

## A Twilight Game.

(Frances J. Delano, in the 'Outlook'.)

It had been raining all day. It was almost dark, and the children were getting dangerously tired of each other when Miss Lambert came up into the nursery. She lighted the fire on the hearth and drew up an easy chair; then she settled back in it and looked over at Alice and smiled.

'What is it?' questioned Alice, feeling very happy all at once.

'The world is so full of a number of things. I think we should all be as happy as kings,' quoted Miss Lambert.

'Tell us the rest,' exclaimed Alice, eagerly.

'That's all,' replied Miss Lambert, still smiling.

But the children, sure that something nice was coming, settled themselves, each on an arm of Miss Lambert's chair, and waited.

'Well, we'll play a game,' said Miss Lambert. 'I'll mention one of the "things" and then commence to count ten. Before I have finished, Alice must mention one; and so we'll go round and round. The one who fails to think of a thing (a beautiful thing, of course) must pay a forfeit. She must learn Mr. Stevenson's "Nest Eggs," and recite it in the morning at breakfast. Now I'll begin: A road winding through the woods—one, two, three, four—'

'Red lilies growing along the road,' shouted Alice; 'one, two, three, four, five, six—'

'Candy! pink and white twisted sticks,' said Elizabeth, solemnly.

'Count, dear,' reminded Miss Lambert, for Elizabeth had forgotten present duties.

'One, two, three—'

'An old farm-house with children inside, and an apple orchard near; one, two—'

'A nice big fire,' cried Alice, stretching her feet out towards the blaze; 'one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—'

'Kittens,' said Elizabeth, gazing lovingly at a stuffed cat lying upside down on the hearth.

'Aren't you going to count?' asked Miss Lambert.

'One, two, three—' commenced Elizabeth.

'A field of grass with the wind

sweeping over it—one, two, three, four—'

'A stone wall,' shouted Alice; 'with all the things growing side of it: wild roses, hardhack, grapevines—one, two, three, four, five—'

'Babies,' said Elizabeth, beginning at once to think up for next time, and forgetting to count as usual.

'Mammas that sing softly to the babies,' said Miss Lambert, following Elizabeth's lead.

'Uncles that tell stories,' shouted Alice, springing into the arms of a big man who suddenly appeared in the doorway.

'Oh, Uncle Jack, you play too!' cried both the children at once, and then such fun as followed!

Uncle Jack had to pay a forfeit because he couldn't think quickly enough, and then after that he thought of lots of jolly things: gulls' eggs and full-rigged ships, and big

waves that dash over boats, and our flag, and everything.

### The Best You Can.

Alice went merrily out to play,  
But a thought, like a silver thread,  
Kept winding in and out all day  
Through the happy, golden head,  
Mother said: 'Darling, do all that you can,  
For you are a part of God's great plan.'

So she helped another child along,  
When the way was rough to his feet,  
And she sang from her heart a little song  
That we all thought wondrous sweet;  
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,  
Said: 'I, too, will do the best that I can.'  
—'Day of Days.'



DRAWING LESSON.