

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Clear the Way.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,  
Night and day;  
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—  
Clear the way!  
Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
As ye may.  
There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness changing  
Into grey;  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say  
What the unimagined glories  
Of the day?  
What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?  
Aid the dawning, tongue, and pen;  
Aid it, hopes of honest men;  
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—  
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken  
Into play.  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
From the day;  
And a brazen wrong to crumble  
Into clay.  
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,  
Clear the way!  
With the Right, shall many more  
Enter, smiling, at the door;  
With the giant Wrong shall fall  
Many others, great and small,  
That for ages long have held us  
For their prey.  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

—Selected.

## Naomi Manney's Testimony.

Naomi Manney paused just inside the swinging doors of the lecture-room, to draw on her gloves. She heard low voices outside.

'Dave,' said the familiar voice of the president of the Young People's Society, 'I wish you boys would speak out in meeting. Just give the simplest testimony, you know; it will help you.'

'Not much,' replied the gruff voice of big David Hurlbut. 'I can't spin out five sentences, and I'm not going to make a fool of myself, not on your tintype!'

'But, Dave—'

Naomi hastened away from the door, her cheeks burning. She would delay a little and give them an opportunity to leave the church ahead of her. She was the last to leave the afternoon mission Sunday School, where she taught a class of a dozen or fifteen lively youngsters. She did well with the class—everybody said so.

She sat down in one of the empty chairs and picked up a tattered lesson-leaf absently. Dave and the president had unconsciously revived a troublesome whispering of her conscience. Several times it had said to her: 'The younger young folks are afraid to testify in meeting, for they can't think of anything to say on the topic, and they are backward. Just get up and simply say, "I love Jesus," so as to encourage them.'

But every one said she spoke so beautifully! How could she say anything so commonplace? They would wonder if she couldn't think of anything more to say. Many had complimented her on the beautiful wording of her testimonies, and had said, wistfully, that they wished they could speak so well. She flushed with pride at the recollection.

Her conscience was reasoning now: 'You needn't necessarily limit yourselves always, but try it just for to-night, and see if they don't follow your lead.'

Oh, but to-night of all nights! It was the night appointed for the visiting committee,

made up of delegates from the different societies, to visit that church. There would be young people, the brightest of them, from all the churches in the city. Surely she must do her best to-night. Many of the young people she knew and met in the union meetings. Besides, she was the secretary of the union, and was always so particular to have her reports just right. Oh, dear! no, not to-night.

But her conscience said: 'Then you weren't really testifying for Christ? You were showing off!'

She got up then, walked across the empty room, pushed open the swinging doors, and left the church.

That night she was a trifle late, and the seat she hurriedly chose was in the midst of a lot of the younger element—big, overgrown, awkward and bashful, full of promise, if they could only be coaxed to help, but, oh, so backward!

The leader spoke feelingly on the subject for the evening—the development of the spiritual life. A few epigrammatic sentences in a paper Naomi had once written for a State convention came to her mind; they were wonderfully appropriate just now. How fitting it would be to repeat them! How pleased the visitors would be?

Should she, or should she not?

Besides, the leader had not asked them to give general testimonies. She ought to speak on the topic, surely. A few had taken part in a precise, proper way, and there was a lull. Should she?

'I wish all might take part,' said the leader.

Suddenly Naomi rose to her feet. 'I love Jesus,' she said, 'and I want to do more for Him.'

Little Daisy Westover followed her quickly, lest her courage fail. 'I want to be a better Christian,' she said, timidly.

Meta Wenzel spoke, too.

'Splendid!' said the leader. 'Just sentence testimonies.'

Then even big Dave spoke. 'I want to be a Christian, too,' he said.

Naomi's heart welled up in thankfulness. Her throat ached so it almost choked her. And to think how near she came to giving those convention-paper sentences!

After the meeting was over, they were all shaking hands with the visiting delegates, who had joined heartily in the service.

'Such warm meetings you have!' exclaimed one, to Naomi, enthusiastically. 'And how your boys and girls take part! Isn't it fine?'

Naomi's face glowed. This time it was not in pride for herself. No one said, 'I envy you your command of language,' and she did not even miss it. For somehow or other—and in her heart she knew why—that had been the best meeting she had ever known.—*Zion's Herald.*

## The King's Daughter and the King's Doctor.

A Big Pudding.

Tangithi, the king's daughter, was sick. Now this king did not live in a town where hundreds of doctors were ready to rush in their automobiles to the sick girl. Besides, the king did not believe that she needed medicine, for he thought the gods were angry, and his daughter could not get well until he pleased them. So he had all the temples on the island repaired and ordered the people to prepare offerings of food. The people obeyed, and one town offered a pudding twenty-one feet in circumference!

All this time Tangithi was getting worse. There was one man on the island who knew that the sick girl needed medicine. This was Mr. Calvert, a missionary to the Fiji Islands, who was sent for by the king when he saw that his gods could not or would not help her. The king was much excited, and said, 'The illness of my daughter is very great!' 'Yes,' said Mr. Calvert, 'I know it; but I cannot help her unless you will stop your heathen performances.'

To this the king agreed, and Mr. Calvert

gave some medicine. This made Tangithi toss about so that the king cried out, 'You have killed my daughter!' Many of the king's people would have been glad of an excuse to kill the missionary, but Mr. Calvert did not show fear. He said to the king: 'I have been good enough to grant your request and give to your daughter some medicine sent from England for my own family. Now you accuse me of killing your daughter, I will leave you and give her no more help.' He snatched up his bottles and hurried home, glad to escape. He waited anxiously for news, for if the princess had died he would probably have been killed. In the morning word came that Tangithi was better.

Later the king sent to Mr. Calvert and asked for medicine for another child. Mr. Calvert sent word: 'Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night. And it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children in so short a time.' This reply brought an apology from the king, and the medicine was sent.

Tangithi was put under the priest's care and they tried all their charms and sacrifices, but the poor girl grew worse. Finally the king said she might give up her heathen gods, and he asked the missionary to take her to his home. She recovered rapidly there, and in a few days was able to sit up in bed. She stayed six weeks and then left, strong and well. The king said, 'Tangithi would have died if she had not served the true God.' The princess became an earnest Christian and a great help to the church. Some years later her father, the king, publicly gave up heathenism and professed Christianity.—E. D., in 'Mission Dayspring.'

## One Busy Girl's Way.

In the room of a girl friend the other day we noticed something which especially interested us. To the pin-cushion, which occupied the central position on her dresser, was pinned a short poem, evidently clipped from some newspaper. And the poem happened to be the 'Recessional,' which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now the pin cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, however grand or beautiful, and we looked to our friend for an explanation.

'I always have something I especially want to know pinned to my cushion,' she said, smiling, 'and when I'm brushing my hair or adjusting a collar-button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead.'

Now this girl, as we happen to know is a very busy girl, a stenographer in a law office, an earnest church worker, a favorite with other young people, and we had been surprised to hear her spoken of as 'so well informed.' We wondered how she found time to acquire her information, but the pin-cushion revealed the mystery. She had learned the art of utilizing the minutes.—*Intelligencer.*

## An Impotent Idol.

Mr. Roper, the African missionary, when he was at Ibbadan, had a woman amongst his hearers who half believed, but she was frightened that if she became a follower of the true God, her god would be angry with her. This image was made of matting and wood, and dressed up with rags of calico wound round it. One day, when she had heard Mr. Roper preach, she went home, and took this image into a back room, and said, 'Now, I am going away for three months, and I will lock the door, and you will be safe. But this prayer man says you are not a true god, and cannot take care of me, and that this God can; so I will make this bargain with you—if you are worth anything, you can take care of yourself. Now, if you are all right when I come back, I and my family will always worship you, as of old; but if a rat gets to you and eats you, I will pray to you no more; for I shall know that what the prayer-