

BOYS AND GIRLS

What's the use of Worrying?

What's the use of worrying?
Fretting doesn't pay.
What's the use of hurrying?
It's the slowest way.
Half the fears that worry you
Never will come true;
Then why let them flurry you,
As you daily do?

Live your life out easily,
Then it will be long,
Take what happens breezily,
Laugh and sing a song!
Don't waste strength on worrying
Over phantom ills;
Don't waste time in hurrying,
That's the pace that kills.

Willie Dale's Trial.

Willie Dale made the effort. It was his first night at boarding school, and being accustomed to perform his toilet for the night in a more leisurely manner than his companions, he was the last to enter bed. He had noticed with surprise that none of his room-mates had knelt to pray before lying down, and therefore felt some embarrassment in performing what was to him so matter-of-course an action. There was a stifled giggle from one or two of the beds, and then a slipper, aimed at Willie's kneeling form, came flying across the room, but a hand shot out from the bed nearest to him and caught the missile before it reached its mark.

Unconscious of the hostile act, the little boy in a few minutes rose from his knees. 'Shall I put out the gas, Jarvis?' he inquired of his neighbor.

'No,' replied Jarvis gruffly. 'Marshall comes round and does that.'

'Good-night,' said Willie, jumping into bed.

No one responded, but a voice from the further end of the room observed, 'I say, you new fellow, you'll have to drop that; we don't go in for humbug here.'

'Drop what?' asked Willie, in surprise.

'Why, saying your prayers, and that sort of thing. Juvenile piety doesn't pay; you'll have to drop it, young fellow, or we'll make you.'

'I shall not give it up,' replied Willie; 'it is right to do it. I promised—' and he was about to add 'my mother,' but stopped himself.

'Promised his mammy! I thought so.' A rude burst of laughter followed, and Willie's face grew crimson; but at this moment footsteps were heard approaching, and a teacher entered the room.

'No more talking, boys,' said Mr. Marshall, as he put out the light and nothing further was said that night.

'Say, Dale,' said Jarvis, happening to come across Willie alone the next morning, 'if you take my advice, you'll have to give in, in the end.'

'I can't give up saying my prayers, Jarvis, if that is what you mean,' replied Willie.

'Why can't you say them in bed, then?'

'Wouldn't that look like being ashamed of doing right—ashamed of Christ?'

Jarvis stared. 'Oh, if you come to that,' he began nervously. 'But, I say, Dale, school-boys can't be so mightily particular.'

He turned away, and Willie Dale shouldering his bat proceeded on his way to the playground. He rose many degrees in the opinion and favor of his schoolfellows that day, by the

unexpected spirit and style of his ball-playing.

'He's no milksop, at any rate, and won't be such an awful bad fellow when we've knocked the nonsense and piety out of him,' remarked Holt, the hero of the slipper, to Jarvis.

'I advise you to let Dale alone, Holt; you won't find him an easy fellow to manage,' said Jarvis.

That night, and for several following ones, Willie's kneeling down by his bedside was the signal for all manner of disturbances and petty persecutions from his room-mates. They made all the noise they dared, and a volley of slippers, wet sponges, books, water and brushes flew across the room. Willie, though he must have received many a hard knock, took no notice. At last, however, a well-aimed shoe struck him on the temple, and a drop of blood fell on the sheet. Jarvis sprang out of bed.

'Look here, you fellows,' he shouted, 'I'm not going to stand this any longer; you'll just give over bullying Dale, or I'll know the reason why.'

A laugh, and a book aimed at himself, was the derisive answer. Jarvis sprang at his assailant, and after a short struggle threw him down, and would have punished him severely, had not a teacher's step at that moment been heard, and the combatants dived into their respective beds. As soon as Mr. Marshall was well out of earshot, Jarvis raised his head from his pillow, and said:

'Once for all, Holt, and you other fellows, if you don't let Dale alone, you'll have me to deal with; I've made up my mind to stop this, and you all know what I say I'll do.'

That was the turning-point in Willie's favor, for the next night, to the surprise of his companions and the intense joy of Willie, Jarvis himself knelt down at the side of his bed and buried his face in his hands. No one ventured to make a remark, for Jarvis was both liked and respected by all.

One by one the boys fell into Willie's ways, for he was such a manly little fellow that, after the mischievous and cruel conduct that was at first directed toward him, had died all away, his companions came to know and respect him for his true worth.

Jarvis continued to prove himself the real staunch friend that he was, and through his efforts a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized by the boys of the school, that exerted a wholesome influence upon the lives of all its members.

All this came to pass because one little boy was true to God, true to the teachings of his faithful mother and true to himself.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

How to Save the Drowning.

Now that the bathing—for boys it is the 'swimming'—season is here, a few practical suggestions about the rescuing of drowning persons may help to save lives.

If the rescuer be held by the wrists he must turn both of his arms simultaneously against the drowning person's thumbs and bring his arms at right angles to the body, thus dislocating the thumbs of the drowning person if he does not let go.

You can try this on land or in the water, and you will find it impossible for any one to hold you, but take care to learn it properly before you start challenging.

If the rescuer be clutched round the neck he should take a deep breath and lean well over the drowning person, at the same time place the left hand in the small part of his

back, raise the right arm in line with the shoulder and pass it over his arms, then pinch the nostrils close with the fingers and at the same time place the palm of the hand on the chin and then push away with all possible force.

The holding of the nose will make the drowning man open his mouth for breathing.

Being under water, choking will ensue, and the rescuer will gain complete control.

Should the rescuer be clutched round the body and arms or round the body only—a rather improbable position, but one which may occur—he should lean well over the drowning person, take a breath and either withdraw both arms in an upward direction in front of his body or act in accordance with the instructions for releasing oneself if held round the neck.

In either case the rescuer should place the one hand on the drowning man's shoulder and the palm of the other hand against his chin, at the same time bringing the knee up against the lower part of his chest, and then by means of a strong and sudden push stretch the arms and legs straight out and throw the whole weight of the body backward.

This action will break the clutch and leave the rescuer free.

Many a gallant person has lost his life just through lack of knowledge of these simple and effective methods of releasing oneself from the drowning, yet with a little study and frequent practice in the water even a moderate swimmer can go out fearlessly to aid others.—'Homeless Boys' Friend.'

The Story of the Faith.

SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY CENTURIES.

(Retold for Children, by Lucy Taylor, in the 'Sunday at Home'.)

CHAPTER II.—ORIGEN THE PREACHER, AND CYRIL THE BOY-MARTYR.

(Concluded.)

While Cyprian was watching over his flock at Carthage, another good man was teaching and preaching in Alexandria. His name was Origen. He was not a bishop, but he was a very learned man, and had taken a great deal of pains to study the Scriptures, and loved to teach others about them, for, before the Bible was printed, very few people could read it or have a copy of their own.

Origen had learned to love the Gospels when a little boy, for his father, Leonides, was a Christian, and read to him about Jesus Christ, and taught him every day some verses by heart. Leonides suffered as a martyr, and his boy would gladly have died with him, and, indeed, often ran into needless danger, but he escaped death when a great many others were killed, and helped and comforted the persecuted Christians. Often when he was following martyrs to execution Origen's own life was in great peril, and once he was nearly stoned to death. Another day he was attacked by a number of Pagans and taken into the great temple of Serapis, where he was forced to wear the robes of a priest of the false god, and palm branches were given him to distribute among the people, in honor of the idol. Origen gave away the palms to the crowd, but as he did so, he said, 'Take this palm of triumph, but it is not the palm of the idol, but the palm of Christ.'

Origen travelled a great deal in Palestine