

# Boys and Girls.

## [For the Messenger.] Eva's Little Errand.

A HYMN STORY.

(By Anstance Rede.)

### CHAPTER I.

#### 'JESUS HAS LOVED ME.'

Evangeline Evans walked down East Ninth street on Easter Sunday with a bright face but not with the newest of dresses. Her hat was the felt one she had had all winter, and she wore a serviceable shawl instead of a pretty jacket.

'Easter hat! Easter hat!' shouted some little boys and a couple of stones flew along the street in Eva's direction, fortunately not so well aimed as to strike the offending hat or its owner. Eva was often hooted by the small boys of Ninth street who were told by the priests that she was a wicked woman and a witch. The first they had actually seen of her depravity was this appearing on Easter Sunday without so much as a new flower or a piece of a feather in her hat.

Eva walked rapidly on, not only to get out of the region where stoning was a popular pastime, but because she did not wish to be late for dinner at her aunt's. The house was at some distance and she would not take the car.

'Why, Eva dear!' said the cousin who opened the door, giving a little gasp of horror at the sight of the shawl. Then she greeted her kindly and led her into the sitting room, where Aunt Dorothy sat with her spectacle case lying across the open bible on her lap. The orphan niece received a warm kiss and a command to lay off her wrap, at once, as dinner couldn't wait.

'But, really, Eva,' protested Mabel, 'your winter cloak was bad enough!' 'Doesn't it look like a cape?' asked Eva humbly, 'I thought it looked quite like a cape fastened this way.'

'Listen, mother, she thinks it looks like a cape. You would think she had been to Madame Delaine's and chosen the most stylish thing she could find.'

Mabel's merry voice always did her cousin good, no matter what she said. So Eva answered apologetically, 'I could have come without a wrap of any kind if I had had my new dress, but it won't be finished till next week.'

'Now, isn't that just like you, dear, dear,' said Mabel with mock plaintiveness, 'Eva, you are really incorrigible, I suppose you will have a straw hat too, will you, sometime about the end of the summer?'

'The little boys on Ninth street threw stones at my hat,' said Eva, smiling to see the horror, partly real and partly assumed, on her cousin's face. 'They thought, like you, Aunt Dorothy, that every one should have new clothes at Easter. I should have been very glad to have some, but I have been a little short of money lately, and a few days doesn't make much difference. No, they didn't hit me; I have only once been struck with a stone and that just grazed my elbow.'

'You didn't tell us. When was that?'

'Oh, in January, it didn't hurt worth mentioning.'

'But you were afraid to tell us, all the same; Ah ha!' said Mabel gaily. 'You knew we would have insisted on your coming here, and that would have spoiled your little plan of boarding in the slums.'

'It is not the slums, Mabel,' said Mrs. Jenkins, reprovingly. 'There is no occasion to make things worse than they are.'

Eva's locality is perfectly respectable, though not what I would consider a suitable place for an Evans. Do you still find your boarding-house tolerably comfortable, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, Aunt Dorothy,' replied Eva, quickly, but she blushed a little, for her Aunt's plain little Sunday dinner, to which a small desert of jelly had been added in honor of the occasion, seemed to her an ideal of luxury compared with the monotony of fried sundries and vapid soup that formed her ordinary diet. 'Of course, it is very different from the slums,' she added.

'Well, you know what I have always said, Evangeline,' said the old lady, with somewhat formal emphasis, 'my offer is always open to you. Any day that you intimate a wish to come here, I will ask Mrs. Fulford to look for another room. And you shall come here and pay only what you are paying where you are; and as you won't be tempted to spend your money on this and that for people in the streets that ought to look after themselves, you will be able to dress in a more becoming manner, not in the richest materials, of course, that is not desirable, but modestly and yet stylishly, as Mabel does.'

Mabel tapped her spoon on her saucer with a slight grimace, at this conclusion. Eva looked up pleasantly.

'Thank you, Aunt Dorothy, it's very kind of you, too kind altogether. I almost think I would come if I were not so happy where I am.'

'So happy! Well, what a girl you are,' cried Mabel, and Mrs. Jenkins began to remark in her deliberate manner upon the floral decorations of St. George's and the forwardness of the season.

But after dinner there was a quiet talk between the aunt and the erratic niece.

'Tell me, my dear, do you really find a satisfaction in doing for these people. Of course most of the poor are undeserving. Do you find your proteges grateful?'

'Some of them are, Aunt. The girl I gave my old shoes to is grateful every time

I see her. Sometimes I go round a corner to avoid seeing her, for I don't know why she should be so very thankful to me just for giving her some shoes and stockings—about a month ago, too. She did need them so badly, you would have given them to her yourself if you had seen hers. And she has kept her work and has bought herself an umbrella this week, wasn't that sensible? instead of a hat with feathers.'

'Wasn't your brown cloak thick enough to keep the rain off her?' asked Mabel, who was pretending to read by the window, 'or did you give that to somebody else?'

Eva looked a little out of countenance but went on without noticing the interruption. 'And the Mrs. Brown that I board with is so nice, Aunt Dorothy. She scolds her children a good deal, I suppose she has to, seeing there are seven of them; but she is always so pleasant to me, and anxious to do things for me. And the older children come with me to the children's meeting at the hall and I feel as if I were their aunt, or something.'

'That may be all very well if you like it; it would not be at all to my taste,' replied her aunt. 'But have you not discouragements and disagreeable experiences? I should think you must often meet with disillusion. You start out thinking so highly of all these wretched creatures, and they are hardly ever deserving of it, my dear, hardly ever.'

'Oh, yes, there are discouragements,' said Eva, slowly. She could not tell her aunt, all the things that she and the other ladies connected with the mission had to endure. 'And sometimes I find I have been mistaken about a person and that makes me feel badly, of course, but I am careful only to make friends with people who seem nice, and then even if they are not so very deserving I like to do what I can, because they need a little friendliness and I love some of them very much.'

'You cannot love people who are not deserving, my dear, that would not be reasonable. As for the few really deserving cases,

## Wonderful Saviour!

Words by J. W. MacGill.

Tune, Baliste's Andante, from 'Christian Worker Music,' by kind permission.

Je - sus has loved me—won - der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has

Chorus—Glo - ry to Je - sus—Won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to

loved me, I can - not tell why; . . . Came He to res - cue

Je - sus, the One I a - dore; . . . Glo - ry to Je - sus—

sin - ners— all worth - less, My heart He con - quer'd— for Him I would die.

won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

Jesus has saved me—wonderful Saviour!  
Jesus has saved me, I cannot tell how;  
All that I know is He was my ransom;  
Dying on Calvary, with thorns on His brow.  
Glory to Jesus, etc.

Jesus will lead me—wonderful Saviour!  
Jesus will lead me, I cannot tell where;  
But I will follow, through joy or sorrow,  
Sunshine or tempest, sweet peace or despair.  
Glory to Jesus, etc.