

and were about to deliver him up. Discovering the scheme after Oliver was at the Frog's Hole, the two boys crept out, with no definite plan as to the part they were to play. Falling in with the ruffians, they threatened to drown young Greenfield if he did not keep quiet, and let them work their will with his uncle's property. Whether they would have made good their threat cannot be said, but in the scuffle, Ben, siding with Oliver, was hustled into the weir.

"And I would have died for ye. I couldn't have seen ye drowned, with them bells a-ringing," said the outcast, gathered, at least for one night, into the warmth of home.

"And you, little missie, began it all, by being kind and piteous-like to me, as no one loves." Now he held out his hand to Maggie, and the child took it, bending down and kissing it.

"I shall so love you now," she said, "because you have been in danger of dying for my brother."

"Ay, by the crowning love of Christmas-time,

let this grievance be laid aside between the Hugheses and the Greenfields. Will you tell your uncle this?" spoke the miller, as if moved by the sweet influence stealing on with the dawning day.

"Ay, sir, I will," said the weary, but happy, boy.

Surely Jesus came down to them all anew that night, a sweet, holy, child-like presence of forgiveness and love. And on the morrow, when Ben went out to join his swarthy friends, who had hastily struck their camp and flitted, he took a portion of the same blessed spirit with him, for a few months later there came to Mr. Greenfield a note from the elder Ben, as follows :—

"MR. GREENFIELD,—I killed your dog, and you'll find his bones in the weir, but I'll never harm aught of yours again, because our children have been wiser than we, and made friends the one with the other, and because of sommat about Christmas that I and little Ben are learning."

Yes, it is quite certain the sweet influence was about them still—Christmas love and forgiveness.

## "WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?"

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME NEW WINTER GAMES.



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"HAT shall we play?" is often asked on the long evenings of winter holidays. Some of the following games are new; others are but little known. The first we suggest is—

*Corner Rhymes.*—The players sit in four corners. Those in one corner decide upon a word in whispers. The word must be one that has three other words rhyming with it. The players act the word, until one of the other groups guesses it and begins acting one of the rhymes. As soon as the third and fourth corner guess they act two other rhymes, all three corners keeping up the acting until the last has begun acting the fourth rhyme-word. When it happens that the fourth corner cannot guess the word, or guessing it cannot think of a rhyme, they must cry that they "give up!" and any or all of the others may set to work in various ways, suggesting it in dumb show until it is guessed. At the end, all the corners cry out their words; and the next corner to the one that began last time sets the game going again. Easy words like rope—two making the action of turning a skipping-rope for a third; grope—on the floor in the corner; mope—with heads hanging, or faces to the wall;

soap—action of washing. Or pour—a cluster under a ragged umbrella; snore; floor—all sitting on it; roar—quietly, children, please, if you do. Again, squeeze—as if something were between the hands; sneeze; please—all pleading with hands out; trees—all huddled against the wall, looking up as if sheltering under trees. When there is a false guess, the players already acting suddenly cease, and this is the signal for the guessers to try again.

*When I was apprenticed.*—One player says—for instance—"When I was apprenticed to a confectioner, the first thing I sold was a J. P.;" and the one that guesses rightly "A Jam Puff," begins again, "When I was apprenticed to a greengrocer, the first thing I sold was a B. P."—"A Bad Potato," some one guesses, and begins again, "When I was apprenticed"—to another trade. Three or four letters may be given—"an O. C. with no B.'s," Old Coat with no Buttons; "a B. of C.'s," a Bag of Cherries; but then the words may be guessed, and acknowledged right, one by one; and little words, such as *and, of, with*, must be said in their place.

*Cat and Mouse.*—Two rows of chairs are placed, back to back, across the room, not close together, but with room to pass between each chair and the next, and with a space enough for running about between the two rows. In that middle space one player stands blindfolded—the Cat. On each side, behind the chairs, are all the other players, the Mice, each having a number, black and plainly written on



a round piece of paper or card about the size of an egg-plate. They may exchange numbers with each other as often as they like, to prevent the Cat from knowing where the numbers are or who bears them. So long as they do not come into the middle space they are as safe as mice behind the wainscoting, but in the middle between the two rows of chairs the Cat goes about and listens, to catch what she can. The Cat calls the numbers, two at a time; and the Mice called for must cross to the opposite side. Even if they are caught they may slip away again, for the Cat has to guess which of the two numbers she has. The other Mice may try to help the unlucky ones called for, by running out of their holes and teasing the Cat by touches or little squeaks; but if they be caught there is no guessing of numbers for them. Whenever she likes, the Cat may gravely remark, "The Cat's away," and going to the wall, lay her face against it at either end of the space in which she runs about. At this signal there is a cry of "The Mice may play," and they begin to venture out and across. If the Cat is wise she will remain "away" a long time, till the Mice are all out and close to her. She must give a "mew" before she stirs, but the moment after it she may turn round and catch whoever she can, or even two or three, and then there need be no guessing of numbers. The Mousè caught is blindfolded in place of the Cat; and if more than one has been caught, the Mice may expect hard times.

*A Ship came Laden.*—The players agree upon a letter of the alphabet—let us say T, for example. They sit in a circle, while one stands in the centre holding a handkerchief tied up like a ball. The player with the handkerchief throws it to one of the others, saying, "A ship came laden with"—and the player to whom the handkerchief is thrown must say a word beginning with T, before the thrower has counted six. Whoever misses, or gives a word that has been already said, must take the place of the player in the centre. The ship will come laden with, Tea, Tar, Tittlebats, Tons,

Teeth, Toleration, Towns, Tarts, Travellers, Tell-tales, Tidy people, Tunes, Thimbles, Toys, and a great deal more, until no fresh words can be thought of. Rare letters, such as K, Q, X, Z, should not be chosen.

*All on a Saturday Night.*—This must be a very old kind of play, for we can trace it back, taught by one to another, to an aged lady whose memory was remarkable, and whose childhood was in the last century. The children stand to dance in a ring, and begin singing—

Who'll dance, limber, limber?  
Who'll dance, limber light?  
Who'll dance, limber, limber, limber,  
All on a Saturday Night?  
Shake out your right hand,  
Shake it in and out;  
Shake out your right hand,  
And turn round about.

Who'll dance, limber, limber,  
Who'll dance limber light?  
Who'll dance, limber, limber, limber,  
All on a Saturday Night?  
Shake out your left hand  
Shake it in and out,  
Shake out your left hand,  
And turn round about.

Who'll dance, &c.

The "right foot" and then the "left foot," are next shaken; and lastly the verse runs, "Nod your head," the other words always being repeated in the same rhymes, with the chorus "Who'll dance," etc., after each hand and foot are called for, and after the head is set nodding. But very few can dance till the last "All on a Saturday night;" for the hands and feet, when once they begin, have to go on shaking, and it is no easy performance when the head, hands, and feet are all dancing together. The turning round, done by each in his or her own place, must always come at the right time in each verse; and as all the circle are trying to sing and to watch each other's antics, the old dance at least gives them, if nothing else, good laughter and warmth on a winter's evening.

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### A WELCOME TO JACK FROST.

**S**EE how the young folk  
Run from the school.  
Where are they going?  
Off to the pool!  
Rosy-cheeked bairnies  
Eager and gay,  
The master has given them  
A half-holiday.

The pool is all frozen,  
Silent and still;  
Snow on the roof-top,  
Snow on the hill.  
Sliding and skating  
And tumbling they go.  
Oh, how the bairnies  
Welcome the snow! D. B. MCKEAN.