

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Aug. 4th..Num. xiii. 17-20; 23-33..Matt. vi. 5-11.  
 " 11th..Num. xxi. 4-9.....Gen. i. 1-9; 26-29  
 " 18th..Deut. vi. 1-15.....Gen. iii. 1-20.  
 " 25th..Josh. iii. 5-17.....Gen. iv. 1-16.

## "IT WILL ALWAYS HELP ME."

It will always help me  
 To be kind and true,  
 If I ask in earnest,  
 What would Jesus do?

It is hard with patience  
 Minding what I'm bid.  
 Help me, heavenly Father,  
 To do as Jesus did.

When my heart is tempted  
 From the truth to stray,  
 Let me softly whisper,  
 "What would Jesus say?"

So my work and playing  
 Happy hours shall fill;  
 Not as I would rather,  
 But as Jesus will.

—Selected.

## A LITTLE MAN.

It was a crowded railway station and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box, bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the centre of the room. A small boy called, "Tillygram and broken needle," which last meant *The Brooklyn Eagle*. Another boy shouted, "Cough candy and lozenges, five cents a paper."

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through the door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

The gate was kept open but a moment, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her, could not seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside.

The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"See there, Harry; see Fred; that's what he dashed back for!"

"No! you don't say so! I thought he went for peanuts."

"No, not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes. What business has she to be right in the way with her bundles? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded on the window and motioned Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"Come along, Fred! Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you! I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train:

"Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh, you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train whirled away. The next one came. "Rapid transit for East New York; all aboard!" shouted the man at the door.

The gate was opened. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the

same air he would have shown to his own mother, he "saw her through." And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with a grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly youth.

—Silver Cross.

## A CHILD OF GOD.

THERE was a ripple of excitement all through the orphan asylum, for a great lady had come in her carriage to take little Jane with her.

Jane herself was bewildered with the thought. The kind matron led her down the wide stairway, and as she passed the hall door she saw the shining carriage, the fine horses, the liveried servants, and it seemed like a dream.

"I hope she is glad to go," said the great lady in her gentle tone. "Do you want to go home with me and be my child, my dear?"

"I don't know," said Jane, timidly.

"But I am going to give you beautiful clothes, and a gold ring, and a box of candy, and books, and dolls, and blocks, and a swing. Now, do you want to go?"

"I don't know," said the child, still frightened.

"You shall have a little room of your own, with a beautiful bed, and table, and chair; you shall have a bird in a cage, and a little dog with a silver collar. Don't you want to go with me, Jane?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the little one said anxiously: "But what am I to do for all this?"

The lady burst into tears. "Only to love me and be my child," she said, and she folded the little girl in her arms.

God finds us orphaned, and desolate, and defiled with sin, and poor, and naked, and blind. He adopts us into His family, and gives us all that we need in this life, with care and protection, and His own name, and forgiveness, and the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and an inheritance in glory; and all that He asks in return is that we should love Him and be His children. — *Children's Record*.

## A MISSIONARY STORY.

ON one of the Samoan Islands John Williams found a small chapel and about fifty persons, who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm to distinguish him from his neighbors.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian