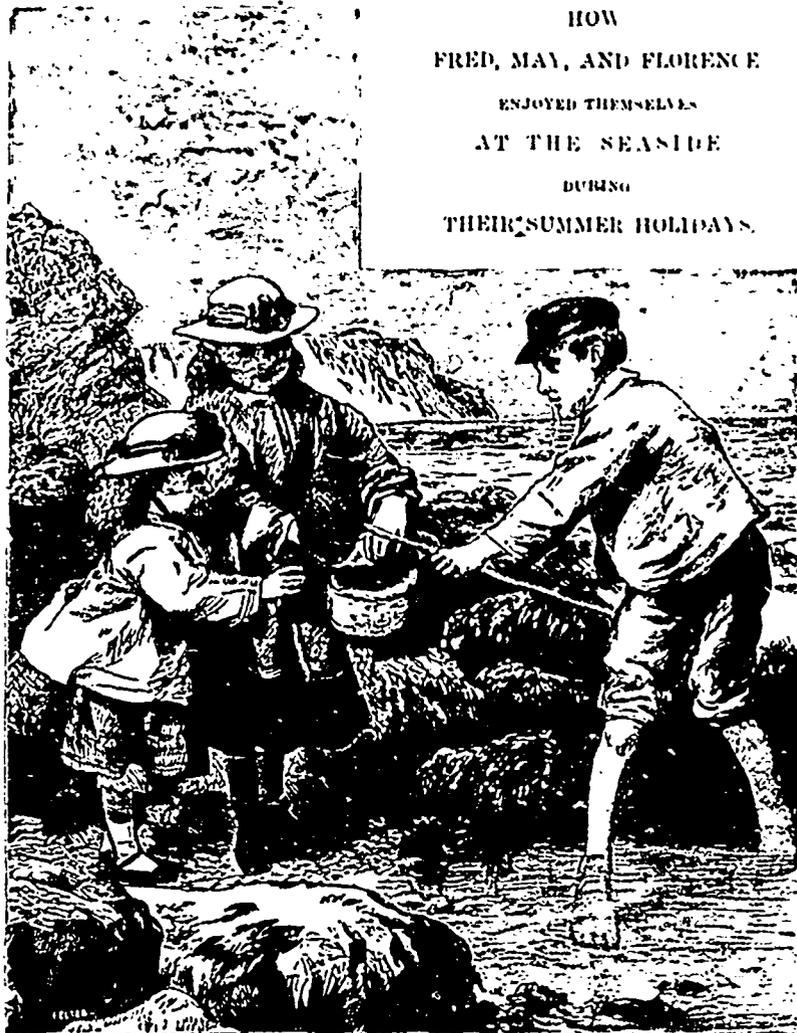


HOW
FRED, MAY, AND FLORENCE
ENJOYED THEMSELVES
AT THE SEASIDE
DURING
THEIR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.



CATCHING PRAWNS.

CATCHING PRAWNS.

ALL among the slippery rocks,
Wetting shoes and spoiling frocks,
Saw Fred, and May, and little Flo!
Net in hand, they cunning look
In each sea-weed hidden nook,
And watch the prawns dart to and fro.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

SAID a teacher to a boy in Sunday-school,
"What is the ninth commandment?"
"Thou shalt not bear false witness against
thy neighbour."
"What is bearing false witness against
your neighbour?"
"It is telling a falsehood."
"That is partly true, and yet it is not
exactly the right answer, because you may
tell a falsehood about yourself."
A very little girl then said, "It is when
nobody did anything and somebody went
and told it."
"That will do," said the teacher, smiling.
The little girl had given a curious answer,
but underneath her odd language there was
a pretty clear perception of the true mean-
ing.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LEFT TO HIMSELF.

JUDGE S. gave his son a thousand dollars,
telling him to go to college, and graduate.
The son returned at the end of the fresh-
man year, without a dollar, and with several
bad habits. At the close of the vacation,
the Judge said:—

"Well, William, are you going to college
this year?"

"I have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to
graduate on."

"It is all gone, father."

"Very well, my son, it was all I could
give you; you can't stay here, you must
pay your own way in the world."

A light broke in upon the vision of the
astonished young man. He accommodated
himself to the situation, left home, com-
menced work in hard earnest, made his
way to college, graduated at the head of his
class, studied law, became governor of the
state of New York, entered the cabinet of
the president of the United States, and has
made a record for himself that will not soon
die, he being none other than William H.
Seward.—*Selects.*

A BABY'S FAITH.

"ONLY a handbill! Prosaic!"
And the lady's fingers slight,
Took from the waiting servant's hand
The tiny missive white.
One careless glance at its contents,
And she tossed it in the air;
It slipped through the open casement,
Without her thought or care.

Circling, floating, fluttering down,
It sought the dusky street,
And dropped, as soft as a snow-flake,
At baby's pattering feet.
The little one caught the paper
With a cry of glad surprise,
And lifted to the blue of heaven
A pair of heavenly eyes.

"'Tis a letter from my mamma,
I know," the baby said,
"God has sent it down from heaven,
Where she went when she was dead.
Read it nurse," the babe commanded,
But the nurse's eyes were dim,
Not for her to read the message
That his mother sent to him.

But the baby kissed his treasure,
He could "read between the lines,"
And the coarse and common paper
Bore a word from fairer climes.
To the lady's careless fingers
Tossed a message to his heart,
Which, in all the years of childhood,
Bore a not forgotten part.

CLARA P. BOSS.

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

THIS is what Alfred Stanley said to a
boy standing idly in front of a store, who
jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred
spoke and would have walked quietly on,
but the boy said, "It does, eh? How much
a week?"

Something in the tone made Alfred stop.

"I am paid every day and every hour,
and really every minute," he replied

"Come now, no fooling."

"I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously
"and I invest capital in a place where it is
safe. I can never lose it."

The boy's attempt at raillery fell before
Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he
listened with something more of respect
than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred
continued, "I am not paid in dollars and
cents, they won't last forever, you know.
My pay is the trust of my friends, the
knowledge that no honest deed ever dies,
and the promise that the pure in heart shall
see God."

It was only a seed by the wayside, but
who shall say that it was lost?