

Poetry.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

What is prayer? Converse with God,
The breathing forth of strong desire,
The burning of celestial fire,
A message to the courts above,
Borne on the wings of Faith and Love.

What is prayer? The hidden prayer
That daily feeds the soul with grace;
It is the spirit's resting-place,
A symptom of the life within,
A wrestling of the soul with sin.

What is prayer? The suppliant's voice,
Breathed in a sigh, a stifled groan,
That rises to the heavenly throne,
As fragrant incense to His ear,
Who first inspires, then answers, prayer.

What is prayer? The refuge where
The stricken mourner seeks repose;
Looks up and finds amid his woes
A friend enthroned above the skies,
A friend who will can sympathize.

What is prayer? A potent power
That brings down blessings from the skies;
It is the channel that supplies
The soul with health and peaceful days,
Till prayer is merged in endless praise.

The Fireside.

ALL FOR CHRIST;

OR, TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

"Now, girls, I have news for you!"
The speaker was a young girl, dressed in the
height of fashion. She was just entering the
room, where at several young ladies, her cousins,
pursuing household employments.

"What is it?" cried one and another.
"You'll never believe it! Lizzie—has pro-
fessed religion!"

"Lizzie—A—?" The girls repeated the name,
more or less in surprise.

"Lizzie—A—?" said the elder cousin, Julia, ex-
actly; "why? she was forever making sport on
the subject."

"And such a fashionable girl! why, she would
hardly look at a person poorly dressed," said an-
other.

"Her father an infidel too; what will he say?"
"I heard that he turned her out of the house,"
said Ida.

There was a long silence.

"Well," said the youngest girl, "we shall see
now if there is the reality in religion that Chris-
tians talk of. I don't believe there is a single one
in any branch of her family, who is religious. She
will have unusual trials to undergo; I would not
like to be in her place."

"Trials! pshaw! there is no such thing as per-
secution in these days; it would be a rare thing to
see a martyr!" This was lightly spoken by Ida,
who had been Lizzie's nearest friend, and who
felt an unusual bitterness springing up in her
heart towards the young girl, who she knew could
no longer enjoy her companionship as of yore.

Martyrs are not rare, even in these days; age,
and martyr to religious persecution, as we shall
see.

The cousins made an early call on Lizzie, who
received them with her accustomed grace, and
with a sweeter smile than usual. Yet she was pale
and though there was a pure expression on her
beautiful face, yet she appeared like one wearied
with some struggle in which she was the sufferer.

Although she did not speak directly of the new
views she had taken upon her, the new peace she
had found, her visitors saw clearly the wondrous
change in her countenance, in her manner, and in
her dress.

Lizzie was engaged to be married to a thorough
man of the world.

George—had loved his wife, his parties, the
race-course, the theatre, the convivial and free-
and easy club. The Sabbath was his day of peace,
and many a time had Lizzie gazed his elegant
equipage radiant in beauty, on the holy day, as
they swept along. He bore a dashing exterior,
was intellectual, a wit, courteous, earnest, admired
everywhere.

His brow darkened as he heard the news.
What! the girl of his choice, the woman he should
place at the head of his brilliant household, be-
come a Christian! None! He didn't believe it,
he would see for himself. He did not furnish his
parlors for prayer-meetings; he wanted no long-
faded ministers, leaders, or sisters to visit his wife;
not he. It was a ridiculous hoax. What! the
daughter of the house—, the freest of free-
thinkers! A capital girl, a very clever girl, no-
thing more.

He called on her not long after the visit be-
mentioned. His cold eye scanned her from head
to foot, but how sweetly how gently she met him!
Surely the voice that was molting music before
was now heavenly in its tones. All the winning
grace there, all the high-bred ease and grace-
fulness; the happy smile dimpled her cheek; but
there was something, a subtle something, that
thrilled him from head to foot with apprehensions,
because it was unlike her usual self! What could
it be?

At length, lightly, laughingly, he referred to
the report he had heard. For one moment the
frame trembled, the lips refused to speak; but
then feeling passed away, and a flash crossed her beau-
tiful face. It lighted the eyes anew, it touched
the cheek with a richer crimson, as she replied:
"George, please don't treat it as a jest, for truly,
thank God, I have become a Christian! O George!
I have only begun to live. I feel now—"

The proud man sprang to his feet, almost throw-
ing his hands from him in his impatient throw-
ing; and not daring to trust his voice, for an
oath was uppermost, he walked the floor for a mo-
ment. Then he came back, and stood before her;
his forehead was purpled with the veins that pas-
sion swelled; his face was white, his voice un-
steady, as he exclaimed:

"Do you mean to say that you will really cast
your lot among these people, that for them you
will give up all—all?"

After a moment's reflection, she said, with a low,
soft, sweet tone, "I will give up all for Christ."

For one moment he looked his lips together till
they looked like steel in their rigidity; then he
said, in a full, passionate voice:

"Lizzie, Miss A—, if these are your sentiments,
these your intentions, we must go different ways."

How cruel! How unworthy of her love! It was
a terrible test, that for young girl, had it been
placed her love in his keeping. Before a higher
and purer love was born in her heart, she had
given him her human love, an almost absolute idola-
try, and the thought of parting dimmed her eye
and paled her cheek.

As he saw this, his manner changed to entreaty.
He placed before her the position he would give
her; and he lured her by every argument that
might appeal to her womanly love. And he knew
how to win by entreaty, and by the subtlest casu-
istry. His was a mastery eloquence. More than
once the gentle spirit felt as if she must give way;
that only the Divine love could sustain her with
firmness to resist to the end of the interview.

At last it came to this, "Christ or me?" There
could be no compromise. It was "Christ or me!"
There, standing alone with him she loved, clothed
with the mantle of a new and heavenly faith, with
his light shining in her heart and playing over her
pale features, she said with a firmness worthy the
martyrs of old, "Christ."

Through his whole soul was filled with rage so
that his lip quivered, her slight figure standing

there in its pure white robes, the eye that cast an
earnest upward glance, the brow that seemed to
have grown light from above, the attitude, so self-
possessed, yet so modest, so quiet, yet so eloquent,
filled with admiration awe. But the hostility toward
religion was so strong in his heart, that it bore
down all tenderness, almost crushed his love; and
he parted from her for the first time coldly, and
like a stranger. The engagement was ended; but
what a struggle it cost! Then the next hour came
trial number two.

His father was proud of her, she was the bright-
est gem of his splendid home. She was beautiful
and gratified his vanity; she was intellectual, and
he heard praise lavished upon her mind with a
man's greedy ear; she was his delight and joy.

He called her into his study, and required a
minute account of the whole matter. He had
heard rumors, he said; had seen a surprising and
not an agreeable change in her. What was the
cause? It was a great trial to look into that
stern, unbeliever's face (for he was a sceptic) and
testify for Jesus. He who had promised was with
her, and she told the story of conversion calmly,
kindly, resolutely.

"And do you intend to be baptized?"
"I do, father, if God permits."

A gleam of hope entered her heart. She did not
expect his approval, but she did not think that
he would not absolutely refuse to sanction this
important step.

"You know that your Aunt E— has long
wanted you to become an inmate of her home?"
"Yes, father, I do," and her gentle voice fal-
tered.

"Well," said he, "you can go now; unless you
give up this absurd idea, and trample it under
your feet, I do not wish you to remain with me.
He as you were before, and you shall want no lux-
ury. Henceforth I am your father only in name."

And still, when pressed for an answer, though
her heart was breaking, she said, as she had said
before, "Christ."

She did forsake all for him. But the struggle
was too much for her physical frame. Her step
became slow, her eyes sunken, her form wasted.
She was wanted for a better home on high. Swift-
ly, she went down into the valley. To her, it was
all lit up with the smile of the Lord.

Too late George knelt at her bedside and im-
plored forgiveness. Too late! no, not for him, not
too late for his salvation; for her death was the
means of his spiritual life, and by her dying couch
he promised solemnly to give his heart to God.
Her cruel father, too, knelt before her, and with
her triumphing over death, with wonder and with
awe.

Such a dying testimony is not often given, such
a scene, not often witnessed. She had given up all,
absolutely all, for Christ, and in the last hour, like
Stephen, she saw heaven opened. Her face was
angelic, her language rapture, her chamber the
gaze of heaven. With a smile impressively sweet,
she said: "Sing," and they sang

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

At the close they heard one word—the last. It
was Christ—From the Guide.

JOHNNY BURNS WITHOUT FIRE.

BY ADAM EWEIS.

Johnny found a big brass button the other day,
and set to work to make it shine by rubbing it on
a piece of wooden cloth.

"Tack it bright," he said, after working awhile,
"Just like gold!"

He rubbed away again for a moment as hard
as he could, then—to his surprise—he found that
the button, which he had rubbed so long, was
exactly the same as the one he had found. He
looked at it, and then at the wooden cloth, and
saw that the button was exactly the same as the
one he had found. He looked at it, and then at
the wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at the
button, which he had rubbed so long, and saw that
the button was exactly the same as the one he
had found. He looked at it, and then at the
wooden cloth, and saw that the button was
exactly the same as the one he had found.

"What's the matter?" he