

The Boy With Patches.

"N there was a new boy at school yesterday, 'n he had great patches on his knees; 'n when we choosed up, the boys didn't choose him, 'n his face got red—oh! as red as fire—'n he walked away, 'n stood lookin' off over the water at the ship."

Ted had been tattling on in this fashion for at least fifteen minutes, and mamma, who was reading up for her next club paper, hardly heard a word, but this last caught her attention, and she looked over the top of the book with a little start.

"Perhaps he was watching for his ship to come in," said she quietly.

If Ted could have seen the rest of her face, he would have done some thinking before he said any more.

"His ship! 'Tisn't likely a boy like him would have a ship; is it now? Course he can't help the patches, p'rhaps," said Ted, condescendingly; "but he oughtn't to come to a pay school with us. Harold Winston said it wasn't—suitable; and so did all the other boys. He ought to go to the public school, where the other patches are."

Mamma's eyebrows went up in a fashion that would have alarmed Ted, if he had happened to look at her; but he was stroking the spotless knees of his own velvet trousers.

"I used to know a boy who wore patches."

"You, Mamma?" cried Ted.

"Yes. I used to play with him every day. Patches and bare brown feet, and a hat without any brim."

"Was he a nice boy?" asked Ted doubtfully.

"I think, taking everything into consideration, he was the nicest boy I ever knew," said mamma, with an emphatic little nod. "And I ought to know, for I went to school with him for years."

"N when the boys choosed up, did they leave him out?" asked Ted.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said mamma, decidedly. "They wouldn't for the world have done anything so impolite."

Ted looked blank for a moment. Then his face grew red—oh! as red as fire.

"His ship hadn't come in then," continued mamma; "but it has since. He owns a big factory now."

"W what's his name?" sputtered Ted.

"John Hartley Livingston."

"Uncle John Livin'ston?"

Mamma nodded. "All boys who wear patches—and bare brown feet—don't become rich men; but I fear they are more apt to become something worth while than boys who wear—velvet suits, because they are used to hardships and dirt and disagreeable work to do."

"This is my best suit anyway," cried Ted, twisting in his chair. "I don't always wear velvet. You know I wore it 'cause it was Friday and speakin'-day."

Mamma went back to her book, and Ted stole away, and lay down on a fluffy white rug with his feet on the seat of the sofa—a favorite position of his when he wanted to think.

Monday night he came home greatly excited, and stood before his mother with his feet crossed.

"The boys choosed again, 'n I choosed the patched boy, 'n they wouldn't let him play; 'n we went off 'n played mumblety-peg by our two selves," he cried, the words fairly tumbling over each other. Then he uncrossed his feet, and swung the under one forward. There was a jagged hole in the knee of his trousers. "'N I want that patched," he cried, with a defiant ring in his

voice. "If you please, Mamma," he added, in gentler tones.

"Very well," said mamma soberly, but her mouth was smiling behind the book.

"The boys have all come 'round, Mamma," Ted announced, cheerfully, a week later. "Harold Winston came 'round today. He held out two days longer 'n any of the rest, 'n he did hate to give in; but he got tired of walkin' 'round all by himself"—Ex.

Little Lover.

He quickly climbs upon my knee,
Our baby boy, so dear to me;
"I love you all-the-world," says he,
"Darling Mother!"
Little Lover!

His eyes of brown with beauty shine,
His pretty arms my neck entwine,
He rubs his rosy cheek 'gainst mine,—
"Darling Mother!"
Little Lover!

Margaret Russell in Can. Baptist.

A Mammoth Found in Siberia.

Not long since a Cossack found a mammoth (an animal like the elephant) in Eastern Siberia, which the Russian government has had removed to the museum in St. Petersburg. Just how long ago this great beast lived in it is impossible to tell. It might have been 1,000 years, say the scientific men.

They suppose that he met his death by falling over a precipice. The accident probably occurred while he was reaching for herbage, on which he fed. Then his huge body sank into the mud and 'he winter set in with its ice and snow. Thus he remained in cold storage, until he was uncovered by the action of the elements. Grass was found in the mouth and undigested herbage in the stomach. The skeleton is nearly complete, and stands almost ten feet high. Most of the flesh is preserved. The skin is very thick and so protected that the animal could stand the utmost cold. Hair of an average length of seven inches covers the body, and under this is a coat of yellow wool from two to four inches thick.

The animal was kept frozen until it reached St. Petersburg, where scientific men are examining it, expecting thereby to learn much about its habits. The journey began October 23, the carcass being transported on a huge sled to the railroad. Thence it was shipped to St. Petersburg.

The Poet and the Pony,

There is no boy or girl, I should hope, who does not know of the great poet Alfred Tennyson, and who would not be glad to hear of his gentleness to animals. One day the poet arrived at Haslemere station, carrying a heavy packet of books. His own carriage was not to be seen, so he was glad to accept a lift home. Going up the steep hills to Blacktown, Tennyson, with his usual thoughtfulness for horses, suggested that two men and the books were too heavy a load for one small pony, and proposed that he and his friend should get out and walk. They therefore jumped down and walked for some distance in front of the trap, the little horse following. Suddenly, however, they found that the books were gone! They had dropped out on the way. The poet was asked to stand by the pony's head while his companion went back to look for them. They were not found for some time, and the pony, tired of waiting, grew very restless. When his master came back, knowing that

A Mother's Praise,

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the little fellow had a great dislike to strangers, he asked how Tennyson had managed to keep him quiet. He was astonished to find that the poet had done this by holding his watch from time to time to the pony's ear, as you may sometimes see a mother do to amuse her baby.

Eighty-four young recruits were sent out to the missions of the Presbyterian church North during 1903, besides several men of experience who were reappointed after long detention in this country. The New Year opens with a total force of eight hundred and forty-seven missionaries. Of these, sixty-two have been adopted by individual churches since May 1.

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