

PROGNOSES OF THE SEA BY THE SEA.

BY REV. W. NABORUM.
I stood alone on the beach by the sea.
The waves were still in their roar.

THE THREE BEARS.

At some distance from the high-road,
on a summit of the steep hill,
which looks down into the sleepy little town

mother's desk was opened and she
sat writing busily, covering sheet after
sheet of blue foolscap with the funny
twisted letters that Freda knew so

times—for she was still young, and
the regrets of youth are hard to conquer—
a chance word, such as the child
had never spoken would bring with it

half the pleasantries we ought; and I told
Macfarlane so to day. He didn't like
it a bit. You're not strict enough.

causes Mr. Barre to raise his head in
surprise from his employment, while a
perfect volley of barks from every dog

Dancing has been called the "mirth
of the feet." It is the one fine art of
which we have no account of its origin.

other down amid much surrounding
hilarity. "Well done, Pat," "Step out
now, Miss Brady," with many varied

NEWS IN BRIEF.
—Cameo sometimes live to the age
of 100 years.
—British railways carried 655,000,000
passengers last year.