

LAUGHTER.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

A MODERN JOSEPH.

A Scotch paper tells of a dream and its interpretation which, in truthfulness, will rank with Joseph's famous explanations:

A laborer of the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him.

His son, a sharp lad who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, is the man who keeps the public-house that ye gang tae see aften, and the twa lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yersel, father."

Who could give a better answer?

"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."

A STRANGE DREAM.—HOW TRUE.

It is said that a man once had a very wonderful and startling dream. He seemed to be standing in the midst of a dark assembly of evil spirits. There was Satan, their king, sitting upon his throne in his dreaded palace of eternal gloom, grasping his mighty iron scepter of cruelty and tyranny, clothed in a royal robe of blackest night. With a loud voice he sent forth a proclamation to his dark servants waiting around:

"Who will go to earth and persuade men to accomplish the eternal ruin of their souls?"

Immediately a spirit glided forward and said, "I will go on this errand."

"How will you persuade them to neglect their true interests?" said the king.

"I will persuade them that there is no heaven."

"No," said Satan, that plan will not succeed; you will not be able to force such a persuasion upon the generality of mankind."

Another messenger of evil passed before the dark chief, saying: "I will be your envoy; I will persuade them that there is no hell."

But Satan answered: "Neither will this plan be sufficiently far-reaching in its effects. We want some deception which will be more generally received by men of all classes, all ages, all degrees of education, which will be more acceptable to the human race as a whole."

At length, a third spirit, exceeding his companions in depth of cunning, stood before the throne and said: "I have a plan which will meet with all your requirements; I will tell everyone that I approach that there is no hurry;" and he was the chosen messenger. *Sunny Days.*

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