

A Little Boy's Trouble.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.

Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy book is a sight.

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines.

But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig,
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one can get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.

There's the multiplication table
And grammar, and—oh, dear me!
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain-top we climb.
It isn't all done in a minute
But only a step at a time.

She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

"Mother Must Know It."
BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Myron Fielding was not quite four-
teen years old when the leader of the
"Newton Band" asked him if he
thought he could play the tenor drum.

His father had been a drummer boy
during the war, and Myron took to
music like a fish to water; so, with his
mother's consent, he became a member
of the "band," as well as the envy of
all the town boys.

It was a proud day in his life, when,
dressed in his bright, new uniform, he
made his first appearance with the
band boys in public. Several times
through the summer he went with his
companions to play at exhibitions,
fairs and political meetings. No boy
could have entered into the pleasures
of these little trips with more delight
than Myron, whose excursions hither-
to had been confined to the neighbor-
ing villages.

A few weeks ago his band was in-
vited to play at a soldier's re-union,
and on that occasion the soldier's son
was allowed to beat the drum that had
so often cheered the brave men when
carried by his father.

For several years after the war was
over, his father had been accustomed
to take his old place in the regimental
band at these re-unions, but since his
death the men had marched to the
beat of a stranger, and when they
learned that the little drummer was
the son of their old comrade, they
gave him a royal welcome.

The band had arranged to return
home on the morning of the third day,
but at the close of the second's night's
camp fire, Colonel Madox announced
that the regiment had accepted a very
pressing invitation to attend the ded-
ication of the new courthouse in the
adjoining county, and that an extra
train would be at the service of the
soldiers at nine o'clock in the morn-
ing.

"I cannot go," said Myron positive-
ly, when he learned that the band had
arranged to go along.
"But you must," replied John
Travers, the leader. "What would a
military parade be without a drum?
Of course you must go, for we want to
do our best, and every fellow must be
at his post and do his duty."

"I cannot go unless I can find some
way of sending word to mother," in-
sisted the boy.
"You can drop her a card, for that
matter," was the reply.
"She would not get it till evening.
You know the mail does not reach
Newton until four o'clock in the after-
noon."

"I can't see what difference that
makes. We will be home in the morn-
ing, and twenty-four hours will not
change any of your prospects serious-
ly."
"It is not that," argued Myron.
"I have no special work calling me
back, but I will not leave mother in
suspense a whole day. She is not
strong, and her anxiety would be apt
to make her sick."

six, he rang the bell at his mother's
door. "Is that you, Myron? I was
not looking for you so soon," said his
mother, thrusting her head out of the
window.

"Never mind, mother, I have only
a minute to stay. I came to tell you
that we are going down to Ashland to
the dedication of the courthouse, and
will not be home until to-morrow. I
must be back at the station to catch
the eight o'clock accommodation."

"Then you took this long tramp to
save me a day's anxiety? Not one boy
in a hundred would have been so
thoughtful," declared his mother,
proudly.

Hastily swallowing his breakfast he
hurried back to keep his appointment
with Travers.

"Where is our little drummer boy?"
asked Colonel Madox, when the regi-
ment was about to break camp.
"He'll be here on time," said
Travers, and then he went on to ex-
plain what the little fellow had done.

"He is a queer chap, Colonel, but he'll
be here on time if he has to foot every
step of the road."

"It is a pity that there are not
more queer fellows like him," replied
the Colonel. "Boys who will not give
their mothers an hour's uneasiness
will not be very apt to go very far
astray. I admire the lad's pluck, and
will hold our train back until he ar-
rives."

"He'll be on hand; I never knew
him to break an engagement in his
life," said Travers. "Here he comes
now," he added, as Myron made his
appearance round a curve.

"You're just in time, my boy," said
the Colonel, grasping his hand. "Al-
ways be good to your mother, and
never do anything that you would be
ashamed for her to know. Mothers
are the best friends boys have, but it
takes some fellows a whole life time
to find it out."—The Presbyterian.

Frank, Harry, Tom and Ned.

"Mamma, I get muddled over the
Bible as often as I study. The deeper
I go the worse it gets,—I mean, the
more puzzled I get."

The speaker was Harry Marston, a
bright youth of fourteen, who never
passed over anything without under-
standing it. Mamma paused from her
sewing as Harry went on with charac-
teristic dash:

"Matthew and Mark do seem to
contradict each other, and I am not
quite certain that Luke and John are
in perfect accord. Set things in order
for me, will you not, mother dearest?"
and Harry's flushed but earnest face
gazed eagerly into Mrs. Marston's.

"Certainly, my son, to the best of
my ability—at another time. Your
mind is tired from overwork. Ned is
calling to you now, and I saw Frank
and Tom Rosser entering the gate a
moment ago."

Harry was off like a flash of light-
ning. In a few moments he returned
with Ned and the visitors at his heels.

"Mamma, please, may we go to
Folly Dam Bridge, and fish all the
morning?" "Please!" "Please!" "Please!"
broke in three voices.

"On one condition only," answered
Mrs. Marston, "and this condition
has four strings to it. Four boys must
be at home to a three o'clock dinner,
after which each one must write me a
description of the morning's frolic from
the time of setting out until the re-
turn."

The boy's faces clouded a little, as
though they did not enjoy the condi-
tion, until Mrs. Marston added:

"I do not want a dull 'composition,'
but a natural, happy recital of what I
hope will be a very happy time."

"And," pursued Mrs. Marston,
"Frank says you were all standing at
Farmer Grey's gate, while Ned distin-
guishedly affirms that you were sitting
under a tree in his yard. How about
this grave error? One must be en-
tirely wrong."

"Not a bit of it, mother mine!" re-
plied Harry. "Both are very facts.
The tree is exactly at the gate."

"That being so," continued Mrs.
Marston, "then I will draw a helpful
lesson for you from to-day's pleasure.
I think the supposed discrepancies in
the gospel narratives may be disposed
of in much the same way to oft-times
weary puzzlers."

The appearance of Bridget called
Mrs. Marston's attention to domestic
matters, and the boys went to bat-
ting balls. That night, as the brothers
clung to mamma for the good-night
kisses, Harry asked:

"Little mother, didn't you make us
write those pen-sketches in order to
illustrate the real harmony of the
Gospels?"

"Yes, my son. Don't you think it
was a good way?"

"A very, very good way; and I
know I shall never forget it."

"Nor I," put in Ned. "Tom and
Frank said it made things seem new
to them, and they are going to tell it
at home to-night."

"I hope they will," said Harry;
"for old Mr. Rosser is always harping
on the contradictions of the Bible."

"Well," said mamma, "if our
simple illustration, pleasingly learned,
will be the means of helping one soul
from darkness nearer the light, then
truly the day's frolic will not have
been in vain. Good-night, my sons,
and remember always that light comes
to earnest seekers. God himself is
the source and essence of true har-
mony. There can be no discord in his
words or dealings. We often miss a
note because our lives are not attuned
to his."

"Oh! let my life-harp be
sweetly attuned to thee,
Then shall I find true rest
In making others blest."

—Sunday School Times.

Farragut's Change of Habit.

Admiral Farragut used to tell the
following in relation to his early de-
termination to be a sailor, and the
reasons for it:

"Would you like to know how I
was enabled to serve my country? It
was all owing to a resolution I formed
when I was ten years of age. My
father was sent down to New Orleans
with the little navy we then had to
look after the treason of Aaron Burr.
I accompanied him as cabin-boy. I
had some qualities that I thought made
a man of me. I could swear like an
old sailor. I could drink as stiff a glass
of grog as if I had sailed round Cape
Horn, and I could smoke like a loco-
motive. I was great at cards, and
fond of gambling in every shape. At
the close of the dinner one day my
father turned everybody out of the
cabin, locked the door and said to me,

"David, what do you mean to be?"
"I mean to follow the sea."
"Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor,
miserable drunken sailor before the
mast, kicked and cuffed about the
world, and die in some fever hospital
in a foreign land."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the
quarter-deck and command as you
do."

"No, David; no boy ever trod the
quarter-deck with such principles as
you have, and such habits as you ex-
hibit. You'll have to change your
whole course of life if you ever become
a man."

"My father left me and went on
deck. I was stunned by the rebuke
and overwhelmed with shame.

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25: 19. 3. Prov. 30: 25-28.

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No. 235.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY LAURA B. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)
My whole, consisting of 17 letters, is
a command of God.

My 1, 15, 10 is a figure.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 15 is a dwelling place.
My 6, 7, 9 is a covering for the
head.

My 16, 8, 15 is a liquid.
My 12, 11, 15 is a part of the foot.
My 13, 14, 11, 10 is a hard substance.
My 17, 16, 14, 15 is tardy.

No. 236.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.
(BY GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. S.)
In evil, not in good;
In light, not in night;
In lend, not in borrow;
In happy, not in sorrow;
In hand, not in arm;
In man, not in boy;
In ten, not in nine;
My whole is an animal.

No. 237.—ENIGMA.
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U.S.A.)
In Pat, not in Mike;
In hat, not in cap;
In this, not in that;
In tale, not in song;
In cat, not in dog;
In dark, not in light;
In evil, not in good;
In love, not in hate;
In pure, not in vile;
In hope, not in despair;
In life, not in death;
In acts, not in deeds;
My whole is an American city.

No. 238.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
My 1st is in apple, not in plum;
My 2nd is in man, not in boy;
My 3rd is in woman, not in girl;
My 4th is in zebra, not in lion;
My 5th is in son, not in daughter;
My 6th is in nail, not in tack.
Whole is a well known river.

No. 239.—EASY WORDS-SQUARE.
(BY "PANSY," Fredericton Junction.)
I. A knot of ribbons; to submit to;
withered; parts of the face.
II. A fragrant flower; to uncloze;
that from which anything springs;
finishes.

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