

ladies not only a good and liberal education, but those graceful accomplishments which fit them to adorn their place in society and the world. Pupils entering this establishment enjoy the personal friendship of its Principal, and have all the privileges of a Christian home. We cordially commend it to our people.

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

God wants the boys, the merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That He, as gold, may make them pure.
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'd have them be
Fighting for truth
And purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face;
And bring to man His wondrous grace.
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.

God wants the girls.

SONG OF THE SKATER.

In the still, frore night,
When the stars blink white,
And the great trees crack with cold,
And the long, black stream
Is red with the gleam
Of the skate fires manifold;

Then swift is the steel
On the skater's heel,
And the skater's call is blithe,
While the deep woods ring
To the songs they sing,
And the swift skates hiss like a scythe.

PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O Domine Deus speravi in Te,
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me.
In dura catena, in misera pœna,
Desidero Te.
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberares me.

Translation—

O Lord! O my God! I have trusted in Thee.
O Jesus! Beloved! deliver Thou me.
A prisoner friendless,
In misery endless,
I weary for Thee.
In sighing, in crying, before Thy throne lying,
Adoring, imploring—deliver Thou me!

"WORK WHILE IT IS DAY."

Be busy; 'tis thy duty while below;
The idle, want of bread and trouble know;
But, midst thy cumbering business, mindful be,
One thing is needful—that is, CHRIST IN THEE

THE CHRISTIAN'S LONGING.

O for the death of those who die like sunset in the west,
And sink, secure in Jesus' love, to calm, untroubled rest;
Rise, to behold their Father's face, all pains and tremblings o'er,
Redeemed and loved, they dwell at home, and shall go out no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

THE DRINK DEMON.

TOM DARCY, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention.