



A NUTTING PARTY

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EVA, and Nettie, and Jane and Towser are going out to gather nuts. It is Saturday, and school is out. The little girls know where the nuts are found. The hickory nuts lie covered under the leaves, and they know too where some chestnuts yet are left. By evening the nutters will return with their baskets filled with the luscious treasures. Towser enjoys the trip as much as the little girls. They are leading him along, as if to take care of him. But Towser knows that he is going to take care of them, and let nobody hurt them.

## FALSE SHAME.

Do not be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother.

For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your clothes than to have you do a bad or mean action, or to hear a profane or vulgar word proceed from your lips.

No good boy will shun you or think less of you because you do not dress as well as he does, and if any one laughs at your appearance, never mind it.

Go right on doing your duty. Fear God rather than man; love him early and serve him faithfully, and there shall be laid up for you in heaven treasures that fade not away. As Alice Cary says:

True worth is in being, not seeming;

In doing, each day that goes by,

Some little good, not in dreaming

Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in their blindness,

And spite of the fancies of youth,

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,

And nothing so royal as truth.

## EMPTYING THE WHISKEY.

We know of a dear, beautiful little boy in Pennsylvania who signed the temperance pledge at one of the temperance meetings held for children. A short time afterwards his mother was busy in her kitchen preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring down the whiskey jug. I want some for the mince pies." Davy, as was his habit instantly obeyed. But as he went dancing up stairs, the thought came to him, "Can you, a temperance boy, carry a whiskey jug?" He stopped right there on the stairs and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen he said: "Oh, mamma! I can't carry a whiskey jug—I've signed the pledge—but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange choking sensation in her throat, but she walked up those stairs with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?" "I'm emptying out the whiskey. We'll not have any more in our mince pies?" "Oh, mamma! do you mean it?" "Yes, I mean to use lemons instead." Goody, goody! I'm glad—then I can eat them too, can't I, mamma?" "Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy cannot eat." "Goody, goody! we're going to have temperance pies." And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen, as the whiskey gurgled in the sink. Don't you think Davy is a

real good temperance boy. Then follow his example. Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.—*Everybody's Paper.*

## NEST-BUILDING.

REDBREAST Robin, how bold you are!  
Up and down my lawn you go,  
Picking, and stealing, and hiding away.  
That is trespass, don't you know?

Redbreast Robin flits and nods—  
"Just some straw and bits of string  
For a cradle-bed are all I want:  
When the babies are grown you shall hear  
them sing."

Where did Redbreast Robin learn  
To make his little wicker nest?  
You know how to read, you go to school,  
But you could not make one, do your best.

## THE BETTER WAY.

"HELEN is a cross, hateful girl," said Frank.

"Oh, Frank, what are you saying?" exclaimed Aunt Eunice.

"I don't care," cried Frank. "Helen hid my book, and she would not cover my ball, though I have done lots of things for her. I don't want to speak to her again."

Aunt Eunice was sorry to hear Frank say this; it quite spoiled their walk through the woods.

"Hark! what is that?" cried Frank. He ran and peeped over the bank.

"Come quick, Aunt Eunice; it is Helen's pet lamb. It has wandered off here and got hurt, poor thing!" Then he stopped suddenly and said, "I'll let it find its own way home; that is how I will pay Helen back for the manner in which she has treated me"

"Oh, Frank, cannot you think of a better way to pay her back?"

Frank was a Sunday-school boy. He knew what Jesus says about being kind, even to those who are not kind to us. Would Frank try to please Jesus? Yes, he would; he did. He took the lamb in his arms and ran home.

"Hello, Helen!" he cried, "here is your lamb. I found it down a steep bank in the woods." When Frank saw how happy he had made Helen, he felt just like forgiving her for what he had called her "cross, hateful ways."

"You are right, Aunt Eunice," he said. "It is better to pay people back with kind deeds rather than with angry ones."

PURCHASE not friends with gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.