

"Knock and It Shall Be Opened."

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! the toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone, could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous baby knocking, and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"Tis I, O Father, only I!"

"Three Wise Men of Munich."

In old Nursery Rhymes we read of "Three wise men of Gotham"; but these three wise men seemed to be bent upon a different sort of pastime to that of our ancient friends. Those flagons—that cask and the general surroundings—are highly suggestive. Surely that rotund individual to the right looks like a worthy Burgomaster, and is entitled to first taste from this suspicious-looking cask. I fancy his companions won't be long before they take his valued opinion and also fall to—with a will—for it evidently takes three to test this kind of beverage! The artist has put a great deal of vivid expression into these faces. The pursed-up lips and merry eye of the Burgomaster with the wrinkled waistcoat, who seems to find the liquor (shall we call it?) to his taste; the sly drollery in the face of the middle boon companion; and the humorous sedateness—coupled with expectancy—of number three;—all make it an easy matter to read their thoughts. Truly, what with their flagons, their cask, their cigars, and their jolly faces, we may safely predict that these "Three Wise Men of Munich" intend to go in for a jovial time generally!

Very Natural.

Recently, two gentlemen, driving along in a waggonette, were smoking, when a spark falling from one of their cigarettes set fire to some straw at the bottom. The flames soon drove them from their seats; and while they were busy extinguishing the fire, a countryman, who had for some time been following them on horseback, alighted to assist them.

"I have been watching the smoke for some time," said he.

"Why, then, did you not give us notice?" asked the travellers.

"Well," responded the man, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays, I thought you were going by steam.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*"

A poor Arab, traveling in the desert, met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and, filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself. The poor man traveled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and, thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," he said, "the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew, that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."



Jack's Literary Effort.

Jack's composition-day was Thursday, and this record of Jack's manners and customs in literary matters begins on Wednesday. All of his compositions were begun on Wednesday and usually were completed on the same day. You might from this conclude that he had the pen of a ready writer; but you would be misled. Jack was really an ingenious postponer.

Jack had a pleasant room for study and writing. It contained a low, broad, convenient table covered with green baize, whereon stood his green-shaded student-lamp.

"Good night," said Jack to his family downstairs; "I have a composition to write for to-morrow."

"Hard luck, Jack," said his younger brother. "But, my boy," said his mother, "it is half-past nine now, and you mustn't sit up after eleven."

"Oh, that's an hour and a half," Jack replied easily, with a confidence not justified by past experience. "I'll get it done all right. Good night."

some reading-up, and I haven't time, even if I had the books."

He crossed it out.

"The Hundred Days"—that won't do either. It would take at least half an hour to get the encyclopedia and cram up on it. "Something about Earthquakes"—same trouble. I know that volcanoes have something to do with them, but I can't stop to find out now. And 'Eli Whitney' is in the same fix; I don't see but that I shall have to go at old number five!

He drew the foolscap squarely in front of him, dipped the pen well into the ink, shook it clear, and wrote the subject at the top of the sheet, making a small k. But after a few moments of aimless eyeing of the title, Jack seemed to be dissatisfied with the k, and made it into a capital K. Then not finding the title neat enough, he turned the sheet over, and wrote his subject slowly near the top of the other side. He sighed with satisfaction as he finished, and—the clock struck the half-hour.

"Jimminy!" exclaimed Jack, "only half an hour left, and two hundred words to write. Let me see. That will be one hundred in fifteen minutes, and fifty in seven and a half minutes, and twenty-five in three and—Oh, I don't know! Here goes, anyway." And making sure there was plenty of ink on his pen, he wrote thus:

"I like them to be jolly and pleasant without being fooling all the time. Nobody likes fooling all the time. A joke now and then does no harm, of course; but while all work and no play makes Jack—"

He paused, crossed out "Jack," and went on:

"—a boy a dull boy, yet one need not be fooling all the time. But what I do despise like most other people I guess is a sneak or a liar. No real boy can like that kind of a boy. Boys should study, too. Is there any reason why a boy can't stand at the head of the class and be a base ball pitcher too? I don't think so. Yet there are many kinds of boys, and we cannot all be the same. I like the character of Fast in Tom Brown. He was a good fellow—"

Here again Jack thought the teacher might not like "fellow," and he put in "chap" instead, though it didn't please him. But he had no time for reflection; his minutes were limited.

"—chap, and yet he had fun in him, too. Boys should always tell the truth. To lie is to be a moral coward, and a boy should be afraid to be afraid of anything—"

This struck Jack as being too sweeping, and he rounded it off thus: "—that they ought not to be afraid of such as earthquakes and being struck by lightning unless it is their duty to do so. Time

forbids me to tell all about the kind of boy I like, but I can say in closing that a true boy should be boy-like in all things."

Here, to Jack's intense dismay, and perhaps a little to his relief, the clock struck.

"There!" he exclaimed, "that will do for the first draft; I'll get up in the morning early, copy it, and then I will polish the style up a little, and I guess she'll do."

But he didn't. He was rather late in the morning—which did happen sometimes—and took the composition to school intending to copy it during a half-hour of study time.

Perhaps you will not be surprised to learn that when he read it over by daylight, he concluded to answer, "Not prepared."—*St. Nicholas.*

It is a custom among a class of preachers to open their annual conferences with the cheerful hymn:

"And are we yet alive
To see each other's face?"

In a town where the annual conference was once held the preachers were treated with extraordinary hospitality. Every housekeeper had the table groaning with fried chicken and yellow gravy. All the choice fowls were killed to satisfy the white-cravated epicures. The day after adjournment the evening paper of the town had a picture showing two scrawny-looking young roosters peeping at each other out from under the barn, and then, crossing their necks, saying:

"And are we yet alive
To see each other's face?"

Ask your neighbor if he reads the Farmer's Advocate. If he does not, get him to.



"THREE WISE MEN OF MUNICH."

"Now, where's that list of subjects?" was his next inquiry. He ransacked his pockets in vain. He sat down and thought about it. He rose and went downstairs again.

"Mother, have you seen my books?" she answered, losing count of her stitches.

"They're not there," said Jack, after going to see. "I do wish people would leave my things—Oh! I know!" and with a sudden recollection that he had left them in the front yard while he had played hand-ball with his brother Will, Jack ran out, searched in vain, came back for a candle, and at last found his bundle of books hanging to a picket of the fence.

"I've got 'em," he said, in passing, and returned to his room.

The clock struck ten. "Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed Jack, and then he sat down before the table, unstrapped his books, shook several vigorously, and, fortunately, at last dislodged the scrap of paper upon which he had scrawled the list of subjects. There were five. The teacher evidently had sought variety.

The Tulip-mania in Holland.
The Hundred Days.
Something about Earthquakes.
Eli Whitney and the cotton-gin.
The Kind of Boy I Like.

"Hump!" was Jack's first reflection. Then he began to consider them. "The Tulip-mania." I remember something or other about that. There was a humpback who made a fortune out of it, somehow. He thought a tulip-bulb was an onion and ate it—didn't he? But I don't see how that would make him rich. No, that subject takes