

Our Young Readers.

THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS.

There is such a crowd of you, boys and girls, You are thronging in every place...

You take the world as it were your own, You merrily laugh and sing...

We send you out of the way sometimes, In the midst of your mirth and noise...

But the world belongs to you, after all, And others aside must stand...

You are so busy at school and play, That you have no time to spare...

We are quick to give to you praise and blame; What will you give us, when...

What will you think of the laws we make When you read the records through?

Boys, be generous; girls, be fair! We are trying to do our best...

Through misty moorland and fog-filled street, We are seeking for the best places...

Follies are we, who are well content To work for the Nation's need...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

Good times to live in we leave to you, And rights that were hard to win...

upon whose mind the truth had suddenly dawned.

"What a goose I was not to have known what you were driving at long ago!"

Opening the thick canvas-covered book in which he had been reading, Jack called his brother to his side...

"Away down there, near the South American coast," said Jack, pointing to the spot with his finger...

"Don't understand how the sea can swelter," broke in his irrepressible brother.

"That, my boy, is simply a figure of speech," was the unmoved answer. But to continue. This sun-warmed current...

"Not far from Cape Sable," Jack replied, "though perhaps the expression that I used was rather too strong."

What I meant was that the Coast Strong-ry soundings have shown a gradual rise from this point, where the stream is about thirty miles wide...

"And why does the Gulf Stream always run to the north and east?" "Well," replied Jack, slowly...

"But, Jack," said his brother, with a puzzled look, "why don't the Gulf Stream water mix with the ocean?"

"Well," Jack slowly replied, "that is pretty hard for me to explain, because I don't fully understand it myself."

"I should like to sail up the Amazon, the biggest river in the world," replied Syl, glancing at the map...

"Three weeks ago I crossed a bigger and wider river than the Amazon ever pretended to be," said Jack, briskly...

"Why, Jack Roll?" exclaimed Sylvester. "Three weeks ago you were at sea."

Playing Santa Claus.

What on earth do you think has happened? The other day I was at Tom McGinnis' house, and he had some company.

Now that boy distinctly did tell—but I won't mention it. We should never reveal the wickedness of other people...

If there is a Santa Claus—and, of course, there is—how could he get up on the top of the house, so he could come down the chimney, unless he carried a big ladder with him...

The story Tom McGinnis' cousin told kept on worrying me, and finally I began to think how perfectly awful it would be if there was any truth in it.

Now I know I did wrong, but it was only because I did not want the children to be disappointed. We should always do to others and so on...

It all happened yesterday. Tom McGinnis had come to see me, and all the folks had gone out to ride except Aunt Eliza's little boy Harry.

Tom agreed with me that it would be splendid fun, and said we ought to practice coming down the chimney, so that we could do it easily on Christmas eve.

Well, Harry took off his coat and shoes, and we all went up to the roof, and Tom and I boosted Harry till he got on the top of the chimney...

We supposed he had stopped on the way to rest; but after awhile we thought we heard a noise, like somebody calling, that was a great way off.

"Well, Harry took off his coat and shoes, and we all went up to the roof, and Tom and I boosted Harry till he got on the top of the chimney...

Then I proposed that we should get a long pole and push Harry down the rest of the chimney, but after hunting all over the yard we couldn't find a pole that was long enough...

As we couldn't poke Harry down, Tom said let's try to poke him up. So we told Harry to be patient and considerate...

It is a very rare occurrence that the number of years of a person's life will exceed the number of pounds he weighs...

Then I thought that if we were to build a little fire the draught might draw Harry out.

Tom thought it was an excellent plan. So I started a fire, but it didn't loosen Harry a bit...

We ran down and got two pails of water and poured them down the chimney. That put the fire out, but would you hardly believe it that Harry was more unreasonable than ever...

We tried every plan we could think of to get Harry out of the chimney, but none of them succeeded.

And I shall never make another attempt to amuse children on Christmas eve.—"Jimmy Brown," in Harper's Young People.

Women's Wages in New York.

The holidays have given great activity to the retail trade, and there has been an increase in the demand for clerks.

A good saleswoman can earn \$5 a week, and in some instances \$10. There are a few who, being very expert, receive \$12, but such instances are rare.

Baron Tennyson has now been laureate for twenty-three years. He succeeded Wordsworth, who died in 1850.

Tennyson's Appointment as Laureate.

Baron Tennyson has now been laureate for twenty-three years. He succeeded Wordsworth, who died in 1850.

London Gin Palaces. More than one-fourth of the earnings of the denizens of the slums goes over the bars of the public houses and gin palaces.

Too Late.

It appeared to be a private confab, as the two men sat with their backs to the iron fence of the Trinity Church.

Verdict for plaintiff.—Wall Street News. Moths can be kept out of garments by wrapping them in solid colored calico.

Cows are still used to drag the plow in Central Germany.

Temperance Reading.

THE DRINKING-HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

THE DRINKING-HOUSE OVER THE WAY. AN INCIDENT OF THE CRUSADE. The room was so cold, so cheerless and bare...

And there all alone a pale woman was lying; You need not look twice to see she was dying...

"No, ma'am, I'm no better, my cough is so bad; It's wearing me out, though, and that makes me glad."

"Yes, ma'am, I've a husband, he's somewhere about; I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out; But I guess he has gone where he's fittest to stay."

"I heard the gate slam and my heart seemed to freeze; Like ice in my bosom, and there on my knees By the side of the cradle, all shivering, I stayed."

"The clock it struck two 'fore my baby was still; And my thoughts they went back to the home on the hill. Where my happy girlhood had spent its short day."

"I thought when my baby was put in the ground; And the man with the spade was shaping the mound. If I could only help me to save my husband, who stood by my side at the grave."

"I've been sick ever since, it can not be long; He was my life, to him when I'm gone; He wanted to do right, but you never would think How weak a man grows when he's fond of the drink."

"And it's tempting him here, and it's tempting him there; Four glasses I've counted in this very square Where a man can get whisky by night and by day. Not to reckon the drinking-house over the way."

"There's a verse in the Bible the minister read; 'No drunkard shall enter Heaven,' it said; And he is my husband, and I loved him so; And where I am going, I want he should go."

"Our baby and I will both want him there; Don't you think the dear Jesus will hear to my prayer? And please, when I'm gone, ask some one to pray For him, at the drinking-house over the way."

and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they are all dirty and disheveled, and drunk, except the baby, and even the poor little may have its first taste of alcohol presently.

and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they are all dirty and disheveled, and drunk, except the baby, and even the poor little may have its first taste of alcohol presently.

One dilapidated ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a thin-clad woman bearing a baby in her arms...

Turn out of the main thoroughfare and into the dimly-lighted back street and you come upon scene after scene of the grim, grotesque horror of which only the pen of a Dore could do justice.

A friend of mine, who is never tired of trying to urge the people of this district to temperance, not long since found a man sitting up naked on a heap of rags shivering with the death throes on him...

Some English insurance companies charge twenty per cent. less premium to total abstainers than to moderate drinkers.

THE Wisconsin Central Railroad Company have sent letters to each and every agent and employe on the line strictly forbidding the use of any alcoholic beverages, wine and beer.

GERMANY'S appetite for spirits grows apace. In 1873, 3,442,270 hectoliters of spirituous liquors were consumed...

DOES everybody know that the Canadian Pacific Railway has a section reaching over the entire broad domain of the Northwest Territory without a single dram shop "on the line"?

A WRITER in the Union Signal says: "I don't like to give rumors from the wires, but here are two so good that they ought to be true."

when he was installed in his office, determined he would not touch alcohol in any form while in office, and when he had retired said he had kept his determination.

Government was making. If true, and I am inclined to think they are, these items speak a brave word for the effect of Temperance effort."