

then these rough, big boys laugh and make fun. Cigarettes are full of poison. Do not take poison because some cruel boy tries to make you. There are little fellows whom the bad boys in their neighbourhood leave alone. They have found that they can say "No" and stick to it, and they respect them for it. And knowing how to say "No" to the offer of a cigarette will after a while keep a boy safe from a worse temptation, the offer of a glass of liquor.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1903.

"WHERE ARE YOUR SINS?"

A young girl came to her minister, being anxious about her soul. "Are you saved," he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?"

"I am trying," she sadly replied.

"How are you trying?"

"I am praying and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully said.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"Oh, I believe in Jesus," she quickly responded.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not there to see him die."

"I know it because God says so in his Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct; for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him, therefore, when he was nailed to the cross, were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is up in heaven."

"You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his Word. Are your sins upon him?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to-day he is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments, and then said, "They must be in his grave."

THE BEST WAY.

BY C. N. CINNETT.

"Mamma, I do think that you ought to have come home sooner. I got very tired watching for you."

"The train was a few minutes late, my dear," said mamma, "and then I met old Mr. Trask on my way up from the station and I tried to answer his questions in as cheery a way as I could. I had been to see some old friends of his. He seemed to feel quite happy to know they were getting on so well. And those deaf and dumb people I called upon were so glad to hear from him."

"O, mamma!" said Sarah, "did you really see folks that couldn't hear or speak?"

"Yes, indeed, I did. Come and sit here beside me and I will tell you about them. When Mr. Trask asked me to call on these friends of his I thought it would be very hard work. When I came near the house I wondered how I would be heard when I rang the doorbell. But just as soon as I pulled the knob a little boy came running to the door."

"Could he hear and talk, mamma?"

"Yes, and so can all his brothers and sisters. He asked me if I were Mrs. Albert, and then told me his papa and mamma were at home and would be glad to see me. We had a pleasant chat writing on a slate."

"Oh! they just have to scratch, scratch, with a slate pencil. Did the woman write, 'I do wish that I could speak'?"

"No, my dear, the lady wrote how glad she was that her children could hear and talk like others and were learning fast at school. The man wrote, 'I feel thankful that I cannot any more hear men and boys

speak wicked, unkind words. They used to hurt me so before I lost my hearing and speech.' Then he wished to know if I hadn't a little girl at home who could come down with me sometimes."

"Would he teach me to talk with my fingers, mamma?"

"He would be very glad to do that. And the children would like to play with you."

"Tell me more, mamma, please."

A great many interesting things were told about the deaf and dumb family. Then little Sarah looked soberly into her mamma's face, and said:

"I guess that deaf and dumb man knows when folk don't speak nice, if there can't a single word creep into his ears."

"How is that, my dear?"

"Why, all such words leave a mark on the face worse than a pencil scratch on a slate. Anyway, that's how my face looked when I asked you so crossly to-day why you hadn't come home sooner. I saw it in the looking-glass, and I guess it hurt you; so I'm going to get over all such naughty, scratchy thoughts before I go down to see the deaf people."

THE CHESTNUTS.

The chestnuts closed their purses tight. But Jack Frost opened them all last night. I think some time I'll sit up and see When he opens the burrs, if he won't show me.

For I've wondered so, and I wish I knew Why he don't get pricked, as my fingers do;

And I can't see why, after all his fuss, He leaves them here on the grass for us!

—Ex.

A BOY IN BLOSSOM.

"O grandpa," said Charlie, "what lots of apples there are going to be this year! See how white the trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," said grandpa; "if the trees keep their promises, there will be plenty of apples; but if they are like some boys I know, there may not be any." "What do you mean by keeping their promises?"

asked Charlie. "Why," said grandpa, "blossoms are only the trees' promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are only the blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy, and they never bear any fruit." "I see," said Charlie. "Then you think when I promise to be a better boy that I am only in blossom? But I will try to show you, grandpa, that the frost cannot nip my blossoms; I am going to bear fruit." "I hope you will," said grandpa, delighted with his answer.—*Little Christian*.

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