

on the street. How long do you think they will listen to you respectfully after the discovery that you do not understand your own language? So don't be impatient when your teacher corrects you for saying, 'I have saw,' or, 'They come to meeting yesterday.' Don't imagine it's enough if your meaning is understood. Nothing is enough that is not correct, and if you cannot learn your own language, your blunders in a foreign one may neutralize half the good you might do.

Can you imagine how it would seem, after having made an earnest appeal to a company of idolaters on behalf of their souls, and from their fixed attention drawing the conclusion that your message had really reached, and was influencing them, —can you imagine how it would seem, as the crowd dispersed, to overhear the one you had marked as the most interested listener inquire of a by-stander, 'What was that sahib gassing about?' 'Who knows? Couldn't understand anything he said, but what a lot of clothes he wears such a hot day, and how he flung his arms. A little crazy, perhaps.' The show ends. The crowd scatters, and leaves you covered with perspiration and shame.

Precious souls are lost because you neglected your grammar lessons. You will need a loving heart. Perhaps your place will be in some small village, where you will be the personal friend of old and young. The only real friend most of them ever will have. Men and women with gray hair, the lame, blind, and lepers, call you father. Every one brings you his cares and perplexities. The young people come with theirs, and you must help them in choosing husband or wife. And the children! God bless the children! If you are half the man you should be how they will encourage and strengthen by the way they believe in you. The little brown, unclad creatures will surround you at every turn, quarrelling over 'a finger apiece,' which they grasp as they run along with you in your walks. They surprise you with a merry 'peek-a-boo' as they suddenly appear about a corner, gazing into your face with a look of such perfect trust as your own face will never wear till you look upon the face of your Master.

How may you prepare for a trust like this? Be true, be true, be true! Never do, say, or think anything to offend the spirit of Christ within you. Believe in people. Learn to love the worst men and women you know and to find good in them; for there is good in all which will respond to love and to love only.

Yours in his name,

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

### Platform Work.

(E. H. Chandler, in 'The Advance'.)

There is nothing more worthy of cultivation in any child than a willing and glad ambition to do things. All education in the more elementary schools is being directed with increasing emphasis toward the development of the power of self-expression. And it is worth much to a child to gain such self-control as will enable it to work without hesitation in the presence of others.

This, however, is quite different from thrusting children forward to gain applause. Let the child in the home learn to sit down at the piano and play because of the worth of the music and in order to give some real pleasure to others,, and no

harm will result. But when that child plays a 'piece,' merely for the sake of an exhibition of unexpected skill, and in order to gain applause, the ill-effect will not long remain concealed.

All this is equally true of the religious exercises in which children are so often compelled to participate. Any exercise, whether it be the repetition of poetry or singing, which children can enter into unconstrainedly, with no other thought than of the message their words and songs convey, may be of profit both to the children and to other worshippers. Jesus himself would not venture to suppress the hosannas of the juvenile multitudes that hailed his coming into Jerusalem.

Contrast with this the usual exhibit made of children on church platforms or in children's religious organizations. The whole interest of both child and audience is centred in the performance itself rather than in any message conveyed. Self-consciousness is always apparent at such a time. Those who succeed in doing their parts without breaking down are praised for smartness. Those who fail are left with a bitter feeling toward their successful companions. But who is brought nearer to the eternal truth and into closer fellowship with the humble and joyous life of the kingdom of God.

### The Boy Who Won.

(Walter C. Stingel, in 'Michigan Advocate'.)

Tom Hildreth arose from his bed in the dry-goods box, and began his early morning search for some kind of work. He was a barefoot lad of fifteen, with ragged clothes and uncombed hair, but with a stout heart and a determination to succeed.

While on his early morning walk he chanced to pass a large store with a sign in the window, 'Boy Wanted.' Tom entered the store and asked for work. He was told to pile the loose wood in the cellar, for which he was to receive two shillings. He accepted and went about his work with the thought that if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. He remained in the cellar all morning and coming up at the noon hour he approached his employer and told him that he would return in the afternoon to finish his work. Being occupied with something else at the time, the manager thought nothing about Tom and his work.

In the evening Tom went to the manager for his two shillings, which he duly received, and then left the store in great haste to seek his humble bed in the box.

One bright morning Tom's old employer, having been directed to his humble bed by newsboys, aroused him and asked him to step forth.

'I've come to employ you, my young man,' said the manager.

'Yes, but I have no references to furnish you, my being a stranger in town, without parents or guardian, my home on the rough pavement, all these are a poor show.'

'Well, well, my lad, you have already given me excellent references, of which you are probably unaware. I have had different persons walk up to my office and ask me if I didn't need an honest boy. They referred me to a newsboy in the city a few miles down the same river that this stands on. "He was noted for his pluck, honesty and good qualities," they said. I wrote a notice for that boy to appear at my office in the store the following Monday. But I received a reply, stating that the boy had left town to seek his living in another city.

So I have come to employ you instead, and ask you to come with me.'

Tom walked with the manager to the store, and was led to the cellar where he had piled the wood.

'There is one of your references, Tom,' said the manager, pointing to the cellar.

Tom not only had piled the wood, but had transformed the whole cellar into a clean, tidy place. Every tool and instrument was placed in its own box, the coal was in a pile, and in fact everything was in its place. He was painstaking and thorough in every detail and a hard worker. These good qualities attracted his employer's attention, and for this reason Tom secured a fair position in the same store.

Ere he had worked very long, the manager, through correspondence, found that Tom Hildreth was the same honest newsboy who had been recommended to him by friends. This fact stood in Tom's favor, and he was advanced to a higher position.

Throughout his entire career he was a hard worker, and displayed the same thoroughness and painstaking, as when only fifteen years old he piled wood in a store, of which he lately became the head.

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