

The Story of Grumble Tom.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tom, who ran away to sea,
"I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be.
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me."

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
For he did not like the ship, or the daisy rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,
And so he journey'd on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away,
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair was white as snow,
He reached that final bourne at last where all of us must go?
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was, that north or south, where'er his steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;
For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

IN a simple home in Paris some fifty years ago lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths besides their own to feed. There was August, Leonard and Juliette, and lastly, the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother—tired with hard work—died when Rosa was eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa was a little truant. She didn't like to be shut up in a schoolroom and spent most of her time playing in the woods gathering daisies and marigolds.

But her father thought if she did not love school she must be taught something useful, and tried to have her taught sewing; but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing school that she had to be taken away.

Finally she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly woke up to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing.

At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the

picture of a goat; she found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter pens of Paris and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting, while the drovers and butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—when the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house Rosa made a little flower garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting him graze on the outside would bring him back to his garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the Art Exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and she was encouraged to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven, her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English Government. Her own Government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his daughter; he was at once made the director of the Government School of Design for girls. But this relief from poverty and trouble came too late, for he died the same year.

Orders for work now poured in upon her more than she could do; four years later, after long months of study she painted the "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a very short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This was the highest honour that the Empress could bestow.

Perhaps some of you girls want to reach and hope to reach the heights of fame as artists; but don't forget that everything worth having in this world has a high price set on it—and if you want true fame as an artist, you must be willing to pay the price. Rosa Bonheur says:

"Art demands heart, brain, soul, body. Nothing less will win its highest favour. I need art; it is my husband, my world, my life-dream, the

air I breathe. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think of nothing else. I have no taste for general society; I only wish to be known through my works."

The Boys That are Wanted.

We want good boys as well as good girls,
As pure as descending snow;
Yes, pure and bright, like the sun's blest light,
Bringing joy wherever they go.

The boys who are wanted at home are boys
Who their parents love and obey;
And who treat their sisters courteously,
Being gentlemen every day.

The boys that are wanted are cleanly boys;
Abhorring tobacco and rum;
Who never lounge at the corner store,
Nor make sport at a whisky slum.

The boys we want are industrious boys,
Who in sunshine make the hay,
Who dress in keeping with their means,
And always pay their way.

The boys that we want are thoughtful boys,
Who read and think as they grow,
Storing up knowledge for future use,
Knowing well they'll reap as they sow.

But to be such boys they must seek the grace
Which will fill their hearts with love;
For in such hearts the Lord will dwell
And prepare for the home above.

Then give us such boys, and we will not fear
For the future of our girls,
For husbands such will surely be
A blessing to the world.

THE POOR MAN'S WELL.

AMONG the Azores is situated the beautiful Island of Fayal, with its orange-groves and profusion of flowers. But notwithstanding the fruit and flowers, there is one thing which Americans who live there miss sadly, and that is fresh, cool water. There are no lakes or ponds, such as we have here; and so the people have to use rain water, which they save in large tanks or cisterns.

There are a few wells on the island, which, as the water rises and falls in them twice in every twenty-four hours, are called "tide wells." But there was a time—many years ago—when the people had neither cisterns nor wells, and were obliged to get water from hollows in the rocks. And this is the story of the first well:

The year 1699 was a year when scarcely any rain fell. The grain did not grow, the cows and sheep died from thirst, and many of the poor people also. Now, there was a very rich man on the island, who had come here to live many years before, from another part of the world.

Though he was so rich, and might have done much good with his money, he was so stingy and so hard, that the people did not love him at all. But his bags of silver and gold did not buy him water; and at last the thought came to him, "Why! I will dig a well, as people used to do in my country. I will dig it on my own land, and no one shall have a drop of the water but myself."

So he hired men to come and dig the well; but he paid them only a

little money, and was very unkind to them. They dug and they dug but no water came. At last they said they would work no longer unless their master would promise them some of the water; and he promised them the use of the well for half of every day.

Now, they dug with more patience, and one morning, as early as six o'clock, they suddenly found water. The men claimed the privilege of using the well the first six hours, and the master dared not refuse. As they were drawing the water, they noticed that it began to grow lower and lower in the well; and at twelve o'clock, the master's hour, none was left.

He was very, very angry, and said he would never give the men any work again. However, at six o'clock that night, they again demanded the use of the well. He mockingly asked them if they expected the water would come for them and not for him. Nevertheless they went to the well, and, to the master's awe and wonder, it was full of water.

At midnight, the master again tried to get water from the well, and, as before, found it empty. He now felt afraid, believing that some divine power controlled the action of the water. He went to the church, and vowed before God, that if the water should come again next morning, he would dedicate it to the poor forever.

In the morning, when the men visited the well, there was the fresh water awaiting them. The master kept his vow, and thus the well became the "Poor Man's Well." To this day the water rises and falls in it twice in every twenty-four hours.—*Nursery.*

THE UNUSED UMBRELLA.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house, after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when an old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming:—

"No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article, to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that such is the case with the hoarded-up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*