



VACATION IS OVER.

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With bright sparkling eyes, and with cheeks  
like red roses,  
The lads and the lassies have come,  
From the sea, from the mountain, the hill-  
side, the valley,  
To the dearest of all places,—home.

As fleet as wild deer have they climbed the  
steep mountain;  
Like fish have they swum in the sea;  
In games of croquet won glorious battles,  
And made the woods ring with their glee.

Now school-books are hunted instead of the  
squirrel,  
For oh, the sweet Summer has flown!  
But, deep in the hearts of the lads and the  
lassies,  
A summer she leaves all their own.

Then turn with a will, fresh and bright, to  
your studies,  
Prepare for a grand school campaign,  
And give by hard work a new zest to your  
frolics,  
When the sweet summer comes back  
again.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

A DEAR lady, who loved the Lord Jesus  
with all her heart, was in prison. While  
there she wrote and sang hymns of praise  
to God. Do you want to hear what she  
said?

"It sometimes seemed to me as if I were  
a little bird whom the Lord had placed in  
a cage, and that I had nothing now to do  
but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a  
brightness to the objects around me. The  
stones of my prison looked in my eyes like  
rubies."

Nothing but sin can keep us from praising  
God. If we know Jesus, our hearts will  
be so full of joy that nothing can keep us  
from singing praise to him!

"and I'll be much obliged to you."  
So directly after dinner they set to work.  
It didn't look like a very large rock. But  
it was a good deal larger than it looked,  
really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie. "I'll take it out  
in no time!" and he got a stout stick and  
tried to pry up the rock. But the stick  
broke and Herbie got a fall, from which he  
jumped up, red and angry.

Then all three lifted together; but it  
wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.  
"And the littlest crowbar," said Hal.  
"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it and Herbie  
shovelled and Hal pushed the crowbar  
under the rock, and bore down on it with  
all his might. The afternoon was very  
warm, and the three little scarlet faces  
needed a great deal of mopping. But the  
boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma,  
looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced  
that the work was done; and there—there  
where the rock had lain were four silver  
dimes; one apiece and one for good luck.

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the  
boys; and at that very minute grandpa  
walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each  
little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty  
—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out  
another rock; but grandpa thinks maybe  
silver dimes won't grow under the next  
one.

KIRWAN used to say that a pious Scotch-  
man was accustomed to pray: "O Lord,  
keep me right; for thou knowest if I go  
wrong, it is very hard to turn me."

DIGGING THAT  
PAID.

"I am going to try  
'em," said Grandpa  
Gray; and his eyes  
were twinkling.

He meant his three  
small grandsons Hal,  
Herbie and Had.  
So, at dinner, grandpa  
said to grandma:

"I wish I had time  
to take that rock out  
of the yard there.  
It's a real eye-sore  
to me."

"Can't we, grand  
pa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you  
want to," said he;

FIRST STEPS.

Hush! the baby stands alone—  
Hold your breath and watch her,  
Now she takes a step—just one—  
Wavers, stops,—quick, catch her!  
'Courage! Life's first step will cost  
Now again she's trying—  
One, two—three! she walks, almost,  
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

Precious baby! up once more—  
Tiny feet advancing,  
Little arms stretched out before,  
Bright eyes upward glancing,  
Where mamma, with cheering smile,  
To her darling beckons,  
Softly coaxing baby, while  
Her first step she reckons:

One, two, three—Oh! she will walk  
Now, before we know it;  
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,  
Little bird, or poet!  
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,  
Stepping off so proudly—  
Turning in her untaught toes,  
Pleased,—then laughing loudly.

First exploit of self-content;  
Now she's growing bolder,  
Strength and courage yet unspent,  
One can hardly hold her—  
She so presses to advance  
In her baby-learning—  
Pulls so—Ah! by what mischance  
Is this overturning?

There lies baby on the floor,  
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!  
Are life's first attempts so poor?  
Baby was but dreaming  
When she felt so bold and strong;  
Gladly now she's clinging  
To the one whose soothing song  
Back her smile is bringing.

Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss—  
Brave again as ever,  
See, the plucky little miss  
Makes her best endeavour;  
Walks right off—the darling pet—  
Rush now to caress her!  
Come what will of first steps yet,  
All good angels bless her!

—St. Nicholas.

"WILL you have an orange or a fig?"  
inquired the doctor of a fine little boy some-  
what under the weather. "A fig," answered  
the child with alacrity. "No fever there,"  
said the doctor, "or he would certainly  
have said an orange."