

asked, "if you persist in going upon the other side of the street ?" I am determined that Marjory shall not fall into the habit of the wrong side of the street."

The Rock-a-By Route

O, Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go,
And the Rock-a-By Route is the favorite one
With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's only one track, there is only
one train,
But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this
route,
If you're good you may just take a peep;
But strange as it seems, they are seen best
in dreams;
So be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to
bed too—
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up
the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll have—
A whole sleeping-car to yourself !

—Frederic B. Hodgins

Who Were the Two Boys ?

There was once a great ruler who had two sons, and one day he took them to visit their grandfather who was ill. Now this grandfather was a very good old man, and a prophet besides; and he said he would like to bless the boys. The ruler was very much pleased, and placed his elder son at the grandfather's right hand and the younger at the left. Now the grandfather was blind; but he crossed his hands, and put his right hand on the younger boy's head. "No, my father," said the ruler, "put your right hand on the head of my elder son."

But the grandfather said, "No," for the younger son would be greater than the elder. So he blessed the boys, and in after years his words came true; for the younger son became the head of a greater tribe than his brother. *Who were the two boys ?*

How Coals of Fire Got His Name

"Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." It was the next Sunday's Golden Text, and Jim and Charlie were trying to get it committed. Their papa and mama were away from home, and the boys and baby Ruth were out on the porch. On the stone walk below lay a strange dog, which seemed to consider itself quite at home. Baby Ruth, discovering its presence, went down to it at once, and began to try to make friends with it.

"Good doggie," she said, as she patted its rough hair, "do you know your text ? Say 'coals of fire,' doggie, 'coals of fire.'"

"Ruth, what are you doing ? Come here at once. That dog might bite you. Get out of here, you cur !" and the boys both began picking up pine cones, which had fallen on the porch, and threw them at the poor dog, which hid behind some bushes near. Ruth went back to the porch crying, and was soon fast asleep on the mat near the edge of the porch.

The text finally committed, Jim said, "Ruth's asleep. Let's go hunt the eggs," and away they went.

They had been gone but a few minutes when the strange dog came bounding into the hay mow where they were. It was barking and howling like mad. It would run first to one, then the other, and back again to the ladder. The boys tried to drive it away, but it would not go. At length Charlie said, "Let's follow it, and see what is the matter."

They were scarcely outside the barn before the dog was back to the house, standing howling beside a little heap on the stone walk.

"Oh, Jim ! It's Ruth !" cried Charlie. In an instant both saw what had happened. They found her white and still, and when