



THE HOLY FAMILY.

WHAT AND WHERE ?

MISCHIEVOUS Tommy,
He hears every day,
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
"Now, Tommy, you mustn't."
And "Tommy, you must"
And "Tommy, stop running,
You'll kick up the dust."
And "Do not go swimming,
Or you will get wet."
And "Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset."
And "Do not be wrestling,
You'll fracture your bones."
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones."
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird."
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard."

Which Tommy on hearing
Exclaims, "Deary me!
What can a boy do,
And where can a boy be?"
—St. Nicholas.

THIRTEEN HAPPY TOTS.

LITTLE Emily was sure she should not like the seashore.

"There won't be any chickens and pigeons, nor cats and kittens, nor a swing under the trees, nor any nice children to play with, but only grown-up folks who would always be saying 'Hush!' if a little girl ever should find anything to laugh about," she declared; but Dr. Smith said that she must go the seashore to get well from the long illness she had been suffering from all the spring.

When the coach that met them at the town drew up at the hotel door, the first thing Emily saw was a dear little curly-haired boy.

"There's one child here," she said.
"One?" answered the lady who kept the hotel, laughing. "There are twelve children

here. We have called them our dozen. Now that you have come, we shall have to call you all our baker's dozen."

Emily soon became acquainted with the whole twelve, and she thought they were the dearest, prettiest, sweetest little people she had ever seen.

"Let's go to the beach, Emily," said one of the little girls.

"Is it nice there? Aren't you afraid of the water? Is there anything to do?"

"Didn't you ever build a sand fort?" asked a bright boy.

"Or make sand pies and cakes?" asked a gentle girl.

"Or get buried all up 'cept your face in the warm

sand?" asked a merry maiden.

"Or find crabs and shells?" asked another boy.

"Or dig for clams?"

"Or go in bathing or wading? or have a picnic on the beach?"

"No, I never did," answered Emily.

"Then come right on down and do them all," said the bright boy.

Such fun as those thirteen happy tots had that summer! Emily cried when she had to go away.

"Remember," said mamma, "God turns many of our dreaded trials into blessings. So let us always trust him."

BLOW IT OPEN.

BABY had fallen down and stubbed her little toes and bumped her little nose, and she felt very much abused, so she did. And she cried. Auntie May couldn't make her stop crying either, which was very dreadful.

Suddenly Auntie May had a bright thought. Sometimes aunties do, though mammamas have nearly all of them.

"Oh baby, see auntie's watch, and hear it go tick-a-tick!"

But baby had seen watches before, and she wanted her own mamma to pet the little toes and kiss the little nose, and make both well.

"Don't want to hear tick-a-tick!" she screamed. "Want mamma."

"I wonder if mamma's or papa's watch blows open! Mine does. Just you blow it and see."

Baby stopped crying to look at that new sort of watch.

"Come, blow!" coaxed Auntie May.

Baby gave a little blow with her rosebud lips. Ho! Up flew the lid, and baby jumped, then laughed, showing the dear little white teeth.

"Blow again," said auntie, after shutting the lid down, and this time she blew very hard.

Up flew the lid again. And somehow

baby forgot all about the stubbed toes and bumped nose, and wanting mamma, all because of the wonderful watch that little girl could blow open.

When mamma had finished her nap, baby wanted her to see Auntie May's watch, so she blew it open again for mamma.

THE DEAD SEA GULL.

ALICE and Herbert lived at the seashore. Their father owned a sailing boat, and used to take people from the hotels out fishing and gunning and sailing.

The children loved the sand and the sea as few do who are not born and brought up by the great ocean.

They used to look for shells and seaweeds, and carry them home in a basket to their mother, who made pretty boxes and covered them with the shells; and pictures of the seaweed with shell frames. She sold them to the ladies who came down to the seashore for the summer.

The children loved the few birds that lived by the sea; the sandpipers and plovers and wild ducks, and especially the great sea-gulls, with their soft grey and white feathers and their big strong beaks. They liked to watch them swoop down, seize a clam, carry it up into the air with their strong beaks, drop it from a height, fly down and tear open the broken shell and eat the clam.

One day, they had been gathering shells for their mother, when they came upon a dead sea-gull on the beach. On its white breast was a large spot of blood.

"Oh! who could have shot a sea-gull?" exclaimed Alice. "They are not good to eat, and they do no harm to anybody. So what excuse could anyone have for killing it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert. "I do know it is cruel to destroy an innocent bird just for sport."

"I did hear that ladies use the breast of gulls for trimming their hats, but I don't see how they could do it. They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they loved birds as much as I do."

"Maybe they don't think," said Herbert. "Anyhow, we must go home now. So good-bye, poor bird."

It is hard for the shepherd to fatten the sheep that prefer to live on husks.

THE Christian's is a life campaign. Blessed is he or she who has entered upon it while young.

THE little Indian girl plays with her doll from morning till night, but her brother likes best of all his bow and arrow. He learns to shoot at a target when he is very young. When he is only four years old his father puts him on a horse in a wicker basket something like a cage, to keep him from falling off. After a while the cage is taken away and the little Indian boy is quite a horseman.