

ack Horner,"
ner sat in a corner,
stmas pie,
ere the girls all declare,
e he was shy.

older our John will be
he will not run,
e he'll be there with his
ne prettiest one.

locks."
verlocks that would not
e,
est dark and drear I
d to roam;
there walking I saw
house,
e so in I crept as quiet

dinner up, I broke Wee
a little tired and so I
stair;
Tiny's bed and soon
ep,
within my dream I
airway creak,
as standing there with
y grim,
an awful thump when
him;
s open wide, I made a
d,
little girl was sprawling
d.
een a different child,
told,
that I've become al-
as gold.

-Dumpty."
pty on the wall,
ll get a fall;
a till Christmas night,
ta quite a fright.

s Netticoat."
coat, in her white
us at night,
e that's dangerous to
ic light.

my Tucker."
ker
per,
nose up
ter;
ne
far,

erella."
ella, rags and dirt
odmother dressed me
akind to me, and my
oo,
ng prince is mine their
ey'll rue;
thought last night, as
er me,
scampering mice were
uld see;
hour had struck. I
floor,
when I was gone, the
wore;
that no one else will
ide,
n that slipper wear;
oth have tried,
t 'would go, for theirs
too large.
and greasy pans no
my charge,
princess and ride in a

ere's hope for you no
you are;
you desire to win your
e,
ve your shoe behind,
t try your love?

e Simon."
mple Simon,
an I look,
they say of me
a book.

ry
seive,
ice in winter,
e.

This proves I'm not so foolish,
I think you will agree,
As half the people round you
Whom every day you see.

And now I've said my little piece,
I'll make my bow to you,
Your old friend, Simple Simon,
Will bid you all adieu.

In "Jack and Jill" only Jill appears,
carrying a large pail. Humpty-Dumpty
stands on a box and waves his arms, of
course he is well stuffed to make him look
very round. Miss Netticoat carries a
lighted candle, and a flashlight; at the
end of the third line she blows out the
candle, and at the end of the fourth line
she turns on the flashlight. Characters
may be added on or left off, according
to the number of children to be worked
in. Other nursery rhymes can be utilized
for the small kiddies.

Mother Goose comes on the stage
first and after repeating her lines retires
to a seat at the back of the stage. The
others come in in order and after finishing
their lines Mother Goose rises and with
her stick points to their places alternately
on either side of her. When all are
finished they form in pairs and march
around the stage with Mother Goose in
the center, then all join hands and circle
to the left, then pairs facing each other,
grand right and left twice around and
go off the stage in pairs. Mother Goose
remains and when they are all out she
repeats the following lines:

My children have flashed across your
sight,
And filled your hearts with a child's
delight;
They've proved that old is always new,
And memories sweet may they leave with
you. Curtain.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Buying up the Opportunity.

Look therefore carefully how ye walk,
not as unwise, but as wise: buying up
the opportunity. Eph. 5:15, 16 (R. V.
margin.)

I meant, each brimming hour, to send
That promised letter to my friend;
The moments flashed and broke like spray
And I forgot that all things end;
That golden hour was yesterday—
I cannot reach my friend to-day.

He may have thought I did not care—
My friend so sensitive, so rare—
I failed him, I who loved him well!
Dear God, how do Thy children dare
To trifle with Thy Gift, To-day—
That fades, so soon to Yesterday!
E. N. HEPBURN.

Another year has almost slipped away.
Its record is faithfully noted down in the
books of God. "To-day" soon becomes
"Yesterday,"—it has a startling way of
slipping out of our hands and flying
entirely out of reach,—and "this year"
will very soon be "last year." You
may be young or old or middle-aged;
but, wherever you stand on the road of
life, the present hour will soon be left
behind you forever. We can't go back
and gather up the opportunities neglected
yesterday. The present is ours, the
future offers us its unknown possibilities,
but the past is as much out of our reach
as the sun in the sky—even though it
may have been in our grasp a minute ago.
I remember a story that I read about
forty years ago. It was the story of a
man making his perilous way along a
mountain path. The way in front some-
times looked difficult and dangerous,
but he had to go on. The path crumbled
beneath his feet and only a precipice
was visible if he looked back. We must
buy up the opportunity now, if we are
to do it at all. We can't hold the hours.

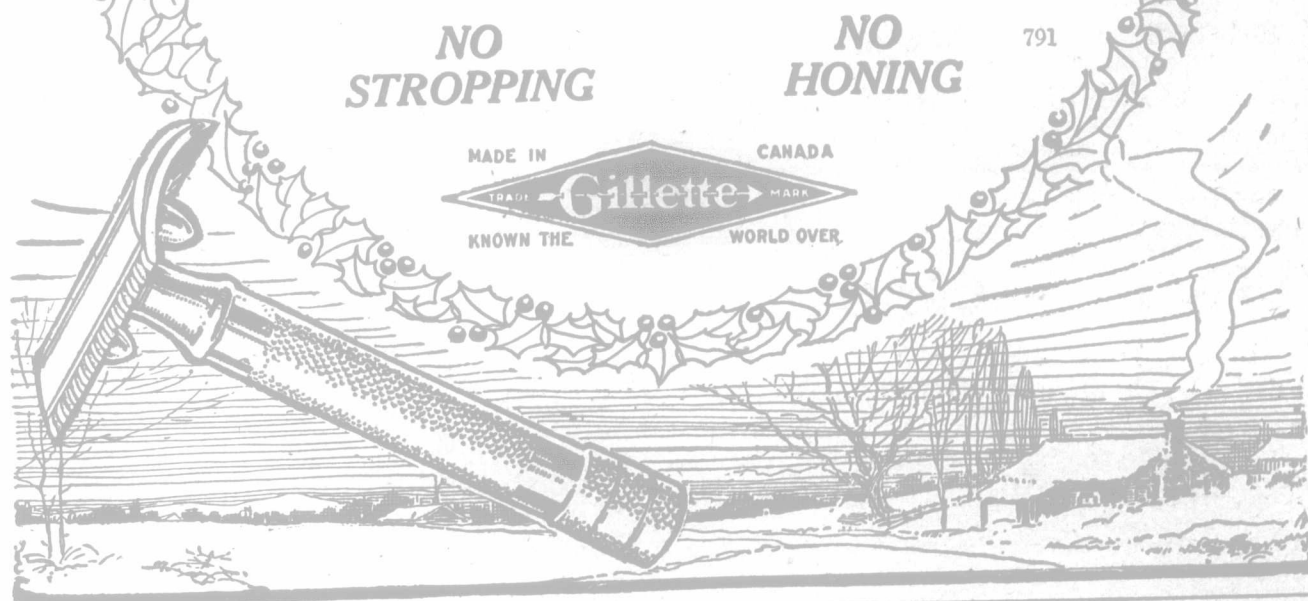
St. Paul told the Ephesian Christians
to look carefully how they walked, buy-
ing up the opportunity while it was pos-
sible. He said that was done by all who
were wise. In his letter to the Colossians,
he pleads for the prayers of his friends—
prayers that his work for his Master
may be fruitful—and then he uses the
same expression as we find in our text.
"Walk in wisdom toward them that are

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without, buying up the opportunity." They have an opportunity of helping to bring spiritual blessings to people in darkest ignorance. They may not be able to go out as missionaries to the heathen, but they can strengthen the heart and hands of St. Paul. It is like our own war-days. The soldiers at the front would have been helpless without a constant stream of supplies from home, and both letters and prayers helped tremendously to "win the war." That vexed question—"Who won the War?" is a foolish one. It is like saying: "What ray of sunshine or drop of water gave us our bountiful harvest?" The war was won by the steady faith, courage and effort of many millions of people, on both sides of the sea. They were buying up the opportunity all the time. They did not wait until the war was over to begin. The battle of life—the war against evil—is on now. We must not let the opportunity slip away unregarded. Soon—perhaps during the year 1921—you

or I may be called away. Then, if we have spent our years in self-seeking, we shall wish in deepest penitence that we could again have the opportunities we treat so lightly now.

The "fool" in the parable thought he was a successful man. He had gathered in tremendous crops and was rising in the opinion of his neighbors. But he had lost the opportunity of a lifetime. His barns and money and crops slipped out by his weak grasp, and he had to give account for his stewardship. His life had been worthless. He had lost the chance of being kind. Perhaps he was waiting until he had saved a little more money—and a little more—and just a little more! Then he intended to buy up his opportunity and use some of the gifts of God to help his less fortunate neighbors—that is, if he could do so with no inconvenience to himself.

I heard one day of a little girl who was accustomed to pray for China. One night she was "too tired" to pray. Soon

after she heard that there was a famine in China. Instantly she exclaimed: Doesn't that just serve me right! I wouldn't pray for it the other night, and now I'm just going to pray." She expected her prayers to be of real use to the far-away neighbors she had never seen. St. Paul knew that he could not work effectively unless his friends helped him with their prayers. So he pleaded with them to buy up the opportunity.

I have been given the great privilege of writing this Quiet Hour each week; but its value depends very largely on you. Sometimes I have the joy of receiving a letter which says that a "reader" is praying for me; and always I am trusting that your prayers go up at least once a week for our Corner. The power of prayer is a mystery, but "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." If this page is to carry God's messages to any of His children, regularly and effectually, it is because the words go out on the wings of prayer.