

glass in the window took place, and this was followed by the report of a musket.

"They have fired at me," said Victor; and he calmly proceeded to light one of the three candles that had been blown out. Then the fierce shouts arose from the street; but Victor did not understand them. Then there was another shot and another.

"They don't like it," said Victor. One shot struck a rafter, another broke a second pane. All at once a roar filled the air, and the next instant a cannon-ball from a field-piece struck the roof and knocked over a part of the chimney. At the same moment Victor heard loud blows upon the doors below him, and a multitude of voices full of anger and fury.

The shots flew thick and fast. The cannon boomed for the second time, and another ball penetrated the garret. One of the candles was knocked over.

"I suppose my turn will come pretty soon," said Victor.

And it did. From some musket there travelled a swift bullet that burst through the thin boarding and struck the boy's shoulder. He cried out, but he did not fall. He saw one of the candles totter; he seized it, lighted it by the next, and set it up again, and then sank down with his white face upon the rough boards, and knew no more.

An hour after, there was a fierce battle in the very streets, for the French came up from the north and south, and the Germans found themselves surrounded, and they surrendered after a desperate struggle.

* * * * * They discovered Victor after it was all over. The mayor took him to his own house, and every day, until he was able to go out again, a crowd of people waited in front of the mansion to see the pale and wasted child when he was wheeled up to the window at noon.

"Long live Victor!" they cried, and he would smile and raise his hand gently, and then they would wheel him away again.

But it was when he got back among his roses and marigolds that he was happiest, and never did boy have more friends than he.

The story of his bravery went all over the country, and people came in carriages to visit him, until the war surged around the town again, when Victor's father and mother fled and came to America.

When Victor speaks of that night in the garret, his cheeks grow red, and he shows you laughingly a flattened piece of lead that makes you shudder.

HINTS TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

Don't be afraid to "show your colors." A cowardly Christian is a misnomer. Shrink from no declaration, from no duty that Christ desires of you. The timid, vacillating course is the hardest and most barren. The brave, outspoken, faithful life is the happiest and most effective.

There are many things you do not understand as yet. But let no doubts or uncertainties prevent you from acting on what you do know. There are some spiritual facts clear enough, plenty of Christian duties plain enough to you, act immediately on these. Do faithfully all you know you ought to do, and the larger knowledge will follow in due time.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

CROSS-WORD.—Bible.
ENIGMA.—James Abram Garfield.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.—CHARADE.

My first's a city grand and fair,
Its walls with costly pictures hung,
Its nooks with sculptured marble filled,
Its praises by a world are sung.

A strain of music wondrous sweet,
Bursts on the restless sleeper's ear;
And thus awakened from their dreams,
My second's joyous song they hear.

Many lonely hearts were cheered,
Many suffered without a sigh,
For when my whole drew near they felt
"An angel's wing was rustling by."

II.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in ark, but not in ship;
My second is in run, but not in skip;
My third is in truth, but not in lie;
My fourth is in bay, but not in rye;
My fifth is in Exodus, but not in Psalms;
My sixth is in pears, but not in palms;
My seventh is in Reuben, but not in Ham;
My eighth is in ox, but not in lamb;
My ninth is in error, but not in right;
My tenth is in darkness, but not in light;
My whole, when solved, to light will bring
The name of an ancient Persian king.

III.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 69 letters.
My 20, 2, 38, 52, 67, 21, 57, 54, 66, 41, 68, was a friend of St. Paul.
My 21, 44, 32, 69, 46, 61, 65, is a division in Asia Minor.
My 30, 27, 23, 36, 27, 63, 41, 62, is an amanuensis.
My 35, 64, 69, 1, 42, 67, 26, 49, a church to which a message and rebuke were sent.
My 31, 22, 8, 66, 34, 6, 59, is a book in the New Testament.
My 63, 47, 48, 50, 16, 65, 4, 33, a people in bad repute.
My 18, 49, 2, 4, 65, 24, the mother of a prophet.
My 33, 1, 26, 7, 13, the wife of a patriarch.
My 21, 11, 28, 32, 37, an apostle.
My 12, 19, 17, 41, 59, a bishop.
My 9, 52, 15, 25, 23, a patriarch.
My 25, 25, 19, a celebrated man mentioned in the Bible.
My 40, 39, 43, 57, 7, 4, 29, a town mentioned in the New Testament.
My 35, 10, 54, one of David's mighty men.
My 55, 51, 45, 68, parts of the human body.
My 56, 5, 20, 53, 24, once destroyed is never restored.
My 14, 58, 25, 47, 60, 3, signifies dread.
My whole is what all ought to live in the exercise of.

IV.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To stop.
2. The name of a river.
3. An eastern ruler.
4. An outer coating.
5. Very cold water.
6. A woman's name.
Primals, a country in Asia.
Finals, a country in Europe.

WHAT KILLED THE OYSTER.

LOOK at that oyster shell. Do you see a little hole in the hard roof of the oyster's house? That explains why there is a shell but no oyster. A little creature called the whelk, living in a spiral shell, dropped one day on the roof of the oyster's house. "The little innocents," some one has called the whelks. "The little villains," an oyster would call them, for the whelk has an auger, and bores and bores and bores until he reaches the oyster itself, and the poor oyster finds he is going up through his own roof. He goes up, but he never comes down.

A writer speaks of noticing on the shores of Brittany the holes in the oyster bored by its enemy, both burglar and murderer we should call him. "A little sin, a little sin!" cries a boy who may have been caught saying a profane word, or strolling with a bad associate, or reading a bad book, or sipping a glass of beer. "Don't make too much of it!" he says.

Young friend, that's the whelk on the oyster's back. You have given the tempter a chance to use his auger, and he will bore and bore till he reaches the centre of all moral worth in the soul, and draws your very life away.

THE EMPRESS VICTORIA.

HE will always be affectionately known as Queen Victoria, but she is officially the Empress of India, and also the Queen of American hearts, so far as honest admiration goes. Her pathetic messages to Mrs. Garfield in which she royally overruled the stilted formalities of court etiquette, have won her a warm place in our affections. But what she overruled she intensified. International courtesy demanded some formal letters of condolence between the United States and all the nations with which we have diplomatic relations, and in due time they will come as State papers. But these tender messages from one woman to another are sublime in their sincerity and purpose. They come close to the national heart and are as beautiful as they are wise and statesmanlike. The beautiful floral tribute which the Queen, almost as with her own hands, laid upon the coffin of our departed President, the intenuess with which she has followed all the mutations of the struggle will never be forgotten. As a woman, she has fifty millions of loyal subjects in the United States.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT

Two farmers of the Canton of Schweiz had a difference about a piece of meadow which they could not settle. One day Franz came to Gaspard and said, "I have got the judges to meet here to-morrow and decide between us. Be ready to go before them with me, and present your side of the case." "Well, Franz," said Gaspard, "I have mowed all this hay, you see. I must get it in to-morrow. I can not possibly leave it. You go before the judges to-morrow, and tell them both your reasons and mine, and then there'll be no need of my going." Franz actually did so, and pleaded faithfully both for himself and against himself—and lost his case. Returning to Gaspard, he said, "The meadow is yours. I am glad the affair is finished." And the two men were firm friends ever after ward.

GEN. GARFIELD'S POEM.

THE following poem was written by President Garfield in 1854, while a student at Williams' College.

Old Autumn, thou art here! Upon the earth
And in the heavens the signs of death are hung;
For o'er the earth's brown breast stalks pale decay,
And 'mong the lowering clouds the wild winds wail,
And sighing, sadly, shout the solemn dirge
O'er Summer's fairest flowers, all faded now.
The winter god, descending from the skies,
Has reached the mountain tops, and decked their brows
With glittering frosty crowns, and breathed his breath
Among the trumpet pines, that herald forth
His coming.

Before the driving blast
The mountain oak bows down his hoary head,
And flings his withered locks to the rough gales
That fiercely roar among his branches bare,
Uplifted to the dark unpeering heavens.
The skies have put their mourning garments on,
And hung their funeral drapery on the clouds.
Dead Nature soon will wear her shrouds of snow,
And lie entombed in Winter's icy grave.

Thus passes life. As heavy age comes on,
The joys of youth—bright beauties of the Spring—
Grow dim and faded, and the long dark night
Of death's chill winter comes. But as the Spring
Rebuilds the ruined wrecks of winter's waste,
And cheers the gloomy earth with joyous light,
Soon o'er the tomb the star of hope shall rise
And usher in an ever-during day.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years!

The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes. "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy Him forever."—*Thomas Carlyle.*