

The Two Knights.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

The road went up, the road went down,
A hill-top rose between,
There met two knights upon its crown,
Each clad in armour's sheen.
Sir Rueful and Sir Merrywise,
They met them there together,
One raised his helmet o'er his eyes,
And one he doffed his feather.

"Sir Rueful, ho! Well met, I say!
Nay, down with that good shield!
We are not now at joust or play,
At tourney yet, nor field!
What signifies this fierce mien?
By my good sword, I'm thinking
You'd pierce my corset links between,
I' faith before I'm winking!"

Thus quoth the good Sir Merrywise.
Sir Rueful, he did say:
"Make ready! Here upon this rise
A score I have to pay!"
Sir Merrywise he veered him back
To dodge the lance a-litling,
"Iggs giggles!" quoth he: "but hold!
A lack,
This savours serious tilting!"

"Sir Rueful, an't doth please your wit,
To slay a mate or two,
Why need you single me for it,
Or yet that I slay you?
'Twould seem, you hunger for my head
As I ride by a-knighting,
But hold your sword till it be said
What cause there be for fighting!"

"Full cause!" Sir Rueful roared he out:
"Full cause, my jocund bird!
I'll scatter bits of you about
At but another word!
I'll pierce your corset where it be,
A thousand holes a minute,
And toss it up in yonder tree,
Odds dodds, and you within it!"

"Why sir? Know you not, yestere'en
Back from the Royal Chase,
In yonder narrow alley green
We met us face to face?
In truth, methinks you were bereft
Most sadly for a knight, sir!
I had to step unto the left
While you kept to the right, sir!"

"Not so!" Sir Merrywise he spake,
"It was the left I took,
The right o' way was your mistake,
'Twas that you failed to look!"
Sir Rueful roared in rage aloud
Of left and then of right, sir!
Sir Merrywise, he thereby vowed
He'd neither charge nor fight, sir.

But that the next who came along
Should hear their plaint, and say
Which one was right and which was
wrong,
And who had right of way,
But fared no horseman by, nor sound
Of jangling spur a-ringing,
When from the ambush, with a bound,
A Fool he sprang a-singing.

Then cried the blithe Sir Merrywise,
"Good Fool, a friend in need!
Now solve this riddle, and the prize
Shall be your instant need!
Who hath the left, who hath the right,
When two from Court are hieing?"
The Fool upon one foot did light
And stood, the two knights eyeing.

"Which man," quoth he, "hath right o'
way?
Why, both, unless one's blind,
But here it seems you're bound to stay,
Until I speak my mind;
You can a little longer stop,
For, by my cap and capers,
You make me laugh until I drop;
'Twill drive away my vapours!"

"Hark, brothers! You have given me
A riddle for to keep;
'Tis older than this greenwood tree,
And than yon forest deep!
Mine own good uncle there, the king,
Doth go to war about it;
It makes this world go troubling,
But it will not do without it!"

"For one man's left is another's right,
One's right, another's left;
And if I trust to my fair sight,
And am not clean bereft,

My brother Rueful's sword, I hold,
Upon his left is banded,
His good right arm his shield doth fold,
Which proves him, first, left-handed!"

Then cried that burly, rueful knight,
" 'Tis true! The Fool hath said!
My left hand I'd forgotten quite,—
Come, Merry, take my head!"
But Merrywise laughed loud and long—
"Nay, Rueful, out upon you!
Your head, my friend, hath done no
wrong,
I fain would see it on you!"

"Your price, good Fool? For understand,
Had you not come to me,
Our doughty knight, with his left hand,
Had tossed me in you tree!"
Then quoth the Fool, "Let he! Go to!
But mind what says your brother,
What seemeth right for me—or you—
Is wrong for many another!"

"And if I ask a Fool's scant pay,
'Twere small, you'll not deny,—
Just that I'm stopped no more this day
By mine own family!"
He leaped away before their eyes:
Knights donned their steel and feather,
And Rueful and Sir Merrywise
Rode down the hill together.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

Rum's license fees are the state's blood
money.
The patronage of the bar is the beggary
of the family.
Sunday closing of saloons in Scotland
has obtained for forty years.
The earl of Carlisle is a staunch tee-
totaler.

Queen Victoria deprecates the intro-
duction of rum into the heathen coun-
tries under her government.

The public houses of Cork, Ireland, if
placed in line, allowing twenty-five feet
frontage to each, would extend two and
three-fifths miles.

On the petition against the Kansas
prohibitory amendment appeared the
names of 22,000 men, but not the name
of one woman!

It is estimated that 4,600,000 barrels
of beer are consumed annually in New
York city, two and a half barrels for
each man, woman, and child.

Ireland boasts of Mrs. Carlisle who,
in the declining years of her life, in-
duced 70,000 men and women to abandon
the drink.

A practical experiment made by the
clergymen of Worcester, Mass., has
proved conclusively that for \$100,000 re-
ceived from one hundred additional
licenses the city actually lost in trade,
in increased charities, and other ex-
penses caused by poverty and crime,
\$2,000,000.

Mother Stewart, of Ohio, one of the
first crusaders, sent this message from
a sick-bed to her comrades at their state
convention, asking them all to unite with
her in the pledge that in the year to
come, "we will preach Jesus more ear-
nestly, work more faithfully, and try
harder to win souls to Christ than ever
before."

Three converted African chiefs, who
recently visited London, were asked
about the effects of the liquor traffic.
One replied: "I am glad you ask me
about the drink, for I call it destruction.
It is the destruction of my people. They
lose their good standing and food and
speech because of it. The white man's
drink is a worse foe to my people than
the weapons of Lobengula."

INDIAN DEVOTION.

Rev. Egerton R. Young tells this story
illustrating the love of the Cree Indians
for their Bible:

One of our Indians, with his son, came
away down from the distant hunting
grounds to fish on the shores of our great
lakes. They made splendid fisheries, put
up the whitefish on a staging, where the
foxes and wolves could not reach them,
and one night the father said, "My son,
we leave to-morrow morning early; put
the book of heaven in your pack, we go
back one hundred and forty miles to our
distant hunting ground to join the
mother and the others in their wigwam

home." So the young man put his Bible
in his pack, that they might take it
home. Later on along came an uncle
and said to the young man, "Nephew,
lend me the book of heaven, that I may
read a little, I have loaned mine." So
the pack was opened and the book was
taken out, and the man read for a time,
and then threw the Bible back among
the blankets and went out. The next
morning the father and son started very
early on their homeward journey. They
strapped on their snow-shoes and walked
seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at
night, where they cooked some rabbits,
and had prayers, and lay down and
slept. The next morning, bright and
early after prayers, they pushed on, and
made seventy miles more, and reached
home. That night the father said to his
son: "Give me the book of heaven, that
the mother and the rest may read the
word, and have prayers." As the son
opened the pack, he said, "Uncle asked
for the book two nights ago and it was
not put back." The father was disap-
pointed, but said little. The next morn-
ing he rose early, put a few cooked rab-
bits in his pack, and away he started.
He walked that day seventy miles, and
reached the camp where he and his son
had stopped two nights before. The
next day he had made the other seventy
miles and reached the lake, and found
his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The
next morning he started again, and,
walking in the two days, one hundred
and forty miles, was back home once
more. The Indian walked on snow-
shoes two hundred and eighty miles
through the wild forest of the north-
west to regain his copy of the Word of
God. Would we do that much to regain
our Bibles? Oh, the power of the gos-
pel! It can go down very low and
reach men deeply sunken in sin, and can
save them grandly, and make them de-
vout students and great lovers of the
blessed book.—Northwestern Christian
Advocate.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one
day called me to him, that he might
teach me to know what o'clock it was.
He told me the use of the minute finger
and the hour hand, and described to me
the figures on the dial plate, until I was
quite perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this
additional knowledge, than I set off
scampering to join my companions at a
game of marbles, but my father called
me back again. "Stop, William," said
he: "I have something more to tell you."
Back again I went, wondering what
else I had got to learn, for I thought I
knew all about the clock quite as well as
my father did. "William," said he, "I
have taught you to know the time of
day, I must teach you to find out the
time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited
rather impatiently to hear how my father
would explain it, for I wanted sadly to
go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he,
"describes the years of a man to be
three-score and ten, or four-score years.
Now, life is very uncertain, and you may
not live a day longer; but if we divide
the four-score years of an old man's life
into twelve parts, like the dial of a
clock, it will allow almost seven years
for every figure. When a boy is seven
years old, then it is one o'clock of his
life; and this is the case with you.
When you arrive at fourteen it will be
two o'clock with you; and when at
twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock;
at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock;
at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at
forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-
nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it
please God thus to spare your life. In
this manner you may always know the
time of life, and looking at the clock may
perhaps remind you of it. My great-
grandfather, according to this calcula-
tion, died at twelve o'clock, my grand-
father at eleven, and my father at ten.
At what time you or I shall die, William,
is only known to Him to whom all things
are known."

Never since then have I heard the in-
quiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I
think that I have even looked at the
face of the clock, without being reminded
of the words of my father.—From the
Stanton Spectator and General Advan-
tiser, printed in 1846.

Be Thorough, Boys.
Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man,
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can!

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says that any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists, or alters,
Little atoms when he speaks,
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

He's the weak, if you are strong,
Love the old, if you are young!
Own the fault, if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty,
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer my lad, will keep you right;
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman,
Fall you never,
Now or ever,
To be thorough as you can!

FALSE SHAME.

Boys, rid yourself of that false shame
that makes you shrink away when there
is a book to be picked up, a door to be
opened, some one to be assisted.
I recently saw a young woman return-
ing from a shopping expedition laden
with a number of packages. Suddenly
she tripped and one of her purchases fell
to the ground. Behold her in a most
awkward predicament, when a bell rang,
and on the instant a bevy of boys rushed
from a schoolhouse near by.

Their bright eyes grasped the situation
at a glance—the young woman standing
helplessly, arms and hands encumbered,
the little brown parcel lying at her feet.
Their kind hearts told them what to do,
but shame, fear, a sort of cowardly timid-
ity held them back. With one accord
they stopped, looked at one another, then
passed silently on. There was not a lad
in that crowd whose fingers did not ac-
tually itch to pick up that bundle, yet
no one dared to do it.

Boys, I beg of you, let your hands,
your feet, your voice, be the willing
agents of that great master of politeness,
the heart.

You see an aged person trying to
mount the steps of a car, your heart
whispers, "Help." Obey its impulse; go
offer your strong young arm. Your
teacher drops a pencil; quick as a flash
return it to her. Your very willingness
will make her feel stronger and better.

The truly polite boy is a good son,
for politeness teaches him the duty and
respect he owes to his parents. He is
a grateful brother to his sisters, always
returning a pleasant "Thank you," for
any kindness received at their hands.

This world would be better and brighter
if our boys would obey as readily as they
feel the charitable impulse that rises in
their hearts to assist the helpless and
lend their strength to the weak. It is
this prompt courtesy that will transform
the awkward, boorish lad into the
polished, ever graceful gentleman.—New
York Observer.

A little boy was much perplexed to un-
derstand how God could see him all the
time. His teacher asked him to make a
house of blocks. When finished, she
said: "Now shut your eyes. Do you
know just how the house looks?"
"Yes." "But you are not looking at it
with your eyes." "I see it with my in-
side eyes." "That is the way God sees.
He made everything, and he sees it all
the time with his great inside eyes."