

SPECIAL STORIES

# BOYS & GIRLS

ILLUSTRATED GOSPEL MAGAZINE  
FULL OF  
BRIGHT PICTURES & GOOD STORIES



## DOROTHY'S FAULT

"I DON'T want to, Mummie," pouted Dorothy James. "How often I have heard that expression from your lips lately, Dorothy; I am afraid that you are becoming a very selfish little girl," said her mother reprovingly. "If everyone did just what they wanted to do and nothing else, what a queer place this world would be."

"But, Mummie," the little girl said impatiently, "I don't see why I should always have to go to Uncle Bob's, I don't like it there. He's so deaf and will make me read to him, and then says I mumble. Why can't somebody else go this time?"

"Shall I go, Mummie?" said a quiet little voice from the window seat, where Dorothy's younger sister, Mollie, sat turning over the pages of her drawing book; "I dare say Uncle Bob wouldn't mind just for once."

Mrs. James looked a little doubtfully at her small daughter. "I don't know, dear, he didn't ask you, and I'm afraid you couldn't read to him."

"Oh, do let her try, Mummie," interrupted Dorothy eagerly, "then I can stay at home and get on with my jumper."

"Very well," was the quiet reply after a moment's hesitation, "but I'm sorry that you are so unwilling to do a kindness, Dorothy."

Next morning little Mollie, feeling rather important, started on the short railway journey that was to bring her to Uncle Bob's. Dorothy saw her off at the station, heaving a sigh of relief at her own escape. But she did not feel quite happy as the day wore on. Mummie had called her selfish; she didn't like that. Then her own conscience told her that she had been a little mean to refuse to go to Uncle Bob's. The day passed slowly and the jobs she had set herself were not nearly finished when Mollie burst into the room where they were all sitting. "Oh, Mummie, I have had a gorgeous time," she exclaimed. "Cousin Dick was home and he took us a lovely motor ride right down to the sea. We had tea there, too, and ices, and he bought me a big box of chocolates and I'm going to give it to Dorothy," holding a parcel out to her sister as she spoke.

But Dorothy put her hands behind her back. "I don't want your old chocolates," she said angrily. "It's not fair that you should have all the fun. I've been to Uncle Bob's dozens of times and Dick has never been home. I've only seen him once, and I wouldn't have missed him for anything."

"Dorothy," said her father very sternly, "go to your room at once. How can you speak to Mollie in that way, when she so kindly took your place. You are a very selfish little girl; I'm extremely displeased with you."

The colour rose to Dorothy's face but she dared not answer Daddy back, so with head lifted high she left the room.

About an hour later, Mummie, after a few minutes' very earnest prayer for guidance went up to her little girl's room. She found her in bed with her poor little face quite disfigured with grief.

"Oh, Mummie, I'm so glad you've come," she sobbed as she found the kind arms around her. "I'm sorry, really, I am, but I was so disappointed

about Cousin Dick; I will try to be a better girl. Please tell Mollie I'll never be unkind to her again.

Mrs. James smoothed back the tangled curls: "You will never be able to do it in your own strength; you must ask the Lord Jesus to help you."

"I will, Mummie," she said.

"And remember," added Mummie, "when you feel inclined to fall back on your favourite expression 'I don't want to'—that even Christ pleased not Himself."

Did Dorothy learn her lesson, you ask; Yes, but not all at once. Like most of us she had a hard battle to fight; but she came off victorious in the end. L. G. HEARD.



## THAT HAPPY HOLIDAY

"NOW please tell me about your holiday. I am just longing to hear."

Little Miss Bevan looked up eagerly. Her eyesight had been getting worse of late, making reading impossible, so visitors were more welcome than ever.

"It was delightful," said Mary Moore, as she removed her outdoor coat, "I think most of all I enjoyed a wonderful meeting for young people. I know you love children, so, shall I tell you about it?"

"It was most unusual. The whole of the platform was arranged cleverly to represent a seaside beach. There was a large pictured background of seascape with boats, rocks, and a rough sea. Sand made the scene so realistic and children's spades and pails, with pies left so naturally in the art of making. Deck chairs, and a little organ completed the picture, making us feel really near the sea.

Soon, a University student began cheerily: "Shall we go for a sail? I don't think we can do better. We shall have to ask Daddy for the money!"

"When all are on board happily, we will notice what we pass on the way," he continued. "That rock over there looks rather nasty. Shall we see what is inside it?"



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Sea Urchins

## "A VICTORY FOR HIM . . ."

JANE tip-toed down the garden path swiftly, her tennis racquet tucked under her arm. It was a splendid evening and she longed to be racing over the court smashing at difficult balls, serving "spinners". There was absolutely nothing to beat tennis!

She had nearly reached the gate now. Thank goodness no one had seen her. Suddenly she stopped short.

"Jane! Jane!" For a moment she contemplated making a dash for it. Then she turned angrily. "Yes, mother. What is it?"

Mrs. Thomas appeared on the front lawn. "Where are you going, dear?"

"To play tennis," said Jane sulkily.

"But what about your music?"

Jane scowled. Hadn't she been tip-toeing out just to avoid her music? Hateful stuff! Well . . . not so hateful when you could play it, but so *dull* to practise.

Mrs. Thomas caught Jane up.

"You know your Examination comes next month, dear."

"Yes, I know, but I don't *feel* like practising to-night; I want to play tennis. It isn't fair," she stormed suddenly. "When you leave school you don't have to do things you don't want. You can please yourself."

Mrs. Thomas smiled. "Whoever told you that, Jane? It isn't true anyway. I have to do many more things I dislike now than I did when I was at school."

"How do you mean, mother?"

"Shopping, for instance." Mrs. Thomas sighed. "I do not like shopping . . . and sewing . . . and cleaning windows. Oh, lots of things, but they have to be done."

"I didn't know, mother," said Jane slowly.

"Everyone has to do things they dislike. We learn the discipline of this at school. It's part of growing up."

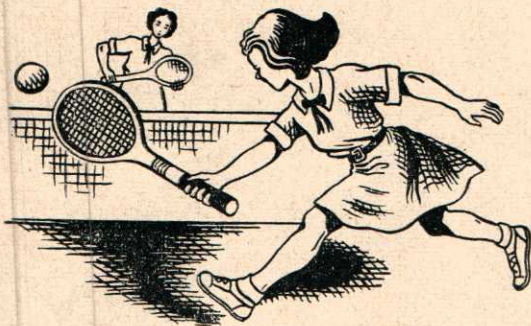
"You mean it's grown-up to do things you loathe?"

"It's grown-up to do them with a smile."

Jane looked thoughtful.

"Even Jesus had to do things He disliked . . . one terrible thing . . ."

Jane looked up swiftly. "What . . .? Oh! I remember. You told me the story last week . . . the Agony in the Garden." Half to herself she said, "He did not want to be taken prisoner . . . nor to die."



"Yet He did this for you . . . Can we not take an example from His selflessness, both of us, Jane?"

"Both of us?"

"Yes. I could learn to like sewing if I practised more. I shall try, Jane."

"And I shall try with my music. I've simply got to pass that examination."

"If you do it will be a victory won for Him," said her mother.

M. HUNTLEY.

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## ABOUT ROCKS

Holding up a chart with rocks in his hand, he pulled open a little pocket, and read the word 'Pride'.

"You know the boy who says, 'I am the top of the class. Down there we see another angry-looking rock. Shall we open that and see what is in it?' 'Self-will'—how true. This is one of the rocks we need to look out for, and avoid, in life.

"Here, in this corner, is an ugly, stumpy one—'Lies'. How easy is this in life," he went on, "Beware of the first temptation to be untruthful and shun it severely.

"Do you see that nasty quicksand?" Pulling open another pocket the word 'Self' was revealed.

Everyone was entranced, and listened intently.

"As we continue our journey you will see that there is great need on board." At this juncture a flag was hoisted. "This means," said the earnest Evangelist, "Pilot needed." "Yes, it is very evident that this vessel is in need, and now we shall see what happens when this need is made known."

Very quickly the flag disappeared, and another one was raised which indicated, 'Pilot on Board.'

"Here you see a different state of things now there is One to manage and guide the boat. But it is so possible to ask the Lord Jesus to come into our hearts, and to wish to have Him on board, but not to give Him complete control."

Then, holding in his hand a large card, each one read the words: 'Under Control.'

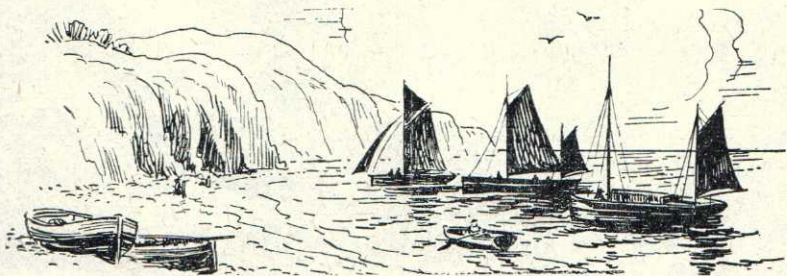
"When we know the presence of the Great Pilot on board, and the craft under His control," said the speaker, "we need have no fears for the future. Whatever comes to disturb us, we have only to remember that His hand is at the helm, guiding us to our desired haven."

"How splendid," remarked Miss Bevan. "While you have been talking I have seen it all."

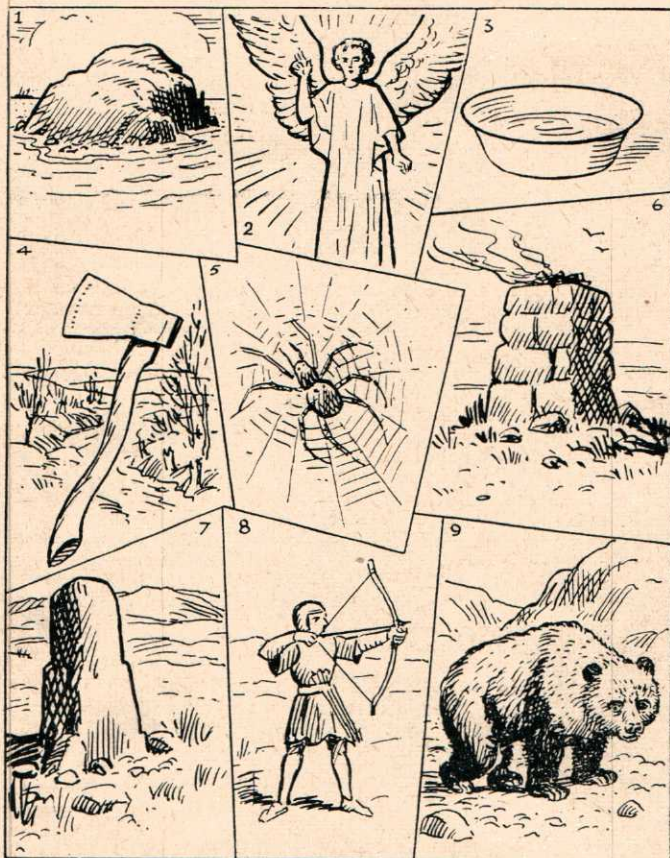
"Now," said the invalid, "let us take our part in the proceedings by praying for all the young folk who were present at that gathering, because we know the promise, 'if two shall agree'."

"Yes, indeed," was the ready response, "and God alone knows what the power behind will be."

E. WALTERS.



## TO PAINT AND SOLVE



**NINE BIBLE OBJECTS**—Name them and Paint them.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| No. 1 Where . . . . . was shipwrecked (Acts 28) | No. 2 Sent to . . . . . (1 Kings 19)    |
| No. 3 Used by . . . . . (John 13)               | No. 4 Lost in the . . . . . (2 Kings 6) |
| No. 5 Found in the . . . . . (Prov. 30)         | No. 6 Built by . . . . . (Gen. 8)       |
| No. 7 Set up by . . . . . (Gen. 28)             | No. 8 His name was . . . . . (Gen. 21)  |
| No. 9 Killed by . . . . . (1 Sam. 17)           |   |

Find the missing word and the Scripture Verse for each picture.

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