



THE SAILOR BOY.

This sailor lad has selected a strange place to read. "High on the giddy mast" he sits, and sways with the swaying of the ship. The present writer has done the same thing himself, and if one's head is sufficiently steady, it is a very pleasant sensation.

ONLY GOING DOWN TO TATE'S.

My father was an old gentleman who was very regular in his habits. Every evening it was his custom to take a stroll after tea to visit some old friends of the name of Tate, who lived in the next street. Before leaving the house he would open the door of the dining-room where we used to sit, and would say aloud, "Only going down to Tate's." Then we knew he would be absent for an hour or two, chatting with his friend Mr. Tate.

Now it happened one evening that Polly's cage door was left open. We sometimes let him walk about the room when he was very good, as a great treat. This evening we suddenly missed him from the room, and could not think where he had gone. As we were very fond of him, we all set to work and searched the house high and low, looking into every corner and cranny, and calling, "Polly, Polly," everywhere. But no Polly answered our repeated cries, and no Polly could we find. So at last my father left, as usual, to pay his visit to our neighbour's, leaving us still looking for our pet. What was his surprise upon turning the corner of the street to see Polly quietly waddling down the middle of the road!

"Why, Polly," said he, "where are you going?"

Upon which Master Poll cocked his impatient little head on one side, and looked up and said, "Only going down to Tate's."

How my father laughed when he brought him home perched on his hand, for the curious thing was that Poll was actually going in the direction of the Tates' house, which made it all the more amusing.

After that we took better care to shut his cage door.

WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the grounds for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what's the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charlie," he replied, placing a basket of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charlie, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said: "Well, David, how silly you are! How can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your masters. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

WINTER is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in the winter mostly. In some countries winter comes in the summer, then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country, which is the best government the sun ever shone upon. Then we could go barefoot and slide down hill in linen pants. We could snowball without getting our fingers cold, and men who go out sleighing wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to get warm, as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made then.

THE TINY BOOK.

GRANDMA'S been away to town
All the livelong day;
Now she's home again to-night,
And the children's eyes are bright
As they leave their play.

Little Lou climbs to her lap,
Bessie's at her side;
See their little faces sweet,
Madge, who's kneeling at her feet,
Asks about her ride.

Now, the bag is open. Look!
Lulu clasps her dolly,
With its hair in funny locks;
Bess laughs at her Jack-in-box;
Doesn't he look jolly?

See! now grandma shuts the bag;
Madge's eyes grow wide;
Surely grandma won't forget
That for her some treasure's yet
Hidden safe inside.

Bess and Lou look wond'ring too;
Grandma's smile is sweet:
"Madge, my dear, I had for you
A tiny book with cover blue,
But lost it in the street.

"It was filled with promises
Framed in buds so bright."
"Grandma," Madge said thoughtfully,
"Don't you b'lieve that God can see
Where it is to-night?"

"Then I'll ask him when I pray
My pretty book to give
To some poor man whose Bible's gone,
And keep him safe from doing wrong,
And teach him how to live."

FRED AS A PREACHER.

THIS was Fred's sermon on honouring parents:

"'H' means to *hear* what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather. 'O' means *obey*—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it. 'N' is to hear and obey *now*. Don't say, 'Wait a minute.' Don't think, 'I'll mind next time.' Now, is the word. 'O' again means 'onest; we owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers and couldn't do it ourselves. 'R' stands for *right*. It is right, because God says so; if it weren't he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

May be some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.