

## THE APPEAL OF A CHILD-WIDOW IN INDIA.

WRITTEN FOR ALBANY MORNING STAR  
CIRCLE.

"Are you never, *ever* coming with the  
glad good news to me?  
The 'good news' that lights with glory  
that great land beyond the sea!  
Oh! I think if but you knew it, knew how  
tired, how very sad  
I've been *so* long, awaiting *every day* for  
something glad—

"If you *knew* I think you'd hurry, for  
they say you're good and kind,  
For oh! I'm but a widow, and my life lies  
all behind,  
And I am *so* *very* little. *How* I want to  
run away  
From out this hateful prison out into the  
open day!

"Perhaps 'tis all a fable, but I've heard  
them, talking low,  
When they thought I did not listen (per-  
haps it isn't so),  
Tell about a beauteous country where the  
little children may  
Go about with none to stop them, yes, and  
that they *laugh* and *play*!

"Play among the grass and flowers, and  
there're no *child-widows* there!  
And *they say* they have a *good* God to  
whom they can kneel in prayer—  
One who loves them, yes, and us here; and  
that messengers of His have come  
Here from Him to tell the good news—  
but *I've* never had *one* *crumb*

"Of the joy *they say* they're bringing from  
that land far o'er the sea!  
Oh! *can* it be true, oh! *ever* will they find  
their way to me—  
Come and lead me out of prison, as, *they*  
*say*, they *can* and *will*,  
From this weary place, so motionless, no  
grave more drear and still."

—A. McN

## IF I WERE A BOY.

If I were a boy again I would look on  
the cheerful side of everything, for al-  
most everything has a cheerful side. Life  
is very much like a mirror; if you smile  
upon it, it smiles back again on you, but  
if you frown and look doubtful upon it,  
you will be sure to get a similar look in  
return. I once heard it said of a grumb-  
ling, unthankful person, "He would have  
made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if  
he had happened to be born in that station  
of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only  
the heart of the owner, but all who come  
in contact with it. Indifference begets  
indifference. "Who shuts love out, in  
turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school  
myself to say "No" oftener. I might  
write pages on the importance of learning  
very early in life to gain that point where  
a young man can stand erect and decline  
doing an unworthy thing because it is un-  
worthy, but the whole subject is so ad-  
mirably treated by dear old President  
James Walker, who was once the head of  
Harvard College, that I beg you to get his  
volume of discourses and read what he  
has to tell you about saying No on every  
proper occasion. Dr. Walker had that  
supreme art of "putting things" which is  
now so rare among instructors of youth or  
age, and what he has left for mankind to  
read is written in permanent ink.

If I were a boy again I would demand  
of myself more courtesy toward my com-  
panions and friends. Indeed, I would  
rigorously exact it of myself toward stran-  
gers as well. The smallest courtesies, in-  
terspersed along the rough roads of life,  
are like the little English sparrows now  
singing to us all winter long, and making  
that season of ice and snow more endura-  
ble to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and  
this shall be my parting paragraph. In-  
stead of trying so hard as some of us do to  
be happy, as if that were the sole purpose  
of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try  
still harder to deserve happiness. —*Journal*  
*of Education.*