

ro off wiv it, and the free-legged man jumped up and from the free-legged stool at the dog, and made him bring the free-legged button back again. Can you guess it?" he cried triumphantly.

"No," said his mamma, laughing. "I don't think I can."—*Maggie.*

**The Rulers of England.**

First William the Norman, then William his son,  
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John;  
After Henry the Third, Edwards one, two, and three;  
After Richard the Second, three Henrys we see.  
Fourth Edward precedes the third Richard;  
then press  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;  
Then Janin from Sootland and Charles must be reckoned;  
Succeeded by Cromwell and then Charles the Second;  
Then we had James, who relinquished the throne  
To William and Mary; then William alone,  
Till Anne, the four Georges, Fourth William had passed;  
Victoria now reigns—may she long be the last!

**The Preacher's Collection.**

A TRUE STORY.

The little preacher stamped vigorously up and down the piazza, arranging chairs and distributing hymn-books. The brisk breeze that blew in from the sunny stretch of Narragansett Bay tumbled his curls and twisted his whiskers, and made a great many of those queer things that grown-ups call draughts. This caused these same grown-ups, who were to make up the audience, to take a long time in getting settled, and when the preacher finally stepped up on the settee, and everybody was ready to listen, he had forgotten his text. Father had picked out the text, and he had learned it, but the grown-ups had fussed so that he couldn't remember.

He struck his hands together as father's minister did, cleared his throat, wiped his brow with a scrap of a pocket handkerchief no longer white, and found his inspiration in the sparkling water.

"Text is 'to-day,' he announced—I preach to you zis mornin' 'bout to-day; dis day our day, to-morrow day Sabba' day—dat's God's day. We must be good ev's day, dis day, to-morrow day, all 'e days, but spesiously to-day—to-day—b'ight 'shinin' day."

His wide eyes took in once more the gleam and glitter of the sun across the water, and he dropped into a monotonous little chant, marching about and striking his hands.

"To-day, to-day, b'ight shinin' day—to-day, to-day, b'ight shinin' day."

Over and over he said it, until mother called him.

"Now, tell us what is the best thing you can think of to do to-day."

The curly head dropped a moment in puzzled thought, then was flung back happily:

"Take a c'lection."

The grown-ups obediently put their hands in their pockets, and gravely deposited their pennies in a battered little sailor hat. Mother's detaining hand was on the preacher's arm.

"What is this money for?"

"For church," replied the preacher.

"But what is the church going to do with it?"

"Give it to God, and send peoples to tell little he'ven shildren 'bout Zhoosus."

Nothing more was said, and the audience

broke up, while the preacher sat down on the grass to count his pennies.

"Two, free, six—Muvver," he shouted,

"I'm goin' over to Tatie's."

That afternoon something was wrong with the preacher. All sorts of queer little pains twisted and wriggled around inside him, and he cried a little, cuddled up in mother's arms.

"It was that iscream, perhaps, maybe," he said solemnly. "I guess Tatie feel had too."

"Did you and Katie eat ice-cream?"

"Yes, in."

"Where did you get it?"

"Buvied it out of a wagon-cart."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Out of my hat when I tooken de'lection."

It seemed hard to go on, for mothers always feel sorry for little boys who are sick; but this little boy wasn't sick enough for the lesson to be put off.

"Was that your money, dear? Think a minute."

There was no answer for a little while, as new ideas came and went under the yellow curls on mother's arm.

"Was that church's money, muvver?"

"Yes."

"What does church do wiv he money?"

"Gives it to God."

"Did my church, dis mornin', give he money to God?"

"No, dear; you took the money that belonged to God, and gave it to some-body else."

"I know '—eagerly—"to vat iscream lady."

Then a moment's hard thinking.

"Muvver, wasn't that fair—would it?"

"No, dear."

"What made it God's money?"

"Because you said it was for God. When I put a big apple away, and say that it is for you, would you like me to give it to Katie?"

"No, ma'am," with emphasis. "Cause you know vat wouldn't be fair—would it?"

"Was it fair to take that money you said was for God, and spend it for yourself and Katie?"

"Oh, dear me!" The little preacher was now genuinely distressed. "I taken God's money away from him—didn't I, muvver?"

"I'm afraid you did, little son."

The next remark came very slowly, but it came.

"Must I give it back?"

"What do you think about it?"

There was a long, long, a very long pause; then slowly, slowly, the preacher slid down from mother's knee; slowly, slowly, he went into the library, and came back, holding his red iron bank tightly in both hands.

Two great big tears splashed on mother's knee, as he put the bank in her lap.

"You count it," he said.—*Give Duffield Goodwin, in S. S. Times.*

**Can or Can't.**

Can would begin it,  
Can't isn't 'in it."  
Can is awake,  
Can't is a fake,  
Can is at school;  
Can't is a fool,  
Can is a worker;  
Can't is a shirker,  
Can is a master;  
Can't means disaster,  
Can is a man;  
Let can't be can.

**"Gettin' Eddicashun."**

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to the Atlantic Colored University:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gettin' eddicashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two hole days to make an hour, does it?"

"Why no?" replied Jake.

"You was going to bring back that hatchet in an hour, wasn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it's two hole days since you borried it. Now what good does eddicashun do you I want's to know when you goes to school a whole year and den can't tell how long it takes to bring back a hatchet?"

Did you ever know a girl or boy whose "eddicashun" was lacking in the same way as Jake's? A good education should bring forth fruits. One of these fruits is fidelity in keeping engagements or fulfilling promises.

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