

**ARE THEY WAITING FOR YOU ?**

How long must the children wait  
 Far over the purple sea,  
 Pleading outside the gate,  
 Our Christmas light to see ?  
 Crying to you and me,  
 Who idly hold the key ;  
 Toiling in misery,  
 Darkened by fear and hate ;  
 Dying disconsolate,  
 Knowing no God but fate,  
 O ! let us haste, though late,  
 To open wide the gate  
 In Christian charity,  
 And Christ, compassionate,  
 Will set the captives free.—*Selected.*

**GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.**

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 this world, keep the bad to yourself.

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

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

**A WORD TO THE BOYS.**

If you have anything to do, do it at once. Don't sit down in the rocking-chair and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first. Keep this motto : Be in time, in small things as well as great.

Habit is everything. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life. If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, make a great effort to cure yourself. Brace up! Make up your mind that you will have some backbone. Don't be a limp, jelly-fish kind of person. Depend upon it that life is very much as you make it. The first thing to decide is what you are going to make it. The next thing is to take off your coat and go to work.

Make yourself necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men in the world who wouldn't be missed if they were to drop out of it to-morrow. Don't be one of

this sort. Be a power in your own little world, and depend upon it then the big world will hear from you some day.—*Ex.*

**A TEMPERANCE PSALM.**

A stands for Alcohol ; death-like its grip.  
 B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.  
 C for Companion, who urges him on.  
 D for the Demon of drink that is born.  
 E for Endeavor he makes to resist.  
 F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.  
 G for the Guilt he afterwards feels.  
 H for the Horror that hangs at his heels.  
 I his intention to drink not at all.  
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.  
 K for a Knowledge that he is a slave.  
 L stands for Liquors his appetite craves.  
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.  
 N stands for No that he tries hard to say.  
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.  
 P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass.  
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.  
 R stands for Ruin that hovers around.  
 S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.  
 T for the Trembling that sizes his limbs.  
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.  
 V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes.  
 W for Waning of life that's soon done.  
 X for his eXit regretted by none.  
 Y-ouths of this nation, such weakness is crime.  
 Z-ealously turn from the tempter in time !

—*Dr. Cryus Edson in N. A. Review.*

**THE BABY'S BANK.**

It was a little tin affair, which a relative of the family had given to a three-year-old girl in Montreal, and into it she had dropped her first savings. She was looking forward to Christmas, and thinking what beautiful things her pennies would purchase by and by,—so one by one she dropped them in, until her bank seemed to her to treasure up untold wealth.

One day her father came in. He had been a respectable resident of the city, kind and loving, a good husband, a tender father ; but he had looked upon the wine when it was red, he had fallen under the spell and curse of strong drink, and so one day he reached up and took down the little bank.

"Don't take my Kissmas money, papa," pleaded the little child with tears.

But in spite of her entreaties the father robbed the little tin bank of the twenty-six cents, the baby's little all ; and disregarding her tears and cries he strolled away independent and indifferent. An hour later his heavy-hearted wife found him in a neighboring saloon, roaring drunk, drunk on liquor bought with his baby girl's Christmas money ! That is what strong drink does.—*Ex.*