

cate, refined and really pleasing valentine, you shall find hundreds that both in picture and sentiment are an offence to good taste, and every way low, vulgar, and coarse. Have nothing to do, children, with such miserable blotches of pictures,—such worthless, trashy valentines as these.

Secondly, a great number of them poke fun at people because of some defect which they cannot help, or some circumstance which is their misfortune rather than their fault. If a person has a large nose, a squint in the eye, a lameness, or any bodily infirmity, it is most unkind and improper to taunt them with it, or make sport of it. We should never seek happiness at the cost of inflicting pain on others. This is indeed a mean kind of pleasure. Like all wicked pleasure there is a sting about it, which plainly tells how wrong it is. Those valentines which pretend to rebuke conceit, or a spirit of display, forwardness, or any other failing, do it in a way that is not likely to effect any good. It is "Satan reproving sin," not goodness trying to correct fault.

Thirdly, there is a great amount of falsehood told in valentines. Professions of special regard which are not sincere, have in them the element of lying. And it is no excuse to say it was all in fun. The Book of God says "As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man who deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, 'am I not in sport?'" The young should grow up with a horror of lying in all forms, and should cultivate the habit of always saying what they mean, and meaning what they say. "I'm only funning," is a lame excuse for an untruth. Boys ought to have more manliness than to impose on their young friends of the other sex, by pretending to love them; and girls should shun all approach to falseness and coquetry. Always be truthful. They whole in sport, will be very apt when temptation comes to lie in earnest.

After all, you see that Valentine's Day is not such a bad subject for a picture and an article. We could say a great deal more, but long articles, addresses, and sermons don't suit young people. There is one idea, strictly a pleasant one, that stands connected with February 14th, and with a mention of it we shall conclude. An old tradition makes Valentine's Day the beginning of spring. Well, it doesn't look much like it in this Canada of ours, does it? Nevertheless the sun is every day getting higher in the heavens, the grip of winter is beginning to relax, and spring is not far off. We have the rough month of March to encounter, but it will soon pass, and before long the green grass and pretty flowers will beautify the earth again. God won't let winter stay longer than the proper time, and pleasant weather will quickly be here.

The latest definition of a "self-made man" is man who makes a "goose of himself."

Whitter says that in the name "Maud Muller," the Muller should be pronounced so as to rhyme with duller. The name is a very common one in some parts of the mountain regions of New England.

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

A DAINY DISH.—A gentleman was staying at a little French country inn, in the garden of which was a melancholy looking owl that had only one leg. Two or three days after his arrival, he had gibier for dinner. The "game" was very small, but he enjoyed his dinner immensely, and the next day he missed the owl from the garden. "Where has the owl gone to?" he inquired of the landlord. "Monsieur had a little dish of gibier yesterday," was the answer. "Why, did you kill the owl for my dinner?" he asked in consternation. "I kill the owl, m'sieur! But no; he die of himself."

Poetry.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of the days gone by:
The tear drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs, placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall:
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And, with trembling voice, he gently said:
"Mother, those empty chairs!
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts, to-night,
We'll put them forever out of sight,
In the small, dark room up-stairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children went away:
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sits here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billow deep,
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say a good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

So let them stand there, though empty now,
And, every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

—Mrs. H. T. Perry, in *Evangelist*.