

BOYS AND GIRLS

Have Faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
What though behind, the foe,
In front, the sea may rise with threat'ning
might!

The pillar of God's presence, in the night
As fire shall glow;
Darkness around, He will to thee give light,
Thy foes o'erthrow,
Stretch forth, in trust, prayers' wonder-
working rod,
Have faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
He holds the winds and waves
Within the hollow of His own strong hand!
All things obey one word of His command,
And Jesus saves!
The starry hosts He binds with circling band,
Shuts storms in caves,
His sacred feet the surging billows trod,
Have faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
Though fig-tree blossom not,
The labor of the olive seem to fail,
The vine leaves wither 'neath the pelting
hail,
And falling, rot;
They shall enrich the mould, while we bewail
Their wasted lot,
New fruit is forming down below the sod,
Have faith in God.

'Have faith in God'—
Omnipotent His love!
Though mountains bar thy way, He shall
again
Thresh the high hills, till they become a
plain,
Or far remove;
Things deemed impossible by men, and vain,
Are wrought above,
And for rough places, feet with iron are
shod;
Have faith in God.

—Selected.

A New Game.

(Joshua F. Crowell, in the 'Sunday School
Messenger'.)

It was Saturday morning, and the twins
stood hand in hand, looking sorrowfully out
of the window.

'It's going to rain!' with a sob, said Sue.
'It's raining now!' with a wail, said Lou.
Then together they said, 'What shall we
do?'

Now big Brother Hugh was home from col-
lege on a vacation, and when he saw how dis-
appointed his little sisters were at staying in
for the rain, he said, 'Come here girls! I've
a brand-new game for you. Here are some
paper and pencils. Who lives next door?'

'Mr. Brown,' answered the girls, in unison.
'You are right. What kind of a complexion
has Mr. Brown? Is it brown?'

'No,' said Sue, 'he is pale.'
'He's very pale,' said Lou.

'Then write on your papers Mr. Brown is
very white. Now we'll sit round this table
and put on our thinking-caps, and in imagina-
tion we'll go all round this town and pick
out all the people that have colors for names,
and we'll see how many come right.'

'Oh, I know how!' cried Sue. 'The colored
man that saws our wood is named Mr. White.
I'll put it down. Mr. White is very black.'

'Oh,' cried Lou, 'I know another man who
is just as black, and his name is Snow.'

'Write it down this way,' said Brother
George, with a twinkle in his eye: 'Mr.
White is as black as Snow,' taking her paper
from her.

The girls squealed in unison, 'Oh, how fun-
ny!'

'You need not confine yourself to colors.
There are other qualities quite as amusing
and quite as true. You both know Mr. Sav-
age; there never was a gentler, kinder man.
Now I am going to leave you. In an hour
come up to my room, and show me what you
have written.'

The two girls had an exciting time. In im-
agination they travelled all over town, and
visited every one they knew. Then they con-
sulted the papers and the dictionary as re-

mindings. Their mother saw them and won-
dered what made them so industrious. Beat
of all, they were happy, and never once
thought of the rain outside.

At the end of the hour Sue produced and
read the following paper:

'This is a strange town, for most of the
people in it are named wrong, but I am very
glad that most of them are better than their
names.

'The three nicest people I know are wrong-
ly named.

'My day teacher, Miss Stearn, is always
gentle. My Sunday-school teacher, Miss Bangs,
is quiet, and Mr. Savage is the tamest man in
town. I know a whole family of Bachelors,
and they are all married.

'Mr. Beach lives in the woods, and Mr.
Woods lives near the beach. Mr. Elder is
about twenty years old, and Mr. Young is
seventy-five. Mr. Day works at night. Mr.
Long is a short man, and Mr. Lowe is six feet
tall.

'I have heard of Bartlett pears and Bald-
win apples, but in this town Mr. Bartlett
grows apples and Mr. Baldwin pears. Mr.
Carpenter is a mason, and Mr. Mason is a car-
penter. The Butlers and Carters and Millers
and Potters don't do anything for a living,
and the Kings have to work like slaves. Mrs.
Walker has a carriage, and Mrs. Ryder never
has had a carriage, but has to walk.

'If all these people had their names changed
we shouldn't know them any better, for we
know them now in spite of their names, be-
cause names do not count, after all.'

When Brother Hugh read that last sentence,
he said, 'Sue, you are quite a little philos-
opher, and you have quite a long list, too.'

'It's true, anyway,' said Sue.

Then Hugh smiled at the twelve-year-old
girl in his superior wisdom of twenty years,
and proceeded to read Lou's paper:

'There is a man in our town,
His face is white, his name is Brown.
Mr. Grey is saffron yellow,
And Mr. Green's a rosy fellow.
Mr. Taylor is a baker,
Mr. Cook, a carriage-maker;
Mr. Gardner catches fish,
Mr. Fisher—raises vegetables.'

'I couldn't make this one rime, but it's the
truth.'

When Hugh had finished his reading, he said,
'I see that my little game has produced a
philosopher and a poet in the family.'

The twins were silent for a moment, then
they said together:

'Why, it has stopped raining!'

The Verdict Reversed.

When my brother Tommy was a small boy,
about three years of age, my parents had a
parrot which was a very knowing old bird.
He was often allowed to roam at will about
the house, and he often perched on the back
of Tommy's high chair.

Once, at mealtime, when Tommy was sitting
at the table, something didn't go to suit him,
and he began to cry. The parrot, perched in
his favorite place on Tommy's chair, wagged
his head sagely, and said drolly, 'Tommy bad
boy, Tommy bad boy.'

This hurt Tommy's feelings very much, and
also made him very indignant. He began to
cry still harder, saying vehemently, 'I ain't
bad.'

The parrot, who seemed to be somewhat
abashed at this denial, remained quiet for
some time, evidently pondering the situation.
Then he said, soothingly, 'Tommy good boy,
Tommy good boy.'

This seemed to pacify the troubled child,
and he soon stopped crying.—'C. E. World.'

Miss Abigail's Record.

(J. L. Harbour, in the 'Morning Star'.)

When the only Sunday-school in the small
town of Wayneford held its anniversary exer-
cises, the name of Abigail Lynes was always
read as that of the only person that had not
missed a single session of the school since its
organization. When the school celebrated its
twenty-fifth anniversary, it was still true
that Abigail Lynes had never missed a ses-

sion. When the school came to its thirtieth,
and even to its thirty-fifth anniversary, Ab-
igail Lynes was still on hand to hear her
name read, and to see it in big letters on the
blackboard, as the only person who had never
missed a Sunday.

Abigail was now an old woman, and it had
cost her a good deal to make such a record
as this for herself. She was sixty-nine years
old when the Sunday-school celebrated its
thirty-ninth anniversary, and on that day she
said:

'I'm comin', if the Lord spares me, one
more year to make up an even forty-year
record, an' then I think I'll drop out, an' I
feel that the dear Master will be willin' that
I should.'

It lacked but one month of the fortieth an-
niversary of the Sunday-school, and Miss Ab-
igail's record was still the same. One Satur-
day morning she was standing on a chair in
her kitchen reaching up to the top shelf of
her cupboard. Suddenly she lost her balance
and fell in such a way that her ankle was
severely sprained. The injury was not very
painful at the time, but in a few hours she
was compelled to lie down, and when Mrs.
Willis, Miss Abigail's next-door neighbor,
chanced to come in a little later, she found
Miss Abigail's foot and ankle very badly
swollen. The swelling grew worse, and when
Mrs. Willis went home, an hour or two later,
she said:

'I declare if it isn't too bad! Abigail
Lynes has sprained her ankle so badly I don't
think she'll go to Sunday-school to-morrow.
She feels dreadfully about it.'

'Miss Abigail not able to go to Sunday-
school!' exclaimed Fred Willis, a robust boy
of fifteen. 'My! it'll not seem like Sunday-
school to us boys if Miss Abigail isn't there.
We've never had any other teacher since we
left the infant department. And here it's
only three more Sundays until the fortieth
anniversary.'

'Well, I'm sure Miss Abigail will not be
able to walk to Sunday-school,' said Mrs.
Willis.

'I'm going over to see her about it,' said
Fred, and in a minute or two he was sitting
by the lounge on which Miss Abigail was lying
in her sitting-room.

'Well, I'll tell you, Miss Abigail,' said
Fred, 'if you're able, we boys will get you
there some way. We've counted as much as
you have on having you there on the fortieth
anniversary.'

'I hoped to fill out my full record of forty
years, but I'll not complain if the Lord orders
it otherwise.'

It was the first day of January, and the
snow was drifting gently down. Already it
covered the ground to a depth of several
inches.

'You'd like to go if we can get you there,
wouldn't you, Miss Abigail?' went on Fred.

'Oh, yes; I'd love to go if I'm able, even if
I can't walk.'

'Then you shall go,' said Fred.

Other of her neighbors came to see Miss Ab-
igail when they heard of her misfortune, and
some of them offered to see to it that she
was carried to Sunday-school; but she said:

'I thank you very much, but I've promised
Fred Willis that I'd let him and the other
boys in my class get me there.'

That evening Fred went round to see the
other boys in his class. There were five of
them, and they were vigorous lads of from
fifteen to seventeen years of age.

The next morning at nine o'clock the Willis
sleigh drew up to Miss Abigail's door. The
sleigh was drawn not by horses, but by the
six sturdy lads belonging to Miss Abigail's
class. Her injured ankle was not very pain-
ful, but she could not wear a shoe nor stand
on her swollen foot.

Mrs. Willis had dressed Miss Abigail for
Sunday-school; and she greeted 'her boys'
with smiles when she saw them trooping in
to carry her out to the sleigh.

'You are good boys,' she said, in her sim-
ple and direct way. 'I'll feel like a queen
whose chariot is drawn by her loving subjects,
and I'd rather ride to Sunday-school this way
than go with a coach and four. I'll have a
sleigh and six.'

She was a tiny woman, and the boys lifted
her easily and carried her out to the sleigh
in which were robes and blankets. They tuck-
ed her in snug and warm, and started on their