

with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and the page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat, which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, and gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which everything was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sang with her clear, childish voice, the words:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendor of thy throne."

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration and piety, in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!"

My Little Girl.

I have a bonnie little girl
Who often climbs upon my knee,
And turns her blue and sparkling eye
In loving glances unto me.

She twines her arms around my neck,
And clasps me in her fond embrace;
And now her fingers catch the pen
With which these simple lines I trace.

Her pattering step I love to hear—
The tripping of those little feet—
They bid my heart with love awake,
And quicker with affection beat.

She talks, and laughs, and sits, and runs,
All other children do the same;
But then, of all the world, I know
I still love best her cherished name.

Her gentle heart is full of love,
Her voice is music to my ear—
Her ringing laugh, joy's golden sound,
More than fine gold to me is dear.

There never was her like. I'm sure!
Whoever had so blue an eye?
No little girl has ever spoke
Such loving words—I scarce know why!

Somehow, a strong and lasting chord
Has bound my soul—it ne'er can break!
It binds her close and closer still,
Whene'er I sleep—whene'er I wake!

And oft I ask with earnest prayer
That grace may all her soul subdue;
May make her spirit pure and fair,
And all her inmost heart renew.

And then, when she and I have passed
Life's changing road with trusting heart,
May we unite in heaven above,
There never, never more to part!

Puzzles for Pastime.

SIR,—Should your space permit, by inserting the following in your next, you will greatly oblige:—

No. 1.—I am composed of 22 letters.

My 21, 13, 3, 14, 17, 20, is an idle fellow.

My 2, 4, 20, is to mistake.

My 14, 10, 17, is to recompense.

My 14, 2, 8, is a marsh.

My 9, 2, 3, 8, is the second dignitary of a diocese.

My 22, 10, 3, 11, is costly.

My 9, 2, 3, 9, is motionless.

My 14, 17, 8, 22, is to keep off.

My 22, 17, 3, 21, is a great part.

My 9, 10, 15, 17, 20, is to discourage.

My 22, 17, 15, 10, 1, 15, is to abhor.

My 10, 5, 15, 3, 15, 17, is general interest.

My 14, 3, 8, is to ventilate.

My 21, 7, 4, 22, is a nobleman.

My 13, 3, 14, is an idiot.

My 8, 10, 15, is no more.

My 8, 21, 18, is at this time.

My 7, 4, 3, 15, 19, 11, is a man of eloquence.

My 4, 3, 11, 17, is scarce.

My 11, 10, 3, 22, is to discover.

My 5, 7, is in like manner.

My 2, 8, 22, is conclusion.

My whole the title of a celebrated book.

BROCK ROSE.

Wolford, Feb. 12, 1853.

No. 2.

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed,
As three times three does three;
But when ten years, and half ten years,
We man and wife had been,
Her age came then as near to mine,
As eight does to sixteen.

Ques. What was each of our ages when we were married?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. Uncle Tom's Cabin,

2. Obey your Parents.

The answers sent by M. A. Walling, and Typho, to Puzzle No. 1 in February number are correct.