

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Striking Summary.

Joseph Cook, not long before his death, wrote, at the request of the editor of the 'Christian Endeavor World,' a characteristic message for Christian Endeavorers:—

Man's life means  
Tender 'teens,  
Teachable twenties,  
Tireless thirties,  
Fiery forties,  
Forcible fifties,  
Serious sixties,  
Sacred seventies,  
Aching eighties,  
Shortening breath,  
Death,  
The sod,  
God.'

## A Plucky Boy.

The story of how a Bulgarian shepherd boy became a head schoolmaster in his own country is told in the 'Child's Companion':

A little hut in Bulgaria made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheepskins, made up with the wool outside.

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire to study, and when he heard of Roberts College, at Constantinople, he determined to go there. He told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college.

The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said: 'You can't go to college; it's all I can do to feed you children; I can't give you a piastre.'

'I don't want a piastre,' Pluck replied; 'but I do want to go to college.'

'Besides,' the shepherd continued, 'you can't go to college in sheepskins.'

But Pluck had made up his mind, and he went—in sheepskins and without a piastre.

He trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. He soon found his way to the college and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him that he must go away.

'Oh, no,' said Pluck; 'I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away.'

When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same—'I didn't come here to go away.'

He had no idea of giving up. 'The king of France, with forty thousand men, went up a hill and then came down again,' but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and there hours later the president saw him in the yard, patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. 'He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows,' they said.

The professor, like the president, said there was no work for him, and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text, 'I didn't come here to go away.'

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of weakening, the president went to him and said: 'My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other place to give you.' 'Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied,' replied Pluck. 'It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away.'

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his point, he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in a week.

After some weeks, he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

'Do you expect,' asked the president, 'to

compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And,' he continued, 'you can't go into class in sheepskins—all the boys would cry, "Baa!"'

'Yes, sir, I know,' Pluck said; 'but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a pair of trousers, and so on.'

Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year.

'I wish,' said Professor Long, 'that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year.'

Pluck became the professor's assistant. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-president of Roberts college, who was in America. The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so interested that she said, 'I would like to give the other hundred.'

A boy who had so strong a will was sure to find a way.

## Begin Right.

'Boys,' said Mr. Wisdom, coming in through the yard, as the rain began to fall, 'put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of earth you threw up yesterday about the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes, for the water to run off below.'

Hal and Horace thought this fine fun, and were soon at work. But presently papa called from a window:

'You are not doing that right, boys; you've turned the water towards the house. Directly it will be running into the cellar window. Turn the channel away from the house at once.'

'But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa,' called Hal. 'We'll turn it off before it does any harm.'

'Do it right in the beginning,' said papa, in a voice that settled things. 'Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward.'

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, Mr. Wisdom found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys.

'That is not the kind of reading I wish you to have,' he said. 'Give it back at once.'

'Please let me finish the book,' pleaded Horace. 'Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm.'

'No,' said papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day; 'begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. If you start in the right direction, it will help you to keep right to the end.'—Lutheran.

## Jenny's Lesson.

'Jenny,' said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, 'will you help me sew this braid on your sister's dress?'

'O, mother, how can you ask me to help you, when you know that it takes all my time to make these pictures?'

'What pictures?' inquired her mother.

'Why a lot of us girls met yesterday at Kate Easton's house and formed a club. We call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the New York hospital. Do you not think it a good plan?'

'Perhaps it is,' said her mother absently.

'So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Kate Easton came in.

'Well, Kate,' said Jenny, 'I thought that you were never coming.'

'I would have been here sooner, but we

had company at dinner and Chloe had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her.'

'Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant,' said Jenny, very much surprised.

'Now look here, Jenny, didn't we form a club, and each promise to do all we could to help others?'

'Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants wash dishes,' said Jenny.

'Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out trying to help other people all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad for my help. Do you think that you could?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea time Kate went home. As soon as she was gone, Jenny came downstairs and went to her mother. 'Mother,' she said, 'have you sewed the braid on Nettie's dress?'

'No,' replied her mother, 'I have not been able to get it done.'

'Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for others that I can help.'

And after that Jenny always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all that she could.

—M. C. Advocate.

## The Invalids of the Bible.

(Christian Age.)

'Yes,' said the cheery invalid, as she dropped her magazine, 'for those of us who can't do much but read, it's a good thing that "of the making of many books there is no end." One needs to read a good many, if only to help one to appreciate more fully those that we have always had.

'There is still room for another book. There are so many books about things in the Bible, and some of them apparently written to make it unnecessary for us to read the Bible. Well, there's one that hasn't been written as yet, and so we must go back to the Bible itself. You have seen those volumes about "The Heroes of the Bible," "The Rulers of the Bible," "The Women of the Bible," "The Plants of the Bible," and all the rest—a score or maybe a thousand, of such titles, and good enough books, I dare say, in their way. Now, did it ever occur to you that quite a book could be made on "The Invalids of the Bible?" I could almost write it.

'There's Job, for example. No thoroughly well person could write for this proposed new book the chapter about Job. But there are things of his condition which an invalid can understand. Take that of the manservant not coming when he called. You smile, but Job saw nothing to smile at. And how he dropped out of sight of his familiar friends, who went right on their way and forgot him. Even his wife grew unsympathetic. People who are well do not mean to be unsympathetic, but they always attach a certain culpability to sickness, in spite of their efforts to be helpful. And there are the friends who told Job that they were comforting him just as he had been in the habit of comforting others. It was true, of course, but for that reason it was not the thing to say.

'Then there was Elijah. A person in good health would suppose that he would have broken down during the strain of those long three years of waiting and suspense. But some of us who have been through it know just why it was that he broke down only when it was all over—when the rain had come and the prophets of Baal had been slain, and the Lord had sent fire from heaven. And think how the Lord treated him! Sent him off on a journey, change of air, and no occasion to worry about what he was to eat—'

'And you will not forget the vision at Horeb?'

'No, indeed; but after nervous prostration one sometimes needs a change to be