

"One, Two, Three."

It was an old, old, old, old lady.
And a boy who was half past three;
And the way they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin, little fellow,
With a thin, little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing
Though you'd never have known it to be
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding.
In guesses One, Two, and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warm;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their
places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.
—H. C. BUNNER.

Church Sickness; A True Story.

When Minnie and Annie were younger, perhaps eight years old, they began to weary of church-going. The sermon was so long, and they used to get so tired.

They were cousins; Annie was visiting at Minnie's home. And they loved each other dearly.

One Saturday, Minnie determined to get out of church. So, in the middle of the sermon, Sunday, she found that she had a headache, and telling her aunt that she was sick, she went home. There she laid around and enjoyed herself till dinner time.

During the week, Annie and Minnie agreed that both of them would spend the next Sunday morning at home. So during the Bible reading at church, Minnie said she was sick, and went home. And soon after the text was announced, Annie said she was sick, and she, too, went home. And when the family returned after service, there were the two children, both in bed.

There was a favorite dessert for dinner that day—fruit cake; and after the others had taken off their cloaks, these two girls listened for the dinner bell. A long time they waited and listened. Then they heard the clatter of plates, as if the table was being cleared. Up they jumped, and started down to the dining-room.

But on the staircase there was auntie, with a plate of cold bread and two glasses of milk. "Oh, auntie, we don't want that; we want dinner and some of the fruit cake."

"Dinner! fruit cake! for girls who were so sick they couldn't stay through church? Oh, no. You're far too sick to eat such things. You couldn't venture to eat anything but bread and milk."

"Oh, auntie, please," cried both at once.
"No, dears, it wouldn't be well to feed sick children with fruit cake; nothing but bread and milk till you get well again."

Back to their room they went, and tried to eat bread and milk. But it did not taste good, for they were thinking all the time of the fruit cake.

The next Sunday they did not get sick in church.—*Christian Observer.*

Wishing to be a Martyr.

"I wish I could be a martyr," said little Jennie.
"O! O!" said grandma, looking up from her knitting. "What a wish! Do you want to be burned at a stake, or thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, or broiled on a gridiron, or nailed to a cross, or racked until every bone is broken?"

"Well—I don't—know," said Jennie, thoughtfully. "I don't suppose it would be very pleasant; but martyrs will have such a grand time in heaven after it is all over. I most wish could be one."

Grandma looked very grave as she resumed her work, and picked up several stitches she had dropped.

"You may never be a martyr, my dear little boy," she said, "but you will often be called upon to do very unpleasant things, and by going about them cheerfully and bravely, you will

show yourself a little hero—such as God will approve and bless. For instance, when baby cries for your playthings, you can give them up willingly, and let him amuse himself until he is tired. When mamma wishes you to go to Sunday school, and you mentally object because the weather is very warm, or your new shoes pinch your toes, you can march off without a murmur, and imagine, if you please, that you are John Rogers going to the stake. After awhile the shoes will get adapted to your feet, and the sweet, soft air will come to you over the green fields and meadows like a breeze sent from heaven. Again, when on a rainy morning you wish to wear your new hat and mamma says: 'No, son, wait until next Sunday,' instead of pouting and crying to have your own way, you can smilingly put it back into its box and say, 'She knows best; I guess the old hat will do for today.' Maybe God will consider these little things in a boy's life a kind of martyrdom, and will reward him for them. Who knows?"—*Exchange.*

Apron Strings.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see a old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace; for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother, I laughed too—God forgive me!"

There came a time when it was too late,—"and now there were tears in the old eyes,"—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron-strings, in a dark room, [with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it; and when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future; for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you," at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball-ground together, silent and thoughtful.

Why I Was Short.

A young bank teller of blameless reputation was detected in stealing money from the bank. When asked how it came about he said:

"Why was I short? Well, the money slipped out of my hands little by little, and before I realized it I was behind."

This would be the story of hundreds who have gone down to ruin through appropriating the property of others. They had money which did not belong to them; they had neither earned it nor borrowed it; they were trusted to handle it, and they stole it!

They did not call it stealing, though it was; they took it, thinking to return it. This was the devil's device—his plan to get them to take it. If he had said 'steal' at first, the answer would have been, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?' So he did not say 'steal'; he said 'Borrow, help yourself, use the money, lend it to your friends, you can easily pay it back; you have money in your pocket, spend it freely, buy what you see, it will all come right by and by.' But it all comes wrong by and by, and at last ruin overtakes the offender.

Learn to call things by their right names. No man can "borrow" money from a drawer or a bank without the permission of its owner. He can steal it but he cannot borrow it. Borrowing is not done in that way. If you propose to steal, say so and steal; but do not fool yourself with the idea that you are "borrowing." When you come into court, borrowing will not be the word used to express it. You may be a defaulter, you may be a thief, but no

one will accuse you of being a borrower! If you wish to borrow anything you must ask permission of the owner; if you wish to steal it you can take it without that little preliminary formality.

Stealing is a hard word, but it expresses a hard thing, and the man who takes another man's property without his permission, and uses it or lends it or gives it away, may just as well write himself down as a thief at the beginning as to wait till the courts do it at the end. Learn to let things alone which do not belong to you, and learn to call things by their right names.—*The Christian.*

The Work of a Candle.

One night a man took a candle out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to go up a long, winding stairway.

"Where are you going?" said the little candle.

"Away up high," answered the man; "higher than the top of the house, where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do up there?" said the candle.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man; "for we stand at the entrance to the harbor, and some ship 'way out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little candle, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man cheerfully, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse—for it was a lighthouse they were in—he took the little candle and lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. In a little while they were burning steady and clear, throwing a great strong beam across the sea. Then the lighthouse man blew out the little taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the means of kindling the great lights in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining brightly over the sea, so that ships far out knew where they were, and were guided safely into the harbor.

Do you find the lesson, little ones? We are all little lights, and we ought to keep burning as brightly as we can. In that way we may do a great deal more than we sometimes think we can, just as the little candle in the lighthouse did.—*Missionary Herald.*

"Young Man, You Will Do."

A young man recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one; he had been a member of a Christian Church; had pious parents, brothers and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went, he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and manly independence. As they journeyed together, they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow-travellers said to him:

"Come, let us be off for a drive and see the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road-acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honor to him, in that far-away place and among such men. His companions had their drive; but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Mid-Continent.*

It will not count for much to refrain from buggy-riding on Sunday if we spend all the rest of the week in throwing stones at people we don't like.—*Ram's Horn.*

Puzzler's Pastime.

Edited by C. E. BLACK.

—ST. JOHN, N. B.

—O—

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(—Look up! Lift up!)

The Mystery Solved.—No. 19.

No. 97.—"Rise up ye women that are at ease."

No. 98.—Arkansas.

No. 99.—Martinique.

No. 100.—"Honesty is the best policy."

No. 101.—Dictionary.

No. 102.—Rhinceros.

No. 103.—Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding."

No. 104.—"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

No. 105.—Partridge.

No. 106.—

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—The Mystery. No. 22—

No. 121.—SYNCOPIATIONS.

Whole I name a poet great;
But of my final syncope
And you will then most plainly see
My poet's home or nationality.
Cut off my first and in an ace
You'll see the poet's resting place.

Ed.

No. 122.—CENTRE DELETIONS.

1. Before any thing else I'm seen,
Delete and I'm a part of the body
I ween.

2. To move easily does my whole,
Deleted I'm a dunce, a shoal.

3. To rain in minute drops my all
Deleted I'm a distance on this ball.

Ed.

(3 BY IDA F. KNOWLES, Wood's Harbour, N. S.)

No. 123.—HIDDEN NAMES.

1. When he had got his net he led
The other boys away.

2. She gave Emma rye bread.

3. There were varieties of cloth in the store.

4. The old home is now altered greatly.

Ed.

No. 124.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a fruit, a girl's name; a substance; a letter.

No. 125.—DROP-LETTER.

L-t-i-s-e-f-l.

Ed.

No. 126.—ANAGRAMS.

1. Arm Youth.

2. Do! mean miser.

3. I sat upon L.

Ed.

No. 127.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole consists of 8 letters, and is a well known poet.

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a dwelling place.

My 8, 2, 3, 4 gives light.

My 5, 6, 7, 8 is used in churches.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.

—THE MYSTICAL CIRCLE.—

Yes, Bessie Burnett, you are right in your answer to the Old Riddle. It should be

A WHALE.

We hasten to make the correction. No prize was offered for solution. Please note answer to 96 should read—A Whale, and not "a serpent."

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