

Our Boys and Girls.

LET THEM PASS: FORGET THEM.

Never mind the things you heard,—
Don't repeat a single word,—
Let them pass; forget them,
Do not mind them—they are not
Worthy of a moment's thought,—
They have now much mischief wrought
Let them pass; forget them.

Never mind what some one said,—
They were words by malice fed—
Let them pass; forget them.
They were unkind and untrue,
And deserve no thought from you.—
Be among the very few
Who will never mind them.

Let the other people say
Words unkind from day to day—
Let them pass; forget them.
Balance matters with them; give
Kind words for unkind ones; live
As you know you ought; forgive,—
Let them pass; forget them.

And if you have said a word,
Harsh, unkind, and some one heard,
Pass it not; but mind it.
Sow another kind of seed,—
Do another kind of deed,—
Maybe some one's heart will bleed,
If you do not mind it.
—Benjamin B. Keech, in *Vick's Magazine*.

ROY'S TEMPTATION.

Roy Greenwood is the son of poor parents, and it is not often that a nickel finds its way into his hands, except on Sunday, when his father sometimes gives him one to put into the missionary box. Roy frequently sees other boys spend money for candy and playthings, but it is a difficult matter for his father to earn money enough to provide for his family, and he cannot afford to give Roy money for candy and toys.

One Sunday, not very long ago, as Roy was starting for Sunday school, his father said, "Here, Roy is a nickel for you to put into the missionary box." It was a bright, new coin, and it looked very pretty to Roy as he took it; and the thought came into his mind, "I wish it was mine."

As he walked along Roy kept taking the nickel out of his pocket to look at it; every time he saw it he wished more and more that it had been given him to spend.

While he was in school he thought about the nickel, and kept calculating how many marbles it would buy. Just before prayers the teacher said, "Roy Greenwood, will you take the missionary box around the class, please?"

Roy took up the collection, and after the other boys and girls had put in their money, he pretended to drop his nickel in the box, and went back to his seat. The teacher had gone to the library, and the other children were looking at their Sunday papers. In a very short time, Roy and his conscience had quite a conversation together. "The nickel will buy fifty marbles," said Roy. "It would help to buy Bibles and papers to send to the heathen," responded conscience. "But I want some marbles, and no one will know about it," said Roy. "Yes, God will know," replied conscience.

After school was dismissed Roy went to church, and then home with the rest

of the family, but how miserable he was all the remainder of the day; the nickel seemed to lie in his pocket like a weight; he felt it all the time. When his parents and sisters sang some hymns he could not join in them, for there was something in his throat which felt as if the nickel was there. In the evening his father read a chapter from the Bible and when he read the words, "A single sin will call down the anger of God upon us, and if not repented of, will bring eternal punishment," Roy left his seat, went and stood at his mother's side, and put one of his hands on her right shoulder. As Mr. Greenwood went on reading Mrs. Greenwood heard Roy sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter with you, my boy," she asked; but Roy buried his face on her breast and wept more bitterly. "Are you sick, my dear?" asked the mother. "No, mamma." "What is the matter with you then?" But Roy could only answer by tears and sobs.

When the children retired for the night, Roy went to his bed, a miserable, unhappy little boy. His sisters were soon fast asleep, but he tossed around in bed, and could neither sleep nor rest; a number of times he was on the point of calling to his mother and confessing his sin. After a time he heard his father locking the doors.

"Now," said he, "papa and mamma are coming to bed, and if I do not tell mamma, I shall lie awake all night."

Roy sat up in bed, and in a faint voice called, "Mamma!" "What is it, my boy?" Mrs. Greenwood asked, pleasantly. "Will you come into my room for a moment, please?" His mother entered the chamber and he asked her for a drink of water; she gave it to him and said, "Is that all you want, dear?"

"No, mamma," answered Roy, "I can not go to sleep until I have told you that I have been a thief today; papa gave me a nickel before I went to Sunday school to put into the missionary box and I kept it."

Roy's mother sat upon the bed, and spoke to him in a grieved manner, and then told him to get out of bed and pray at her knees, and confess his sin to God.

"For though God knows all about it," she said, "He commands us to confess our sins to Him and ask His forgiveness."

Roy knelt at his mother's knee, and in broken sentences, mingled with tears, confessed his sin, and asked God to forgive him. When he had finished he asked, "Mamma, will you be afraid to trust me after what I have done today?"

"No, my boy, I shall not; I think you have had a lesson today which you will always remember; but you must not forget to pray daily that God will shield you from temptation. Good night my boy, and God bless you," and his mother kissed him and then went to her own room to pray for him. In a short time she returned, and looked at Roy; he was sleeping his head resting upon his right hand; the tears still glistening in his eyes, but the troubled look had vanished from his face, and he was in a happy peaceful sleep.

The following Sunday Roy put the new nickel into the missionary box. He has frequently told his mother since that he would not be a thief again and suffer in his mind as he suffered that Sunday for all the marbles and tops in the world.—Chas. Stell, in *Intel*.

God does not measure what we bring to Him; He weighs it.

A PAIR OF SHOES.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

One summer day a dozen years ago a twelve-year-old boy was seated behind a small desk in the anteroom of a New York morning newspaper office. He was one of the regular force of office boys. One of these had the day before gone away, a fact which had in some mysterious way been noised abroad, and during the day a score of other boys had been in to apply for the place. None of them had been engaged.

Shortly before six o'clock another boy appeared, about the age of the one who sat in the room.

"I heard you want to get another office boy," said the newcomer.

The boy in the chair looked the other over carefully without replying. The applicant was a clean, manly looking little fellow, with frank blue eyes. The office-boy went into the inner room, and then the assistant editor appeared. "What's your name?" he asked, briskly.

"Walter Simmons, sir," answered the boy.

The man rapidly questioned him further, and looked at his letters of recommendation. In a moment the boy was engaged.

"You'll go on the night force," said the editor. "Begin tonight at six o'clock—you'll get off somewhere around two. There'll be a couple of the old boys here to tell you what to do."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, moving toward the door.

As he stepped from behind the desk the editor noticed that he was barefooted.

"Here, where are your shoes?" said the man. "You'll have to hurry if you've got to go home after them."

The boy looked down and hesitated. Then he glanced up at the man and said:

"I haven't any shoes, sir."

"No shoes? Well, we can't have a barefooted office-boy. Can't you get some?"

Again the boy hesitated, "I'll try my best, sir," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"All right. Turn up here at six with shoes on and the place is yours—otherwise we'll have to get some one else," and the editor hurried away.

The boy walked slowly out to the head of the stairs. He paused here, and gazed wistfully back into the anteroom. Then, catching the eye of the boy inside, he turned and ran down the steps.

"Hi, there! Hold on, kid!" came a voice from the head of the stairs. He turned on the first landing, and saw the other boy looking down at him.

"What's the reason you ain't got any shoes?" asked the office-boy.

"All worn out and thrown away. I've been out of work a month, and my mother's sick."

"Got any stockings?"

"Yes; one pair," and he gazed down at his bare legs below his short trousers.

"Well, you must be about my size. I have a pair of shoes I might lend to you for a week till you draw your pay. What'd ye say to that?"

"You wouldn't ask if you knew how much I want the place?"

"Well, you skip home and get the stockings. Come right back and wait there where you are. You'll have to hustle if you get back by six."

Walter certainly did "hustle;" he was back several minutes before six, and stood panting on the landing, half afraid that the other would not keep his word. The next moment his new-

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found friend looked down at him. "Sit right down there," said the office-boy. "Put on the stockings and I'll be along at six."

Walter did as he was told, and as everybody went up and down by the elevators he was not disturbed. In a few minutes the office-boy came, sat down beside him, and began taking off his shoes.

"This is the only pair I've got," he explained. "Nothing very stylish about them, but if they'll do on my feet, they'll do on yours. They cost a dollar, anyhow, and you want to be careful of them—no skating on the floor or kicking the desk legs. Try that one."

"That fits all right," answered Walter.

"Well, get 'em both on quick. My name is Tom Bennett, and I live at 989 Roosevelt street. There's a bakery in the basement that's open all night. The boss knows me. When you get off at two, you go round there and leave the shoes with him. I'll tell him you're coming. See that you don't fail, 'cause if you do I'll be out of a job myself tomorrow. I got your name and your address from Mr. Hunt, and if the shoes ain't at the bakeshop in the morning I'll be looking for you." He stuffed his own stockings into his pocket and went down the stairs in his bare feet. The other went up and began his duties.

For a week this arrangement was kept up. Tom found his shoes each morning at the baker's, and each evening the exchange was made on the landing. At the end of this time Walter was able to get himself a pair and the partnership in foot-gear came to an end. But the friendship so oddly begun has never ended, and both boys proved to be capable of rising to better things. Tom is now in the business office, and Walter is a reporter.—*Youth's Companion*.