

Our Boys and Girls.

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

BY LOUISE M'CLOY HORN.

The twilight came in Judea
At the close of a sultry day,
And the laborers turned them home-
ward
From the meadows and hillside gray.
In the shade of the palm they lingered
By the side of a deep old well,
And greeted their friends and neigh-
bors
As the peaceful twilight fell.

Hither the patient camels
From the dusty highway came,
And the gentle sheep from the pasture
Which the shepherds call by name.
And the little children loitered,
Tired with their merry play;
And they drank of the crystal water
In the cool of the passing day.
And there came the Master also,
To rest him a little space,
And the children clustered round him,
Drawn by the gentle face.
And the tiny brown-haired maidens,
And the little lads eager-eyed,
Trustingly leaned upon him,
And rested there by his side.

And he lovingly clasped the wee ones,
Feeling a kinship sweet,
Master of earth and heaven—
With the little ones at his feet.
And he raised his eyes to the people
And said in his dear voice mild,
"To enter the kingdom of heaven,
You must be as a little child."

The clear stars shone o'er the hilltops
As the children homeward sped,
And the Master mused by the wellside,
And the sheep to the fold were led.
And the years that have passed are
many,

But the Master's heart is the same,
And he blesses to-day the children
Who whisper in love his name.

BOB'S GYMNASIUM TICKET.

"Mother, can't I buy a ticket to the gymnasium for this summer?" asked Rob Royse, twisting the door knob and looking at her anxiously.

"How much does it cost?"

"Four dollars; but that includes baths and—just lots of things."

"Could your little brother go in on your ticket?"

"No, of course not, but—"

"Then I am sure we can't afford it, Rob," she said firmly.

"But mother, I need it so! I'm all stooped over and weak-armed, and thin as a rail," he pleaded.

Mrs. Royse sighed, for what Rob said was true, and her great anxiety was to see her two boys grow strong and straight; still, they could hardly afford that \$4 just now, and she could not give to one and not to the other. So she answered quietly:

"Alden needs it too, dear," adding after a pause—

"I wonder if we could not have a gymnasium of our own?"

"If we had a big barn like Skillman's we could, but we can't stand up in our coal-shed!"

"What about the back-yard—an outdoor gymnasium?"

"That big, old, bare lot!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it needs to be big and bare, and the high fence around it is just the

thing. The dead apple tree will make a fine hold for our swinging ropes, and we can easily fix up the place for basket ball, horizontal bars and all those things."

"And we'll have swinging ladders," put in Rob, suddenly with all enthusiasm, "and Dollard Wright has a pair of saw-horses he'll give us. Say, mother, wouldn't it be nice to have Dollard in our gym?"

Mrs. Royse looked dubious. "We don't want to have a crowd of boys here—it would soon give us trouble; but three would make it nicer than two, so if you promise to ask no one else, you may have him in it."

"And between us we have money enough to buy our Indian clubs right off. Mayn't I go over and tell him about it?"

Away he bounded, leaving his mother smiling over her work and planning eagerly to transform the ugly back yard into a first-class gymnasium.

"I'll make them a floor mat by sewing together those two old mattresses in the attic and covering them with denim. It can be kept in the lattice porch at night. The best thing about the plan is that the boys are developing their muscles and they are in the open air at the same time, and happy at home where I can be with them. Maybe I will get a little physical culture myself!" laughed the wise little woman, patting the finished sewing as if it had originated the idea.

That night the charter members of the Royse gymnasium held a caucus, as Rob called it, in the family sitting room, and the most enthusiastic member, of all was Mr. Royse himself.

"The first thing we must do will be to rake and clean the yard till it looks like new," he said, with a boyish laugh. "Then I'll see that the ropes are up good and strong, while you boys fix the other what-you-may-call-ems. If a punching bag doesn't cost too much we will have one in the corner."

This was greeted with cheers, Dollard exclaiming, "Oh, let me buy that! Father was going to give me a ticket and I'll just take the \$4 to get apparatus. Isn't it lucky that school is out next week?"

"And that to-morrow's Saturday!" added Alden.

"We can invent so many nice games with the apparatus," Dollard said, thoughtfully.

"I know one already," cried Alden, "It's to put a tin can—an open one, you know—on the end of a pole, and see how many times you can throw it up and catch it on the pole again. It takes lots of practice!"

The other boys smiled somewhat contemptuously over this, but Mrs. Royse hastened to declare that it would be fine training for the muscles of the back. Although they tried it the next day, "simply for Alden's sake," Rob and Dollard got plenty of fun out of the tin cans, during the jolly summer.

Indeed, the whole gymnasium was a grand success. To be sure, no grass grew in the Royse's back yard that year, but there are many things better than grass or even a pretty lawn. The boys, who spent hours and hours there, developed some respectable big muscles, and became very skillful in their games. And since there were only three of them—and it takes four to play most games—Mrs. Royse was often coaxed to leave her work and join them.

When she declared she was "getting more physical culture than the house-work could stand," the boys resolved to help. They washed the dishes, made

beds, swept, and, in fact, as Dollard said, they "turned girl so that she could turn boy when the work was done."

"We're a Mutual Aid Society," she exclaimed to Mr. Royse, while Alden whispered confidentially: "Do you know father, I never used to love mother as much as I do now. She's so jolly and always she plays so fair!"

Then there were four grown people who spent many a lively evening in the back yard, playing ball, swinging clubs, and practising archery with as much delight as did their sons.

Only one thing marred the fun. All the children of the neighborhood wanted to come and live with them, as Rob had prophesied. At first they were patient with the intruders; but when the precious apparatus was abused and broken; they could endure it no longer. It was decided to build a high lattice separating the gymnasium from the front yard, with a door that would lock; then when the callers came the boys were brought in to entertain them on the front porch or in the sitting room, "just as we did before we invented our gym," Rob said. They were to be very nice to these callers, but on no account take them into the back yard.

"We don't like to be selfish, boys," Mrs. Royse said, "but we cannot be imposed upon. I hope you three will always have too much pride and self-respect to push yourselves in where you are not asked."

"Indeed we wouldn't!" they chorused.

"We're not selfish," we're just protections. No representation without taxation, you know," this from Dollard, of course.

The result was some angry neighbor boys, but as two more gymnasiums were started by way of opposition, it really spread the good work.

When fall came, Mrs. Wright kindly offered the use of her big attic for the winter, and here, though somewhat hampered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscular training.

"Are you satisfied with your summer's gymnasium ticket, Rob?" asked Mrs. Royse with a bright smile as she helped him gather up his school books on the opening day.

"Well I guess so!" he exclaimed heartily. "And it didn't cost four dollars, either, did it?"

"No. Do you notice how sturdy Alden has grown during the summer? He looks like a different boy."

"Sure enough! And Dollard and I have biceps like blacksmiths. Just feel that! I tell you, mother, it's funny that every boy doesn't get up a gym of his. Don't you think so?"—Lee McRae.

BLACKBERRYING.

"I don't think it's so much fun to pick berries," said Elmer, as he trudged over the pasture lot toward the blackberry patch at the edge of the wood.

"It does get sort of common," admitted Mildred, "and you can't eat berries all the time."

"Say, said Elmer, in sudden excitement, "there's a little girl with a pink apron in our berry patch."

"Oh dear, I hope she hasn't got all the big ones," said Mildred.

"I'm going to chase her right away," declared Elmer, and he started running toward the offender.

The girl in the pink apron didn't run, nor did she show the slightest fear when he approached, so Elmer stopped to consider matters. You know you can't chase any one if they persist in standing still.



CRAMPS,

Pain in the
Stomach,
Diarrhoea,
Dysentery,
Colic,
Cholera
Morbus,

Cholera Infantum, Seasickness,
and all kinds of Summer Com-
plaint are quickly cured by
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Refuse Substitutes. They're Dangerous.

"You get out of here," he shouted
fiercely.

"This is Farmer Hopkins' berry
patch," said the girl, "and he said I
might pick these berries."

Then Elmer picked up a very large
stick.

"I'm not afraid," said the girl, "cause
gentlemen don't hit ladies with sticks."

"I wasn't going to hit you," he mut-
tered with his face very red, "I just
tried to scare you."

"But I'm not scared," she said, and
went on picking berries as fast as she
could.

So Elmer and Mildred turned their
backs on her and began to fill their
baskets.

But after awhile the little girl in the
pink apron said, "Say, let's play I'm on
a desert island and you're in the ocean
on a boat coming to me. Let's have
this big patch here for the island."

"All right," cried Mildred, in delight,
and she began journeying toward the
island, picking berries as she went.

Elmer followed more slowly. He was
a little cross yet over his failure to
scare the stranger.

"Ahoj there," shouted the little girl;
"look out there for that big rock near
the shore. My boat broke all to pieces
on that."

"We'll be careful," said Mildred.

Elmer couldn't withstand the charms
of this game any longer. "It's just ter-
rible hard rowing in such big waves,"
he said.

"I know it is," was the sympathetic
answer. "I do hope you won't get
shipwrecked, but if you do, I'll help you
out."

"Oh, I can swim," said Elmer, "and
I could get my sister out. I can swim
more than a hundred miles."

After some very hard rowing they
reached the island. The little girl, whose
name was Annie, stood on the shore to
welcome them.