

God called, and who held ear and heart open to hear God's message; Samuel, child of prayer and love and consecration.

But facing me were twelve actual human boys, children—the heart sorrows to say it—of cruelty and of cursings. For such as they were could this be made true, a real, vital fact in their lives, that they might share with Samuel in the listening for God's voice, and in the hearing of it?

No time for debating, with these boys bunched around me. There must be no unoccupied instant upon which the spirit of mischief that possesses them may seize for exploiting itself. We sing vigorously; we repeat vociferously verses and books of the Bible; we stand quietly through a brief prayer; then the lesson.

I proceed upon the pedagogic principle of beginning with the known and proceeding toward the unknown. Therefore—one must compel attention—"Our lesson is about a boy. What kind of a boy?" Energetic chorus, "Bad."

(I am not astonished or shocked, but proceed calmly.)

"How many of you know any bad boy?"

Enthusiastic and unanimous assent.

"Tell me about a bad boy. What does he do?"

It would have hurt your heart—it hurt mine—to hear "these little ones" describe the bad-boy doings that had come within range of their observation and experience.

"Oh! I'm sorry to believe any boys are like that. Think, now. What kind of men do such boys make?"

(With conviction) "Bad men."

"Do any of my boys want to grow to be that kind of men?"

"No—oh, no!" Every lad of them repudiated for himself bad manhood as a personal future.

"No, you don't any of you, want to grow to be anything but good men. So we won't talk any more about bad men, or bad boys either. Our lesson is about a boy, but he was good. Now I want you, every one, to think about a good boy, and tell me what he is like."

The faces grew thoughtful. During the

space of ten seconds, Clyde's countenance passed through the stages of study, perplexity, to disappointment. He leaned, and pulled my sleeve. "I don't know any good boys," he confided.

"Think just a little more; try," I persuaded. "We want to hear all we can about good boys now."

Clyde "tried." A look at his face showed that he was straining memory and imagination.

At length intelligence flashed. The comprehensive truth had dawned. He lifted a face inexpressibly sorrowful to utter it. "I don't know any good boys," declared this child of seven years deliberately and distinctly, "because—there ain't any good boys. Boys is all bad."

What else I said it profits not to tell. But for servants of that King whose will it is that "not one of these little ones should perish," will it not profit much that we shall come close in knowledge and wisdom, and love and compassion and help, to the children who live in Clyde's world—a world where "boys is all bad"?

For such a world there is, and in it many, many, so many, little children, whose smothering souls gasp for goodness. Unless help comes, they perish.—S.S. Times.

The Baby Went to Boyland

He sat on my knee at evening,

The boy who is "half-past three,"

And the clear blue eyes from his sun-browned face

Smiled happily up to me.

I held him close as the twilight fell,

And called him "My dear little son."

Then I said: "I have wondered for many days

Where it is that my baby's gone!

"I'd a baby once in a long white gown,

Whom I rocked just as I do you,

His hair was as soft as yellow silk,

And his eyes were like violets blue.

His little hands were like pink-tipped flowers—

See, yours are so strong and brown.

He has slipped away and is lost, I fear,

Do you know where my baby's gone?"

Did my voice half break as the thoughts would come

Of the sweet and sacred days

When motherhood's first joys were mine?

Was a shade of regret on my face?

For close round my neck crept a sturdy arm,

And the boy who is "half-past three"

Said, "The baby—he went to Boyland,

And—didn't you know?—he's me!"

—Junior C.E. World