



THE DILIGENT BOY.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

I THOUGHT when I learned my letters
That all my troubles were done,
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But not like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have to tell it,
But my copybook is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

A LADDER WITH TWENTY-FOUR
ROUNDS.

FOR BOYS.

A BRITISH duke, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and, thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, sir," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke. "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read,"

answered the lad. "One does not need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it. "After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house. I noticed the architect use a rule and compass, and make a great many calculations. I asked what was the meaning and use of that, and they told me there was a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books, and learned geometry. Then I heard of better books about

the two sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are content to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, without pluck or perseverance to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see more clearly, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found a helper afterwards in the then Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies, and became a distinguished mathematician. Stone's "Mathematical Dictionary"—for Stone was this young gardener's name—was a celebrated book published in London many years ago.

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A PARTY of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and meant to make oak-leaf trimming and pick berries. Oh, it was a fine time they meant to have!

"Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going, and you must." Ellen, with her white cape bonnet, skipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time. The little girls kept looking

up to the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps.

She did not seem in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out: "You got leave! you are going, are you?" Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh," cried the children, "it is too bad! Not go? It is really unkind in your mother. Why, I would make her let you."

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer. And it was a beautiful one.

There are a great many times when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go anywhere and do what they wish, and how often they are rebellious and sulky in consequence of it! But the true way is a cheerful compliance with your mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and dutiful thought, "My mother knows best." It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her, who has done and suffered so much for you, and the obedience you owe her in the Lord.

IT HURT HER.

CARRIE had done something very wrong. She knew it was wrong, and yet she did it.

She had taken a ten-cent piece from the corner of grandpa's bureau. The ten-cent piece did not make her happy. It felt heavy in her pocket, and it seemed to burn her hand when she held it. Stolen money never makes people happy.

Finally, she put the dime under the corner of the rug, and left it there.

"Did anybody see a dime on my bureau?" asked grandpa. "I put it there so that I should not forget to pay mamma for the postage-stamps."

Mamma happened to see Carrie just then, and her face was very red.

"Do you know about it, Carrie?"

"N-o-o-m—I mean—N-o-o-m," said Carrie, "I think I know where it is."

"Go and get it," said mamma, looking very sober.

When Carrie took the money from under the rug, they knew she had put it there.

"Tell grandpa all about it, little girlie," said grandpa, very kindly.

Carrie held the dime in her hand, and told how she had taken it.

"But I don't want it. It hurt me and hurt me, and it's horrid! and it makes mamma sorry!"

"And God sorry," said mamma, in a low tone.

"Yes, I know—oh, take it back! Thieves are mizzebul, and I'll never be one again." And she never was.