

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

April 7th..Mark iii. 1-11 Isa. liii. 1 to end.
 " 14th..I. Cor. xv. 3-14... Matt. xxviii. 1-11.
 " 21st..Matt. xxiv. 42-51... Phil. ii. 5-14.
 " 28th..Mark xiv. 12-26... Luke iv. 16-31.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
 Go while it is called to-day ;
 For the years go out and the years come in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win ;
 Of those who may work or play.
 And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before ;
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet
 Going down to the river where two world's meet :
 They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
 And duty, too, assigned,
 Step into the front with a cheerful face,
 Be quick, or another may take your place,
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
 That you never can tread again—
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
 Work for the plow, plane, spindle, and pen—
 Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
 Temptations without and within :
 And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
 As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth ;
 Put on the helmet, and breast-plate, and shield,
 And the sword the feeblest hand may wield
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
 With the peace of the Gospel shod,
 And before high heaven do the best you can
 For the great reward, and the good of man,
 For the kingdom and crown of God.

WHAT SPOILED THE HELP.

"If I could only help!"

So thought Nan Gerrish—bright ten-year-old Nan, who loved her mother dearly. There were two young Gerrishes besides Nan, and no papa to work for them. Their mother toiled away at the slop-work that paid for her living, glad that she could buy food and shelter for her children.

Mrs. Gerrish was pressing seams with her heavy "goose." Nan was overcasting. Very busily she worked, though she thought it the stupidest business in the world.

"Mamma," said Nan, after what seemed to her a long silence, "don't you think I can wash dishes pretty well?"

"Very well indeed for such a little girl." "I am glad you think so," replied the child, and bent over her work more earnestly than ever. She was hurrying with all her might, for in her little brain there was a plan for "s'prising" that tired mother.

After a while the overcasting was all finished, and still mamma worked away at the sewing-machine.

"I think I could get supper, mamma," piped up the little voice.

"You?"

"I know I never have, but—but s'posin'—"

"Suppose what?"

"A little girl whose mother was sick would have to get her own supper—wouldn't she?"

Mrs. Gerrish stopped her work for a moment. What Nan had just said went straight to her heart. Why should she not begin now?

So mamma reasoned, and the end was that she told Nan to light the fire, put over some water in the granite-ware kettle, and set the table.

"When the water boils," she said, "put in some oatmeal very slowly, as you have seen me do. Cut some bread, and dish some of the dried-apple sauce."

"And make some tea for you, mamma?"

"Yes, when the rest is all done. Now I am going to leave the supper to you. I will not notice what you are doing."

Thus put upon her honor, Nan moved about with all the dignity of an experienced housekeeper.

"If those noisy boys don't come till the supper is all ready I shall be glad," she said to herself. "I can't get along with Tom. He is so saucy. He won't ever mind anything I say, and he is ever so much the youngest—two whole years at least."

The housework went on admirably. The table was set with the greatest neatness. The oatmeal was watched by a pair of very bright black eyes, and did not dare scorch so much as a single grain of itself. The water bubbled and boiled in the bright tin tea-kettle. When Tom and Fred came, they would go to Neighbour Duncan's for the pint of milk. There were children at the Duncans' who had all the milk they wanted. A pint seemed such a small quantity to the little Gerrishes! But sometimes they ate molasses with their oatmeal, and drank the milk. Then there seemed to be more of it.

The work was done on the sewing-

machine, and mamma had gone upstairs to rest a moment, smooth her hair, and put on a white apron. A noise of voices and feet was heard at the back door, and two rosy boys burst in pell-mell, shouting:

"Where's mamma?"

"I am getting supper," said Nan, with an important air. "Tom, you must get the milk immediately."

"Guess I sha'n't hurry for you," said Tom, taking the milk can and starting off in a provokingly slow fashion.

"O dear! mamma's tea will steep too much," said Nan, fluttering about nervously.

Tom was gone so long that the young housekeeper had time to get thoroughly vexed. When he returned, she rushed up to him and tried to pull the can from his hands. He objected, and in the struggle the milk was spilled upon the kitchen floor. The children stood looking at it in dismay when poor, weary mamma appeared.

There was no need for words. Nan knew she had hindered more than she had helped. Mamma seated herself at the table and drank her tea "clear," though she did not relish it so.

After the boys had gone to bed, Nan sat down by mother's side to confess.

"I should have been a true help if I had not got mad with Tom," she said ruefully.

"We can never be of much real help to others till we learn to control ourselves," said Mrs. Gerrish, stooping to kiss Nan's tear-wet cheek.—*Mary F. Butts, in Sunday School Times.*

GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

A COLORED girl was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered:

"Yes, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked.

She answered promptly, "I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For a while the girl kept on with her work; then she slowly said: "Master George, I pray into God's ears, not His eyes. My voice is like another girl's, and if I say what I ought to say God does not stop to look at my skin; He knows what it is like, for He made it."—*Gospel Trumpet.*