

## SHELLS.

There, I have just tipped over my shells again! I will pick them up one by one, and put them back in the basket. They remind me of many a pleasant ramble I've had on the seashore and the lake-side, where I have gathered them from time to time.

Each one, too, has a little story about itself to tell. Shall I write down some of the stories of these children of the water? I think you will like to read them.

Here is one of the bivalves. It is in two pieces joined by a hinge, like an oyster-shell. It wears a shining dress of many colors. But I must let the univalves speak first; for they have smaller mouths than bivalves, and cannot talk so fast.

Here is one that says, "I am the shell of the snail, a tiny animal that built me little by little, as he grew. He belonged to a large family. He had cousins on the land, and cousins on the sea, but could not travel far to visit them; and he carried me with him wherever he went."

"When he saw any thing that he was afraid of, he would draw his head and foot under me very quickly, and cling close to my side. He spent most of his life under the lily-pads in a lake. Sometimes he would take a short journey up the stem of the lily, to where the great leaf rested on the water; then he would turn and have a ride on the ripples, using me as a boat. One morning a giant bird, called a crane, made his breakfast of the snail, and I was left empty on the shore."

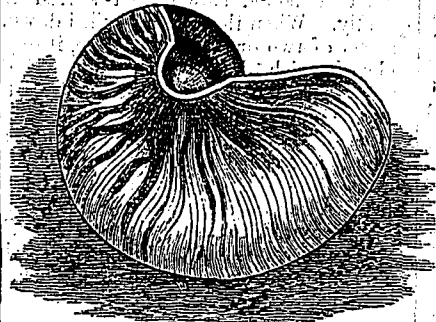
"That is a good story," says this shining coil. "for the shell of a freshwater snail. I am the shell of one of his cousins who lived in the deep sea. I am a thicker and harder shell, and my colors are far brighter."

"My home was among the seaweeds, and the waves were my carriage. I rode often to the bright sand on the beach, where

my snail roamed with meat will. But we ventured, one day, too far from the water, and were left behind. My snail died, and I was put in your basket. I should rather be in the sea!

"And so should I," says the shell that I next take up; "for I was the queen of all the shells. I lived in the warm, sunny waters, near the land

where the palm-tree grows. I have a great many cells lined with pearl. They were made by a brave little boatman named Nautilus, who grew so fast that he needed a larger room every year. You will break me, some day, if you don't handle me more carefully, and then you can count



my rooms, and see for yourself that my story is true."

"How do you do?" says a dainty white shell, not very pretty, but plain and neat. "I am the money-cowry. Members of my family are carried about and used for money in some countries. We are sought for like silver and gold. You may not think much of us here; but there are places where one cowry is as good as a penny. We are prized for our worth, if not for our beauty."

"The shell that I now take up is one of the limpet family. I pulled it off a rock one day after the tide went out. It is beginning to talk. This is what it says:—"I know all about limpets, for I am a limpet-shell; and I want to tell you that limpets and children are very much alike in some things."

"A limpet will often cling to a homely weed or stick until its shell grows into the same ugly shape. Just so a child will sometimes be spoiled by clinging to a bad habit. Limpets have eyes, as well as children, and should know better."

With these wise remarks from the limpet, the talk of the shells ended for the day. I had not time to let the bivalves say a word. The pearl-oyster and many others wanted to speak; but they submitted quietly while I put them all back in the basket.—*The Nursery.*

Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.—Matthew xxi. 28.

## CHARLIE'S PRESENT.

Charlie's father had been gone a whole week, and Charlie had tried very hard to be good, and do all his chores well and promptly. Living on a farm many things had to be done, which required a great deal of patience, and as Charlie's father said before leaving, "Boys at ten years of age were not always faithful in doing chores." Charlie had tried harder than ever to succeed this time, and his mother had told him, the day before his father came home, that everything had been done properly and in order, which made Charlie happy.

Little Max, his youngest brother, was a constant care to his mother. He was three years old, and just the right age to be up to all kinds of mischief. Charlie was very patient with Max, and tried hard to do all he could to amuse him, and in the evening Charlie would take him on his knee, and make funny shadows on the wall, until Max would laugh in high glee, and try his own chubby little fingers at making shadows.

One evening Charlie made the shadow of a rabbit, and Max wanted to take it in his hand. Charlie tried to explain why he could not, but it did not seem to satisfy Max, and the last words he said before going to bed were, "I can take him in the morning, can't I, Charlie?"

In the evening, Charlie's father came home, and was quite pleased to hear how well Charlie had done all things intrusted to his care, besides being helpful to his mother in taking so much care of little Max.

"I have brought you a present, Charlie," said his father, "and if you will go out to the waggon, you will find a large basket which you may bring in."

Charlie started at a quick pace, but before he got half way to the waggon, he thought he heard a scratching noise. Yes, there it was again. When he lifted the basket out of the waggon, thump against the cover of the basket went something which made Charlie come very near dropping the basket. Charlie wondered what it could be, it was so heavy. When he reached the house his mother opened the door, and as he set his basket on the floor, his father untied the cover of the basket, and out jumped a beautiful white rabbit.

Charlie was delighted, he had wished so many, many times for a rabbit. Charlie found a box, and made a nice bed for Bunny, and after seeing him safely tucked away for the night, Charlie went to bed to dream of the nice times they would have together. In the morning Charlie's first thought was of Bunny. Quickly dressing himself, he came down stairs and looking into the box found Bunny gone. Charlie hunted high and low, but without success. At last, little Max came down stairs, and

after hearing the story of Bunny's flight, tried to help in the hunt for him.

"Spouse him on the wall, Charlie, I go see," said Max, and off he toddled, which made them all laugh, and Max, not liking to be laughed at, slipped into the corner where hung his father's overcoat, and in trying to pull a part of it over his face, the coat fell to the floor, when out jumped Bunny from one of the pockets, which caused Max to laugh heartily, and when Charlie caught Bunny and gave him to Max, his joy knew no bounds, and with a satisfied look at Charlie, he said, "I can take him now, Charlie, 'cause he is so tired staying on the wall," and as Charlie always shared his little pet with Max, they enjoyed many happy hours together.—*Irene Lunt in Household.*

## THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools some time ago. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of about seven years, had in their play of bat and ball broken one of the neighbors' windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports—to the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one could see, and there was no one present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy rose in his seat, and said—

"Miss Low, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Jones' window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for him to pay the whole," said another boy rising in his seat. "All of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all alike engaged in the play. I'll pay my share."

"And I," "And I," said several voices.

A thrill of pleasure ran through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—*Band of Hope Review.*