

## THAT'S MY BOY.

Big blue eyes with rognish twinkle;  
Dimples ever running riot;  
Busy tongue that's never quiet;  
Forehead fair, with never a wrinkle;  
Clustering hair of sunny hue;  
Nose a little snub, 'tis true—  
That's my boy!

Never ending, still beginning;  
Pockets full of dirt and crumbs;  
Crazy over horns and drums,  
Noise in all things ever winning;  
Bragging he of "Jim" is master,  
While I run for white court plaster—  
That's my boy!

So it goes—some pain, some pleasure,  
Wondering 'twixt tear and smile,  
Will it be thus all the while—  
Joy and grief in equal measure?  
Shall I cry, in bitter sorrow,  
In some dread far-off to-morrow?  
That's my boy!

Ah, no, no! Mother's eyes look far ahead,  
And mine see with tender pride,  
By a gray-haired woman's side,  
One whom, now that years have sped,  
Brave, yet gentle, is her stay:  
One of whom she'll proudly say—  
That's my boy!

## HOW THEY BOUGHT HIM OUT.

At least three-fourths of the efforts started for the reform of abuses, public or private, when they fail, fail for want of earnest purpose. A cash-boy in a New York store answered a request that any boys or girls should tell of any wrongs which they would try to make right in the year 1883, in this way:

"Well, you see, I think swearin's 'bout as bad as anything us boys in our store do; swearin' an chewin' tobacker. I don't chew, and lots of us boys don't, but then there's lots that does, little fellers not half as big as me; and some of them do swear awful."  
"Do your employers allow it?" asked the editor.

"Not if they knows it, but you don't 'spose they swear at the boss? And them that chews, they don't chew on pay-day."

"And you think this might and ought to be changed?"

"Yes, I do; and I thought, after I read 'bout the Reformed Club, that I'd like to jine, and so I'd see if I couldn't help stop off the bad talk; and two other fellers, they're goin' to stop."

"But how did you manage it? I should really like to know."

"Well, I just said, when I heard 'em,

'What d'ye want to say that for?' and then they stared, and said, 'Cos; guess I've got a right to do what I please?' And then I didn't get mad and say, 'No, you ain't,' but I said, 'Well, 'spose you have, but I wish you wouldn't,' and sometimes they laughed and sometimes they poked fun; but two of 'em swore off, and another one said he would if we'd just let him say 'Jimminy creeks!' And we did; we thought that wasn't swearin' at all."

"So you have three who have given it up?"

"Yes, and another boy that we bought out."

"Bought out! What do you mean?"

"Well, he had the biggest job lot of bad words. Seemed's if he had all that had been left over from the whole trade. And we just got him to take account of stock and make a list of his swear words, and we others that swore off, we formed a company and agreed to buy the lot at five cents apiece. And after we bought 'em they wasn't his to use no more, and so every time he used one of 'em he had to pay two cents."

"But would he tell you?"

"O yes; 'twas 'pon honour, you know, and Jack's a real good feller, and he said he'd like to give it up, only they stuck to him so he couldn't get rid of 'em without givin' 'em away, and we offered to buy 'em all. Wasn't that a pretty good dodge?"

And the editor went straight home, and before he took off his overcoat wrote down the "dodge," to show the young folks that one boy at least was in earnest about helping himself and others to reform. I do not write his last name, because I know he is in such earnest that he will be glad to have his language corrected by some of the young friends who have not been running to the cry of "Cash here!" as he has, ever since he was eight years old.

## NOT MINE.

IN one of the wars of Germany a captain of cavalry was ordered out with a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troops and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it he went up and knocked at the door. An ancient Hernhutter, or Moravian Brother, with a beard silvered by age, came out.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a-foraging."

"Presently," replied the Hernhutter.

The good old man walked before and

conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley.

"This is the very thing we want," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied."

They went on, and at the distance of a quarter of a league farther they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor:

"Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the old man, "but it was not mine."

## BEGIN AND TRY IT.

I KNOW of a boy who says "I can't,"

When the thing proposed doesn't please him.

I wonder how many things he could do,

If a fit of "I'll try" should seize him?

He says "I can't" whenever he's asked

To do a favour for mother;

And "I can't, I can't," he whined to-day,

"Take care of that baby brother!"

But a very different boy from that,

My friend, I give you promise,

You'll find in our helpful little lad—

Our good, kind-hearted Thomas.

"Take care of the baby? Of course I will,

Come here, you precious midget,

Let's see if a boy can't keep you still,

Who are always in a fidget.

And mother, you go and rest awhile,

I am sure I can keep her quiet—

A boy will never know all he can do

Unless he'll begin and try it."

So our laddie brings to any task,

Whether great or small before him,

A hearty good-will, and a pleasant face,

That wins half the battle for him.

For 'tis harder, my boys—'tis harder far—

(If you know you will not deny it),

To find fault and grumble at everything,

Than just to begin and try it.

## A LOVING SYMPATHY.

A DEAR little boy fell and hurt himself very much. He tried to be brave, though he could not help the tears rolling down his cheeks. Little sister stood by and said: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry you's hurt." "But I'm pretty glad it wasn't you, 'cause I'm a boy, and can stand it," he said, bravely. Wasn't that a sweet, generous thing for a brother to say, when he was suffering so, too?