

THE THREE SIEVES.

"O, mamma?" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One"——

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *Is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *Is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, *Is it necessary?*"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

"WHOSOEVER."

There were children on the floor,
Conning Bible verses o'er.

"Which word, all the Bible through,
Do you love best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one;
"Jesus is my word alone."

"I like Hope," "and I like Love,"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more small than all the rest—
"I like Whosoever best;

"Whosoever—that means all,
Even I, who am so small."

Whosoever! Ah! I see:
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will," may come,
Find a pardon and a home.

FOUR SERVANTS OF SATAN.

1. *There's no danger.*
2. *Only this once.*
3. *Everybody does so.*
4. *By and by.*

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