

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

	International.	Institute.
Sept.	5th..2 Cor. ix., 1-11..1 Pet. ii., 13-25.	
"	12th..Rom. xii., 9-21..1 Sam. xvi., 1-13.	
"	19th..Acts xx., 22-35..1 Sam. xvii., 4-13.	29-51.
"	26th..Review.....1 Sam. xviii., 1-4 ;	xix., 1-7.

## WHISTLE AND HOE.

There's a boy just over the garden fence  
Who is whistling all through the live-  
long day ;  
And his work is not just a mere pretense,  
For you see the weeds he has cut away.  
Whistle and hoe,  
Sing as you go,  
Shorten the row  
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear ;  
He has scarcely time for a growl, I  
know ;  
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,  
He must find some pleasure in every  
row.  
Whistle and hoe,  
Sing as you go,  
Shorten the row  
By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that  
you hoe ;  
For if you are idle the briers will  
spread ;  
And whistling alone to the end of the row  
May do for the weeds, but is bad for  
the bread.  
Whistle and hoe,  
Sing as you go,  
Shorten the row  
By the songs you know.

—Selected.

## WHICH WOULD YOU DO ?

"Which place do I want to  
go ?"

Gertie had been walking very  
fast toward the gate. But she  
began going slower and slower,  
and at length stopped. Then she  
turned back and seated herself on  
the shady porch.

"I don't know whether I would  
rather go to Elsie's or Lill's."

It was plainly a grave question,  
to judge by the sober way in  
which Gertie looked straight be-  
fore her.

Just then Aunt Amy came  
around the corner and sat beside  
her.

"Why, is this you, Gertie?"  
she said. "Seems to me I know  
of a little girl, an hour or more

ago, who could scarcely wait to  
eat her dinner, and then to take  
time to dress. I thought you  
were in such a hurry to get away,  
dear."

"Well, so I am, Aunt Amy.  
But now that I am all ready to  
go, I can't quite make up my  
mind where I want to go."

"That is quite a question to  
settle."

"You see, auntie, this is Satur-  
day afternoon—the only good,  
long afternoon I have to do just  
as I please. Two of the girls  
asked me to go and see them,  
and I don't know which one would  
be the nicest. Both will be nice.  
I shall have a real good time at  
either one."

"A pity to have two nice times  
crowding you so," said Aunt  
Amy.

"Yes, ma'am," said Gertie,  
with rather a mournful shake of  
her head. "Now, if I go to El-  
sie's, there will be tennis. And  
Elsie's mother always gives us  
something nice to eat."

"That is surely very pleasant,"  
said Aunt Amy.

"But Elsie gets cross some-  
times. If she gets beaten, it  
makes her angry, and she says  
she wishes I hadn't come."

"That is not at all pleasant."

"Still, I like it there," said  
Gertie. "The other is Lill. She  
lives by the little brook, and we  
go there and wade and have a  
picnic under the trees, and it's—  
just—splendid!"

"It sounds so, dear."

"Yes. Both are nice, you see,  
auntie. Now, what would you  
do if it were you ?"

"Well, if I were a little girl  
like you, I am pretty sure I  
should do just as you are going  
to do—choose the thing which  
you think will give you the most  
pleasure."

"That's what I am trying to  
do, you know, auntie."

"But the thing I, being a good  
deal older, would advise you to  
do, is to think of a little something  
besides the mere pleasure of the  
day. God has given you these  
delightful hours in which to amuse  
yourself. He has given you good  
health and your strong, young  
limbs, ready to enjoy all the

sweet and beautiful things which  
come in your way. It is right  
that you should enjoy them. But  
wouldn't it be a good thing if you  
could let in a thought of some-  
thing besides pleasure—if you  
could seek a little pleasure for  
some one else ?"

Gertie sat for half a minute,  
still with her grave face.

"Well, well," said Aunt Amy,  
with a laugh ; "go off, my bird ;  
have the best time you can.  
Only," as she kissed her, "try to  
make it the kind of time you will  
be glad to think of when the day  
is done."

What kind of a time would  
that be ?

Gertie kept up her thinking as  
she walked down the street ; "A  
little pleasure for some one else."

She did not want to think of  
that, nor of something else which  
it had brought to her mind.

Just as she was leaving the  
playground the day before, a  
little girl, more shabbily dressed  
than herself or Elsie or Lill, had  
come shyly up to her.

"You—couldn't come to our  
house a little while to-morrow, I  
s'pose, could you ?" she said.  
"Mollie sprained her foot, and it  
hurts her, and she cries a good  
deal, and she has to keep still all  
the time, and"—

"No, I couldn't," Gertie had  
answered ; "I'm going somewhere  
else."

The girl had turned away with  
a disappointed face. Gertie had  
not thought of it again until now,  
Aunt Amy's words brought her  
back.

"I don't want to go to Janet's.  
It's a miserable little bit of a  
place. I shouldn't have a bit of  
fun."

But she could not get the faces  
of the two sisters out of her mind.  
They were almost strangers in  
the school, and very few of  
the girls had much to do with  
them."

"I'll go," at length she de-  
cided.

She tripped back and got the  
last number of the *Children's Mag-  
azine*, then went to the dining-  
room and filled a paper bag with  
fruit left from the dessert.

The shy, rather sad little face