



FATHER'S RETURN.

Jack and Annie live by the sea. Their father goes away in his fishing boat and sometimes is away two or three days at a time. The children spend much of their time playing in the sand on the shore while their father is away, and they keep a sharp look-out for a sight of the *Merry Jane*, their father's boat. When the boat comes in it is such fun to tell father all that has happened while he was away, and there is so much to ask him about. The children are very happy when their father has had a successful sail and brings home a large quantity of fish. Then they are kept very busy; helping to get the nets ready for the next expedition. In our picture we see them hurrying home with their father and telling him how eagerly mother is watching for them at the little cottage a short distance away.

WHO COMES HERE?

Maggie and Madge have started for a walk together down the lane that leads from their house to the brook. But now they have met with a stranger in the path, and they hardly know whether to go forward or backward.

Madge stands stock-still looking at the new-comer, to see what he is like, but Maggie looks scared, and if Madge were not in front as a kind of protector, I think she would have run away by this time.

Yet this strange-looking object is only a harmless turtle, and it means to do no harm to these little girls. This is a land-turtle or tortoise, as it is often called. It is often kept as a pet, and perhaps some of my little readers have owned a pet turtle themselves.

Turtles are also found in the great ocean, and sometimes they are of enormous size. There is one kind of sea turtle that weighs over eight hundred pounds.

I suppose you have all seen the beautiful tortoise-shell that comes from one kind of land turtle, and is used for making combs and ornaments.

Little Maggie and Madge haven't learned anything about turtles as yet, but after they have reached home and

told papa and mamma about the queer-looking animal that was in their way, they will hear all about turtles, and learn what curious and wonderful creatures they are.

"JESS GOINGTO."

"Jess Goingto!" I hear some one say. "Why, who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like."

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends, but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good. It is said that you can always tell a person's character, even that of a child, by the company he or she keeps. Now Miss Jess Goingto may generally be found hand in hand with that very questionable character, Procrastination; and it is singular that when a boy or a girl is about to give way to the persuasions and temptations of old Procrastination he or she will very frequently assume the name as well as the disposition of this objectionable young lady.

"Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?"

"No, mother; but I'm Jess Goingto."

Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterwards.

"Fetch me that shovel of coal, Harry; the fire is getting very low."

"Yes, mother, I'm Jess Goingto."

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

"Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it; they are very dry."

"Yes, father; I'm Jess Goingto."

In the hot sunshine two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die. Peculiar, isn't it?

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Jess Goingto is the making of idle excuses.

"Here's a dreadful mess you have left from your fretwork, Herbert," says his mother. "Why didn't you clear it away when you were do?"

"I was Jess Goingto, mother; only Addie called me to look at something, and then I forgot."

"I don't believe you have given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you."

"No, mother; I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me, and I hadn't time."

Many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in the society of Miss Jess Goingto, and many tears does she cause them to shed. Having, then, been an eye-witness of so much evil that she has wrought, who can wonder that, though I have never seen Miss Jess Goingto, and my knowledge of her is only hearsay, my estimate of her character and influence is unfavourable in the extreme? I wish to avoid becoming personally acquainted with her, and I hope that she isn't a friend of yours.

LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the way;
Rays of light that brighten
Many a shadowed day.

Little acts of kindness
Soothe the tired heart,
Bringing joy and gladness,
Bidding care depart.

Little acts of kindness
Charm the darkest hours
Make a desert pathway
Bloom with lovely flowers.

Little acts of kindness
Angels work below;
None can tell their power
Or their sweetness know.

It is stated that a New York paper is to issue soon a perfumed Sunday supplement. By way of comment the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* says: "Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten a Sunday newspaper to a Christian." To this we say: "Amen!"

There are whole towns in Germany that do little else than make dolls for American children. They are mostly simple countryfolk. England's children spend nearly a million dollars annually for French and German dolls, and American children nearly double that.