

## A DIALOGUE.

“But where’s mother?” asked John Payson, after he had embraced all his little ones more than once.

“Mother’s gone to the village after news,” replied Mary.

They had not been seated long in their little house, when Paul raised the cry, “Mother’s coming!” John Payson stepped behind the door, and hid, motioning to the children to keep quiet. Mother came in, looking very sad. “Not a word of news about your father,” said she. “What will become of us?”

“Papa dar, dar!” cried baby, screaming the words out with all her might, and pointing in great excitement at the door.

The next moment mother and father were pressed in each other’s arms. What a happy hour it was for the poor fisherman and his family! You may be sure their prayers that night were full of gratitude and pious content.

EMILY CARTER.

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## A DIALOGUE.

*Frank.* — Arthur, come! the day is fair.

*Arthur.* — I’ve my lesson to prepare.

*Frank.* — Give it up, and come with me:  
Some fine skating you shall see.

*Arthur.* — Do not interrupt me, pray:  
This is not my hour for play.

*Frank.* — Do not be so over-nice:  
Come with me, and try the ice.

*Arthur.* — Truly I should like to go;  
But my duty tells me, No!

*Frank.* — Duty? That shall guide me too:  
I will stay and work with you.

UNCLE CHARLES.