

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Mar. 3rd. Luke ix. 28-36.....	Matt. iv. 1-12.
" 10th. Mark x. 17-27.....	John iii. 1-16.
" 17th. Luke xix. 1-19.....	Heb. xii. 1-14.
" 24th. Rom. xiii. 8-14.....	John iv. 1-16.
" 31st. Luke x. 1-19.....	John iv. 43-54.

DO YOU KNOW THE LADY?

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug from the Syrian shore;
Its figures are woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes,
Where the light of the Gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft;
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah, me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made;
Does she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor, and sad, and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?
—*Woman's Work for Women.*

THE DAVID WINDOW.

THE choir boys of St. Andrew's were preparing for their festival for two hours on this the evening before the eventful day; they had been singing in the guild house, and now Mr. Cole, the organist, wanted them to go over to the church, and try, for the last time, their anthem and solos.

"Mr. Cole," it was Ned Miller's voice, "couldn't we sing 'For all the Saints' to-morrow? We sing that best of all."

"Well, Ned, that doesn't seem very appropriate, but you certainly do sing it well. What do you say, boys?"

"Sing it, sing it!" was the universal verdict. Mr. Cole smiled and assented, bidding them hurry to the church and take their places, as the hour was late.

There was a rush and a scramble, as always, among the sopranos for the favorite spot, the great red tile beneath the "David window." In the beautiful new church were many finer windows, but this the boys loved best, because it was their own, bought with money that represented

many childish sacrifices. The figure was that of the lad David, holding in his hand the harp, its strings twined "with lilies still living and blue," designed by the great artist in the description from "Saul." The boys had learned Brown-ing's lines, not because they cared for the poet, but because Mr. Cole told them it was about their window.

There was great rivalry among them as to who should stand just below the David, but to-night Ned Miller held the place. The anthem and the solos rang out gloriously, and at the last they sang, "For all the Saints."

A little thrill went all through Ned's body when they came to the words, "O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold." Some times it almost made him cry. If only he might stand to-morrow under the David window and sing that verse, he felt that he would be perfectly happy.

As the boys were dismissed, they gathered in the vestry room. Who should have the place of honor to-morrow? Why not settle it to-night?

"I think," Ned broke in, "that every fellow should have his chance. Let's have it this way. The one who gets here first at the early service to-morrow can stand under David all day." And so they left it, each determined to be up very early, and to claim the honored post.

Ned hadn't intended to go home—he lived too far away, and had decided to spend the night with Jack Allen. But, as he and Jack had quarrelled that afternoon, it made it a little uncomfortable, and he took a sudden resolve not to go with him. By starting from home half an hour earlier, he had as good a chance as any one for the place beneath the David. Telling Jack, with unnecessary shortness, that he wasn't coming, he took the home path. It did seem a long distance, and it would seem longer still the next morning, when his eyes were only about half open. Why go home at all? They would not miss him, as he was not expected. Why run such a risk of missing his chance to-morrow? To be sure, there was no place to stay, except the church itself. Very well, then, why not stay there? Then he would surely be in time. He almost laughed to think how astonished the fellows would be to find him before them, for he could be on hand the moment the doors were opened. "It isn't fair—it isn't fair," something inside seemed to say, but Ned was too much absorbed to pay any attention. Going softly into the building, he lay down in a dark pew to

wait for morning, and in a few moments was fast asleep. The hours slipped on quietly; the moonlight, falling through the David window, cast a great shadow of the lectern on the marble floor, until deepening night swallowed it up in the universal gloom. The boy slept on, undisturbed.

The next thing Ned heard was the scraping of a key, and, waking at once, every sense alert, he realized that the janitor was coming, and that the boys would not be far behind. Making a dash for the vestry door, he presently emerged fresh and triumphant, and, when the first boy entered, sure of success, he saw Ned Miller's white-robed figure, hymnal in hand, standing in the golden light of the David window.

A few moments later Ned heard Jack Allen and Dick Townsend talking together, and he caught Dick's emphatic—"He's a sneak! He never went home at all. It wasn't a fair fight, but we can't make a row, for Mr. Cole will be here in a minute."

The slow crimson mounted to Ned's hair. A sneak! After service he would teach Dick Townsend to call him that again! The hot, angry thought rushed tumultuously through his brain, while his voice joined in the responses. At last the service was almost over, and the rector gave out the last hymn, number 176. The organ swelled in the opening chords, and the church was filled with the boys' voices as they sung:

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old."

Mr. Cole looked across anxiously. Ned Miller's high, strong soprano was silent. The truth was his heart was beating furiously, and his eyes were full of tears. The words sounded in his ears—"It wasn't a fair fight—it wasn't a fair fight. He's a sneak!" And then came the boys' voices, "Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold."

After the service, when the vestry door was closed and the last Amen had sounded, Ned Miller, with a fierce, determined look on his flushed face, stepped forward and spoke.

It was a very boyish speech, but it came from a truly penitent heart, and it did its work:

"Fellows," he said, "I had no business to stand under the David. I stayed in the church all night. It wasn't faithful, true, and bold, but I won't be a sneak any longer, and Jack Allen got there first."—*Grace Duffield Goodwin, in New York Churchman.*