

WHERE ARE YOUR BOYS TO-NIGHT?

Recent occurrences lead us to press the inquiry upon parents whether they *know* where their boys are at night. There are two prime causes of the numerous outbreaks of juvenile depravity. One is a bad literature; the other is the freedom which so many boys have of seeking amusement with promiscuous companions away from home after dark. The parents who permit these things are primarily responsible for the evil that comes of them. The boy's place after nightfall is in his own home. It ought to be made attractive to him. It is far better to win him to stay at home than to compel him. But in any case, home is the place for him. Do you know, father, mother, we therefore ask, where your boy spends his evenings? He cannot undergo the training of the darkness and come out unscathed. If you permit him to rove the streets, or to lounge in the stores in the evening, you are simply making the way of his ruin easy. Keep him at home when the shadows fall, but make home pleasant to him.

WHY CAN'T YOU TRUST CHRIST.

An eminent Christian worker relates the following instructive incident:—A young woman in deep distress came to me last night, and I set before her the way of salvation, and said: "Trust in the salvation of Jesus Christ." "Oh, I feel—" she said. "I don't care," I replied "what you feel. Will you tell me any reason why you should not trust the Lord Jesus Christ?" "I do not know any reason, but—" "Can you trust me?" "Oh, yes, sir, I can trust you with anything." "Then you must not talk in that way, and say you can trust me, a sinful man, and not trust the Lord Jesus Christ. It's ridiculous. Trust a man, and not trust the Son of God! Can you tell me any reason why you can't trust Him? Will you show me anything He ever did why you will not trust Him? Will you explain to me on what grounds you dare to say you cannot trust Him." "But, sir, I feel—" "I don't want to know anything about your feelings; I want to know why you can't trust Him? He says that he is able and willing to save you; can you trust Him?" "But, yet, you know—" she said. "But I don't know, and I don't

want to know. I want to know why you can't trust Him. Did he not stand in the room and place of every soul that trusts Him? Do you think He is unworthy your confidence?" She looked at me at last and said; "You won't let me do anything else but think about Christ." "No, why should I? I want to drive you to Him. Tell me why you should not trust Him?" She stood up and said: "I cannot imagine any reason why I could not trust Him?" "And why don't you?" "Yes, I do! and am I really saved?" "If you really trust Him." "Of course I am saved," she said gently "I see it now. How was it I did not see it before? He says I am saved, for are not these his own words: 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life?' I am so glad you would not let me talk about my feelings, and keep me to that point; for now I see it all."

BEND THE TWIG ARIGHT.

Just as the twig is bent the twig is inclined. Just when your young people begin to 'amuse themselves' in playing whist they enter the down-hill path to 'poker' and all other nameless sorts of card playing. From whist to betting is but a step; and when once that step is taken the worst sort of gambling is likely soon to follow. Those parents who permit the introduction of cards to their premises may soon learn that their sons visit gambling-houses for the most dangerous sort of 'amusement.' Total abstinence from card-playing, as well as drinking, is the safest rule everywhere. Christian parents, particularly, should not allow cards to enter their dwellings; and if found there they should go into the fire with no special ceremony. —Sel.

BE UNSELFISH.

'I want to tell you a secret,' said Wm. Wirt to his daughter. 'The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life its sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you.'