

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., 4-11,
 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 before 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 Saturday 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 Elsie'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 sometimes. 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 something 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 decided.

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

The shy, rather sad little face