



LITTLE CHARLIE.

LITTLE CHARLIE looks as if he had the tooth-ache; but I don't think he has, I think he is thinking of the good time he will have when he goes to visit grandmamma in the summer, for mamma has promised him that he shall go if he is a good boy, and grandma has promised to give him a little chicken for his own, so I feel sure he will be a good boy so that he can go.

SUSIE'S "SUSIE."

BY MRS. J. McNAIR WRIGHT.

At James Dorr's house were many things quite unknown in Tom Wren's little home. The children at the Wrens' and Dorrs' were the same in number. The mothers were equally good, the little farms equally good; but at the Dorrs' were a parlour organ, singing-books, a canary in a cage, a little book-case full of books, a nice weekly paper, two papers for the children, a magazine for mother, a scroll saw.

None of these things were at the Wrens'. Tom Wren said he had no money to buy them, because he had no boat.

James Dorr and his boys had a boat. In the evening, early in the morning, on rainy days, they went out in their boat, and got fish, lobsters, oysters, clams, and sold them to the "summer cottage people." They rented the boat, too, for twenty cents an hour, or two dollars a day. There's where the money for all those nice things came from.

Susie Wren wanted a boat, and what

the boat would bring; and it was Susie who figured up on her slate where the money went that would buy the boat, which her father said he wanted, but could not buy. Thirty dollars for a boat! Papa Wren spent it, during a year at Pete Flynn's grog-shop. But papa Wren never was drunk; O no! Only Mamma Wren cried sometimes, lest at last it might come to that.

You may guess how Papa Wren looked when Susie took him her slate with all his year's buyings of gin, ale, beer, tobacco, and the interest thereon duly put down.

"Couldn't you go without only just one year, dear papa, till we get a boat? O do, please, do just only one year!"

"I vow," cried Papa Wren, "if it comes to that, I'll give it up for good and all! We'll set up a savings-bank account, and buy

a boat and name it 'Susie.'"

So next year Susie had a boat named "Susie," and the rest of the good things followed soon.

A BOY'S STORY.

"I WAS out in the garden one day," said a boy, "when a bee come buzzing all around me; and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out, 'Mother! O, mother!' She quickly came to my help and led me in doors; but the bee came in too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near me.

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron, the bee settled on her arm and stung her. But it left its sting behind; and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said that the bee could never sting anyone else, because it had left its sting in mother's arm.

"Then she said that like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; and he had destroyed the power of Satan, our enemy; and that if I believed that he had really done this for me all my sins would be gone. I did believe then, sir; and so I am a Christian boy."

This was the little boy's story; and the gentleman to whom he told it could not say nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man
Of course I love him dearly,
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head and says, "You see
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "The corn has grown an inch
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has set my things all whirring,
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,
And fence posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blanket white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so queerly!

MEDDLESOME JOSIE.

JOSIE BUXTON, I am sorry to say, is a meddlesome little boy. When he sees anything upon a table, or even on a mantel shelf, he wants to handle it. His mamma often tells him how naughty it is to do so, but he will not mind her. One day mamma took him on a visit to aunt Jemima's. There he saw on a high shelf a lovely rose-jar. It was painted in beautiful colours, and filled with dry rose leaves which aunt Jemima had gathered in summer. When his aunt and mamma were in another room, Josie drew up a high chair. Then he climbed up into the chair, and reached as high as he could. At first he could but just touch the jar with his fingers. Then he stood on his tiptoes, and tried to get it. Alas, in a moment there was a loud crash, and the lovely jar in fragments on the floor. Josie was badly frightened that he fell too, and the chair with him. He was hurt by the fall and cried very hard. His aunt begged mamma not to punish him any more, she thought he was punished enough, and she hoped this fall cured him of his bad habit.