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High time, too!
see the Shining Star

It is a day to be set apart.

The sky is shining with a bright light,

And the sun is rising in the east.

Let us sing praises to the Lord,

And lift up our hearts to Him.

For He is our strength and our salvation.

Let us come before Him with thanksgiving,

And make a joyful noise to His name.

For the Lord is good and His mercy endures forever.
Drawing Room.

L.L.N.

She sat, with her face buried in her lap. Her hair hung down over her eyes, and her face was pale.

"You mustn't cry, my little one."

But she just continued to cry, unloukly, with tears streaming down her cheeks.
Fifty to Freedom

By Harriet Beecher Stowe

I. Life in Boston

[Text not visible]
Yes, indeed. But we must not let this lead us astray. The main point is that we need to...