

The Family Circle.

THREE LITTLE CHICKS.

Three little chicks
Went into a box
To see to know what about
Well, there's a mystery
There's something in it
It will tell you all about it.

Here the old bird says
In an old hen way
That each little chick understood
"O dear, O dear!"
"Dreadfully fear!"
You are all very noisy and rude!

But they stretched up their necks
And continued their pecks.
And they waddled together with each other.
And the hen saw beside her
A hungry fat spider
And she knew what was the bother.

From the rafter overhead,
And Whitley and Speckle and Grey
Each wanted the food
It was all so low to the light
Began in the usual

Whitley crowded off Speckle
And gave a peep a cry
And said, "Oh, my dear friend!"
But Speckle and Grey
Said, emphatically,
I am bound on that spider's side!"

And now would you see
Just which of the three
Secured the prize he was after?
While they were fighting,
And scratching and pulling,
The spider went home to the rafter.

And each little chinner
Had got a good dinner.
And the spider sat on the rafter
And said, "Oh, my dear friend,
You may say, "Oh, my chinee,
How you always are so kind."
By a very selfishly.

"You go hungry to bed,
With each a new spider, who was
While the spider sits up on the rafter
To enjoy your self
In taking his lunch
And is shaking all over with laughter."

From this little fable
I am sure you will learn
To learn what you all ought to know—
That selfish contentment,
As I hardly need to say,
Will never be a good thing bestow.

(Melodist Recorder.)

A Sermon In Stone.

By LUCIE BAYNE PHILLIPS.

They were louting in the library
And the day was cold and dreary
For December. Now it had begun to
rain in that heavy, hopeless fashion
that tries boys' souls, but makes even
them willing to shut out the world
for once and remain in the shelter
of a blazing fire. Silence had reigned,
and looks had been the order of the
day for two, but now Max Carleton,
a young naval officer, who was
spending a brief holiday with his
American cousins, looked up from a
ponderous volume and said:

"I think that is the quaintest bit
of carving in all this quaint old house."
"You mean the arch above the oriel
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light. As for us, our only chance was
to desert the "Alida" at once for the
lifeboats. She was rapidly sinking, and
water, and soon would be beyond the
control of mortal hands. There was,
of course, the usual rush for the boats,
strong men filling them and pushing
off before the women and children
could be lowered. I had in the second
mate a very dear friend, and we were
fortunate. Now it had begun to
rain in that heavy, hopeless fashion
that tries boys' souls, but makes even
them willing to shut out the world
for once and remain in the shelter
of a blazing fire. Silence had reigned,
and looks had been the order of the
day for two, but now Max Carleton,
a young naval officer, who was
spending a brief holiday with his
American cousins, looked up from a
ponderous volume and said:

"I think that is the quaintest bit
of carving in all this quaint old house."
"You mean the arch above the oriel
window?" asked Hugh, struggling
between a desire to retain the hope
of hearing something of interest.

"No, not that, though it is certainly
ancient, unique, and a few other
things, but," pointing to a motto
which spanned the arch, "it is the
letters cut in grey stone, "this is the
masterpiece. What delicate veining
and exquisite chiseling of those letters
and tendril! How beautiful that
wrought this wonder might realize
the ambition of a great sculptor
and carve that purple dust that we
call the "blown" mortar, and then
how warm the work, albeit, they are
cut in stone:

DEPART ON WEST, HOME IS BEST.

Well, it is best."
"How strange that you should think
so, Cousin Max," said Royal, a
lad from London, and foreign lands
at large, and, but for the
wily life of a young officer,
perhaps, something has occurred—
some adventure—"

"It means to suggest that "thereby
hangs a tale," in the quaintest
jest of the Vanes, saying aside his
book with a bang and joining the others
at the fire; and O, Cousin Max, if it be
so, in my spare time, and my best
hour in this dull den. Tell us some
adventure, and I'll promise to be
here every word of it."

"I shut up that rascal," cried Royal,
half inclined to laugh, "and give him
a chance, will you?"

"Do tell us a story, something that
happened to you, or that I might
give the life of a young officer,
perhaps, something has occurred—
some adventure—"

"I will tell you one of the "happen-
ings" in my life when I first went to
sea, which the works of this motto,
"East or West, home is best," vividly
recall. Perhaps, it was then I fully
realized it, but I had never seen
many days since when I felt its truth,
too."

"Everybody had forgotten the collision
between the "Fanny," a sailing
ship, and the "Alida," an inbound
steamer, on the Atlantic everybody,
man, except the actors in the drama
of some. It was ten years since it
occurred, but I often wake suddenly
at night, startled by some wild dream
of howling winds and a dark waste
of water, and the moment it seems
but yesterday.

"When I was assigned duty on the
"Alida" I rather dreaded the storm
and dangers of the Atlantic, but my
age over was so smooth, the weather
perfect, a sunset of magical splendor
closing each lovely day, that I was
tempted to think that I had never
heard of warring elements, tempta-

tion gales and maddened waves were
inconceivable. Our return, however,
th

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