

BOYS AND GIRLS

Not Ashamed.

(Some Last Words.)

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Forward.')

Charley Peters was going to college. With his hat and his grip in his hand, he ran upstairs to say goodbye to his grandmother.

'I am about to start,' he said, gaily, 'if you have any last words, now is the time for them.'

The old lady looked lovingly at her big, broad-shouldered grandson, and reached out a gentle hand to lay on his arm.

'Try to do your duty, my boy,' she said, 'and try not to make a secret of it. It will help the other young fellows to do theirs.'

'Dear Grandmother!' was all that Charley said, as he stooped for his goodbye kiss. But he carried the little sermon off with him.

One night a group of freshmen were gath-

'But he didn't wait for any of us to go with him.'

'There are several ways of advertising,' remarked Billy, 'and beware of imitations.' 'If Peters is a Sunday-school boy,' said Mat Hewlitt, 'I am afraid he has dropped into the wrong pond. He will be a queer fish among all of us; for I guess we are none of us saints, exactly.'

'Don't be cast down,' said Billy, consolingly; 'he may be worse than you fear. Going to bible-class once in a while doesn't altogether make a saint.'

'What do you know about it, old man?' asked Dan.

To this question Billy made no answer, and the talk went on to something else.

A few days later Mat said to the others, 'What do you suppose Peters was upholding at club to-night?'

'Morning chapel?' asked Dan.

It was not long before Mat Hewlitt began to 'work,' one of his many 'schemes,' for which he had been famous in his preparatory days. He and Dan and Billy were talking it over one afternoon.

'Charley Peters would be just the one to help,' said Mat, 'if he will.'

'He won't,' said Dan.

'Why not?'

'Well, because everything has to hang so awfully plumb for him. And this—Dan hesitated over the end of his sentence.

'Isn't in the bible,' suggested Billy, dryly.

'Pshaw!' said Mat. 'We must have a little fun. We will ask him.'

He went to the window and shouted up to the next story.

'Hello, Charley Peters!'

Charley came down.

The plan was expounded to him, and he was urged to join in it.

'You are the only man in the class who can help us out,' said Mat, 'and we rely on you.'

'I can't do it,' said Charley.

'Yes, you can. It is the very thing you can do. You must.'

Charley shook his head.

'Why not?' said Dan.

Before there was any time for an answer, Mat said, sneeringly:

'Because he is afraid of getting his hands dirty, dear little boy.'

Charley squared his shoulders, and by an unconscious gesture, stretched his strong young fingers out before him.

'I am, indeed!' he said, energetically. 'When I came here to college I came with the intention of keeping my hands clean; and, please God, I mean to do it.'

That night Billy Archer came to Charley's room.

'Peters,' he said, 'I wish with all my soul I were you!'

Charley was too much surprised to speak. 'When I first went off to school,' Billy went on, 'I meant to be good; I honestly did. But, like a fool, I was ashamed of it. And little by little I gave in to what my conscience told me was wrong, until now nobody supposes that I have any conscience. I dare say you thought me the most hardened of our crowd.'

Charley could not deny it.

There was a moment's silence. Then Billy said, hesitatingly, 'I wonder whether I could'—

'Yes,' interrupted Charley, eagerly. 'You can. You will. You will begin over, and do right.'

'Will you stand by me?'

'Yes, I will—and One better than I, Billy.'

It was months after this that Charley wrote to his grandmother:

'I have tried to do my duty, and I have tried to be open about it. And it has helped somebody else, just as you said it would.'

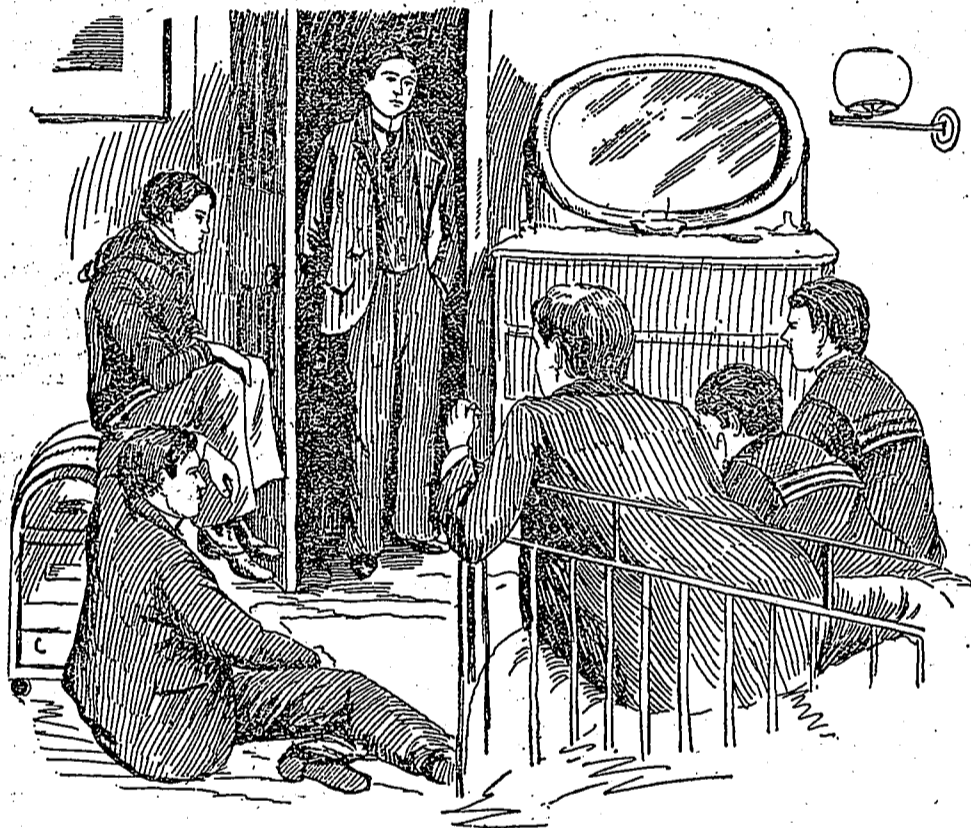
Breaking His Way Through.

(By Julia H. Johnston.)

A rugged young fellow was Duncan McCulloch, and stout of heart as he was strong of limb and muscle. Some of the neighboring farmer lads might have been a trifle more brisk than he, but none surpassed him in the admirable quality of persistency.

'My son,' said Mr. McCulloch, one winter day, 'I want to talk with you about my affairs.'

This token of confidence enlisted the boy's interest at once, and when the father detailed some losses that had come, making



'I DON'T CARE ABOUT GOING ON THE SLY.'

ered in Dan George's room. They were sitting on the bed, the table, the floor—everywhere but on the chairs. Three weeks before they had been strangers; now they were chatting and chaffing together like lifelong friends. As the hands of Dan's clock drew near to half-past seven, Charley Peters rose to go.

'What's the matter,' said Dan, 'you are not going to leave us?'

'Yes, I must. I have an engagement.'

'Forget it,' said Billy Archer, 'Break it. We can't let you go; your company is so delightful.'

'That's true,' said Charley, modestly, 'but you must try to comfort one another, and hope to meet again.'

He was half-way down the narrow corridor of the dormitory, when he hesitated. A moment later he opened Dan's door again, and put his head in.

'Look here,' he said, 'you fellows need not suffer the pangs of curiosity. I am going to Professor Dean's bible-class, and I don't care about going on the sly.'

He slammed the door and departed, this time to stay. There was a moment's silence in the room after he had departed.

'What was that for?' asked Dan.

'Advertisement,' said Billy.

'We were all talking,' Mat went on, 'about what an abominable screw out of the fellows that missionary fund is. And he must needs put in and sermonize about missions being pretty nearly as deserving an object as athletics, and what a pity it was that the "college spirit," couldn't include our dues to the heathen as well as the foot-ball championship.'

'Wasn't it scandalous?' said Billy, 'What could he have meant by it?'

'Something serious,' said Dan. 'I really think that Peters must be a genuine case. For when a man wishes to put his hand in his pocket for that sort of thing, it goes a good way to prove his saintship.'

Up in his own room Charley was struggling with the unpleasant sense of having felt obliged to say something not relished by his hearers.

'It is so much easier,' he thought, ruefully, 'to do what you consider right, than to own up to it publicly. Why did Grandmother put in that clause? It will come whispering in my ears, whenever I'd like to keep my principles to myself. And then I have to take the stump for them. And then the fellows think I am a prig—which does not matter, I suppose. But what good does it do?'