

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## What Will it Matter?

What will it matter, brother,  
When the day of life is done,  
And the sheaves we've toiled to gather,  
Shall be counted, one by one,  
Whether we worked in sunshine,  
Or whether the storm-cloud rose,  
If only we have the bundles,  
For the Master hath need of those?

What will it matter, brother,  
When the pearly gates are passed,  
And our feet, all torn and bleeding,  
Find shelter and rest at last,  
Whether the path was thorny,  
Or whether the way was plain,  
If India's poor lost children  
Shall join in our glad refrain?

What will it matter, brother,  
At rest at the Master's feet,  
Chanting our hallelujahs,  
In rapture and joy complete,  
If China can join the chorus,  
And Africa—latest born—  
Shall rise up to call us blessed,  
On the resurrection morn?

What will it matter, brother?  
Thrice welcome the toil and care,  
Thrice welcome the pain and heartache,  
There will be no tears up there,  
Thrice welcome the thorny pathway,  
For our Christ has led the way,  
And finally with all nations,  
We'll praise Him through endless day.  
—Leaflet.

## A Small Thing?

(Grace Willis, in the 'Christian Age.')

Pauline was in the choir, and she sat just at the back of the low railing with its red curtain.

She had made up her mind that morning—and had asked God to help her—not to whisper. She knew from experience that it drew attention and discounted the minister's sermon, for had she not herself sat in the family pew and listened earnestly to a helpful sermon, only to be distracted at a critical moment by a movement just at the back of the minister's head, when Delia Jones whispered something to Prissie Parsons that made Prissie smile broadly for five minutes? The good impulse imparted by the sermon was gone, and Delia's thoughtless whisper was the evil genius that had spirited it away.

Of course, if the people in the pews could see themselves as those in the choir saw them, they could not blame the young folks sometimes for seeing funny things, but the fact that things were really funny did not in the least atone for the mischief done by the fun-loving girls who whispered.

Pauline had resolved that if she saw anything funny she would not whisper it to Prissie, but Prissie's laugh came so easily that it was a great temptation to provoke it.

Pauline settled herself soberly as the minister announced his text, and fixed her eyes on the back of his head, when there came into her view, beyond the minister and in an obscure corner, Mrs. Hawkins's bonnet, perched gravely over one ear of that good lady. Once loosed from its moorings, the bonnet dropped further from grace at each shake of the head. Pauline turned to nudge Prissie, but caught herself just in time, and bit her lip to keep back the laugh. There were a hundred people within the range of her vision who would see that smile if she let it come to the surface. Gradually the humor of the situation faded away, and it seemed quite the natural thing for Sister Hawkins to wear her bonnet over one ear.

The minister was progressing splendidly with his sermon when Pauline's sense of humor was again aroused. Mr. Bunch, a little laborer, whose head seemed driven into his shoulders, sitting stiff and prim in his Sunday clothes, was bothered by the flies. With fingers curled inward, he slowly swung his toil-begrimed hand before him, and with a

sudden quick jerk the fly was caught. Totally unconscious of observers, he was amusing himself by wreaking vengeance on his tormentors. Pauline opened her mouth to say 'Look!' but closed it again and laid a finger on her lips to keep them closed. The amused young woman just at the back of Mr. Bunch smiled up at Pauline, but there was no answering smile.

Mrs. Saunderson reached for the hymn-book to hand over to her restless little son, when somehow it slipped out of her fingers, caught Miss Barkman's shoulder, and dropped with a thud to the floor. Miss Barkman turned sharply and glared at Mrs. Saunderson, as that little woman, with crimsoning face, bent to pick up the book. Of, if people only knew how hard it was for Pauline to crowd back the laugh, they would not blame her. It seemed just as if she must relax this once. She looked at Prissie, but Prissie had not seen. If she had—But Pauline was saved. And the minister had reached the end of his sermon.

As the benediction was pronounced Pauline turned from the choir seats with a sigh. Perhaps it would be easier next time. And a hundred people who could look into Pauline's face had heard the sermon without one distracting glance at that girl, and the words he had uttered had reached their hearts without hindrance from her.

A small thing? Ah, no; it was a victory!

## Practical Conclusion.

A little girl had learned the verse, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' to repeat at a concert. She stepped on the platform and began: 'Suffer—' It was her first attempt at public recitation. She was frightened, and stopped for a moment, then courageously began again: 'Suffer little—' Again her fear overcame her, but being a resolute little one she made a third attempt and said: 'Suffer little children.' The third time she looked with dismay at the upturned faces and stopped. With a last grand effort she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words: 'Jesus wants us all to come to Him, and don't anybody try to stop us!'

Which was better, to repeat the exact words, or to have their meaning burned into her little heart?—Selected.

## 'Number 77.'

It was near noon. The cars down Main street were crowded. As the car driven by motorman Number 77 approached the railway crossing the warning bell began to ring and the slender, long-armed gates reached down across the street. A train was coming, and although it was hidden by a wall of buildings, its clank and puff showed it to be about to cross.

The motorman shut off the current and put on the brake to stop his car. The grade was slightly down, the car was moving rapidly, and as the brake was turned hard around, something snapped. The crank spun in the air with a rattle, and the heavy, helpless car rolled on toward the crossing, with just enough momentum left to carry it through the frail gate and on the track in front of the coming train.

Before one of the terrified passengers could jump or speak, almost before one could think, the motorman had acted. Quick as thought, and with the presence of mind and the boldness that have characterized every hero, he threw the controller wide open again. The car jumped like a horse at the bite of a spur as the powerful current struck it, jumped, then bounded forward, leaped the track and shivered the gate on the farther side as the locomotive rushed past, barely grazing the rear platform.

It was all over and no one was hurt. But the fraction of a second's delay, an instant's hesitation on the part of the motorman, and the car, with its load of human life, would have been struck by the express. The motorman might have jumped and saved himself. He was not responsible for the defec-

tive brake. But he was responsible for the safe conduct of those two-score passengers; and he was true to his duty, the master in a supreme emergency.

The passengers changed to other cars; the motorman waited until an empty car arrived from the barn, and with his hands upon the controller and brake, went his way, on down the route, jolting and clinging through his humdrum round, the same common looking motorman, Number 77, as before.

Standing directly behind him on the platform during the terrible moment was a young clergyman, who was preaching in one of the large city churches while the pastor was temporarily absent. He was fresh from the seminary; he had touched life widely at many points, but not deeply. He had had more instruction than experience; he had read more than he had lived; and his religion was as yet much more a matter of thought than of vital life.

This was a real experience that he had just had at the crossing; momentary, it is true, in actual time, but very long in the intensity it gave to living. His escape seemed like a miracle; and more and more, as he thought about it, did the conduct of the motorman seem miraculous. Who was Number 77? How came this common, simple man by such self-mastery, such quickness, decision and self-effacement? What had given him that unusual ability to see at a glance the right thing to do and that still rarer willingness to do it? He would go to the office of the street railway company and find out about him.

That evening the young clergyman held a service in the little mission chapel of the church of one of the poorer districts of the city. For the first time since it occurred, the escape at the crossing had slipped from his thought, until in front of him as the meeting was nearing its close, he noticed a man in the uniform of the street railway company.

The first verses of the hymn he had given out were sung but the minister did not hear. His eyes were fixed upon the man with the uniform. He was living over the experience on the car, when all unconscious of the clergyman's thought, the man in the uniform closed his eyes, and in a deep, rich voice took up the last stanza of the hymn:

'Here we learn to serve and give,  
And rejoicing self deny;  
Here we gather love to live  
Here we gather faith to die.'

As he sang the rays of light fell glistening upon his cap in the aisle, and the clergyman saw the number—77.

Then he understood. His questions were answered.—'Youth's Companion.'

## The Windows Dolly Cleaned.

'All I know is I left 'em clean and nice this morning,' said Dolly, with a founce; 'and if you want 'em cleaned twice in one day you'd better get the leather and do 'em yourself.' And out she bounced, leaving her mother looking as mothers do when their girls forget themselves so far as to speak in that kind of way.

That is really what had happened. Dolly had cleaned the windows when the sun was off them—which was right enough in itself—but, being in a hurry to get through what she had to do, she had not stopped—as anybody knows is necessary—to make sure she had polished off all the smears and clouds. The consequence was that the sun no sooner came round that side of the house and tried to shine through them, than it made them look nothing but smears and clouds.

Nothing like the light of the sun to show up shabby things and dirty corners and half-done work; and nothing like the light of Christ to show up our shabby lives, with their nasty tempers and half-hearted service.

Meanwhile Dolly had rushed up-stairs to change her dress, for she was going somewhere with a friend.

When she came down, her temper would not let her go to say 'good-bye.' She even