

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Regions Beyond.

The Heavenly Gardener walked abroad,  
And looked at His gardens fair.  
He noted the skill with which each was kept;  
He smiled on the blossoms rare;  
He saw that the paths were neatly swept,  
And the borders tended with care.

And the workers each with the others vied  
In making his plot the best;  
There were numbers of workers side by side,  
And they toiled with love and zest;  
And they said in their hearts, with noble  
pride,  
'We are doing our Lord's behest.'

But, lo! He looked, and far away,  
Unheeded by every eye,  
A plain that was barren, and drear, and grey,  
Neglected, and lone, and dry;  
For the busy laborers, day by day,  
Had seen it—and passed it by.

Then the Heavenly Gardener turned once  
more  
To the gardens so clean and fair:  
'Oh, servants of Mine, My heart is sore;  
Look out to that region bare!  
Mine, too, is that harvestless, cheerless moor,  
Will none of you labor there?'

Then the toilers lifted their wondering eyes  
From the plots they had called their own;  
They heard in their hearts the call 'Arise,  
Go out to that land so lone.'  
They were filled with sadness and shamed sur-  
prise—  
Oh, the fields which they might have sown!  
—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

## Appearances.

(By Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor  
World'.)

'So long as I believe I am doing the right  
thing it makes not the least difference in the  
world what other people think.' I am quot-  
ing from the words of a fair young girl who  
spoke with emphasis, and evidently thought  
her words wise and worthy of approval.

On the surface they seem so. What, ap-  
parently, could be more sensible than to move  
quietly along in the line of one's duty, with-  
out regard to other people's opinions?

And yet, of course, such logic will not bear  
studying. We all know that there are times  
when it becomes us to watch our ways with  
unusual care and to avoid, for the sake of  
what other people will think, the very path  
that, under other circumstances, would be  
right. This thought is at least as old as the  
Bible, and has been so often repeated that it  
would seem as if we all knew it by heart;  
yet the people are innumerable who seem  
still to think as my friend does. She has a  
vexed question to settle. There is a girl  
friend whom she is anxious to help. This  
friend is young and pretty and thoughtless,  
and 'hateful' people are beginning to talk  
about her a good deal. They say that she  
talks too loud in public places, and laughs  
too much; that she is too familiar with men,  
even going so far as to speak, 'just for fun,'  
to some who are almost strangers. There are  
'prudish' people who have stopped inviting her  
to their houses or allowing their daughters  
to visit her.

The poor child has noticed this, and is dread-  
fully hurt by it, but has been made, her  
friend thinks, far more reckless than she was  
before, by just this treatment. And now  
'mother' has taken alarm, and wants to nip  
the growing intimacy between this girl and  
her daughter. 'And that will simply break  
her heart!' says the daughter. 'I have a good  
deal of influence over her now, and can keep  
her from doing lots of silly things, though  
she laughs at me and calls me over-particular.  
But I know she will get perfectly reckless if  
I give her up; and I don't see why it wouldn't  
be mean and wrong to do so. Mother doesn't  
say I must; but she looks worried, and tells  
what people say, and what they will think,  
and wishes I wouldn't until I'm half-dis-  
tracted. It doesn't make the least difference  
to me what people say.'

Garret, in his 'Marvels and Mysteries of  
Instinct,' writes:—

'A singular case is given of a person who  
was travelling in Holland, and accompanied  
by a Newfoundland dog. Not taking proper  
heed to his steps in an evening walk along a

than he was in the water, and engaged in a  
struggle to rescue him from his peril. A  
party at a distance saw the faithful servant  
at one moment pushing, and at another drag-  
ging, the body towards a small creek, when,  
at length, he succeeded in landing his charge  
and placing it as far from the water as pos-



high bank by the side of one of those canals  
common in the country, his foot slipped, let-  
ting him into the deep with a plunge; and,  
being unable to swim, the fish's element soon  
deprived him of his senses. In the meantime  
the sagacious animal had no sooner discovered  
the danger to which his master was exposed,

stole. This being done, the dog first shook  
himself, and then licked the hands and face  
of his apparently dead lord. The body being  
conveyed to a neighboring house, the efforts  
to restore the lost senses were successful.—  
From 'Dogs and their Doings.' By Rev. F. O.  
Morris, B.A.

She is wrong, dear girl; with a heart as  
true as steel she is letting it work havoc with  
her judgment. She needs to learn that in  
all probability the girl friend needs just such  
a lesson as the 'prudish' people are giving her.  
In other words, a girl who has not lost all  
sense of self-respect will herself take the  
alarm when she discovers that those whom she  
respects and likes are so grieved by her con-  
duct that they cannot give her the place in  
their hearts and homes which they otherwise  
would. Very early in life one should learn that  
the place he may occupy in the respectable  
world depends largely upon himself. Other  
things being equal, we shall help and not hin-  
der him by keeping this thought in mind.

If I am to advise the young friend who is  
troubled for her friend I shall say to her:  
Dear girl, be as frank as daylight with that  
one whose future troubles you. Say to her  
gently in some quiet hour: 'Dear heart, I  
love you, and want the best for you; and un-  
less you will try earnestly and earnestly to do

the best for yourself, so that those looking  
on can respect your life, I must not hinder  
you and hurt myself by being your companion.  
Your friend I shall remain in the truest sense  
of that often ill-used word.'

Does that sound hard to you, sound stilted,  
unnatural? Of course I do not mean use just  
those words; put the thought into the sim-  
plest, most natural of your every-day phrases;  
but use the 'thought.' I am sure it will help  
her—and you. I know you do not like to  
think of yourself in this connection. You are  
repelled by the idea of needing to shield your-  
self; yet your mother is right, as mothers so  
often are.

Let me tell you of a letter I received re-  
cently. I have thought long about it,  
whether or not to tell you of it. The letter  
is so strange, so sad! yet it was evidently  
written with a purpose which in part meets  
your needs. It is from a young woman who  
plainly says that she has lost her place in the  
respectable world, and with the calmness of