

## A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I'd 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 nothing like learning to write;  
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,  
But my copy-book 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.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,  
The handles get on the wrong side  
Of the d's and the k's and the h's,  
Though I've certainly tried and tried  
To make them just right, it is dreadful;  
I really don't know what to do!  
I'm getting almost distracted—  
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
If one could get through; instead  
Of that, there are books awaiting,  
Quite enough to craze my head;  
There's the multiplication table,  
And grammar, and—oh, dear me,  
There's no good place for stopping,  
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little  
To the mountain top we climb,  
It isn't all done in a minute,  
But only a step at a time;  
She says that all the scholars,  
All the wise and learned men,  
Had each to begin as I do,  
If that's so—where's my pen?

## GIVING PLEASURE

HAVE you heard of the little boy who  
tried to think of some way by which he  
could give pleasure to God? Well, Nannie  
was a dear little girl, who loved flowers, and  
she loved Jesus, too. Once she had a very  
pretty plant, all her own. The leaves were  
so green and the blossoms were such a  
bright pink, it is no wonder that Nannie  
admired it very much. But she gave it  
away to a poor old woman, who had been  
sick many years, and Nannie gave it for  
Jesus' sake. She wanted to please Jesus,  
and she wanted to please dear Aunt Molly.  
And, do you know, I think no one was so  
happy, after all, as Nannie herself. Nan-  
nie's gift was a true "cup of cold water,"  
and Nannie will not lose her reward.

## MOTHER'S EARS.

"I've had the beautifullest time!" said  
Tommy Downs to his mamma, coming in  
at bed-time from spending the evening with  
his playmate, Phil Porter.

"What have you been doing?" asked  
Mrs. Downs, smiling on her noisy, stirring  
boy.

"Oh, we've made all the noise we wanted  
to, I, and Phil, and the girls. We marched  
for soldiers, and I whistled while Phil beat  
his drum, and we played 'I spy' and 'Stage  
coach' and 'Puss in the corner.' Then we  
each took a comb and some tissue paper,  
and played on them as loud as we could—  
had a regular comb concert."

"And it didn't disturb Mrs. Porter at all?"

"Not a bit. She just sat and read all  
the evening, and paid no attention to us.  
I wish you were as deaf as she is!"

"Why, Tommy!"

"Well, I do," persisted Tommy. "It  
would save you so much trouble with your  
headache and my noise, for I know I'm a  
noisy boy. I believe you'd take lots more  
comfort than you do now."

"Don't you think I like to hear the music  
of my little boy's voice?"

"The trouble is, it is too much and too  
loud," laughed Tommy.

A few days afterward, he went to see  
Phil again. It was fine sliding, so he and  
Phil and a dozen other boys were coasting  
down the hill back of Mrs. Potter's house.

"I'm dreadful thirsty," said Tommy to  
Phil. "I'll run down to your house for a  
drink of water."

"You won't need to go in," said Phil.  
"You can get it from the cistern in the  
back room. The cistern was under the  
floor, the water low down, and Tommy's  
arm short. It was icy, too, around the  
trap-door, and it was no wonder that Tommy  
slipped in.

He caught the edge of the board and held  
on with all his might, screaming for help.  
Through the open outside door he could see  
Mrs. Potter sitting by the back window,  
sewing, and she could easily have heard  
him scream, if she hadn't been deaf.

The boys on the hill made too much noise  
to hear him. He was hanging in the ice-  
cold water almost to his waist, and his hands  
and arms were so tired that he thought he  
must let go and drop in, when little Nell  
came and stood by the window where her  
mother sat, and she caught sight of Tommy.

He saw her pull her mother's sleeve, and  
point to him, when it was no time at  
all before Mrs. Potter had him out of his  
cold bath and into the house in hot blankets.  
Tommy stayed there nearly all day, and

towards night Phil drew him home on his  
sled.

"Mother," said Tommy that night, as she  
had tucked him snugly in bed, and was  
going down stairs with the light, "I can't  
be glad enough that you are not deaf. I  
don't wonder that Jesus said, 'Blessed are  
your ears, for they hear!'"

## KITTY DID IT.

WHEN Grandma Foster went out to call  
on a sick neighbour, she left her little grand-  
daughter, Kitty Mayhew, at home in the  
sitting room. She gave her some pretty  
picture books to read, and told her to finish  
her little task of sewing, but be careful not  
to get into any mischief. Kitty promised,  
and for a while she kept her promise well.  
But then she became tired of the books  
grandma had lent her, and thought there  
was plenty of time in the afternoon to do  
the sewing. Then she thought she would  
like to look at the pictures in the big Bible.  
She had been told never to take this unless  
some one was near; but she did not think  
of that now. After a while, by a very care-  
less accident, she spilled grandpa's bottle of  
ink all over the beautiful book, and the  
table cover, and down on the floor. Just  
then she heard grandma coming. She  
picked up the cat and said: "See what  
kittie did!" Grandma was sorry, but did  
not think the little girl would tell a story  
so through pussy. Kittie was sent out of  
the room. Girl Kitty was not questioned.  
But she was not happy. She was glad  
when her visit to grandma was over. No  
one can be happy who does wrong and  
deceives. Kitty had not told a lie in words,  
but she made her grandma believe that  
which was not true; and that is just as  
bad. Sometimes we do the same without  
even speaking a word. God looks at the  
heart, and not at the words we speak. The  
Bible says: "The way of the transgressor is  
hard;" and every one who has tried it  
knows that this is true.

## WORK FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

"MAMMA," said a little child to her  
mother one day, "I can't tell which I will  
be when I grow up, a jewellery-shop or min-  
ister." But little children do not need to  
wait till they grow up before they can begin  
to be ministers. When Christ was on earth  
he took a little child and set him in the  
midst of his disciples to teach them a lesson.  
He does that often now. And every child  
can teach other children a lesson, and some-  
times older people too, not by talking about  
religion, but living religion.