

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

BY HENRY CYLER BUNNER.

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One,
Two Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee,
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 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 had 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 old lady
And the boy who was half past three.

MINNA'S "WHATSOEVER."

The prize was to be a lovely little red Testament, with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one of the infant class who should learn the Sermon on the Mount the best.

"I think that I can get it," said Minna to herself. "I know that Charlie is quicker than I am about learning, but then he is a very careless little boy. He'll forget to study the verses, and I won't remind him."

So the days went by. Both children learned the first two chapters, and said them over to mother. Then Charlie, who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbit traps, and forgot about the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten as far as the twelfth verse: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There she stopped.

"If you had forgotten about the prize," whispered conscience, "you would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated awhile, and then said with a sigh, "Yes, I 'spect that's my 'whatsoever';" and a little later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the infant class met at Miss Lucy's



THE HORSE WITH THE BROKEN LEG.

to try for the prize, Charlie won it. He had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Miss Lucy," he said, as he saw the teacher take up her pen, "write Charlie and Minna Brent in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me I would never have got that last chapter learned in time."

"Ah," said Miss Lucy, "I see that some of my little people have got this beautiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."

A PLACE IN THE VAN.

An old law among the Spartans kept any but one who had been crowned in the Grecian games from standing near his king in the hour of battle. A young man one day entered the lists. He strove hard to make himself ready for the conflict. His companions, wanting him to make merry with them, offered him money to give it all up. But he would not give up, and, when the day came he was victor. The crown that they gave him was but a wreath of green parsley and bay leaves. One of his companions, seeing this, asked what he thought of such a paltry crown.

"I look not on it," he answered; "but because of it I can stand by my king in the van." Is it worth while, boys and girls, to strive for a place at Jesus' side? If you drink wine, and care only about doing the things that you like, will your place be there?

WHAT THE FLOWERS TEACH.

A little girl was afraid of being "put away in the cold, dark ground." One day in the fall her mother said: "Bessie, I am going to plant hyacinths. I would like you to come with me." When they reached the flower beds, her mother took up a handful of bulbs, and said: "Just look at these, Bessie. Suppose that they should say, 'We don't want to go into the cold, dark ground,' do you think that we could have any beautiful hyacinths next spring?" Bessie saw all the bulbs buried in their little graves; and in the spring, when she beheld with delight the beautiful flowers, she said: "O mamma, it isn't such a dreadful thing after all to be buried. God must have been all this time watching and taking care of those little bulbs in the ground to change them into something so beautiful and so different." Just so God will take care of our bodies, and raise them from the grave.

THE TRAIN-BOY.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car, and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"I like your looks, Jimmie," he said, kindly. "Now remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt, if you desire, or be President of the United States; but I do mean that you can be something better yet: a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two men met again. Then Jimmie had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the little train-boy, of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmie asserted, energetically; "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into low company, and growing sort o' wild and reckless; but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer; so I just stopped short and commenced over in dead earnest."

"And that was all the result of a few sentences forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for weal or woe our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."