

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Man in the Boy.

In the acorn is wrapped the forest,  
In the little brook the sea;  
The twig that will sway with the sparrow to-day  
Is to-morrow's sturdy tree.  
There is hope in a mother's joy,  
Like a peach in its blossom furled;  
And a noble boy, a gentle boy,  
A manly boy, is king of the world.

The power that will never fail us  
Is the soul of simple truth:  
The oak that defies the stormiest skies  
Was upright in its youth;  
The beauty no time can destroy  
In the pure young heart is furled;  
And a worthy boy, a tender boy,  
A faithful boy, is king of the world.

The cub of the royal lion  
Is regal in his play;  
The eagle's pride is as fiery-eyed  
As the old bird's bald and gray.  
The nerve that heroes employ  
In the child's young arm is furled;  
And a gallant boy, a truthful boy,  
A brave, pure boy, is king of the world.  
—The 'Pacific.'

## Patty.

(Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in the 'Zion's Herald'.)

'I think she's about the most thoughtful girl I know, and does the most kind things!' Patty spoke with generous enthusiasm. 'And did you ever see any one more a favorite than she is? I was going to say "popular," but that isn't a nice enough word to describe her. "Favorite" is better. "Popular" seems to mean—oh, you know, mamma—Patty stopped rather lamely.

'Yes, I think I know,' smiled mother. 'It seems to me a finer, more lovable thing to be a "favorite" than to be merely "popular."'

'And Gertrude is such a favorite with every one,' Patty continued, 'not only with the girls at school, but with old people and poor people. She's always doing something for someone else. She even finds time to run in and see that poor old Mrs. Wickham, the janitor's wife, you know, mamma. And sometimes she takes her flowers—Gertrude hasn't much money to spend, of course, but she'll find a few late dandelions or some partridge berries out in the woods—just common, little, everyday things other people wouldn't think of.'

'I know another girl who has a great many sweet impulses to give pleasure to other people,' mother said, with a smile—such a meaningful mother smile that Patty flushed a pleased acknowledgment.

'Impulses—yes, mamma; but somehow half of them don't get any farther than being just impulses; and I don't know why it is, but I don't think I give half the pleasure that Gertrude does, when my impulses do materialize.'

'But why not?' Mother's voice was full of cordial interest and sympathy, with a little hint of suggestion that might be forthcoming. 'Why, I don't know,' Patty said, rather slowly.

'Perhaps—assuming that you are right about it, and not understand yourself—perhaps there is a good deal in doing kind things at the right moment. You know there is always a best moment. A great many lovely things we do lose half their value by being done a little too late.'

'That's so!' Patty responded, soberly; and then: 'I am a dreadful procrastinator.'

Mother smiled encouragingly—she never was one to 'rub things in.' 'That's the way with a great many of us,' she said.

'I don't think it is your way, mamma.' Patty twisted in her chair rather uneasily and then, 'Mamma,' she said, earnestly, 'I woke about midnight last night, and it did seem as if I couldn't stop thinking about the things I ought to do and hadn't done. Things always seem so much worse in the night, anyway—all the letters I ought to have written, and the people I had neglected to go to see, and—why, mamma, I believe I was awake as much as two hours!' which was a long time for healthy Patty. 'It made me think of

what they say about drowning people, all the things in their past life coming up before them. I shouldn't have supposed I could remember so many things—one after another. I made up my mind then that I was going to make this vacation week count.'

It was that very afternoon that Patty, looking like a rose in her simple 'best dress,' set out to make some calls. Tucked away in her pocketbook was a memorandum written in a school girlish hand—a list of 'deferred things.'

'I believe I'll do the least pleasant thing first,' she said to herself. 'I'll stop for Miss Pendleton and take her to the Eye Infirmary. How I do dread it! I hate to see sick people anyway—and the poor things who are losing their sight most of all. I don't see how they stand it—I know I couldn't!'

Miss Pendleton's eyes brightened behind their smoked glasses as they caught sight of the girlish figure coming up the walk.

'It's so good of you, dearie,' she said. 'Seems like I get so lonesome sitting here at the window I want to cry, and I know I mustn't, for it's the worst thing I can do for my eyes.'

'I know it, Miss Pendleton!' Patty's hands held the hard, knotted one for a moment. 'But we're going to have your eyes so much better by and by, you won't know yourself. I thought we'd run over to the Infirmary this afternoon if you can get ready on such short notice.'

'Oh, yes!' Miss Pendleton gave eager assent; 'and it's so good of you to think of it. Young people don't often have the time to give to the older ones.'

When, an hour later, they came out from the Infirmary, Miss Pendleton's face was very grave. The great oculist had been kind indeed, but facts had been less comforting. The 'little trouble' which she had schooled herself into thinking of no great importance had received a different sort of consideration from the specialist. But hope had illumined all he said, after all. By being careful—oh, very, very careful—she might expect to grow better instead of worse.

'And oh, my dear!' Miss Pendleton said, with a catching breath to Patty, 'what should I have done if you hadn't followed this up? I'd dreaded so—the going—and probably should have put it off for weeks yet. And just think what he said—what it means to take it promptly! And there he's to sail for Europe in a fortnight more!'

'Yes, I'm thankful, too, we didn't put it off any longer,' Patty said, soberly. 'I suppose from what he said he can get you in shape in these two weeks so you can be left pretty safely for the rest of the time. That young oculist can look after you, too. I suppose he's very good, but of course Dr. Peyton is the finest one in the State, and it means everything to have had his help first.'

'Well, that was an impressive beginning for me,' Patty told her mother that night. 'Poor Miss Pendleton! I couldn't have had a more pointed lesson on "the dangers of procrastination."

That sounds like the subject of a school composition, doesn't it, mamma?'

'Very much,' said her mother, smilingly.

'I believe I'll run up to the attic and see about that old suit of mine I promised for poor little Ann Taylor,' Patty remarked next morning. 'Oh, dear me, mamma! I ought to have taken it to her a month ago; but I always dread going up to the attic—there's something sort of depressing about looking over old things on a rainy day, and sunny days of course I have ever so many pleasanter things to see to. Something like the case of the Irishman's roof, isn't it, mamma? But I really won't put this off another day!'

Up in the attic she sang over the work of looking over old boxes and trunks, and it was surprising how many presentable, wearable things she found for little Ann Taylor, waiting hopefully for weeks for the promised articles. It made a big, unwieldy bundle, but Patty would not stop for that, as she went light heartedly down the snow covered street to the little brown house where Ann lived. She waved her hand to the child at the window, and passing into the sitting-room seated herself in Mrs. Taylor's old worn rocker for a friendly chat; for this was no ordinary 'charity call.' Help had to be delicately given to the brave little woman with the hollows in her cheeks.

'Well, little girlie,' Patty said, after a few moments judiciously spent on other topics, 'I hope this plaid dress will be as becoming to you as I think it will. It's so good you're the right size for it, as I haven't any little sister to wear it.' She was taking the really fresh and pretty plaid from the shawl-strap as she spoke, and laid the warm underwear upon it without comment.

'You're so good—so more than kind!' said the child's mother, and Ann's peaked little face brightened visibly as she looked.

'Oh, how lovely!' she said. 'I do like it so! And oh, isn't that nice and warm!' She was feeling of the flannels with rather unchildlike pleasure and appreciation, and looked up impulsively at her mother. 'Now I can go back to school, can't I, mamma?'

'Yes, dear.' Mrs. Taylor's thin cheeks flushed sensitively. 'I've kept her out for a week,' she explained; 'she's had a cold that she can't seem to shake off, and I thought perhaps it was better not to let her go out.'

'But now it'll be all right!' Ann looked happily at her new possessions, and Patty, smiling in a matter-of-fact way, was really groaning in spirit. Perhaps—oh, perhaps Ann would never have taken the cold if she, Patty, had not been such a procrastinator! Visions arose before her of a speedy 'going into a decline' by the flat-chested little girl, and Patty, always given to exaggeration, felt like a murderer.

She was really rather pitifully depressed as she made her way down the street, the reiterated thanks of Mrs. Taylor and little Ann ringing in her ears.

At a snow-covered crossing she found Gertrude, the admired and emulated, making her

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