

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Oct. 6. Judges ii. 1-12, 16. Mark x. 13-17.
 " 13. Judges vii. 13-23. Gen. xxviii. 6-30.
 " 20. Ruth i. 14-22. Gen. xxviii. 10-22
 " 27. I. Sam. iii. 1-13. Gen. xxxvii. 1-12

DEAR JESUS, BE MY LIGHT.

I USED to be afraid at night
 When all was dark and still,
 And beg for just a crack of light
 Beneath the door—until

Mamma said: "Would you be afraid
 If I were with you, dear?"
 "Why, no, of course not; if you stayed,
 What would there be to fear?"

And then mamma, she softly said:
 "The One who loves you best
 Is caring for you in my stead,
 He holds you on His breast.

"He will not leave His little one;
 When shades of evening fall,
 And joys and cares of day are done,
 He watches over all.

"His holy angels hover near
 Throughout the long, dark night,
 Ask Him, and He will surely hear,
 'Dear Jesus, be my light.'
 —Cora W. Gregory, in *The Churchman*.

TALKS WITH "OUR GIRLS."

I RECEIVED such a pleasant surprise this month, dear girls, a dainty booklet, bound in silver and white, bestrewn with tiny sprigs of carnations. "A collection of light verses to charm away an idle hour." Such was my first thought. I opened the pages at random, and read:

"Have you not a word for Jesus?
 Some perchance, while you are dumb,
 Wait and weary for your message,
 Hoping you will bid them come."

The little book was more than a pretty gift; it was a message full of serious import. And after the darkness fell, and I could no longer see to read, the refrain of its title, "Under the Surface," sent me into a twilight reverie, not gloomy, but profitable.

I think that one of the reasons we so often form superficial judgments, and give way to unreasonable prejudices, is just because we take life, or, rather, we live our lives on the surface instead of *under* the surface.

One morning, last week, I went by chance into the private office of a large firm. I was greeted by a gloomy-browed young woman, with downcast eyes and a most ungracious manner. She answered

my questions grudgingly, almost curtly; "an intensely disagreeable, rude, young person!" I immediately decided; as I reached the door, I caught the sound of a stifled sob. I turned hastily and discovered that the "intensely disagreeable, rude, young person" was bent over her desk, her whole frame shaken by a paroxysm of uncontrollable grief. A few questions brought to light a pitiful tale. A young widow, just returned from the grave of her only child, an aged mother, stricken unto death by the blow, and the grim necessity of the bread-winner to struggle, day after day, to supply the wants of a cheerless existence. *Under* the surface, girls, was hidden the pathetic tragedy of this broken life.

Another picture rises before me; this time it is a scene of festivity; a young woman, beautiful, brilliant, and wealthy, is the cynosure of all eyes. What thought has she beyond this butterfly existence? We pass our judgment upon her; thoughtless, heartless, and frivolous! A day later, the same figure can be seen passing with gentle tread through the crowded wards of a hospital. Under the glittering surface beat a tender, womanly heart.

And now, dear girls, forgive me, if I am too personal; but even, as we meet one another at our little weekly reunions, and take one another's hands in meeting and parting, how seldom do we make an effort to get under the surface! Do we ever imagine that the girl at our side, whom we call stupid and cross, is perhaps bearing the burden of a secret sorrow, or that some other, whose ready laugh irritates us, and whom we pronounce flippant and selfish, is hungering for a word of spiritual help? I remember my professor of botany once announcing as a scientific fact, that every thorn was a bruised blossom, and, if this be true, it contains a beautiful and suggestive lesson. Surely, the command to love our neighbor as ourselves must mean the love of the inner as well as of the outer. We all know that a thorn can never become a flower, no matter how skilled the gardener; but a soul, even if to us it seem useless, and only fit to sting and hurt, can be transformed by God, through us, perhaps, by a timely word, a sympathetic glance, an earnest prayer, into one of the most rare and fragrant of consecrated lives, a flower fit to bloom forever in God's presence. Dear girls, I feel very earnest over this thought, over this responsibility laid upon us all, because I am sure we are oftentimes careless and indifferent.—*Our Church*.

PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HELP.

JOHN SUMMERS had collected a number of his boy friends to help him build a dam on the pretty brook which ran through his father's farm. The object was to make a pond, in which the boys might bathe, and which might also be used for sheep washing and for other farm purposes. The work went on harmoniously, if noisily, and amid a great deal of good-natured merriment, till a difference of opinion arose about a matter of construction.

"This is the place for the gate!" said Harry Fielder. "Put it here, John!"

"I don't think so," answered John. "The gate should be in the middle. Father said so."

"Of course it should," said two or three of the boys, and one of them added: "Anyhow, Harry, it is John's dam, and it is for him to say."

"Oh, very well!" said Harry. "If you all know so much about it, you can do the work yourselves." And throwing down his hoe he walked away, hoping perhaps to be called back, but no such thing happened.

The boys finished their work, and Mr. Summers, being called to inspect it, pronounced it well done.

"But where is Harry Fielder?" he asked. "I thought he was here."

"He was," answered John; "but he got mad because we would not do everything his way, and so he went off."

"Harry is always that way!" remarked Lewis Ford. "He never can *help*. He must boss the job, or he won't do anything."

"That is a bad fault, certainly!" said Mr. Summers. "Well, boys, you have done a good job, and John and I are much obliged to you. Wash yourselves now, and come and have some supper."

The supper table was set in the shady side yard, and covered with good things, and Harry passed while the boys were eating. He went home feeling mortified and unhappy, but it never occurred to him to think the fault was his own.

I fear there are a good many boys and girls, yes, and men and women as well, who have Harry's fault. These people cannot *help*. They can do nothing except in their own way. Maria is making a dress for Jane, who mildly suggests that she would like the trimming put on another way. Down goes the dress on the instant. "Oh, well, if you know so much better than I, you had better make it yourself." Mrs. Brown suggests a