

Edgar's 'Membery Jam.'

(‘Advance.’)

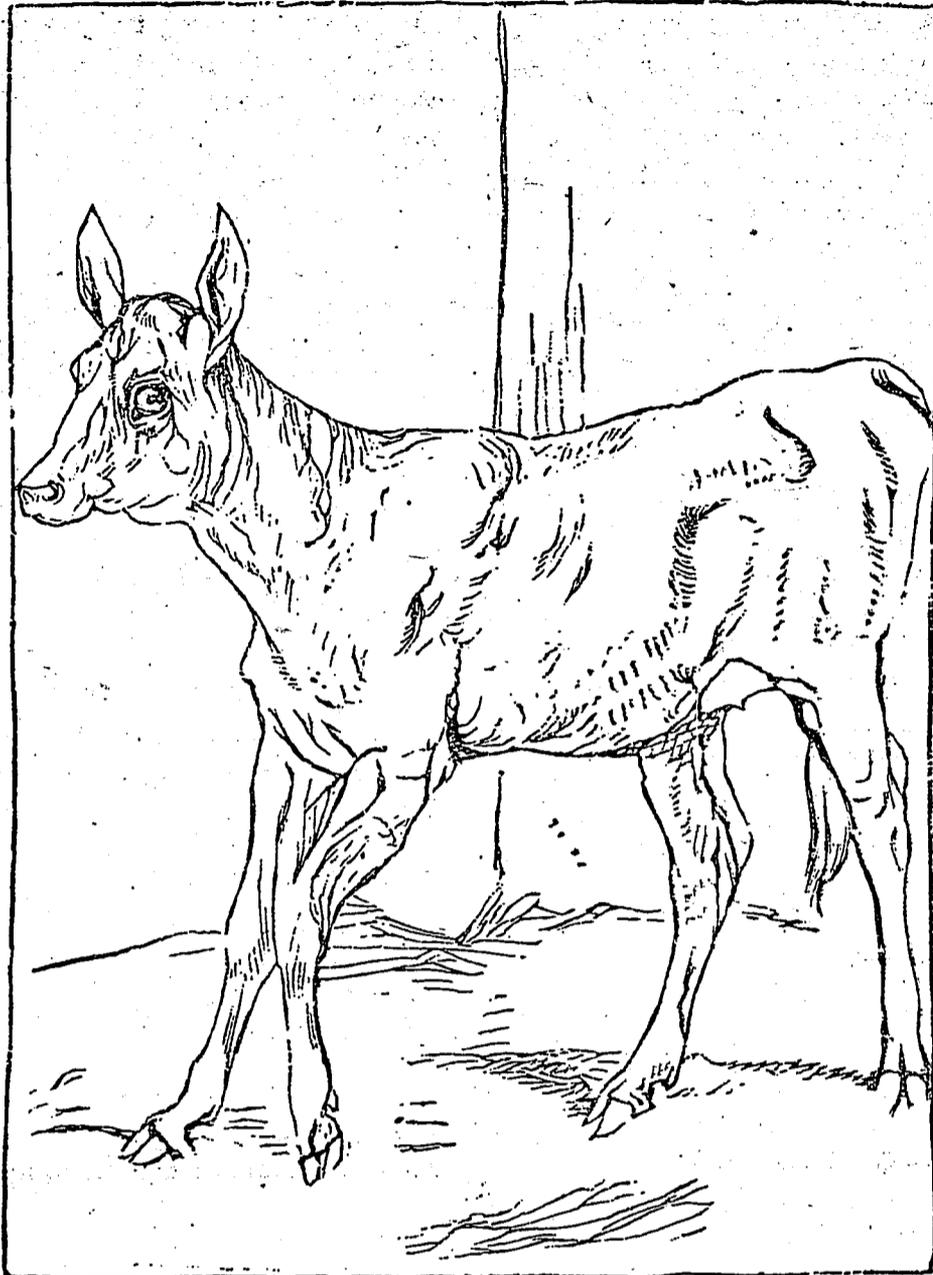
It isn't an easy thing for a lively little boy to sit still all through church time; but Edgar knew how to do it; and almost every Sunday morning he might be seen in the pew between his father and mother, sitting as quietly as though he were sixty, instead of six years old. But this Sunday morning, — dear me, how he did wiggle and twist and fidget! Worse than that, he was noisy, too. With a sharp-pointed pencil he punched little holes through a scrap of paper, so that it rattled, and people wondered who could be making such a noise.

Next, he stretched out his short legs till his Sunday shoes scraped the seat in front, where sat an old gentleman in spectacles, who turned and stared hard at him, so that he felt his face get red and hot. Mamma shook her head at him; and for about a minute he sat still; then, somehow, his bright new penny rolled out of his hand and across the floor where he couldn't see it.

Down slipped Edgar after his penny, scrambling among people's feet and rumpling his hair and pretty collar in a dreadful manner. He forgot the sharp edge of the pew in front, when bump, went his curly head against it, so hard that he almost cried out aloud. How it did hurt! He wondered when church would be over. He would ask mamma. So, climbing up on the seat, he spoke in a loud whisper that could be heard in all the pews near, ‘Mamma, how many more hours will it be before church lets out?’

Two young ladies across the aisle held their fans before their faces and laughed. Mamma didn't laugh. She looked very sober, and when the people stood up to sing she took Edgar by the hand and led him out of the church. Down into the Sunday-school room she took him. No one was there, it was too early for Sunday-school to begin. Edgar wondered what was going to happen. He wished he could go home.

‘Sit down,’ said mamma, and she gave him a pencil and some paper. ‘Now write just what I tell you. First, capital I.’



DRAWING LESSON.

Edgar had been to school for six months, and could write a few easy words. Bending over his paper, he made his very best capital I.

‘Now, m-u-s-t,’ said mamma, and scratch went Edgar's pencil.

‘I think you know how to spell “s-i-t,” don't you?’

‘S-i-t,’ answered the sober little voice, and that word followed the others.

‘S-t-i-l-l,’ came next, then the little fat fingers wrote ‘i-n’; and, last of all ‘c-h-u-r-c-h’—Church' finished Mrs. Morse.

‘Now, read what is on your paper.’

Edgar screwed up his forehead, and studied a little, then read, “I-r-u-s-t-s-i-t-s-t-i-l-l-i-n-c-h-u-r-c-h.” You did not tell me a period, mamma. I'll have to put in a period.’

‘Now,’ said Mrs. Morse, ‘those six little words say something that I want you to remember always; and so you must write them now ten times — ‘I must sit still in

church.’ Then every day till next Sunday comes, you must write them again ten times.

‘Six words, ten times, every day, for a whole week. Oh, my! It will take such a long time to do all that.’

‘Yes,’ replied mamma, ‘it will take you a long time; but I can't have my little boy disturbing people, so that I have to bring him out of church before I hear the sermon.’

Edgar took up the pencil and worked away soberly. After a while he looked up with eyes so bright and such a sorrowful quiver in his voice that mamma knew the tears were not far away.

‘Mamma, is this a punish?’ he asked anxiously.

Mamma smiled down upon the little flushed face. ‘No, dear, this is not “a punish.” I do not think you meant to be naughty; but you forgot to be good. This writing is just to help you to remember next time to do as you should.’