

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Wilt Thou Go?

'As My Father hath sent me, even so send I you,' John xx., 21.

Of't have we in joyful moments  
Cried, 'Lord, I will follow Thee!  
"Anywhere" I'll go with Jesus—  
O'er the land, across the sea.'  
Then at times quite unexpected  
He will put us to the test,  
Saying, 'Rise and venture forward:  
Trust in Me, leave all the rest!

'Long enough thou here hast tarried,  
Laboring in the homeland dear,  
Telling o'er and o'er the story  
(Of't, alas, in careless ear!).  
Now My time has come to thrust thee  
Forth into a far-off land,  
Where the millions sit in darkness,  
Perishing on every hand.

'Wilt thou go, My child, and tell these  
How I left My Father's side,  
Being sent of Him, I suffered,  
For man's sins was crucified.  
How I rose again triumphant  
O'er the tomb, o'er death and woe—  
All that they might be forgiven  
And true joy forever know.'

'Wilt thou go?' I hear Him saying.  
'Is the sacrifice too great?'  
Surely not too great for Jesus!  
Hasten, lest it be too late!  
Let us show we are in earnest,  
That our words were real, not vain,  
And rise up to do His bidding—  
He may never call again.

'Tell them, too, I'm coming quickly,  
When those who in Me believe  
With exceeding joy and gladness  
To Myself I will receive.  
Then from ev'ry land and nation  
Gathered home My Bride will be,  
And presented to My Father  
His own chosen gift to me.'  
—Edith B. Scholfield, in the 'Recorder.'

## A Dream and What Came of It

(Kate S. Gates, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'You don't happen to know of a thoroughly straightforward, reliable young fellow who wants a good place, do you?' said Mr. Denison to his pastor, Dr. Roberts, as they walked down street together one morning.

'Esterbrook is going to leave me. He has a slight tendency to consumption, you know, and the doctor advises him to go to Colorado. His brother-in-law out there has made him a good offer, and he will go this fall.'

'If I could get just the right kind of fellow I should like to work him in with me just as I should have my own boy, if he had lived. But he must be perfectly trustworthy and willing to work, and there aren't any too many of that sort now-a-days.'

'There's that young Armstrong who comes to our church, he seems like a nice young fellow,' suggested Dr. Roberts.

'Yes, I have had my eye on him; he comes from a good Christian family, but I am half afraid that he is drifting into bad company. I have seen him round with Joe Carey several times, and you know who Joe is—lazy, extravagant and fast. I should not feel any confidence in a covey of his. Well, keep your eye out, and let me know if you see or hear of any one you think I would like.'

Richard Armstrong sat on the edge of his

bed in the tiny little hall chamber of his boarding place, with his pocketbook in his hand, early one Sunday morning. 'I haven't the remotest idea why I feel obliged to open this,' he said to himself with a laugh. 'I know perfectly well that there is just one five dollar bill there, not a single penny more, and won't be until I'm paid off again next Saturday. My board is paid, but my washwoman isn't, so \$2 of this isn't mine after all, as my mother looks at it. And I ought to give Deacon Fay \$1 to-day for my seat in church. Therefore, according to my mother again, I have not but \$2 to my name, and that racket to-morrow night calls for \$5.'

'To go or not to go—that is the question. Oh, yes, I know that blessed mother of mine would say there wasn't any question about it; I ought not to go. She is always right, I know she is—but she's a saint, and I'm just a healthy young fellow hankering after a jolly good time with the rest of the fellows.'

'Plague take it, I wish they hadn't asked me, then I wouldn't have to decide, though that is rather a cowardly way of looking at it. What was that the minister said last Sunday, that we must have struggles in this life unless we were like useless bits of driftwood, not amounting to anything. I know I thought it a fine thing when he said it, and I meant to be very strong and come off conquerer every time, but it seems much grander to contemplate such things afar off. When you are face to face with the temptation, it seems like the only thing worth while in the world.'

'I "do" want to go to-morrow night the very worst way. Now what am I going to do? I must let Carey know this noon.' Again and again Richard went over the arguments for and against the desired pleasure.

'A fellow couldn't work all the time, he actually needs recreation. If you don't accept your invitations when you have them, you will be left out soon. What harm could there be in asking Mrs. Donahue to wait a week or two for her pay, and as for the pew rent, why no end of folks hired whole pews and let the rent run for a year or two. There was no need for him to feel so terribly particular over one sitting in a back pew.'

'That is neither here nor there, Richard Armstrong,' said Conscience sharply. 'It does not excuse you in the least if everybody is behind. "You" are to do your duty whether others do theirs or not. In fact it is all the more necessary for you to be prompt if you think others will fail. As for recreation, there are plenty of ways for you to get rest and amusement without getting into debt. You know you promised your mother you would never do that unless it was a case of actual necessity—which it is not. Don't you remember she said that it was neither more nor less than stealing to use money that you owed to some one?'

There was a peculiar little flutter and rustle, and then it seemed to Richard that he heard a strange voice saying: 'I think that I ought to have something to say about it. I am almost a new five dollar bill. I went from the bank into the hands of a good man. He was not a rich man, but he gave me to a poor sick widow to help pay rent. Then a little fellow who had been working and saving for nearly a year to get a new dress for his mother's birthday present swapped his pennies and nickels off for me, I was so crisp and new. After that some one put me into the contribution box for missions, so you see I have been

on good errands so far, and I must say I do not like to be misused. Besides, I happen to know that Mrs. Donahue is counting on your money to buy medicine for her sick baby—if it should die for lack of it do you think you would feel that your pleasure for an evening was worth such a price? Your pastor is waiting anxiously for quarter day, his little boys need new shoes, his little girl is home from school because her rubbers leak, and he cannot sleep nights for thinking of his unpaid grocery bill.'

'Oh, yes, I know that your \$1 would not go far towards meeting all those bills, but you must not fail to do your part, even if it seems too small to count much. Remember the general who charged his soldiers on the eve of battle to each fight as if the battle rested on him.'

'Furthermore, from what I know of your mother, she would not want you to be in just that sort of company, I think, would she?'

'No, she would not, and I am not going, so now,' said Richard, so vehemently that it woke him up. 'Well, well,' he exclaimed, 'if I haven't been asleep, and it was only a dream after all! Never mind, my good friend, you gave me some good advice, and I am very much obliged to you. I shall not go to-morrow night—nor any other night with those fellows for that matter. I will stop and pay Mrs. Donahue on my way to church—shall I enquire for the baby, eh?—and Deacon Fay will have my pew rent to-day whether he has the others or not.'

'Young Armstrong is with me,' said Mr. Denison to his pastor as they walked down street together again a few weeks later.

'You see I happened to know that Joe Carey was trying to get him into his set, and I would not trust a fellow who went with that crowd. But I found out that Armstrong had told Joe frankly that he couldn't afford to go round with him, so I took him on trial. He is doing first rate. He has a good mother, and he means to follow her teachings. I shall give him a good chance to work up. I believe in mother boys.'

## Two Old Women of Hoihow.

(Olivia Kerr McCandliss, in 'Woman's Work for Women.')

One day a quaint little old woman in Hoihow invited me into the rear building where her home, or rather ruin, is. Two-thirds of the roof had fallen in, and remaining beams looked ready to fall. The old woman and her house looked alike, and I wondered how either had stood so long in a land devastated by plague, cholera and typhoons. One side of the house afforded a partial shelter, and here were her bed, the tablets of her ancestors and the family gods. She took me with pride to see these images and told me that when the temple gong sounded for prayer, long before dawn, she was up to light fresh incense before them, and her last duty at evening was to fill each censer anew. She assured me that at night these spirits came to her dressed in gorgeous robes.

We sat down in the corner where this woman spends most of her time surrounded by her cooking utensils, little wood furnace and bundles of wood. Though 84 years old, she has no one to do anything for her and is so poor she goes out to cut brushwood for fuel. She apologized for not offering me tea, and with difficulty I dissuaded her from sending out to buy me cakes. When I asked her a, she