

## Say "No."

We fight for the right  
With a masterly foe:  
And if we would win,  
We must learn to say "No."

'Tis sadly said  
With the title of a breath;  
Yet on it may hang  
The great issue of death.

When tempted in bypaths  
Of evil to go,  
'Tis best to reply with  
A positive "No!"

When evil approaches  
To darken our pathway  
"No" lifts up a protest  
And waves it away.

When in the saved soul  
Satan seeks for a place;  
This brave little "No!"  
Shuts the door in his face.

When Satan appears  
As an angel of light,  
'No' always declines,  
To be guiled by the sight.

The guardian of goodness,  
To evil a foe,  
A friend of the soul is  
That little word "No!"

O thou who wast tempted  
While dwelling below,  
Enable thy servants,  
Like thee, to say "No!"

## Put Up the Chain.

'Well, well,' said uncle Dan, as he seated himself in his great armchair by the fire-place, 'how many more stories do you youngsters want me to tell you, anyway, before you go to bed?'

'Just one more,' said Jack, the youngest of the group, as he seated himself comfortably on a low stool at his uncle's feet.

'Just one more,' echoed little Effie, as she climbed on one arm of the great chair, and laid her head on uncle Dan's shoulder.

'Just one more,' sang out Fred, 'but it's got to be a long one, mind,' he added, as he stretched himself out at full length on the great soft rug before the fire.

'Just one more, uncle Dan,' said Mamie, the eldest of the children, 'and let it be about the old Dutch town that used to stand where Albany now is; for you know you have told us lots of lovely things since you were there last summer.'

'All right then. Let me put on my 'thinking cap' and see if a story will come, for you see I have told you nearly all the stories I know. Now what kind shall it be?' and uncle Dan looked round on the bright young faces and wondered if these children would ever grow tired of listening to stories.

'Oh tell us about the Indians, and the fellow that threw his tomahawk at the girl when she was flying up stairs with the kid in her arms,' shouted Fred, for Fred, like all boys of his age, dearly loved a story with an adventure in it.

'It wasn't a kid,' said Effie, as she looked indignantly down on him from her position on the arm of the chair, 'it was just the loveliest little baby. I know it was, and its sister was just the bravest girl that ever lived for saving it, and I think you are real mean for calling it a kid.'

'Poor little baby,' she continued, 'if the cruel Indians had struck it it would have been killed, wouldn't it, uncle, for you told us you saw the mark in the bannister where the tomahawk hit, didn't you?'

'Yes,' said Uncle Dan, 'that was in the Old Schuyler mansion, where an orphanage is now maintained. Isn't it nice to think that little children are now being cared for in the very house where such a thing happened so long ago; for the brave girl did indeed save the baby's life. But I see you remember that story, so I need not tell you that again.'

'Oh no,' said Mamie, 'I would rather hear about the ghosts in the old Van Rensselaer manor house, and the queer old garret, and the study with the funny fireplace with the tiles brought over from Holland more than a hundred years ago.'

'Oh yes, uncle,' chimed in Fred, 'and about the Indians that used to sneak around in the bushes, and the fellows in the house would pop them off with their guns stuck through the holes at the sides of the door, just like that,' and sniting the action to the word, he put up his hands, and pointing to the ceiling, snapped his fingers to imitate the firing of a gun.

'Well, there aren't any Indians up in mamma's bedroom,' said Jack, as he noticed the direction in which his brother pointed, 'so you don't need to shoot up there.'

'Of course there aren't but that's how they did it,' said Fred, 'and uncle saw the very hole in the wall where they put their guns through, didn't you, uncle?'

'Yes,' answered uncle Dan: 'I saw the holes which are supposed to have

been used for that purpose, as no other explanation can be found for their presence, and I have no doubt but that many a poor fellow came to his death in that way. But I'm thinking we'll have to hurry up with our story or else it will be time to put the chain up, and—'

'Time to put the chain up! why, what do you mean?' said Mamie, while Effie and Jack looked inquiringly at their uncle, and Fred, sticking his hands in his pockets, immediately conjured up stories of dungeons and cells, with many a poor prisoner bound with fetters to the wall.

'Well, I'll tell you what I mean,' said uncle Dan, 'and that is, that very soon we will have to give the signal for silence, so that all little folks may have their rest, and by and by when the sun begins to shine and daylight comes in, then down comes the chain and another day's work begins.'

But the children did not seem to understand, so uncle Dan had to explain further what he meant when he said, 'Time to put the chain up.'

'I was thinking,' he said, 'of a curious custom I heard of when in the old Dutch town we have been speaking of. You know on many of the streets, where there are now to be found great stores and warehouses, you will find bronze tablets put up to mark the places where formerly some building of historical value stood. Well, one day when taking a walk through some of the streets looking at these tablets, I learned that on South Pearl Street, near to where the city buildings now stand, there once stood a beautiful little church. Now you all understand that a church being a place in which to worship God and to hear His word, nothing should be allowed to disturb those who are so engaged. Well, the good people who worshipped in this church long ago, did not want to be disturbed in their service, so what do you think they did to make sure that no noise would happen near the church?'

'Put straw on the road,' said Mamie, who had heard of such a thing being done where there was severe illness and quietness was desired.

'No, not that,' said uncle Dan.

'Had a couple of policemen with clubs, walking up and down to keep the fellows quiet,' said Fred.

'No, not that either,' answered uncle Dan. 'What do you think, Jack?'

'Put a ticket up, 'keep quiet,' same as 'keep off the grass,' in the park,' said Jack, who did not like these notices, which interfered so much with his pleasure whenever he wanted to walk in the park.

'No,' said uncle Dan; 'now Effie, you tell us.'

'They just shut all the doors and windows tight, so the noise couldn't get in,' said Effie, who remembered how she had closed herself up in the closet in mamma's bedroom during the last big thunder-storm.

'No, not that,' said Uncle Dan, 'though that was perhaps done too. This was what they did. They had two great chains made, and they fastened the ends of these to the street corners, one below where the church stood, and the other above it. Then when the church bells stopped ringing it was time to put the chains up, so the sexton went out and stretched the chains across the street and fastened the ends to hooks in the walls of the buildings opposite. So when anyone came driving along and the chain was up they knew that service was going on, and they must turn and go some other way. In this manner all traffic was stopped on the street in front of the church until after the service was over.'

'I'll bet some of the fellows would jump over,' said Fred, as he thought of the many chains and fences, which could not keep the boys off forbidden ground in the neighborhood of his own home.

'Well, perhaps they did,' answered uncle Dan, 'but these old chains, as they hung there, (for I believe they were there until a few years ago,) no doubt taught many a one a lesson, for you know the good Book tells us, that there is a time for everything; and these chains would say very plainly, 'This is the time to worship God, let all other work cease.' Since hearing about these chains,' continued uncle Dan, 'I have often thought, what a good thing it would be, if all the girls and boys would remember the chains, and put one up when playtime is over and study time begins, and then put another one up when bedtime comes and the study hour is over.'

'Yes,' said Mamie, who now began to understand, 'and wouldn't it be nice if we could put a chain up when bad things wanted to come into our minds, and then we could never be naughty?'

'And so you can,' said uncle Dan, as he looked kindly at her, 'for there are chains given to Christians which they

ought to use, such as the prayer chain, the Bible verse chain and many others we might mention.

'Well I think they should get some chains now,' said Effie, 'for the cars go right past our church, and make such a noise that you can't tell what the minister is saying. I think they should stop the cars from going past.'

'Yes, and fellows on bicycles too,' said Jack.

'Oh, but wouldn't I like to see them go *ker whack* into the chains though,' said Fred; 'wouldn't there be a *spill*, and serve them right too,' he added, 'for Sunday isn't a day to go out riding.'

'That's right,' said uncle Dan, 'for he was glad to see that Fred rough-and-ready boy though he was, was on the right side of the Sabbath question.'

'That's right,' he said, 'always put up the chain on Saturday night and keep it there till Monday morning, for we never lose anything by remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. —but here comes mother, so I guess it is time to put the chain up.'

'Yes,' said the mother who had been quietly listening as she sewed in the corner, 'there are a great many chains in life, put there by a loving Father to keep his children in the right way, and I hope my children will never jump over them, but be always ready to mind what they stand for and obey. So now say 'good night' and come to bed for good health says, 'it is time to put the chain up.'

And soon uncle Dan was left sitting alone, and, gazing into the fire, he thought of the children and their chains, and when he went to his room that night he knelt down by his bedside and prayed, 'Lord put the chain of Thy love before each young heart and keep all evil out.' —*Can. Presbyterian.*

## Being Good.

'Now, listen, Johnnie. You're talking about the pleasant fellows that you play ball with. I want you to be pleasant, too, and I want you to be good, too.'

'All right, auntie; just tell me about it. I get my lessons, I never cheat the fellows, and you can ask gran'ma how I do at home.'

'Well, now, listen, Johnnie. A boy —we'll call him Frank—finished school and got a place. It was in a big store. There were ever so many girls and men in it, working all day, and sometimes, when not very busy, chatting together pleasantly. Frank was as nice as he could be, civil to every one and obliging, and they all liked him. The gentleman just over him thought a great deal of him and gave him a better place. Not one in the big store had a fault to find with Frank. He was a favourite with everybody.'

'Did he get more money, auntie?'

'Wait, now, and listen, Johnnie. The man who owned the store never came through it. He had his office on an upper floor, but he gave the money to pay every one, and everything in it was his. Now, what do you think Frank did? He got in the way of taking home with him such nice things as he could put in his pocket. Of course he told nobody in the store, and when he got the higher place I told you of, he took away as much as he could of the money; but he did it all in secret, and everyone about him kept praising him. Now, was he good?'

'Why, of course not, auntie. He was a thief.'

'But they all liked him, and thought him so nice.'

'No matter, auntie; he was stealing.'

'Just so, Johnnie; you are quite right. Well, now, listen. This world is a great place, with many thousands in it, and we meet them now and then, and can be nice to them. We don't see the owner of the world, but he owns it all; for he made it. So we call him our Creator, and we owe love and obedience to him. Don't you recollect what you learned, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth?'

Now, Johnnie, if we are kind and nice to all about us, but don't think of, and obey, and give the Creator what we owe to him, we are just as bad as Frank. Our fellow-creatures like us, as they all liked him, but what about our Creator?'

'And what came of Frank, auntie?'

'Why, the owner of the great store, who got all the accounts, found out who was stealing, and Frank was tried and put in jail as a thief. Do you see it now, Johnnie? To be really good, we must not only be nice to our fellow-creatures, we must do right to our Creator. Do you see, Johnnie?'

'Yes, auntie, I see; I see.'

'Well, keep it in your mind; fix it in your heart, dear Johnnie. Some time again I may tell you more about it.' —*Dr. John Hall, in Harper's Young People.*

## Home Hints.

Cleanse grained woodwork with cold tea.

Hold a fruit-stained article over a bowl and pour boiling water through the cloth.

Put a lump of camphor in an airtight case with silverware to keep it from discoloration.

Clean a carpet with a broom dipped in a very weak solution of turpentine in hot water.

Wash oilcloth with a flannel and warm water, dry thoroughly and rub with a little skim milk.

Remove paint spots from a window by rubbing a copper cent over them.

Soak mildewed clothes in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the sun.

Sponge a grease spot with four tablespoonfuls of alcohol to one of salt.

Sprinkle salt over the soot on a carpet and sweep all up together.

Wash ink stains in strong brine, and then sponge with lemon juice.

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