

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Misses at School.

There was once a school  
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,  
Taught a number of misses that vexed her;  
Miss Chief was the lass  
At the head of the class,  
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap  
Spilled the ink in her lap,  
And Miss Fortune fell under the table;  
Miss Conduct they all  
Did a Miss Creant call,  
But Miss State declared this a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book,  
And Miss Lead undertook  
To show her the place where to find it;  
But upon the wrong nail  
Had Miss Place hung her veil,  
And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

They went on very well,  
As I have heard tell,  
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding;  
Miss Conjecture then guessed  
Evil things of the rest,  
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.  
—Selected.

## An Oak-leaf Crown.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Forward'.)

(Concluded.)

'What I did! I didn't do much. I let the doctors do.'

'Did it hurt?'

'Does it signify?' Tracy flashed back, with an echo of her tone, exactly like his old boyish mimicry. 'Little boys mustn't cry. After a while I could sit up, and read a little bit every day, and do things, a little.'

'What did you do?'

'Oh! Well, at first it was in the hospital; and there was a fellow upstairs in the Clifton ward, that had been hurt pretty much as I was, and liked to have me go up there—and they let me take the mandolin, and he'd lie there and sing college songs. And then one of the young surgeons asked me if I'd go along with him to his boys' club, down in one of the slum parts—that was when I was a lot better, of course; and I said I'd go, because he was a nice chap, and he would have it that he really wanted me. I got to liking it pretty well, down there. They were little chaps, you know, and up to all sorts of didos; and they took to me pretty well because I could show them tricks and keep them amused, I reckon. But I couldn't be down there without seeing things. That's where I saw the answer.'

'What was it, Tracy?'

'Oh, it's in the Book! Go and look it up! I couldn't figure on it as steadily as I'd have liked to, because I'm not good for more than three or four hours a day yet, sitting up. By-and-by, they say I can have more. I'm stretching it a little bit now for commencement, because, of course, I'm in the class. But I can see two or three steps ahead, by this time. It's a pretty good road; fair wheeling, I guess I'll say.'

'Which way does it turn?'

'You won't tell?' The first trace of self-consciousness came across the boy's bright, brave face. All the boys at the Academy told secrets to Mildred; but Tracy hesitated yet a moment.

'Of course, I don't mind your knowing. But I haven't talked about it yet, with anyone but that young surgeon chap; not even Uncle Keith. They might try to discourage me, because they'd think it wasn't the thing—but Dr. Lloyd says it can be done if I've got the grit to stay by it. And if the fellows knew, they'd talk it up just to encourage me, and there'd be something about that that I couldn't stand, any way, at all! But if you won't tell—'

'Of course—I can't do—what I used to think about—Parliament maybe, and all that. Most likely I never could have done it. But you see—I reckon this thing was better to happen to me than to most any other boy in school; because—well, it doesn't make quite so much difference if I can't make a lot of

money. And Dr. Lloyd says if I'll work it up, slow and easy, I can read law, a little bit at a time; and his father'll fix it so I can work in his office, just a few hours every day—because he'll understand it can be but a few hours, you see. And, by-and-by, I can be admitted to the bar; if I can pass—and I reckon I can. And then Lloyd's shown me how much a fellow can do that will go down there and help those folks on those streets, that are being ground down into the earth by men that have the upper hand—just because the others are too ignorant to know the law, and too poor to hire a lawyer to fight for them. You see, I could help—if it wasn't but for a few hours a day; it would be something.'

The brave voice stopped, half breathless with the intense feeling behind it. Mildred could supply all the rest that the broken sentences had left unsaid—the agony of the young soul that found itself set apart suddenly from life, and health, and the years of splendid manhood which had seemed so full of promise; the slow groping in the darkness, and the finding of the answer at last. Something tightened across her throat as she listened. Her own words came back to her, 'If God and Tracy Gordon together don't make something splendid out of even a wheel-chair life.'

'Mildred!' called a teacher's voice from the table; and she rose, with the finished crown in her hands.

'I will leave it with you,' she said, trying to laugh, though her voice shook again. 'You know—what we said it meant'—and she dropped the crown on his head.

## Maritza's Escape.

(Mrs. A. B. Bryant, in the 'Child's Hour'.)

'Look! look! look!' cried little Maritza. The missionary and his wife turned their faces in the direction in which the child's frightened eyes were gazing, and their own grew wide with fear and horror. Down from the high, almost mountainous hills to the right were riding a band of horsemen, plainly to be seen, though as yet they were fifteen or twenty minutes away. There were gullies to be crossed and slippery steeps where the horses must pick their way carefully before the robbers could reach the little missionary band which seemed to be their prey. But what help could come in that?

'I'm afraid!' sobbed the little Armenian girl, covering in the path-way. Her father and mother had given her to the missionaries to be brought up in their mission school, at least for a time, till she could learn something about Jesus. Oh, they had had to beg hard for little Maritza!

'Perhaps we can find some cave to creep into!' suggested some of the party, tremblingly. But they searched and found none.

The fierce riders were coming nearer every moment. Sometimes they sank out of sight in some hollow, but soon came out to view, and Maritza fancied she could hear their shouts and the cries to the horses.

'We can pray!' at last said the missionary

calmly. 'Since there is nothing we can do, we will expect help that way.'

There in the rugged mountain road they all fell on their knees and told their heavenly Father of their danger and their helplessness and asked him to put a shielding arm about them. They did not even try to think how he 'could' save them—there seemed to be no way. But they knew that God has many ways of helping, and it is not at all necessary for us to know about them beforehand.

By and by, little Maritza opened her eyes, and she cried out again, not at what she saw, but at what she didn't see! In that far-away country great, white, drifting mists will gather suddenly, sometimes, with almost no warning whatever, and perhaps they last for hours. As Maritza looked she saw nothing but a thick white wall of fog all about them, growing thicker every instant, and shutting them in like a thick gray-white blanket.

'Thank God! Thank God! We are saved!' cried the missionaries, for they knew what this meant. It was safety for them, and complete hiding from their enemies. The terrible mountain men could never find them, and as fast as possible they would grope their way back to the hills. As for the missionaries, they knew well a searching party would be on the way to meet them as soon as the fog lifted.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'—Golden Text. Psa. xxxiv., 7.

## 'Misery Sauce.'

A clever woman, in what she calls, 'The Foolish Woman's Cook Book,' has recently given a receipt for 'misery sauce,' which some girls use already, but which they may not know under that name. She says:—

Take 1 set of feelings (parboiled).  
1 lb. envy.  
1 lb. egotism.  
1 qt. tears.  
1 teaspoonful being misunderstood.  
2 qts. selfishness.

Mix the feelings as fine as possible. Stir in the envy thoroughly. Then add the egotism, which must be very strong, as much of the success of the sauce depends upon a woman's never thinking of anyone but herself. Put in the tears drop by drop to spread them out as much as possible, and mix in the flavor of misunderstanding while things are hot. Saturate the mixture thoroughly with selfishness, and set away in the mind to ferment. Those who enjoy being unhappy should always keep this in the house. It can be applied like a salad dressing to any kind of circumstances.'—Selected.

## An Automobile Disclosure.

(Sophie Swett, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

'Some one must tell her that unless she stops putting on airs and talking continually about herself we can't have her!' said the president positively. She pushed back her pompadour, and looked weary and worn as she said this.

The president was Elizabeth Mifflin, a girl with a finely developed social instinct, as well as a thirst for knowledge—a somewhat uncommon combination, and one that gave her great influence at the Brithwood Collegiate School for Young Ladies.

'It's a wonder that she condescends to wish to belong to a club,' said Sylvia Crombie, her bright blue eyes as round as O's. 'It must have been the ridiculous name that attracted her. I almost wish we hadn't called ourselves the "Upper Tens."'

'Every one knows that it's just for fun, and because we mean to be frivolous and as unlike the Blue Stocking Club as possible,' said Perley French, who wore glasses and had a wrinkled, responsible, high forehead, and really cared more for a good time than for anything else. 'But that girl—why, she would spoil everything!'

'Sh! Sh!' murmured the president, for 'that girl' had just gone out of the Lloyd girls' sitting-room, where the new club was holding a preparatory conference.

But she was not within hearing, for she

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and

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