

OUR HEROES.

BY PHOEBE CABY.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage  
To do what he knows to be right,  
When he falls in the way of temptation,  
He has a hard battle to fight;  
Who strives against self and his comrades  
Will find a most powerful foe.  
All honour to him if he conquers:  
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily  
The world knows nothing about;  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.  
And he who fights sin single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle  
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're  
tempted.  
And do what you know to be right;  
Stand firm by the colours of manhood  
And you will o'ercome in the fight.  
"The right," be your battle-cry ever  
In waging the warfare of life,  
And God, who knows who are the heroes,  
Will give you the strength for the  
strife.

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TORONTO, MAY 4, 1901.

EVELYN'S MOTTO.

BY SARAH TOWNSEND.

"Even Christ pleased not himself." It hung in gold letters upon the wall of Evelyn's room, right where she could not help seeing it whenever she raised her eyes from her book.

It was her motto for the year. Everybody in the Merrick family had a motto. The mother chose one for each of

the children at Christmas, and they tried to live by it the next year. Their mother said it was a good plan to have a motto, because it kept the wheels of the domestic machinery well oiled. Little Kate did not understand, and went peeping round in corners and under tables after the wheels until mother explained what she meant—that a motto helped them over hard places and kept them happy together.

But Evelyn did not look quite happy just then, although she was in her favourite corner with Ramona and a dish of apples. Unhappy sounds kept coming up to her and mixing themselves in with the most absorbing part of the story.

It was the afternoon when the mother entertained her Sunday-school class. Eight of the little girls had come that afternoon, and they, with Ted and Jack and little Kate, made eleven children. Now, eleven children sometimes need help, and this eleven needed it right then, as Evelyn well knew.

"O, that was my flower!" said one little grieved voice.

"But it's mine now, 'cause I found it. You can't expect to keep things after you lose them," asserted another.

Then there was a little whimper, and a third shrill little voice broke in: "You can just give her back that flower, or I'll tell teacher to send you home."

But "teacher" had a caller in the house. Evelyn felt that it was very unfortunate that Mrs. Brown should have chosen to come that afternoon of all others; but Mrs. Brown had come.

Evelyn looked up impatiently at the end of her twelfth chapter, and her eyes rested upon the golden letters opposite: "Even Christ pleased not himself." She shut her book slowly and went downstairs.

When Mother Merrick returned to her small guests the threatening clouds had all disappeared, and she saw nothing but good nature upon the faces of the small people, who were busy playing games with Evelyn.

A LITTLE RESOLUTE EFFORT.

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

"I can't do that," thought Benny, disconsolately, as he closed his arithmetic and pushed his slate to one side; "I tried 'most an hour yesterday. It's too hard."

He raised his elbows to the desk in order that his hands might afford a comfortable position for his head, and gazed about leisurely.

Tommy Brown was just ahead of him and studying hard. Tommy always studied hard. He was one of the bright boys whom Benny envied. It was no trouble for him to keep at the head of a class or win a prize. Then there was Ed Whaley, three or four seats down, another bright boy who was studying hard; and as his gaze wandered about the room, he could pick out a dozen or more clever boys and girls to whom lessons and com-

positions always seemed to come easy, and of course, like Tommy and Ed, they were all studying hard. His gaze rested upon them, one after another, with a little scowl of envy. "Why could I not have been clever like them?" he asked himself, rebelliously. That was his great grievance. He did want to be bright and quick, and he did want to know how it would seem to stand at the head of a class or have one of the leading compositions.

Opposite him was a boy like himself, with arithmetic closed and slate pushed back, and he felt a certain sense of relief as he remembered that Sam Potter had never been at the head of a class or had a leading composition. Now his gaze began to seek out other boys who were not studying, because their lessons were too hard, or possibly because they did not care to incur the bother of learning; and he found much satisfaction at the number of these idlers which his gaze encountered.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by something the teacher was saying, and his face screwed itself up into an incredulous grimace, which he sought to convey to the boy opposite.

"There really isn't any such thing as 'can't' in ordinary life," were the words he caught. "A little resolute effort, and difficulties will disappear like magic. A boy can't get his lesson, a girl can't write a composition, a man can't do this and a woman can't do that. Why, it is absurd! First find out positively that you cannot do a thing before playing the craven and trying to slink out."

Benny's elbows suddenly slipped from the desk and he sat upright. Even more than being dull-witted did he abhor being a coward. Out in the school yard he was an easy leader among the boys of his own size, and he boasted that he never backed down from a dare. Was it just possible that he had been mistaken about his studies, and that he could get them if he tried hard enough? It was absurd, of course; for he had worked on that problem almost an hour the day before. But even as he said this to himself, he coloured a little at the thought, for he remembered that during the most of the time his slate pencil had been between his lips, while his eyes were fixed upon some men who were working in a field opposite the window.

Well, anyhow, he knew that he could not do the sum; but he was not a craven, and he would give it another and fairer trial.

So he opened the arithmetic and drew the slate back, and then fixed his mind resolutely upon the problem. What do you think? In less than five minutes the answer was upon the slate there all right, and he was gazing at it with a puzzled look of almost incredulous delight. More than that, he was already wondering if the head of his classes could be reached in the same way. Anyhow, he believed he would try.—*The Morning Star.*

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