

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Heart of God.

There is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender lore;
Not a throb or throe our hearts can know
But he suffered before.

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus;
Ah! how sweet its chime,
Like the musical ring of some rushing spring
In the summer time.

Oh, might we listen that voice of Jesus!
Oh, might we never roam,
Till our souls should rest, in peace, on his
breast,
In the heavenly home!

—W. E. Littlewood.

All for a Joke.

'Guess!' said Bert, rushing into the house with the air of one who had a very important piece of news.

'Guess what?' asked Tom, excitedly.

'Why, the best thing that could happen.'

'Oh, I know!' Tom cried, his eyes shining.

'Aunt Margie's coming! She said she would soon,' and taking Bert's smile for assent, he hurried upstairs to tell the good news to his sick mother. On the way he met Mary, the servant girl, and he told her. Next he stopped by grandma's door to let her know, and by the time he reached his mother's room he was so out of breath from hurry and excitement that he could only gasp, 'Aunt Margie—she's coming!'

'How do you know, and where is she?' cried Mrs. Williams.

'Why, Bert saw her, and I suppose she's walking up the street this minute.'

How glad everybody was! Aunt Margie's visits were few and far between, for she lived many miles away, and her coming was quite an event in the family. Even Mary shared the general delight.

The minutes passed, and poor Mrs. Williams, lying upstairs on her bed, waited patiently for her sister's appearance. 'Why does she not come to me?' she asked herself again and again. She heard the outside door open and close, but no one came near her, and she was growing exceedingly nervous when steps sounded on the stairs, her own door opened, and she looked up to see no one but Tom.

'Where's Aunt Margie?' she cried.

'I don't know,' Tom said in a disappointed tone; 'she didn't come yet. I watched and watched by the door, and I can't see anything of her.'

'Why didn't you ask Bert where he saw her?'

'I can't find Bert, either. He ran right off and hasn't been back since. I thought he'd gone to meet auntie. I'm afraid that he's just been fooling.'

Some hours afterward the missing Bert appeared. Tom happened to be by the front gate, so was the first to see him.

'Where's Aunt Margie?' he demanded.

'I don't know,' carelessly answered Bert.

'Where did you see her?'

'I didn't see her.'

This time Bert laughed.

'But you said so.'

'I didn't. I said for you to guess something, and you guessed Aunt Margie. I didn't say yes.'

'You didn't say no, either, Bert Williams, and that was the same as saying yes,' Tom returned in an injured tone.

'No, it wasn't,' and Bert laughed heartily as he ran to the house.

In the sitting-room he met his father.

'Bert,' said Mr. Williams, 'I thought you always prided yourself on being truthful.'

The smile faded from Bert's face, and he scarcely knew how to answer.

'You were untruthful this afternoon.'

'I didn't say that Aunt Margie was coming.'

'But you let Tom believe it. Besides, your words implied that something wonderful had happened. Is that your idea of truth?'

'It was only a joke,' Bert said, meekly.

'A joke! and for the sake of a joke you acted deceitfully, you disappointed the whole family, and made Mary stop her work and begin to prepare a lunch that was not needed; you caused your sick mother to so excite herself that her fever has returned—'

Bert started.

'I didn't know that,' he said.—New York Observer.'

A Piece of One's Mind.

(Julia F. Deane, in the 'Sunday School Messenger'.)

'I feel just like giving her a piece of my mind, that's what I do, and I believe I'll do it, too,' announced Bethea Dexter emphatically, as she came in from school.

'Do you think, dear, you can spare it?' asked her mother gently.

'Spare it! Spare what?' asked Bethea in astonishment.

'A piece of your mind. Do you think you can afford the extravagance, dear?'

'Mother Dexter, what do you mean?' inquired the girl, with sudden interest.

'Just this, daughter. There is a double truth in the common phrase, "giving others a piece of our mind," and oftentimes, perhaps always, the words literally and sadly fulfil themselves. There are some so rich and healthy of mind and soul as to be able to disperse pieces of their mind, in irritation and uncharitableness, without a corresponding loss of that serenity of spirit which enables one to do one's work properly. Better count well the cost, dear, before you do it.'

Who that has lived long, but has come to realize the enormous draft upon one's vitality and energy of this same process? Probably no one ever gives a piece of one's mind in the ordinary current meaning attached to the phrase, without actually squandering an undue amount of energy and vitality that was meant to be used for a better purpose. In fact, one who permits himself to become the slave of such a habit, sooner or later, finds himself morally bankrupt.

The boy whose mind is full of thoughts of how neatly he set out his comrade's meanness, isn't the boy who hands in the best thesis. The girl who is planning how she can phrase a cutting bit of rebuke to an offending companion is not, as a rule, the one who stands highest in her class. The man whose soul is filled with a personal grievance is not the man we must depend upon to move the world along. The woman burdened with a sense of having been wronged has little heart left to carry another's burden. The individual whose eyes are focused on the smallness and the weakness of the other fellow has lost the clear, fine vision that makes him really

useful in solving the problems of society. Intemperance of speech, or thought, as well as intemperance of appetite, is certain to wreck one's usefulness.

There undoubtedly are supreme moments in life when righteous indignation has its place, when the personal element is eliminated and one can deal with the sin without reference to the offender, but in the experience of the average mortal these occasions are rare. The delivering of pieces of one's mind, as a rule, is only a display of inward irritability and ill-temper, the undue exciting of a super-sensitive self-pride or conceit.

Truly the world needs the mind of every young man and woman, needs them sorely, but it needs and wants them only in their entirety and sanity, and has small use for the torn shreds and shattered remnants of prejudice and personal animosity which so often are styled 'pieces of one's mind.'

Abe, the Japanese Soldier Boy

In March, 1904, when the soldiers from the Second (Sendai) Division were being hurried to the front as fast as trains could carry them, I stood on the station platform here at Okayama with a small Japanese flag in my hand. A young soldier, his boyish face full of earnest longing, beckoned me to the car where he was standing and asked for my flag. I hesitated, but he begged so hard I put it in his buttonhole as the train moved off.

A few days later came a long letter from Hiroshima, where he was waiting for the transport, telling his name, his home, his life story, and why he had begged for some memento of the first foreign woman he had ever heard speak.

He told me he was the fifth son of his aged 'samurai' (father), who had lost all his other boys. He had just graduated from the law school in Tokio when the call to war came to the reserve, so he joined the colors in the same regiment where he had been for his two years of compulsory training before he went to Tokio.

Gladly his aged parents and still more aged grandmother had given him up; gladly he had gone for his dear country's sake. But on that long ride down from Tokio he had had time to think; so, though he knew nothing of Christianity, his heart was tender enough to be deeply impressed by a few earnest words of prayer to the loving heavenly Father, spoken by the foreign women to the men gathered around the fire in that rough dining shed.

And so began the letters which the soldier boy, Abe, has been sending to his 'Heaven-sent mother,' as he calls the missionary lady, from Korea, from the Yalu River, from far-away Manchuria, where he has been all these weary weeks and months in General Kuroki's army. Would not the boys across the wide Pacific like to hear something of these letters?

Under date of 10th July he says:—'For forty days I have been on guard in the front line, unable to sleep for noise of cannon and musketry. Last night I returned to camp, and asked, first of all, for letters. Of the two hundred and eight letters and papers for Company Nine, one hundred and six were for me, and I opened first your letters, papers, tracts, and photographs; thanks for them all, dear mother. Our Company Nine has been in six battles, and also out on numberless scouting expeditions, and we have had four killed and forty-five wounded. Thanks to your papers, I