

LITTLE FOLKS

Joss, the Fisherman, and his Boat, the 'Betsy Jane.'

On a beautiful morning in the month of July, a gentleman named Leslie, walked down from the village inn at Dysart, where he had spent the night, and began to stroll along the firm, damp sands, left by the tide, at the same time enjoying the fresh coolness of the morning air. After a time, however, he

'Perhaps you would like a sail? That is my boat you are a-leaning on just now, and I would feel proud and happy to row you out to sea for a mile or two. The 'Betsy Jane' is a good boat, sir, if so be that you would like a sail?'

'Well, no,' said Mr. Leslie, 'I don't want a boat this morning, but I think, perhaps, you could help me in another way. I want to get

and two days afterwards Mrs. Leslie and her little boy and girl arrived. These children, Arthur and Winnie, had never lived near the sea before—indeed, at first they were half afraid of it, when they saw the waves rolling in; but very soon they grew quite brave, and loved to run down after the waves, as though they would try to catch them. But these children never liked the sea bathing—it seemed so terrible to them when mother ducked them quite down under the water—still, it was good for them, and so they had to get used to it.

But there was one thing which they liked very much indeed. This was to go out with Joss, the fisherman, and sail about the bay in the 'Betsy Jane.' Of course, their father or their mother went with them, and enjoyed the sail quite as much as the children did.

One day they had a special treat—Joss brought with him a couple of fishing lines, one for Arthur and the other for Winnie. These were deep-sea lines, and they were baited with mussels. When the children threw the line overboard, (of course, holding one end firmly in their hands), away went the other end of the line to the bottom of the sea, where the fish generally lie. Soon Arthur felt his line give a jerk.

'I've caught a fish!' he cried. 'Oh, father, help me to pull up the line!'

Then Winnie cried, 'My line is jerking too! Joss, won't you help me pull it up?'

Well, children, it was quite true: Arthur had indeed caught a haddock, and Winnie had caught a pretty little whiting. Oh, how proud they were! But when the fish were cooked for dinner, I cannot tell you how pleased they were, and how they begged of Joss to take them fishing once more.

Oh, these were indeed happy days! But after a whole month of holidays the children were taken home. But, oh, dear me! when they saw Joss for the last time they felt ready to cry.

But mother said kindly, 'Don't cry, my darlings; father means to bring you here again next holiday time, and Joss will take you out in his boat again.'—'The Prize.'



THE 'BETSY JANE' IS A GOOD BOAT, SIR, IF SO BE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE A SAIL.

seemed to grow weary of walking, for he sat down on the edge of a small fishing-boat, and drawing a newspaper from his pocket began to read the news of the day.

Presently a fisherman came along, and at once took a good look at the gentleman, whom he soon saw was a stranger in the little village of Dysart. 'Good morning, sir,' he said, as he touched his cap.

comfortable apartments for my wife and children, who are coming here for sea-bathing. Now, could you tell me of pleasant rooms not far from the sea?'

This the fisherman was happy to do. He took the stranger to the house of a widow, whose rooms were thought the best in the village, and very soon the matter was arranged, the rooms were taken,