



WAITING FOR FATHER.

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INSIDE the bar-room the gas is brightly gleaming from a score of burners with their coloured glass shades. The light shines through the windows, its rays falling across the street and showing the figures of two little girls who, though it is night and darkness all around them, wait patiently in the cold night air for their father to come out. They have waited there often before and know that his steps will be unsteady, and they will take his hand and lead him home. Poor children! They are trying to take care of the father who should rightly be their protector. We hope that all our young readers will do all that they can to help banish this curse from Canada.

Now, let the temperance banner be
In every land unfurled,
And let the shout of freedom, too,
Re-echo through the world:
Too long the flag of alcohol
Has waved o'er all our land,
Too long the monster's preyed upon,
The drunkards of his hand

Mother: "Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?"

Little Johnny (stopping in his play): "Yes he felt my pulse, 'an looked at my tongue, and shook his head, and said it was a serious case, and he left this prescription and said he would call again before night."

Mother: "My! my! Johnny! It wasn't you I sent him to see, it was the baby!"

"Then I made a mistake," said Johnny.

A YOUNG MAN OF IMPORTANCE.

TOMMY lives on a fine large farm. Of course Tommy's father really owns it, but somehow Tommy has come to think that it all belongs to him. He knows that the work he does could not be left undone, and he feels sure that no one else could do it so well as he does, so, you see, if he was not on that farm it would all go to ruin in a short time. Tommy feeds the chickens, takes salt to the sheep sometimes, drives the cows to and from the pasture fields every day leads the tired horses to water every evening, gathers the fresh eggs every morning, and attends to a number of other "chores" about the place. He does all his work so well that his father never has to ask, "Tommy, have you attended to the horses?" or, "Tommy, were the calves fed to-day?" He can trust his son to do carefully all the work that is his. This morning Tommy is out of work. It is a holiday. All his morning's tasks are done. The chickens are picking up the grains of corn he has just scattered to them, the eggs are carefully laid away in a basket, so the hens do not need any more attention for the day.

What had he better do next? He thinks, perhaps, the men in the wheat field will need his help, and so he trots off to join the men at work in a field a mile away.

A STATIONER'S WISDOM.

EVERY occupation affords opportunities of its own for the study of human nature, if only there be a little aptitude for putting this and that together.

A young woman was trading in a stationer's shop, says a German paper, and the elderly proprietor suddenly asked:

"And when does the wedding take place?"

"The wedding. Why, you don't think —" the fair customer blushed and hesitated.

"Ah, fraulien, when a young lady buys a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes, I know there is something in the wind."

TELLING THE GOOD NEWS.

A CHINESE boy went to England and there became a Christian. Someone asked him if he intended to go back to China. He replied, "What! You think I get the good news and keep it all to myself! Should I not be doing wrong if I did not go and tell my brothers and sisters all I know about Jesus?"

THINK well of your home, in a few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.

A PRAYER.

Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when I early rise,
And view the unwearyed sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run--

That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love.

A NEW KIND OF LIGHT.

THE people who live up in Alaska do not have any lamps or gas. The nights there are very long, and the people must have some sort of light to see by, so they take a candle-fish and set it on fire. The candle-fish is about ten inches long and very fat and oily. It is fastened to a rough wooden candlestick and then set on fire, and it burns away for about an hour; then they have to light another.

EXPLAINED.

A SKEPTIC, who was trying to confuse a Christian coloured man by asking how it could be that we are in the Spirit in us, received the following reply: "O, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I puts it in de fire till it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire and de fire's in de poker."

STRICTLY POLITE.

PATRICK was an employee in a grocery where the scarcity of help had compelled the grocer to take in an assistant who was entirely without experience. One day the grocer, in weighing out a purchase to a customer, searched in vain about the scales for something.

"Patrick!" he called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight, is it? Sure it's Mister Jones that has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean?"

"An' sure, didn't ye tell me to be perlitic to the rigular customers?"

"Of course."

"Well, then! Mister Jones came in the day for a pound o' tay. An' says he, whin I axed him what quality o' tay he wud have, 'Whatever ye give me,' says he, 'give me the weight!' So I put in the pound weight in the package wid the tay, perlitelike, and it's himsilf that's gone wid it!"—*Golden Rule.*

ANNIE and Lily were going home from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would never know it if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away. He would know," replied Lily.