VOLUME II.]

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[No. 6.

LAYING DOCTOR.

Master Charlie 98y8 going to be a docwhen he grows up. he begins to practice his sister's doll. He his father's coat and t on, and with a grave He feels the doll's pulse d orders gruel and The little dicine. rie obeys his orders, id between the two I pe they will soon have doll well again.

THE SNAIL'S LESSON.

EREDDY sat on a wall the garden with a k in his hand, at hich he was looking ith a very sad face.

"I'm sure I shall iver learn it!" he cried tones of despair.

The school-master had ven all the boys a holiy task, and Freddy t had let the time jplaway without touchgia book till only a ek was left, and he id his long poem to ern by heart.

Like most boys, he ished to get the prize, it did not like the bour of working for it,

though he had got it into his head mehow that he was not so clever as ber boys, and that it was not much use him to try.



PLAYING DOCTOR.

crawling up the bottom of the wall on better not to think so far ahead. God which he sat. "Surely," thought he, "that wants you to do something for him now, silly thing is not going to try to get to the before you grow up. And the best way top at that place!" Yet, slowly, as he to begin is by being kind and to bedient at He was thinking that very thing just watched it—very slowly—the snail came home.

nearer and nearer, until at length the commit was reached, and, as if in triumph, the old snail reared itself up and waved its horns, till Freddy laughed outright.

Then the thought que - m.d noqu l'edealt pose the smail had said what he had, "It is of no use trying." He would never have reach ed the top of the wall, that was certain.

"I won't be beaten by a snail!" cried he, and he set to work at once in downright earnest, and by the time the holidays came to an end he knew his poem by heart, and could recite it without a mistake.

Prize-day came, and the boys listened eagerly for the prize boys' names. Freddy's surprise can scarcely be imagined when he heard his own called out; but there was no mistake about it; he had won a prize. -Selected.

Sour little boys and girls are always talking about what they

ther an idle lad was Master Freddy, in now, when his eyes fell upon a snail will do when they are "grown up." It is