

## AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW TUNE.

THERE'S a saying, old and rusty,

But good as any new:

"Never trouble trouble  
Till trouble troubles you."

Trouble's like a thistle

That hangs along the way:

It cannot fail to grab you  
Some other bitter day.

But why not walk around it?

That's just what you can do.

Why should you trouble trouble

Before it troubles you?

Trouble is a bumble-bee.

It keeps you always vexed;

It surely means to sting you

The next time, or the next.

But, bless you, bees think only

Of breakfasts dipped in dew

Keep right ahead; this trouble

Will never trouble you.

O merry little travellers

Along life's sunny ways,

When bumble-bees and thistles

Affright you at your plays.

Remember the old promise,

That your sorrows shall be few

If you never trouble trouble

Till trouble troubles you.

HOW MAY TOOK CARE OF THE  
BABY.

ONE day when May's mamma sat by the window sewing, and May was on the floor playing with baby, Sammy Green came running in all out of breath, and said that his little brother Dick had fallen into the cistern, and there was nobody to get him out. May's mamma said to her, "Take baby into grandma's room, and she will take care of you till I come back." Then she ran back with Sammy as fast as she could.

So May said, "Come Robbie,"—baby's name was Robbie—and she helped him to get up, for he could only walk a very little by himself, and they went to grandma's room, but grandma was not there. Then May went all around the house calling "Grandma, grandma, come and take care of Robbie and me. Mamma's gone away."

But grandma had gone out a little while before, and there was no one to answer May.

She was not used to being left, and it was so still, and the big clock in the

sitting-room made such a loud "tick, t.ck, tick," that she began to be frightened. So she went to the window to see if mamma was coming. But there was no one to be seen but an old beggar man coming down the road. He had a bag on his shoulder, and he looked up at the house, and May felt sure he was coming to put the baby into his bag and carry him off.

What should she do? She knew. She would take baby, and go to find mamma. So she took hold of his hand, and they went into the back yard. She was afraid to go out the front way because the man with the bag was there. Besides, Sammy Green always comes to the back door, and Sammy's mamma, too, when she came every week to wash for May's mamma, and May thought their house must be out there somewhere. She pulled open the big gate and went out into the street. She looked up and down, but there was no house in sight. They started down the street; but Robbie was too tired to walk, and May had to carry him. Pretty soon they came to a corner, and there was the church. There was no other house to be seen, and May thought she would never find the one where mamma had gone. She was just ready to cry when she remembered that mamma had told her the church was God's house. "If we should go into God's house," she said, "he would take care of us." So they climbed up the steps. The door stood open, and they went in. Then May knelt down and said, "Dear God, Robbie and me have come to your house for you to please take care of us till mamma comes home. For Jesus' sake."

And now she did not feel afraid any more. But Robbie was tired, and when he found mamma was not there, he began to cry. So May sat down and cuddled him up in her arms, and sang to him as mamma used to do, and pretty soon he was fast asleep. Before long, May was asleep too.

When May's mamma got to Sammy Green's house, she found that the water in the cistern was not deep enough to drown Dick, and she soon helped him out. His mother came home just then, and May's mamma went back to her own house. When she found that May and Robbie were gone, and that grandma, who had just come in, did not know where they were, she was very much frightened, and called their papa in from the field. They went all around, looking for them, and some of the neighbours helped look too.

After a while May's papa and another man went into the church, and there they found the children. When May woke up, and saw her papa, she said, "We were so 'fraid, and we couldn't find mamma, so we went to God's house and he took care of us."

## THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy lived in the West of England. He was poor. One day, during the play-hour, he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat down under a tree by a little brook. He put his head upon his hand, and began thinking. What about? He said to himself: "How strange it is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields and that house, and all the houses round, were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. Oh, if I could but get all this property back!" He then whispered two words: "I'll try."

He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school, where he did the same. By-and-by he entered the army, and eventually went to India as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark. At last he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land; he was made governor-general. In twenty years he came back to England and bought all the property which had once belonged to his family. The poor West-of-England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.

## HOW THE BABY WAS SAVED.

THE baby's papa owned a large Newfoundland dog, baby was very fond of him, and the story shows how dearly the dog loved baby. One morning the little girl was left in the room with the dog and a large fire in the grate. The little girl evidently had gone too near the fire, and the dog had tried unsuccessfully to get her away.

He then hurried to her mother's room and began catching her dress and pulling her toward the door. She told him to go and find little Nellie. He made a whining noise and slowly walked back to where the little one was lying, unconscious of danger, and lay down between her and the fire. When Mrs. Walter entered the room a few minutes later, she found the noble dog in this position, whining and crying, while the hair was being singed from his back.