

## MY BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dreamily I sit and ponder  
 O'er their future wondrously,  
 Some in foreign lands may wander,  
 Some may sail the treach'rous sea,  
 Some may toil in lowly station,  
 Some may scale the heights of fame;  
 I care not what occupation,  
 If they bear a stainless name.

Side by side they sit before me,  
 Their young faces beaming bright;  
 But deep sadness oft steals o'er me  
 When I think of this world's blight,  
 Of the snares and the temptations  
 Ever luring from the right,  
 Of the gilded fascinations,—  
 Sin and death in dress of light.

Will they long for earthly treasure,  
 Striving mightily for gold,  
 Seeking rest in sinful pleasure,  
 Straying from the Shepherd's fold?  
 Will they rather seek the portal,  
 Entrance to the narrow way,  
 Leading up to bliss immortal  
 And to everlasting day?

Ah me! will my daily teaching  
 Ever tend to good or ill?  
 Will my influence, far-reaching,  
 Live when I am cold and still?  
 Jesus, heavenly teacher, hear me,  
 Grant to me thine aid I plead,  
 Let me feel thy presence near me,  
 Guiding every word and deed.—*Sel.*

PROHIBITION is a certainty in this country, and that within a very few years. Every civilized nation on earth is looking for some cure of the greatest evil that affects the earth. The fact that all countries are trying to regulate it is an admission that it is an evil, and the centuries have demonstrated that there is no sense whatever in trying to regulate the evil. Evils are to be killed, not regulated. The question of to-day is whether the individual man shall have any right, by means of a poison, to demoralize mankind for profit. It is a question every working-man, every employee, every father and mother has a right to answer.—*North America Review.*

It is a good thing to draw on God in the dark hours. It is a good thing to have a God to draw on. It is not a good thing to be compelled to seek for faith in the time when it is sorely needed. Get it to-day, that you may have the use of it to-morrow. It is like having money in a good bank on which you may draw.

## I CANNOT GET BEYOND IT.

I cannot get beyond it,—  
 Love's wide, unfathomed sea,—  
 That I am proved a sinner,  
 But Jesus died for me;  
 That I am only weakness,  
 But Christ is ever strong;  
 That I am full of weeping,  
 But Jesus is my song.

I tried to get beyond it,  
 I tried to climb the height;  
 I thought I was progressing,  
 And all seemed fair and bright:  
 But sternly blew the whirlwind  
 Upon the lofty brow,  
 So once again I sheltered  
 Where I am sheltered now.

You say I am old-fashioned,  
 And go to this broad sea:  
 And if I am old-fashioned,  
 Old fashions are for me.  
 So in the Rock of Ages,  
 Beside the Sea of Grace,  
 I find old-fashioned sinners  
 May find a hiding-place.

You ask my creed? I'll tell you,—  
 I'm sinful through and through;  
 But Jesus is all holy:  
 And for His sake, although  
 I still am but a sinner,  
 I have my Saviour's claim  
 To holiness and heaven,  
 And you may have the same.

You need not go beyond it,  
 You cannot lower go;  
 You cannot rise above it,  
 'Tis level with your woe.  
 So say, "I am the sinner:  
 Dear Jesus, set me free;  
 I know I ought to perish,  
 But Thou hast died for me!"

## THE MACEDONIAN GIVERS.

The churches of Macedonia had ten excellent points in Giving:

- 1 First they gave themselves to the Lord.
- 2 Then to those who needed help "by the will of God."
- 3 They gave of their own accord.
- 4 Out of their deep poverty.
- 5 In times of affliction.
- 6 With abundance of joy.
- 7 According to their power.
- 8 Yea, and beyond their ability.
- 9 With an abounding liberality.
- 10 Earnestly entreating the opportunity as a favor ("grace") to themselves.—*Selected.*