"I'll go widhout yer pushing of me, Mr. Harper," said Dulcie. "It wor the money as we was putting by h'ever since our mother died, to find father again. Father is in France, he have been there h'ever so long now, and we think as some people must ha' put him in prison, and we meant to go and try to get him out. We can't go now. That money took a long, long time to get together, 'tis h'all made h'up of little pence, and three pennies and four pennies. I think as you'll only find one whole shilling in it; that shilling wor a bright new one, and it wor put in by h'our little Angel, the first day as she 'arned h'anythink; the rest is put by, by Peachy and me. We marked most o' the coins. You'll find a little dent in 'em if you look hard. It wor a deal o' money fur us little children to put by. We didn't know as we worn't collecting it to find h'our father again, but fur you to steal it away from us. I ain't no more to say, but I'm dreffle, dreffle feared as it won't make yer a bit happy, Mr. Harper."

CHAPTER XVIII—ANOTHER STOLEN TREASURE

Dulcie told neither of her sisters of her interview with old Harper. She simply said when she came back, that the money was lost, and there was no use in their wasting time trying to find it.

"We can't begin ter look fur h'our father fur another long, long time," she said; "but we ha' got ter live, so we must jest go on as we did afore."

Peachy would have expostulated, but for the fact that she felt herself the cause of it all. If only she had been wise, and had stayed with little Angel, the canvas bag with its precious contents would have been still in her possession. Peachy's conscience was talking to her in a very condemnatory manner, and it by no means chose less stern words of disapproval because Dulcie was absolutely silent, not even once reproaching her giddy little sister.

After a time the three lay down to sleep, and in the morning they rose at the usual hour, prepared their breakfast, and made all arrangements for their day's routine of work. Very much as usual they looked as they tripped down-stairs on that bright spring morning, and only a very close observer could have noticed some loss in the brave Dulcie's voice. Some ring that used to be there, was absent. It was the joyful ring of hope.

On the lower landing, as if waiting for them, was old Harper. He looked wild and agitated. Dulcie's heart gave one bound at sight of him. Was it possible that he had come to restore to them the lost money?

He came up to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I bears yer no ill-will, my gal, and there, I promise I won't riz the rent fur the present. But hark ye, Dulcimer, or woth'ever they call you, one word in yer ear. Stick close together, woth'ever 'appens, stick close together all three of you, to-day."

"Woth'ever did he mean by that?" asked Peachy when they got into the court. But Dulcie made her no answer, and the words meant as a secret warning passed unheeded over the heads of the children.

They began the morning in their usual manner, and had a moderate degree of success. It is true that Dulcie's notes would wander away too often into a mournful key to quite please her auditors, and Peachy felt very much inclined to break down when singing their principal and most attractive song, "Home, Sweet Home." But little Angel saved the other two from failure.

Angel had quite recovered from her slight indisposition of the day before; with renewed life and strength her buoyant spirits had bounded up to their usual high pitch. She was too young to be affected by the disappointment which oppressed the two older girls. Her dancing was, if possible, more graceful and perfect than usual; and any one who had a penny to spare could not help holding it out for the sake of the grateful glance from her sweet baby eyes.

One poor, sad-looking woman who was dressed in seedy black, held out a farthing for her acceptance, and could not help stooping down and kissing the little upturned face.

"Bless you, my innocent lamb!" she said.

"Oh! pease," said little Angel, "do you know the kind man wot keeps the little lambs so werry safe?"

The woman's eyes filled with tears.

"I had a little lamb," she said, "a little pretty, pretty lamb some'ut like you, and the good Shepherd, Jesus, tuk her away. He minded as it 'ud be a bit rough fur her down in this world, so He tuk her away. She's werry safe where He has her now. But she's never coming back no more."

"Never!" echoed Angel. "Did you kye when the Shepherd tuk the lamb away?"

"Cry! bless you, child, it near broke my heart. I never tuk on so awful fur h'anythink. But there, I'm a bit reconciled now. Fur this world is werry rough; and the Book says as the Shepherd takes the lambs to feed in green pastures."

The woman turned away, wiping her poor dim eyes, and Angel returned to her sisters.

"The lamb wor some'ut like me," she said. "Dulcie, 'ud you kye werry hard ef the Shepherd tuk me to live wid that other lamb?"

Dulcie's heart gave a great bound of agony. She pressed the child's hands, and said, with almost convulsive eagerness, "Don't talk o' it, darling, don't talk o' it. Peachy and I 'ud die, I think, widh'out h'our little Angel."

Angel smiled and said no more. But the other two presently heard her repeating half to herself—

"But 'tis nothink to kye for; for 'tis werry rough down yere fur the little lamb."

Often in the dreary days that were to follow did the older sisters recall those words.

They all had their dinner as usual, and then, spurred on by the hope of making a little more money if they broke new ground, strayed away into poorer and less respectable streets than they were in the habit of going down. They had gone the whole length of one, and were thinking of returning, when a crowd of people collected around a large public-house intercepted their progress.

They had always made it a point, whatever the immediate prospect of gain, of never playing before a public-house, and were passing this one as quietly and quickly as possible, when the red-faced landlord, coming suddenly to the door, and catching sight of Dulcie's fiddle, called out to them to stop.

"Play us a tune, play us a tune, little gals three," he said, "and I warrant some'un in the crowd 'ull give yer a copper or two."

Dulcimer dropped a respectful curtsey.

"Ef yer please," she said, "we three little children ere a bit tired, and don't want ter play no more ter day."

The rather old-fashioned words, speech, and manner roused rude and loud laughter in the crowd; some men attracted by the sound came to the door of the public-house. One short red-haired man came to the threshold, uttered a surprised, delighted exclamation, and stood back where he could see without being seen.

"Don't let 'em go widh'out playing some'ut. I know 'em; I'll make it worth yer while," he said in a whisper to the landlord.

Obedient to the suggestion of a good customer, the landlord stepped into the street.

"Even though a bit fatigued, I'm sure the young ladies won't refuse the wishes of so distinguished a company," he said blandly.

The coarse laugh sounded again at what was felt to be an excellent joke, and the crowd called out on all sides, "Play us a bit of a tune, or we won't let yer stir a step, h'any three on yer."

Hemmed in on every side, Dulcie saw that they must yield. She took down her fiddle and began to tune it, just finding time to whisper to Peach-blossom that their performance should be of so uninteresting a character that the disagreeable rough crowd should not long care to listen to them. She played a grave old minuet, and Peachy and Angel danced to it. It was in one way an unfortunate selection, as, although Peachy never appeared to advantage in these slow-measured dances, nothing could show off little Angel's graceful movements more perfectly than the rythmic steps of the old-fashioned dance. That red-haired man within the public-house watched her with a heart beating hard and high with exultation.

When the performance came to an end, a hand holding sixpence appeared at the door of the building. Angel ran to receive it. Another sixpence held in another hand, and only half visible to the sisters waiting without, tempted her within the ill-fated doors. She glanced back at Dulcie with a bright smile, and then ran in gaily to receive her treasure.

But though Dulcie and Peach-blossom waited long for her re-appearance, she never came out.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

January 21.—Acts 2 : 37-47.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. The Church a school. The Church is not a gallery of art where Christians, like finished statues, are set up for show, but the studio where they are in the process of making. It is not an assembly of sages, but a school—a school for the unlearned, and ignorant and imperfect. Jesus Christ is the teacher. His revealed truth is the subject of study. To be formed after his perfect character is the object of the training. In every life, God's providence gives the lessons from which every virtue can be learned. The whole life is the term time. To be a Christian is to go to school to Christ, to accept of him as our teacher and guide.—*P.*

II. God, in this picture of the Christian Church, has given us an object lesson, showing what the Church should be in all ages, and what beautiful lives all Christians should live. So has he given us "Bright Eyes," the refined and intelligent Indian maiden, to show what the Gospel can do for all the wild Indian tribes, of whom so many think that "the only good Indian is the dead Indian." He has given us such Chinese families as that of Chan Lai Sun, the Chinese Commissioner of Education, brought here at first by a missionary, and from the lower class of Chinese—his daughters cultured and intelligent ladies, his sons standing in the front rank of their classes at Yale—teaching us what the Gospel can do for all the Chinese; and the famous Jubilee Singers, as trained and cultivated in manners and minds as in voices, and welcomed in the homes of kings and princes, to show the possibilities, under the gospel training, of the whole colored race.

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 37, 38. Note the order of development: (1) conviction, (2) seeking, (3) repenting, (4) believing, (5) confessing Christ (6) assurance of hope, (7) the gift of the Holy Spirit, (8) generosity, (9) holy and happy living.

2. Conviction of sin is not religion, but the goad and spur to religion.

3. He that has not a faith that wants to confess Christ, may not have faith enough to be saved by Christ.

4. Verse 39. The Christian's blessings are doubly blessed to him, because they are for all men.

5. Verse 40. The Christian must differ from the world around him. He must be saved, not in sin, but from sin.

6. Verse 42. Conversion is but the beginning of the Christian life.

7. Doctrine. The more intelligence, the better Christian.

8. Fellowship. No one can be as good a Christian alone as he can by joining with others.

9. Prayers. Build the family altar, be present at the prayer-meetings.

10. Verses 44, 45. The gospel is ever unselfish—it wants to give to others the blessings it enjoys.

11. Verse 46. Religion is full of gladness, from Christ, from doing good, from love to others from trust in God.

12. Common blessings, as food, are most blessed when filled with the religious spirit.

13. Verse 47. "Thanksgiving is a constituent element of prayer. If the prescription is made up without this ingredient, it is ineffectual."

14. The world admires the beauty of a holy life, till it rebukes or interferes with its sinful pleasure.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The lesson to-day divides into two connected parts: The beginning and progress of the Christian life. I. The way to be a Christian, verse 37-41. Note especially the order, (See Practical 1.) Then the first personal effects. How each one may be said to save himself. II. The way to live the Christian life, Verse 42-47: (1) the training which is fourfold—by instruction, by fellowship, by the Lord's Supper, by prayer; (2) the manifestation of love; (3) the beautiful daily life; (4) the fruits of all this. The same fruits still grow from the same seed.

PUZZLES.

NEW HEADS.

To a certain part of the head affix a letter, and get:

Terror.
A wild animal.
Close by.
Fruit.
To bring up.
To hearken.
Costly.
To use clothing.
To carry.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

-h h-w st-p-nd- -s w-s th- p-w-r,
Th-t r- -s-d m- w-th-w-rd,
-nd -v-ry d-w -nd -v-ry h- -r
-l- -n -p-n th- L-rd.

HENRIETTA FORREST.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. Over and over again we tried to solve the puzzle.
2. The board was one and a half inches long.
3. Willie Clark and Harry Moore got the prizes.
4. In the meadow ran a brook of clear water.
5. I think we average five miles per hour.
6. Lumber should be well seasoned before using.
7. The boy is smart in some things.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

* · · * · · * · · *
* · · * · · * · · *
* · · * · · * · · *
* · · * · · * · · *

Across 1st line.—1, lives in water; 2, a solidified fluid; 3, an instrument of punishment.

2d Line.—1, a reverberation; 2, a state; 3, a vegetable.

3d Line.—1, above; 2, an abbreviation for the name of an Old Testament book; 3, extensive.

4th Line.—1, used for food; 2, a great lake; 3, comfort.

The centrals are valuable qualities; the initials and finals, their opposites.

CHARADE.—Phonetic.

My first is a pleasant noise made by one of our domestic animals.
My second is a favorite.
My third is a personal pronoun.
My fourth is a boy's nickname.
My whole is forever continuing.

ENIGMA.

A young contributor sends the following:

My first is in lime, lath, and lumber;
My second is in ink, oil, and paint;
My third is in live, love and slumber;
My fourth is in lack and complaint;
My fifth is in blink, bliss and bitter;
My sixth is in man, beast and creature;
My seventh is in nut, noise and knitter;
My eighth is in arm, beast and feature;
My ninth is in girl, guest and gunner;
My tenth is in furl, Frank and free;
My eleventh is in reel, race and runner;
My twelfth is in ocean and sea,
My thirteenth is in news and in never;
My fourteenth is in fame and in game;
And putting them all together,
You can spell over my name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

HOUSE PUZZLE.—

```
      S U P E R B
    Q T         R
  U   O         U
A     R         T
B L O C K H O U S E
R     E         L
I     Y         L
E     E         E
F O U N D A T I O N
```

RIDDLE.—Night.

RIMLESS WHEEL.—

```
        I
        E
   SL   C   12
     R     G
       A
     A   A
7K   R A M A I  M3
     A   A
       A
     R     I
   6L  I     LC
       N
       5
```

ANAGRAMS.—Animalcule, Antipodes, Mineralogy, Parthenon, Constellation, Miscreant, Calisthenics, Chivalry, Metropolitan, Elevator.

Correct answers have been received from Clara Folsom and Henrietta F. Forrest.