

It wasn't the china closet ;
But he still had Two and Three.

" You are up in Papa's big bedroom
In the chest with the queer old key ! "
And she said, " You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

" It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be in the clothes-press, Gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding
With a One, and a Two, and a Three.

And they never stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee,
This dear, dear, dear, dear lady
And the boy that was half-past three.

— HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

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