

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
Where slipshod point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The Land of Anyhow.
Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully!
When girls and boys their tasks would slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't Care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!'
But when in after life they longed
To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find success ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.
For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the Land of Anyhow.
—'Australian Christian World.'

He Loved His Mother.

The following is a sketch, full of touching interest, of a little ragged newsboy who had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory.

His mother and he had kept house together and they had been all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. Getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small; but love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too expensive for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard, and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave little chap was equal to it.

The next day he conveyed the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The narrator, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned.

"Here it is," said the man in charge, and sure enough, there was our monument, at the head of one of the newer graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, boys, when I saw it there was something blurred my eyes, so's I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:

MY MOTHER
SHEE DIED LAST WEAK
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
SED SHEAD Bee WAITING FuR—

and here, boys, the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

"Not much," he said, "not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from the church that had buried the

mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. The boy had sold all his papers one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just above the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and lived but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, 'I didn't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me,' and boys, he died with those words on his lips."

When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy, the next day they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the newsboy (which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday-school which the little fellow attended), and underneath it the touching words: 'He loved his mother.'

When the stone was put up, the little lad's Sunday-school mates, as well as others were present, and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told them how the boy had loved Jesus and tried to please him, and gave utterance to this high encomium: 'Scholars,' said he, 'I would rather be that brave, loving, little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than to be a king of the world, and not love and respect my mother.' That newsboy has left a lesson to the world.—'The Sunday-School Worker.'

Questions for Boys and Girls to Think About.

If you are good at guessing or answering, here are a few questions you can wrestle with: You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt?

How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for?

Why does a horse eat grass backwards and a cow forward?

Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other?

Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why?

Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?

How old must a grape vine be before it begins to bear?

Can you tell why leaves turn upside down just before rain?

What wood will bear the greatest weight before breaking?

Why are all cowpaths crooked?—'Wesleyan Advocate.'

The Old Musician.

Charles Francis Gounod, whose loss the musical world so deeply mourns possessed a kind heart as well as the genius of a great composer. The following story told of him has the merit of being strictly true in every detail.

On Christmas evening, 1837, an old man with a stout stick walked slowly through the most fashionable quarter of Paris. His right arm pressed to his side an oblong object wrapped in a chequered cotton handkerchief. He was thinly clad, shivering, and emaciated. He was buffeted about by the skurrying crowds, apparently at a loss which way to turn. He untied the chequered handkerchief and disclosed a violin and bow. He raised the instrument,

and started to play a sentimental strain, but the result was only harsh and inharmonious sounds. The street gamins chaffed him. With a sob he sank down upon the steps, resting the instrument upon his knees. 'My God!' he cried, 'I can no longer play!'

Three young men came down the street, all singing a tune then popular among the students of the Conservatoire de Musique. One of them accidentally knocked off his hat, and a second stumbled against his leg. The bare-headed old violinist rose proudly to his feet.

'Pardon, monsieur,' said the third man. 'I hope we did not hurt you.' The speaker picked up the old man's hat.

'No,' was the bitter answer.

The young man saw the violin.

'You are a musician?'

'I was one.' Two great tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

The old man faltered for a moment, then held out his hat to them.

'Give me a trifle for the love of God. I can no longer earn anything by my art. My fingers are stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want.'

Down in his pocket went each one of the trio. They were but poor students, and the result was only sixteen sous. This was the combined capital of the two. The third had only a cake of resin.

'This won't do,' declared the one who had apologized for the accident. 'We want more than that to relieve our fellow artist. A pull together will do it. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go all around with the hat.'

A ringing laugh was the answer.

They pulled their hats over their faces and turned up their coat-collars to avoid recognition. Adolphe took the violin from the man's trembling hands. Gustave straightened out his shoulders. In another moment the first notes of the 'Carnival de Venice' were floating out upon the night air. Such masterful music did not customarily come from the instruments of street players. Windows of the palatial houses flew up, and heads were thrust out of the openings. Strollers coming down the street stopped, and those who had gone on retraced their steps. Soon a good-sized crowd had gathered. Gustave sang the favorite cavatina from 'La Dame Blanche' in a manner that held the audience spell-bound. It 'rained money' when the song was finished.

'One more tune,' whispered the treasurer of the enterprise. 'Bring out those bass notes of yours, Adolphe. I'll help you out with the baritone part, Gustave, my brave tenor. We'll finish up with the trio from "Guillaume Tell." And mind, now, we're singing for the honor of the Conservatoire as well as for the sake of a brother artist.'

The young men played and sang as probably they never played and sang in their after life. The most critical of the audience were enthralled.

Life came back to the old man. He grasped his stick, and adapting it as a baton, used it with the air of one having authority. He stood transfixed when they had done; his face lightened up, his eyes glistened.

The proceeds of the entertainment netted five hundred francs. Many of the wealthy listeners had thrown gold pieces into the old battered hat.

Then they gave him back his hat and its contents, and wrapped up the instrument in the old chequered handkerchief.

'Your names, your names,' the old man gasp-