

RIDDLES.



No. 1.

I will sing you a song of a warrior wee,
The powers of darkness before him flee ;
He is very slender and very small ;
But a match for the strongest man of all.
In his first great battle he sinks and dies,
And his body in dust and ashes lies,
But his glory remains by night and by day
To drive the cold and the gloom away,

MORAL.

And whosoever, though weak and small,
Is striving to comfort and gladden all,
Though seeming to perish and die away,
Shall live in glory for aye and aye.

For answer to Riddles, see page 36.