

## Our Young Folk.

### GROWN-UP LAND.

GOOD-MORNING, fair maid, with lashes brown,  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop,  
'Tis picking up stitches Grandma will drop,  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,  
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,  
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,  
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,  
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,  
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray:  
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—  
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hills, Work,  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, Shirk,  
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,  
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,  
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estates in Grown-Up Land.

—*Missionary Visitor.*

### HOW ONE BOY FACED THE WORLD.

ABOUT twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old—a handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor, and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman, and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale, and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the penny he borrowed (make a note of that, boys), and he now had one cent of his own. With it he bought another paper and sold it for two cents, and so on. He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This was a favorite place with the newsboys and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, won standing room for himself, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in stenography and typewriting. He began in a class with two hundred others. When he graduated from the course only six remained with him. There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They are like boys chasing a butterfly. Pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing somewhere in the woods, or they stop to skip pebbles in the river. It is only the few that go on—right straight on—who catch the butterfly we call "success."

Well, this boy became a stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen he was president of their society. He

then went to a leading college and took the entire four years course of preparation in two years, at the same time supporting himself and his mother by his stenographic work for the professors. He kept up his health by regular outdoor exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, tobacco or alcoholic drinks. His food was simple—mostly fish, vegetable and fruit. He had a good conscience; there was no meanness about him. When he was twenty years of age he became the private secretary of one of the greatest capitalists in America. Of course he had a large salary. He was clear-cut in everything he did; there was no slackness in his work. The gentleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but his young private secretary, with quiet dignity, declined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gracious manner. It is to the credit of the great capitalist that when his secretary told him he never used tobacco or liquor, he answered, "I honor you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chicagoan is Jerome Raymond. He is now the private secretary of Bishop Thoburn.

He was my stenographer, on and off, two years, and I think most highly of him.—*Frances E. Williard, in Union Signal.*

POMARE, Queen of Tahiti and Morea, was seventy years of age when she died. At her birth the first missionaries had just landed in the South Seas; at her death three hundred islands were evangelized. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

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