

BOYS AND GIRLS

Good Life, Long Life.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

—H. Bonar.

A Perplexing Problem.

(By Daisy Howard, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The schoolroom was very quiet, and as it contained thirty or forty boys and girls, the fact proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that something unusual was taking place. That something was the June examination.

In the corner of the room farthest from the teacher's desk sat Maidie Vinton. She was engaged in biting at the end of her pencil and frowning. This was rather unusual for Maidie. She was generally good natured and smiling; but now she was frowning at the second example, for it would not come out right.

'I can't see where it is wrong,' she told herself, 'but I know that nine thousand five hundred bricks couldn't cost as much as ten thousand do,' and Maidie emphasized her words with a vicious nip at her pencil.

The little girl glanced disconsolately around the room. She wondered if any one else were having the same trouble she had. She felt that it would be a comfort to her if they were. Then she would not feel that she was more stupid than her classmates.

She looked around, but each head was bent industriously over the examination questions—each head but one, the head of Bob Warren, and never was boy more appropriately named. He bobbed from morning to night.

He had seen the unusual frown on Maidie's face and as soon as he could catch her eye he asked her what was the matter.

He did not ask the question aloud; he did not even move his lips; but where is the schoolboy who cannot turn his face into an interrogation point?

Maidie answered him by holding up two fingers and frowning more than ever. Then she remembered that the examination rules said there was to be no communicating with each other in any way, and she brought her eyes back again to the troublesome example.

Presently something struck her on the arm and then fell to the floor. It was a piece of paper rolled into a little ball, and on looking up Maidie saw by Bob's face that it had come from him.

Maidie shook her head warningly. Such conduct during examination meant serious trouble if detected, and Bob was so good natured and obliging Maidie did not want him to get into any scrapes.

She glanced towards the teacher's desk and so did Bob, but the teacher was looking in another direction and had not noticed what occurred.

Bob held up two fingers and nodded toward the paper ball. Maidie knew at once what it meant. The example was worked out on that piece of paper. She had only to pick it up and read it. She leaned over to get it and then suddenly drew back.

'That would be cheating,' was the thought that came to her. Bob was watching her eagerly, looking first at Maidie and then down at the bit of paper.

With a decided shake of the head Maidie bent once more over her work, and Bob turned away with a look of disgust. It was no use trying to help some people, he thought.

For some minutes more Maidie worked at that example, but with the same result. It would not come out right.

'Oh, dear!' she thought, 'I wonder where it is wrong. Of course there is a mistake somewhere, but I can't find it. What good

are examinations any way? I've a good notion to leave it and not try it again; but then, suppose I don't get promoted. I wouldn't like that. Oh, dear!'

Her eye fell upon the paper that was still lying at her feet. It looked very tempting. All would be easy then, and she had tried so hard.

'The others do it,' thought Maidie. 'They say it's no harm, and it's no worse for me than it is for them. Bob expected me to do it,' and she glanced over at the boy, but now he was not looking towards her. 'I know he thinks me a goose, but—' with a little sigh, 'I'll be an honest one any way.'

Just then the sound of some one singing came through the open window. It was a familiar tune, one Maidie often sang in Sunday School, and as she listened she thought of the words:

'Have we trials and temptations
Is there trouble anywhere
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.'

'I wonder if it would do any good to pray over this example,' thought Maidie. 'I don't see why it shouldn't. It's a trouble to me.'

She leaned her head against her hand and from her heart went up this little prayer, 'Lord help me to get this example right. I have tried and I cannot.'

Once more she set herself to work, going carefully over each part, and this time she was successful.

'I have been saying nine nines are eighty-seven,' she thought. 'No wonder it wouldn't come out right. But why didn't I think to pray about it before?'

A Missionary Parable.

In the Pacific Ocean there was once long ago many broad, empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers nor trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there were



A CORAL ISLAND.

only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals. 'My little builders can do this,' said He. So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment. 'We!' they exclaimed; 'we are not bigger than pin heads; we never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful!'

'If the whales would try, now! a whale's work would amount to something,' said the Astrea.

'But the whales have their own work to do,' said the Master Builder; 'and if they come down here to make the islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from seaweeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many there are of you.'

'But we do not know how to shape the

islands; they will all be wrong,' cried the Madrepora.

'I will take care of that,' said the Master; 'only see that each one builds one little cell.'

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle, and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired of bobbing up and down all the way from India and South America, found a nice bed to sleep for a few days. When they felt rested they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. The islands were named the Friendly Islands, the Caroline Islands, and so on.

'Who would have believed we could do it!' said the little corals when they saw the result. 'The whales could not have done it better. And to think it was all done by our making one cell apiece!' They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge, and to-day thousands of people are enjoying the work of the little coral builders.

—'Mission Dayspring.'

His Mother's Picture.

(B. V. Chisholm, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate'.)

Harold glanced at it indifferently, read a postal card from home, and then taking up what he knew to be a 'dun' from his dentist, tore it into strips—unopened—and flung the bits into the waste basket. 'Such rubbish!' he muttered, sending the bulky letter post-marked 'St. Louis,' after the dentist's statement. 'Nothing but bills and fraudulent pamphlets that ought by rights to be excluded from the mails,' he added irritably. 'This is the third time that Cooper has inflicted the same bill on me, and I know its

contents by heart. The other, doubtless, is some fake advertisement,' he added, taking it mechanically from the basket, and tearing it open. Instantly his indifference vanished, and with a prolonged whistle he settled himself to unravel its meaning. Inside of the printed circular was a typewritten letter notifying him that the ticket 'No. 9999,' drawn by him at the Exposition raffle, registered July 4, of the preceding year, had won the \$500 cash prize, and that the amount would be forwarded to his address upon the receipt of the ticket for identification.

For a moment Harold was puzzled, then like a flash he recalled a scene at the St. Louis fair, in which a trio of young fellows, thinking themselves among strangers, dropped their quarters into the machine grinding out tickets of fortune. Being the only one of the three who drew a red ticket, he alone was required to register, the white ones being blanks. He remembered yet that shame he felt at seeing his name among those of