

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## You'll Reap What You Sow.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,  
For seed that's sown will grow,  
And what you scatter, day by day,  
Will bring you joy or woe.  
For sowing and growing,  
Then reaping and mowing,  
Are the surest things e'er known;  
And the sighing and crying,  
And sorrow undying,  
Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,  
Be careful of your acts,  
For words can out and deeds bring blood,  
And wounds are stubborn facts.  
Whether sleeping or weeping,  
Or weary watch keeping,  
The seed that is sown will still grow;  
The rose bring new roses,  
The thorn tree discloses,  
Its thorn as an index of woe.

Be careful of your friends, my boy,  
Nor walk and mate with vice;  
'The boy is father to the man';  
Then fly when sins entice!  
The seed one is sowing,  
Through time will be growing,  
And each one must gather his own;  
In joy or in sorrow,  
To-day or to-morrow,  
You'll reap what your right hand has sown.  
—Presbyterian Witness.

## The Little Light.

A little boy was visiting at a lighthouse. He had come with his mother that morning in a row boat, and all day had been delighted with the strange and new things in the home on the rocks.

'But the night will be the most interesting time of all,' he said to his mother.

When the darkness began to gather, his uncle stood at the foot of the narrow, winding stairs, and said—

'Come up with me.'

Freddy was surprised, for in uncle's hand there was no big, blazing light—just a candle burning away with its tiny flame.

'Why are you going into the glass-room? asked the little fellow.

'I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is,' answered the uncle.

'No ship could see such a little light,' said the disappointed boy. But by that time they were in the glass-room, and a great light was streaming across the sea. The little candle had lighted the big lamp. You cannot shine very far for Jesus, perhaps, but keep your little light bright, and trust Him to make use of it.—Temperance Leader.

## We Can Do It.

If the evil one sows tares in our hearts, we can pull out the seeds before they grow.

If we are alert and brave, we can prevent his sowing them in us at all.

And by watching we can help to keep in the whole field of the husbandman good wheat alone.

## 'They'll Find the Same.'

Martha Baker turned a flushed and troubled face toward the open hall door in response to a cheery call. Round her stood the heap of her household goods—a confusion of boxes and barrels and crates.

'O Grandma Dean,' she cried, 'I am so glad to see you! Come in, if you can get in, and sit down. Things are in a perfect mess, and I am so discouraged about it all! But I am always glad to see you.'

Grandma Dean, with her sweet, placid face under the soft waves of white hair, was beloved of all the village.

'Why are you discouraged, dear?' she asked, as Martha paused. 'It's all for the best, isn't it? And this new position is really just what Jim has wanted for years.'

'Yes, But, grandma, to leave everybody

who has known me since I was a baby—all the dear friends, not to speak of mother and the girls; to sell our pretty little home when we have only lived in it a year; to go so far away to a strange city, where we don't know a soul—' The tears stole down Martha's face as she concluded, 'Of course I don't say so to Jim, but sometimes I just hate it!'

'Martha,' asked Mrs. Dean, 'did I ever tell you the story of the old Quaker? When I was married and we moved away from my old home it was told to me. It has helped me many times since. You see,' she continued, 'this good old man was one day driving to a distant town, and as he was going quietly along he met a man driving a large moving-wagon on which were piled his household goods.

'"Thee is moving, friend?" asked the Quaker.

'"We had to," the man replied, sourly. "We had to get out of the neighborhood. Such contemptible meanness as we found in that community seems almost incredible."

'"Friend," answered the old man, sadly, "thee'll find the same where thee is going."

'A little farther on he met another man with a similar load, and addressed the driver as before.

'"Yes," answered the man, "I'm sorry to say so. We're leaving the best neighbors a family ever had. We'll never find such friends again."

'"Oh, yes," answered the old Quaker, with a smile, "thee'll find the same wherever thee is going."

The kindly old eyes, which had looked long and wisely on human nature and had found it the same everywhere, now gazed tenderly at Martha.

'Thank you, grandma,' answered the young wife, quietly. 'From now on I'll look only for good people wherever we may go.' —'Youth's Companion.'

## Priscilla's Dilemma.

(Marie Deacon Hanson, in the 'Girl's Companion'.)

'Prisca, hurry and dress, and come for a drive.'

'You come indoors for a few minutes, Nathalie,' Priscilla answered, smiling from the open window at her cousin, seated in her dog cart. As the visitor joined her, Priscilla added: 'Huldah is visiting Susie Price in Watertown, and mamma says I may give a luncheon for the girls next week.'

'How delightful!' Nathalie exclaimed, following her cousin into the library.

'Apartment dining-rooms are not built to accommodate large parties, and I can only entertain about eight of the girls,' Priscilla went on a trifle regretfully.

'Eight is a comfortable number,' Nathalie suggested. 'Hurry and dress, dear. I want to take you to see the violets out Arlington way; we can talk as we drive.'

'I might have been dressed and have had the invitations written, if I hadn't lazed the morning away,' Priscilla confessed. 'Do you wonder that mamma sometimes call me Procrastinator Popham? It is "the sin that doth so easily beset" me.' Priscilla opened a desk and added: 'You write so beautifully, Thalie; do write the invitations for me while I go dress?'

Nathalie good-naturedly consented. Priscilla handed her a sheet of paper on which she had scribbled the names and addresses of the girls to be invited, together with a rough sketch of the invitation, and disappeared.

Priscilla was a small creature, spite of her sixteen and a half years, and when she presently appeared, she seemed a veritable fairy in the fluffiest of soft, white dresses. Her big blue eyes looked out smilingly from beneath the broad-brimmed hat of white embroidery and delicate pink roses that crowned her head of gold. Nathalie sealed the last invitation and arose.

'Hail, Queen of the Spring!' she cried, making a deep curtsy. 'With your ma-

jesty's permission, we will mail the invitations at the corner, and then for a drive in your majesty's own domain!'

The week of the luncheon was a holiday for the young ladies in Miss Carleton's private school. Priscilla, having planned to spend Monday morning putting her room in order, Priscilla-like was easily tempted, instead, to go in quest of violets, nor did she return in time to decorate the place-cards for her guests, as she had intended. However, she comforted herself thinking she would have plenty of time on Tuesday and Wednesday, the luncheon being on Thursday.

Nine o'clock Tuesday morning found Priscilla still in bed, sleepyhead that she was! Not even the bird singing joyously on her window-sill had power to lure her from her soft nest, and there she lay, half awake, half asleep, when her mother entered, holding an open letter in her hand.

'It's from your Aunt Kate,' Mrs. Popham said, raising the blinds. 'She is coming in on the nine o'clock train, and asks me to meet her at Parker's to select a coat for grandma. Hannah is ironing, though she is suffering dreadfully with toothache, and I was just urging her to go to the dentist when the letter came.'

'Why did you let me sleep so long, murr-sie?' Priscilla cried, springing out of bed. 'You hurry right off, dear. I'll wash the dishes and tend to things while Hannah goes to the dentist.'

'I wish you would, Prisca,' Mrs. Popham replied, with evident relief. 'I'll lunch with Aunt Katie down town, so don't wait for me.'

Priscilla ran out in her little bare feet, and bade Hannah go at once to the doctor. Then she took her bath, made a leisurely semi-toilet, and sat down to her breakfast and the newspaper. It was after eleven o'clock when Priscilla finally arose and began to gather the dishes together. And, at this moment, the front door bell rang.

'It can't be a caller so early,' Priscilla said, looking in dismay at the long, faded blue kimono she had donned as good enough in which to wash dishes and dust. 'It must be a peddler.' A second peal sounded as she deliberated. The next moment, Priscilla opened the door, then stepped back, gasping. Three radiant visions in white confronted her.

'We came unfashionably early, Prisca, because Huldah was so anxious to see you,' Nathalie said smilingly. 'Susie and she called for me on their way from the train.'

'You dear!' Huldah cried, taking the shrinking Priscilla into her arms and smothering her with kisses. 'Never mind if you aren't ready. We can talk while you are dressing.'

'But the luncheon isn't to-day; it's Thursday,' Priscilla said miserably.

'I'm sure the invitation read Tuesday,' Susie replied.

Priscilla ushered her guests into the library, fortunately tidy, and broke into a cold perspiration at thought of the other guests soon to arrive, and the condition of the other rooms.

'I must see for myself,' she murmured, slipping down on her knees beside the waste basket and searching feverishly for a coveted slip of paper. If only it were Nathalie's fault. But no! Here was the slip, and in her own handwriting the day—Tuesday. She had dashed off the copy hurriedly at the last minute, and had written Tuesday unthinkingly.

'Never mind if a mistake has been made Prisca. It isn't the luncheon we care about, it's the visit with you,' Huldah said lovingly.

'Effie Carruthers always has things so elegant at her house, and this was going to be the nicest luncheon I've ever given,' Priscilla groaned. 'Oh, dear!' A sob threatened to develop into tears, till Priscilla suddenly remembered that something was due the guests already assembled. The next moment she straightened and went on bravely, spite of the tremble in her voice: 'Girls, I invited you to a luncheon, with hand-