



BY THE LAKE.

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What a happy group of little children sitting on the lake shore. Mary, who is the eldest, is reading Charles Kingsley's pretty stories to them about water babies who live under the water, and by and by when it is not quite so hot papa is going to take them for a nice row on the beautiful rippling water which is dancing in the sunlight and looks, the children fancy, like the water babies Mary had been reading to them about.

## PHILIP'S TRUE STORY.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Then it was Philip's turn. "Well," he said, "I will tell a truly honest story, a very truly honest one. Once on a time there was a cat that was very fond of a mouse"—

"Philip Patten, you said 'twas a true story!"

"Very fond of a mouse," continued the little story-teller, calmly. "It was a big black cat with yellow freckles, and the mouse was gray. That's my firsty. Secondly"—

Philip put his hands squarely on his knees manwise.

"Secondly, once on a time there was a fox that was very fond of a little, soft, tender chicken"—

"Why, Phil-ip Pat-ten!"

"Oh, how I should think your conscience'd ache!"

"He was very fond of that little chickie, you know. Thirdly, once on a time there was a roaring, raging wolf that was very fond of a little cosset lamb"—

Madge put her fingers in her ears, but mamma was watching the little mischief-twinkles gather in Philip's eyes, and waited.

"How fond that wolf was of the cosset lambie! Lastly, once on a time there was a little girl that was very fond of blue-b'ry jam. Oh, my, how fond she was!"

Philip's voice was impressively solemn, but the mischief-twinkles danced. He looked right at Madge.

"It was very nice jam, and the little girl was nice too. She had crinkles in her hair, and she b'longed to a brother that told truly honest stories. Wait! I'm not done. I've got to tell how the cat was so fond of the mouse she ate him up, and the fox was so fond he ate the chicken up, and the roaring wolf ate up the cosset lamb 'cause he was so fond of him, and the little girl"—

"Oh, my!" laughed madge; "I ate up the blueb'ry jam! What a comical story, Philip Patton!"

"And a 'truly honest' one, too," mamma said, clapping her hands in applause.

## CAREFULLY GUARDED.

In the great Paris Exposition some years ago there was on exhibition a diamond of extraordinary size and value. The weight of the gem was one hundred and eighty carats, or about an ounce and three-quarters. Its estimated value was three million dollars. It was kept in a strong glass case, and on account of its great value was most carefully guarded by special policemen night and day.

Do my readers think of anything in their own possession of even greater value than this? We must understand that God, who made the worlds and all that in them is, understands values better than men. And Jesus, in comparing things said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in ex-

change for his soul?" If this earthly gem, brilliant and beautiful, is reckoned at so high a value, and guarded with so great vigilance, of how much higher value should each one esteem his own soul, and with what sleepless care should he guard its welfare. Wealth, diamonds, and all costly worldly gems shall have perished, the soul will shine and sparkle on for ever.

## HOW HE LOST HIS SITUATION.

"Experience keeps a dear school. It is a pity that young people will not believe it when others tell them, without going to the expense of testing it for themselves. A gentleman said to his nephew, "How came you, James, to lose your place?"

"Well, I'll you," was the reply. "I had an easy berth; got my seven or five dollars a month; had an assistant didn't have to get down until eight in the morning; left at five; had a chance to take life easy, but gradually began

to take it too easy—didn't get down until nine in the morning instead of eight; waited to smoke two cigars instead of one; grew careless of my money—used four dollars where I had been using two. First, I knew my salary was cut down a little, and then a little more; but I could take the hint, but fretted about my position; and one morning I waked up after a single night's spree, and, lo! I didn't have any situation at all. But tell you what I did have, uncle—I had experience."

That youth is working at forty-dollar a month now instead of seven or five, but he already has six hundred dollars in the bank. Would that more of our youths might be profited by his experience.

## LIKE MOTHER.

We have all read and been touched by the story of the little boy who told his mother that when he grew up he was going to marry a lady just like her. We think the following incident is equally touching and beautiful:

Little Arthur B—, a three-year-old child watching his mother at her household work, and looking up affectionately at her, remarked, "I hope I'll grow up to be a lady!"

"Why," said the mother, "do you think ladies better than men?"

"Ye-es!" was the answer.

"Well," said his mother, "if you grow up to be a man perhaps you can get a nice lady to come and live with you; it is the way men do."

He looked up with a bright face and said: "Will 'oo come and live with me when I am a man?"