

## WAITING FOR JESUS.

*It came to pass when Jesus returned the people gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him.---Luke viii. 40.*

*Waiting for Jesus !*

Longing to know  
What we can do for him,  
Where we can go,  
Bearing some message  
Of tender grace  
To weary and sad ones,  
Who see not his face.

*Waiting for Jesus !*

Spreading his fame,  
Proclaiming the worth  
Of his wondrous name;  
His power to pardon,  
And cleanse and save,  
To rescue from death,  
Redeem from the grave.

*Waiting for Jesus !*

His advent grand;  
With no sin-offering,  
King of the land;  
To set up in splendor  
His judgment throne,  
And home to his Palace  
To summon his own. S.M.

## "TOLD A LIE WITH HIS FINGER."

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and

wicked thing. We ought never trifle with the truth. --- *Children's Friend.*

## WHY HE NEVER WAS LATE.

"How is it that you are never late at Sunday-school, Edwin?" I asked.

His Sunday-school began a quarter before nine in the morning, and I concluded that many of the children found it hard to be prompt, as they came straggling in all through the opening service; Edwin, never, he was always in time.

"How is it, Edwin?"

"O, I always plan to come," said Edwin. "I put the polish on my boots over night. I find my Bible and question-book and place them in a safe corner beforehand. I brush and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after breakfast and prayers I start in time to get there before the superintendent rings the school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"Never," said Edwin. "It is better to be five minutes too early than one minute too late."

Ah, boys, see how it helps one along to have a plan.

## JUST NOW !

Happy and blessed, indeed, is that child who learns to remember its Creator in the days of its youth, who more worthy of our love and praise than that all-loving Father who watches over and cares for us and gives us all the good things that we enjoy. To keep Him in our thoughts, to serve Him in the fresh morning of our young lives, is to insure ourselves his rich favor and blessing. "I love them that love me," says the Lord, "and they that seek me early shall find me." What a precious promise, and how it should draw our hearts unto Him! Never did the poet sing more truly than when he sung

"Twill save us from a thousand snares,

To mind religion young;

Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong."

Let the opening day hear our prayer to Him, and the evening's close be vocal with His praise.---*Rays of Light.*