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"MIXED PICKLES."

I have one nephew, and if I had any more I'm sure I don't know what I should do. He is the dearest, best of good little boys; but he seems to have the largest capacity for getting into mischief, that I ever saw.

Not naughty mischief, you know, for my little Jack tries to be obedient; but, somehow, if there's a paint-pot in the house, he is sure to fall over it when he has his best suit on. If he has just scrubbed his face till it shines again, he is pretty certain to knock up against a sweep's brush as he hastens round the corner to school. So we have all got into the habit of calling him "Little Pickle," and a very dear fellow he is, as I said before. Now Jack had never seen the sea, so when I heard in June last that the Prince and Princess of Wales were going to open a hospital at Eastbourne, I made up my mind to take him there for a couple of days.

I have no doubt we should have got on beautifully if I had not been coaxed into taking Charlie Turner with us. He is about the same age as Jack, and as full of life as a kitten; so the two made the liveliest pair of pickles you could wish to see.

Before starting, I bought Jack a complete Jersey suit.

"There," I said, as I turned him round like a joint before the fire, "now it won't matter what you do: the sea-water will not hurt that."

"Then may I get it wet? Oh, how lovely. Charlie says he always takes off his shoes and stockings and walks into the water; sometimes a wave comes and splashes him all over. May I do that?"

"Oh, yes, as much as you like."

Rash words, which I was so soon to repent! The journey down passed quietly enough, and when we arrived at Eastbourne, we walked about to see the decorations. One arch pleased us very much. It was made by the fishermen of all sorts of nets. There were lobster and crab pots, which had live lobsters and crabs in them, there were prawn and shrimping pots with lively little fellows just as they were caught and the large trawling nets were hung all over with mackerel.

The sides of the arch were filled with the prettiest boats; and the whole was crowned by the long galley belonging to the rowing club.

Groups of oars and sculls were fastened with ropes in the shape of true-lovers' knots, and odd corners were filled with life-buoys and anchors.

"I expect the Prince will enjoy that as well as anything he sees in the

town," said an old sailor to me. I stood talking to him about the arch and the royal visit which was to take place the next day, and never noticed that my two charges had slipped off. A loud hurrah made me stare upwards. There were the two little pickles mounted in the galley at the very top of the arch, while the young sailor who had helped them up was swinging himself lightly down by some ropes which looked far too thin for his weight.

How the fishermen cheered to be sure! but I can tell you I was thankful when the two boys were safely by my side.

"Now, auntie, let's go and paddle," said Jack; and as the tide was out, and the sand

looked inviting, I consented. It was one of those days when the wind seems to rise as the tide comes in, and although the sea looked very calm at first it came tumbling in pretty roughly when the tide turned. However, the boys played on happily, and, as I thought, safely enough. Occasionally, peals of laughter told me when one or the other of them had got soaked by a wave, which broke sooner than they expected.

"Let's sit down," said Charlie, "and see how far the water will come. I'll be Canute, and tell it to go back."

This seemed a pretty safe amusement; and as the waves were constantly driving me from my post, I went up a good way

higher on the beach. I was deep in my book when I heard a shriek, and, looking up quickly, saw my brave boy Jack running into the waves after Charlie, who had been carried out as he sat on the sand.

As quick as possible I ran down, and was just in time to seize one of Jack's hands as he caught hold of Charlie with the other, and it required all my strength to pull both boys in.

A gentleman came up just as we stood, three dripping creatures on the shingle, for the skirts of my dress were soaked. "You are a plucky little fellow," he said, patting Jack's head; "if you hadn't been so quick, your brother might have been drowned."

"My cap's gone though," said Jack, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, "and I'm as wet as a fish."

Charlie seemed too frightened to say much just yet; so I took them both home and put them to bed while their clothes were dried; for, alas! I had brought no second suits with me. I never thought of wanting them for two days.

"What made you so brave this morning?" I asked Jack when he was cosily tucked up in bed.

"I don't know, aunt; at first, when I saw Charlie washed out, I felt inclined to run away, and then, all of a sudden, I thought of Jesus walking on the sea, and telling St. Peter to come to Him. That made me feel brave, because I was sure Jesus would not let me be drowned any more than St. Peter. So I just asked Him to keep me up, and ran after Charlie; but, auntie, I'm sorry I lost my cap—there's twopenny in my pocket you may have towards another."

Brave little Jack, he was a true hero without knowing it.

The next day we saw the Prince and Princess, and then went for a sail before we started for home, laden with small crabs, seaweed, and pebbles enough to stock an aquarium.—*Children's Friend.*

HOW THE ANTIS INDIANS CATCH FISH.—The Antis Indians of South America have a very peculiar method of catching fish. They use the bow and arrow, and are very successful with these weapons. When on a fishing excursion the natives stand on the river-banks, and, armed with a stout bow, quietly watch the movements of their finny prey. As soon as an unfortunate fish comes near the shore, and therefore within bowshot, an arrow is discharged at it with unerring aim, and a minute or two afterwards the victim is landed.



MY NEPHEW JACK.—(From a Photograph)

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