as I shall for points to think about, and for strengthening and lifting and widening. It won't be long, at the most, before I go away for good some summer. I shall be satisfied when I awake up there; but I can't help hoping the place will be a little like a pasture, and I'm certain sure there'll be a Rock in it."—Annie Trumbull Slosson, in *The Sunday School Times*.





