

## HOW TOMMY WENT BACK TO SCHOOL.

BY MRS HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"Humph! I ain't a-goin' to study much if school does begin Monday," said Tommy Jenkins at the end of his long vacation; "I'm goin' to have peanuts all shelled, and eat 'em when teacher isn't lookin', and I'm goin' to do lots o' things to make the other boys laugh, and I'm goin' to act so teacher 'll have to send me home, then I won't have to go to school any more; chee-hee, won't that be fun!" and a pair of boyish heels went up into the air as Tommy threw himself back on the sofa and chuckled at what he thought a very smart speech.

Susie, who was eight years old, two years younger than Tommy, looked a little shocked at first, but when Tommy laughed so gaily she laughed, too, then she said:

"Yes, but what will mamma say to such things, and papa? Oh, papa 'll be dreadful sober and say, 'My little son!' in that way that always makes me cry right out when he says 'My little daughter!'"

"Oh, mamma will be kinder sorry at first," said Tommy blandly, "but she will get over it pretty soon, and as to papa, oh, I'd make it all right with papa, when I told him how a fellow hates to study;" and Tommy thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his blouse and tried to whistle.

Fortunately, mamma was in the hall, and just about to enter the room when Tommy began his smart remarks, and so heard every word the children said. She went quickly back upstairs, and neither Tommy nor Susie suspected she had heard a word.

But just as their mother expected would be the case, when bedtime was approaching that night Tommy began asking for a story, and Susie put down her dolly to help Tommy tease for what they both liked so much, one of their mamma's nice stories. Papa was over by the table reading, but his face was behind the paper, and the children knew the sound of mamma's voice would not disturb him at all.

So after Tommy had seated himself on an ottoman with his hands in his mamma's lap, and Susie was nestled close beside her, mamma began:

"Once upon a time there was a fine-looking young man who was very unfortunate, and very much to be pitied. He had good manners, and also had the appearance of having been well brought up, but the trouble was, he was not faithful in anything. When he first went into a town and tried to find work, he would generally succeed in getting something to do in a store perhaps, and for a little while he would seem to do very well, but it was never long before those who had employed him would find that he was not to be trusted, so he would be obliged to leave and try to find some other place or employment.

"The time would come when every one in the town would know all about him, and he would have to go somewhere else and begin all over again to try finding work by which to feed himself. This was not at all a happy life to lead, for of course he had no settled home, no friends in particular, and but very little money, sometimes not enough to buy things he really needed.

"Besides all this there was no kind of business he could engage in except the very simplest, because he had never learned how to do the things which bring in money to any amount, and are what we call profitable. Don't you think he must have felt very badly when he thought of his boyhood and his comfortable home and kind parents?"

"Did he ever have a nice home and good parents?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly, just as nice a home as you have, and just as kind parents."

"Then why didn't they teach him things, and send him to school?" asked Tommy, his great blue eyes wide open.

"Oh, they did," said mamma. "He was always carefully dressed in the neatest clothes, provided with the best of food, and watched over as tenderly as you are through his boyish years, and every day he was sent with his little sister to one of the finest schools."

"Then why didn't he learn and grow up to be a faithful young man, and have a home and some money, and lots of friends?" asked interested Tommy.

"Well, that is a very sad thing to tell about," answered mamma, speaking very slowly. "But the trouble is, when a child first begins to do what is wrong, especially

when he means and plans to do it, it is almost next to impossible to get back into the right path again. And the truth is, that young man when a little boy, all at once made up his mind after having had a long, happy vacation, that he wouldn't study any more nor behave well in school. So he would start out in the morning nicely dressed, well fed, and with his mother's fond kiss on his cheek, then he would enter the school room and eat peanuts he had all ready shelled, and when the teacher wasn't looking he would do a great many things to make the other children laugh, and finally he acted so badly that the teacher had to send him home—"

"Why, Tommy Jenkins!" cried Susie, interrupting her mamma at these familiar words, "those are the very things you said you meant to do when you went back to school!" Susie's amazement at the outcome of the little story got the better of her usual habit of shielding Tommy's faults.

Poor Tommy! His face had been grow-

And Tommy went back to school with such good resolutions that one day when the teacher met his mamma he said Tommy was one of his best scholars, and if he went on as he had begun he would soon be at the head of his division.

And papa, who was reading his paper when mamma told of it that evening, looked and said in a way which made Tommy's eyes shine with pleasure, "That's my own little man!"—*Christian at Work.*

## THE WOUNDED LIP.

"I do not see what I have to do with missions at all!" cried Robin, in answer to his sister Annie's gentle request that he would put just one penny into her missionary box. "I can see the good of building our church here—I gave my new sixpence for that; or feeding hungry little children—we gave up buying sweetmeats last Christmas that they might have soup. But what do I care for work at the other end of the world, amongst

Carefully and tenderly the mother bathed her boy's lip.

"Now," said she, lifting him upon her lap, and preparing to bind up the lip, "does not my Robin see how various parts of his body united in helping the one part that needed help?"

"I don't just see," said the child. "The feet never thought, how far we are from the lip, almost as far as can possibly be! Right foot and left, off they trotted to get the warm water, The ears had heard what I wished you to do, and quick as lightning had given their message to the brain. The tongue, like a kind neighbor, did its part. The eyes—"

"Oh, the eyes did nothing at all!" cried Robin, laughing at his mother's amusing simile; he had quite forgotten his pain.

"What! Did they not guide you to and from the kitchen? If they had ill-naturedly kept shut, you might have had a worse fall than that on the gravel. The fingers—yes, even the little ones—helped to carry the basin of water."

"It is a good-natured body," said Robin; "every part so ready to help the poor lip."

"Now, my boy, do you see my meaning?" said the mother, with a smile. "The missionaries, who speak to the heathen, are like the lip in the body, and are sometimes in great trouble, and need our help and our prayers. The ears are those who listen to the story of the wants of the heathen; and great Societies are like the brain, to arrange how to send to them the Bible, and men and women to explain it. We who try to give and to collect may be compared to parts of the feet and the hands."

"I must tell you something more about the body," said Mrs. Mason, "to show you how like it is to the Church. There is always a life-giving stream of blood flowing through it from the heart to the head, from the head to the feet, as if it were joining the most distant parts together."

"I feel it beating in my wrist," said Robin. "What is like the life-giving blood? Is it not love to the Saviour?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason; "and where that holy love joins the members of the church together, how is it possible for a Christian to say, 'I have nothing to do with missions!'"

Robin's lip was soon bound up, and joyfully he thanked his mother for her lesson. —A. L. O. E., in *The Juvenile Instructor.*

## THE AGE OF ANIMALS.

We often hear persons ask how old certain animals become before dying of age. We have somewhere found the following statement which will prove to be of interest to those who desire information on this point, as it gives the number of years the various animals named are said to live.

Whale.....	1000
Elephant.....	400
Swan.....	300
Tortoise.....	100
Eagle.....	100
Raven.....	100
Camel.....	100
Lion.....	70
Porpoise.....	30
Horse.....	25 to 30
Bear.....	20
Cow.....	20
Deer.....	20
Pigs.....	20
Dog.....	20
Cat.....	15
Fox.....	15
Sheep.....	10
Squirrel.....	8
Rabbit.....	7

—S. S. Messenger.

FAMILIARITY with beautiful things, we are often told and truly, breeds contempt. On the other hand, familiarity with that which is odious produces a no less lamentable indifference, tending gradually toward an easy indulgence. Let us imagine what would be our thoughts on first beholding a licensed shop for the vending of alcoholic drinks. Some of us can recall our first horrified vision of a drunken man. Remarking once that a generation of young people had grown up in the state of Maine who had never seen a saloon, a young man leaped to his feet to say, "And here is one of them!" He then went on to describe the shuddering feeling with which on coming to the West his eyes first rested upon a scene of debauchery. God forbid that any of us should become so used to this interlocking institution of the evil one that we should at last yield to it a permanent place in our Christian civilization.—*Standard.*



ROBIN AND HIS MOTHER.

ing very red, his chest was swelling and his breath coming very quickly at the last part of the story, but when his papa slowly lowered his paper from his face, and said in a surprised, grieved tone, "Why, my little son!" it was altogether too much. Down went Tommy's fair little head into his mamma's lap, and for a few minutes the sound of his crying was all that was heard in the room.

Susie was all pity and repentance, and tried her best to tell how sorry she was that she had "told on him." But after a time Tommy's sobs ceased and he became very quiet. Papa and mamma began talking about some other little matters, then mamma said it was bed-time. At this, Tommy raised his head and said in a low, resolute voice:

"I'm just a-goin' back to school Monday morning to be the best boy there is! I ain't goin' to grow up not to have any home and no friends, or not to know how to do things real proper. I really did mean to be a bad boy for a little while, but if it's so hard to get good again, I just ain't goin' to make my papa and mamma 'shamed and spoil myself, all for bein' bad!"

black children whom I never shall see in my life?"

Poor Annie left the room with a sigh. Mrs. Mason had heard the conversation between her children, and she asked,

"Do you know, my son, that all God's people form one body, though some are in India, some in China, some further off still? No part of the Lord's Church can say to another, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I care not what happens to thee.'"

"I don't understand," said the child. Not many minutes afterwards, Robin came back to his mother, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding lip, and tears in his eyes.

"Mamma, my foot slipped—I fell on the gravel—I have hurt my lip!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mason examined the hurt and was glad to find that it was not severe; but there was gravel on the wounded lip. "I must wash and bind it," she said. "Run to the kitchen, my darling; ask for a little basin of warm water, bring it to me, and we will, I hope, soon put matters to rights."

Robin soon came back, carefully carrying the basin, which was full and rather heavy.