

## Our Boys and Girls.

### SHORT GRAMMAR.

The whole science of grammar cannot be composed in twenty lines of verse, but the ten couplets which are here given have started many young learners upon the difficult road which leads to the mastery of language:

Three little words you often see  
Are articles a, an and the.

A noun's the name of anything  
As school or garden, hook or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,  
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—  
Her head, his hand, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done—  
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump, or run.

How things are done the verbs tell,  
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,  
As men and women, wind or weather.

The preposition stands before  
A noun, as in or through the door.

The interjection shows surprise,  
As, Oh, how pretty! Ah, how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of  
speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

### JONES'S ALPHABET.

George Washington Jones was nineteen years of age before he learned his alphabet. It contained but three letters and they were all the same. He was an orphan who managed to live in spite of being a waif, homeless and friendless. He had learned to read by some strange chance, exactly how, he never could explain. The little which he had read had awakened lofty ambitions in his boyish mind. His day-dreams would have filled with laughter all who knew him had they but known them. He treasured his purpose as the secrets of his own heart and brain, and patiently and contentedly toiled, living from hand to mouth until he had reached the age of nineteen years.

His nineteenth birthday was his emancipation day. He was going to his daily work when he saw a fragment of a newspaper flitting before him, driven by the wind. He stopped and caught it, and read:

"Push with energy; plod with patience; endure with pluck; and you can do anything that God approves. With these P's, push, patience, pluck, as your alphabet, you can spell every word but FAIL."

The boy became a man in a flash. He straightened himself to his full height and spoke aloud:

"I have learned my alphabet; now I will begin to spell."

He looked again at the paper and saw that the words were a brief extract from an address by the president of Walden University. He said to himself, "I do not know where Walden University is, but I will find it."

One week from his birthday he started on foot for Walden University. He carried in his hand a small bundle containing his scanty wardrobe. In his pocket were a few cents, his total fortune. His journey was filled with ad-

venture, but he triumphed over all obstacles. He asked nothing and would receive nothing in charity. He earned his living by the way, but ever kept moving toward his goal. It took many weeks, but he was ever cheerful and courageous. His smile was a sunbeam; his laugh was rich music; his song was a trumpet blast. He worked and smiled and sung his way, until wearied, footsore, shabby and gaunt with hunger he entered the city. He found the man whose words had changed the current of his life. He quietly stated his desire to secure an education and exhibited the soiled fragment of paper containing his alphabet.

He was encouraged and assured that if he would continue to spell as he had begun he would not fail to succeed. Disdaining to accept aid, Jones began to seek work to pay his way. He tried scores of places only to be refused. He bowed, lifted his fragment of a hat and smiled when each said "No!" One man who had been unusually curt and surly was so amazed at the smile and bow that he muttered to himself:

"If he can do that when I say 'No,' what would he do if I were to say 'Yes!' I'll try it as an experiment, the man said, "What kind of work do you want?"

"Anything."

"I have work, but it is hard."

"I am strong."

"It is dirty."

"I have soap in my pocket."

"The pay will be small."

"I do not need much."

"Follow me."

Jones had the job.

The cellar of a large warehouse was as gloomy as a dungeon. It was filled nearly to the ceiling with boxes and barrels. Refuse of every kind was piled in heaps.

"Clear this up. Break up the barrels and boxes that are useless. Pile neatly those that are good. Put this rubbish in barrels on the sidewalk. I will give you one dollar for the job. When will you begin?"

"Now!" said Jones. If you will let me sleep in the room we came through. I will not leave it until the job is done. I saw an old blanket on the floor that will do for a bed."

Permission being given, Jones had a job and lodgings. A few wisps of hay and a disreputably old horse-blanket served for a bed. Three nickels, his total wealth, purchased three loaves of bread. A faucet in an old sink furnished water, and Jones had a job, board and lodging. It took three days to complete the task. When it was finished the employer was asked to pass his approval upon the work.

Every bit of rubbish had been carried out and filled a row of barrels on the sidewalk. In one corner, boxes all ready for use was stored. In another, a similar pile of barrels was placed. In another corner, kindling wood from the broken barrels and boxes was heaped. In a box were two pailfuls of coal picked from the ashes; in another box were scores of bottles taken from the rubbish, all assorted as to sizes and carefully washed. The windows that had been obscured with dirt and cobwebs were washed clean and wiped dry and bright. By the aid of an old whitewash brush and a pail of discarded lime that had been discovered in the rubbish, the cellar had been carefully whitened, it was swept, light, clean and almost fit to live in. The owner looked about him silently for a few moments and said:

"If this is the way you do your work you will never want for a job. I have a pile of wood in my back yard that you can tackle, and it is big enough to keep

you busy for a year. I'll pay you the market price for the work."

Jones looked at the silver dollar, smiled and bowed his thanks, and asked to be showed the way to the wood pile. He worked his way through two years' preparatory training, four years' collegiate study at Walden University and three years of theological training at Gammon School of Theology. He applied his alphabet to his books as he did to his work and earned honorable recognition in every study.

He became a speaker and a writer of more than average ability. He developed into an all round athlete without a peer in his class. He could sprint faster on an errand; lift harder on a heavy load; knock out more tough obstacles and surmount greater difficulties than any man in either institution.

The day that he received his diploma from Gammon Theological Seminary he sat down in his room and carefully read the words on the fragment of paper that contained his alphabet and spelled out the words that were to form the motto of his future work in the world.—Sel.

### ONE LITTLE VOICE.

BY MRS SUSAN M. GRIFFITH.

The twelve-year-old girl sat curled up on the sitting-room lounge in the gathering shadows of coming night, thinking some "long, long thoughts." It was Saturday evening and she was taking a final look at her Sunday-school lesson, which was on the "Preaching of John the Baptist." One verse of the lesson had impressed her very much, and she repeated it softly to herself, as she gazed out of the window into the streets, where the electric lights were leaping into life. It was this: "For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

"It seems to me," she murmured, giving utterance to her thoughts, "that any one who loves Jesus Christ can be a voice, like John was, to some extent. The way of the Lord needs preparing now as much as ever, and straight paths ought to be made for the feet of those who repent and want to come to him. I know I have been walking very crooked, and Mina—dear little sister—travels right along in my footsteps. I was fairly frightened the other day, when she spoke disrespectfully to mamma, just exactly as I have done sometimes, and when she used those slang words I say so much, right before Professor Howard, in just the very tone I use, I was perfectly covered with confusion. If I make straight paths for her little feet, why will she not walk in them as well? I must do it, and I will be a voice for Jesus; I will speak for him whenever he gives me an opportunity. I am going to promise him that here and now." And her young heart went up to God in sweet confidence as she sat there musing and gazing out of the window.

The shabby young man stood on the corner of Church and Spencer streets, and looked listlessly at the throng of worshippers going toward any one of the four handsome churches within a block of each other. He looked lonely and homesick and disheartened, and there was something worse on his face than these; there was a swollen, hard, scornful look settling about his mouth and in his eyes, as he instinctively shrank away from them. What did these so-called Christians care for a poor fellow like him? Churches and all that belonged to them were a big lot of hypocrisy, anyway. There wasn't



TO

## BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

As a spring medicine it has no equal.

It purifies and enriches the blood. Acts on the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Cleanses and invigorates the entire system from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

Don't be sick, weak, tired, worn and weary.

THIS SPRING  
TAKE  
**Burdock Blood Bitters**  
AND KEEP WELL.

anything in it; nothing for a fellow in a shabby coat and little or no money. This was the third Sunday he had loitered around Church street, and no one had asked him to go into one of those handsome churches. He didn't know why he hung about there, only that he loved to listen to the music of the great organs, and then—there was tender memory always pleading in his heart! The dear mother he had left behind in the humble village home had put her arms about him and said the last thing: "Johnny, you'll be sure to go to church of a Sunday, won't you? There's such a heap of nice churches in the city; you'll pick out one you like real well and go steady, won't you, sonny?" And he had never been inside of one yet. To be sure, he had come very near it; once he had mounted the steps and got almost within the door, but the wealth and culture of the place and the people frightened him, and he had slunk away, wishing in vain that some one would speak a kind word to him, and invite him in with a cordial grasp of the hand; but no one ever did.

As he stood there, this Sunday evening, so lonely and heartsore, thinking unthankful, unholy thoughts, a gentleman and a little girl came hastening along, evidently making for the nearest of the four churches. They had passed him, the little girl giving him an anxious, inquiring look, and he was just saying to himself that they were just like all the rest—for he had been attracted by their genial, chatty, pleasant manner together—when he heard her say quite distinctly, "Papa, if you do not object, I should like to speak to that young man, he seems so lonely. Perhaps I can coax him to come into church with us."

The young man's heart warmed, his throat had a choking sensation, his eyes filled. Would she do it—dared