Tell Him, No!

Somebody asked me to take a drink,
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him, No.

Somebody gave me a cigarette,
And asked me to smoke it. What did he get?
I told him, No.

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal; but I not care!
I told him, No.

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day. 'Twas of no avail;
I told him, No.

If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,'
My Bible said: and so on the spot
I told him, No.

If I Could Be a Boy Again.

BY BISHOP VINCENT.

'If I were a boy?' Ah if I only were! The very thought sets my imagination afire. That 'if' is a key to Dreamland.

'If I were a boy'—well, if I were a boy such as I was, of the same sort, with the same beginnings; the same blood, the same surroundings, the same teachers, the same home (blessed home!) the same classmates, the same accidents, atmospheres, and aspirations, the same interior opinions, passions, and conflicts—should I have come into the same life, by the same path, with the same experience and outcome? Could I have made the product different?

If I were a boy, with my present knowledge of the end, or the state of present progress toward the end, with my memory of the past and my man's view of a boy's life—what would I do?

First, I should have an early conversation with my parents. I should bring my later wisdom to bear on them. I am older now than my father was when I was a boy, and I might give a word of advice even to him.

If I were a boy, I should want a thorough discipline, early begun and never relaxed, on the great doctrine of will-force as the secret of character. Faith in God is, I know the foundation. But it must be true fear, and not a wretched terror; the fear which is a reverent and holy love for a loving King who is a Father, and who is gentle as a mother, and who loathes selfishness, falsehood and meanness. If I were a boy, I should want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me; to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the work of building my character; to fill me with the thought that I am not a 'thing', a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a 'person,' a 'power,' a 'cause' a 'creator,' and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

Father and mother, older brother and sister, pastor and teacher, neighbor and best friend, books and periodicals are good teachers. Classes for letter-picking and word-building, for difficult spelling and reading, are very good. Classes in numbers, for mental problems and drawing geometrical lines, are excellent. But the best class, to be earliest organized and longest sustained, the class in which a two-year-old should be an advanced pupil, the class that never graduates, is the class in which a boy is trained to say, 'I ought; I can; I will.'

If I were a boy with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well and never 'bolt it down.' I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum, or patent medicines; never once go to bed without cleaning my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night, unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when the time came for getting up; never fail to rub every part of my body every morning with a wet towel, and then with a dry one; and never drink more than three or four tablespoonfuls of ice water at one time. But all this takes will power. Yes, but that is all it does take.

I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights, or stories in my memory and imagination. I should want to be able to say, like Dr. George H. Whitney, 'I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world." I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants, and be kind to the unfortunate.

I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as widely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study; read the best books; try to speak accurately and pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mechanic; try to be a practical, everyday Christian; help every good cause; 'use the world, and not abuse it;' treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, the young as brethren and sisters in all purity.

Thus I should try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous; a boy with a will; a boy without cant or cowardice; a man's will and wisdom in me, and God's grace, beauty, and blessing abiding with me.

Ah, if I were a boy!

He Didn't Shut the Door.

'Anybody'd 'spose Dick was brought up in a saw-mill where there were no doors to shut!' grandma used to say, 'for he's everlastingly leavin 'em open!'

She was making him a 'round-about.' Mr. and Mrs. Mix had kindly invited him to spend a week at their farm, and he was anticipating all manner of fun with Johnny. Now, as he stood while grandma fitted the round-about, her bright shears snipping the neck and paring the armholes, it was a good chance for her to lecture him—too good a chance, he thought.

'You must remember, Dick,' she was saying, 'and shut the doors after you when you are at Mrs. Mix's.'

'Maybe they won't want 'em shut,' said Dick, perversely. 'In warm weather folks keep their doors open.'

'I'll give you a good rule to follow when you are in a strange house. Leave the doors as you find 'em; shut the doors you find shut, and leave open the doors you find open. If you do that you can't go far wrong, Now, remember!'

Dick was glad when his round-about was fitted, for he didn't like to be lectured. Boys don't. But they sometimes need it, all the same.

He went on his visit the next day. And the very day after he got into an awful scrape!

It was haying time, and the men were very busy in the hay-field. It was raspberry time, too, and Mrs. Mix and the girls picked berries whenever they had time. Johnny and Dick raked hay and picked berries, some; but eight-year-old boys are not much help after all.

They were always on hand to ride back to the field in the big empty wagon after the hay was unloaded. That was fun! Dick was thirsty that afternoon, and went for water just as the team was backing out of the barn. The house was all quiet, for Mrs. Mix and the girls were out berrying. The water barrel was in the shed-kitchen, and there on the table were nice things cooling for supper—custard pie, and doughnuts, and gingerbread. How good they smelled!

Dick drank quickly and rushed out again, leaving the door wide open. A crowd of big chickens was around the door, and one young rooster flew up on the wood-pile and crowed awkwardly.

'Hear that young roostsr!' laughed Johnny, as Dick climbed hastily into the wagon. 'He says, 'Shut—that—back door!' as plain as can be.'

Dick thought of grandma's advice, but soon forgot it. At supper time Mrs. Mix and the girls came home, tired and loaded with berries. Johnny and Dick came to the house at the same time.

What a shed-kitchen that was! Not a pie, doughnut or sheet of gingerbread to be seen, but plenty of crumbs and some broken pie plates on the floor. The chickens sat lazily about the yard, their crops sticking out suspiciously.

There was only bread and butter for supper!

Dick was homesick, and went home the next day. And I fear Mrs. Mix wasn't sorry.—Presbyterian Banner.

"I'll Pay You for That."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said, 'I'll pay you for that!'

So the duck flew at the hen, but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

'I'll pay you for that, said the cat, and she started for the goose: but as she did so, her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat; but as she did so, her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

'I'll pay you for that! cried he, and he jumped at the sheep; but as he did so, his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

'I'll pay you for that!' cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was, and all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

'Hi, hi! What's all this?' cried the man who had the care of them. 'I cannot have all this. You may stay here,' he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to his house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

And so all their good times were over, because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.—Christian Advocate.

The Diary of a Busy Kitten.

A little girl is responsible for the following story:

7 a. m.—Got up and took a little exercise before breakfast. Mistress' work-basket was on the mantelpiece. Didn't think it was in proper order, so tried to set it to rights, but didn't succeed, somehow. The whole thing tumbled to the floor, and the thread got tangled around the chair legs. Gave it up as a bad job.

8 a. m.—People here get up so late that I am very lonely before breakfast. Tried to catch the canary for amusement. Just as I almost had one claw on him, through the bars of the cage, Betty, the housemaid, came in. My head has been ringing for half an hour with the slap she gave me on my ear.

9 a. m.—Got hungry. Tired waiting for the folks to come down, so helped myself to cream, which was not so thick as usual.

10 a. m.—Found my claws needed sharpening. Tried to do it on lace curtains, but the flimsy stuff came to pieces the moment I touched it.

11 a. m.—Time for my nap. Found a comfortable place on top of a large clock. Moved the big vase that stood on top of it out of my way. It fell to the floor and made a terrible racket. Had a fine nap.

2 p. m.—Slept till way past dinner time. They would not give me a bite, so had to find a mouse.

4. p. m.—Saw my mother asleep in the sun. Climbed up in a tree and jumped down on her just for fun. She didn't take it that way. Had to run and stay hidden for a long time.

6 p. m.—Saw a bird in the cherry-tree that looked as if he had been made on purpose for my supper. Got him.

8 p. m.—Happy at last on this delightful roof. Shall sit here and sing all night long. Miaow!

A Dishonest Dog.

A true story of a farmer's dog which has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences, has recently been told. The animal is extremely fond of biscuits, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at chandler's shop, bringing his master's order, and by-and-bye the shopman become careless about reading the document.

Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more biscuits than he had ordered. The chandler was surprised and the next time the dog came in with a slip of paper he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for a biscuit, he looked around for a piece of paper, and trotted off to the shop.—Christian Work.

A Curious Lion Story.

When lions were still numerous and easily observed in southern Africa, they were sometimes seen instructing one another in voluntary gymnastics, and practicing their leaps, making a bush play the part of the absent game. Moffat tells the story of a lion, which had missed a zebra by miscalculating the distance, repeating the jump several times for his own instruction. Two of his comrades coming upon him while he was engaged in the exercise, he led them around the rock to show them how matters stood, and then, returning to the starting point, completed the lesson by making a final leap. The animals kept roaring during the whole of the curious scene, "talking together," as the native who watched them said. By the aid of individual training of this kind, industrial animals become apter as they grow older; old birds, for instance, constructing more artistic nests than the young ones, and little animals like mice becoming more adroit with age.—Popular Science Monthly.

Coffee Cakes.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one-half cup molasses, five cups flour, four eggs, one cup cold coffee, one cup stoned raisins, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, one teaspoonful baking powder.

A Diplomatic Letter.

The following letter (printed in the Pittsburg Journal) explains itself:

Dear Uncle Fred—I thot I would rite a few lines to let you know that I need about seven dolers more to raise the price of a bike what paw promised me if I would save up enuf to pay fer Half of it.

I spose you ain't Got that much to your name Have you. I Often told Mar What a lot I think of you. If they was jist one person in the world what I Could Help get ennything they Want by Wishin fer it bet you I no who It is.

When I git to be a man I'm going to wear my Whiskers jist like You do, Becos I think it looks A good deal better than the way paw Has them.

Of Course if you ain't got the munny I mite git along with Suthin else, only Don't send no Books. I'm too Bizzy to read. I've Got suthin real nice Fer you. Jee but it's fine.

GEORGIE.

HEALTH DONTS.—Don't neglect your house drains, nor the drainage about your house. The first condition of family health is a dry and sweet atmosphere. With dry walls, a dry cellar, and drrins which carry off refuse without letting in foul gases, half the battle for good health is won.

Don't let your wells or springs be infected by drainage, or from other causes. Pure drinking water is indispensable for health at home or anywhere.

Don't keep the sun out of our living and sleeping rooms. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for a right condition of the atmosphere we breathe, and for our bodily well-being.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't wear thin socks or light soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds, and will not fall victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated: keep out of draughts; wear flannels; and with the exercise of a little common sense in various emergencies, colds will be rare. If colds were a penal offense, we should soon find a way to prevent them.

Don't neglect personal cleanliness, but use the bath with moderation and in accordance with your general health. The daily cold bath is right enough with the rugged, but it is a great tax upon the vitality of persons not in the best of health, and should be abandoned if the results are not found to be favorable, and tepid water used instead. Each man in these things should be a judge for himself; that which is excellent for one is often hurtful for one another.

Don't have much confidence in the curative nature of drugs. Remember that Doctor Good Habits, Doctor Diet and Doctor Exercise are the best doctors in the world.—Phrenological Journal.

Home Hints.

Pimples on Face.—Attend to habits of life; plain but nutritious diet; no medicine; live much in open air. Keep skin active by frequent bathing.

Nutriment is said to be supplied as follows by these foods, viz.:—Oatmeal porridge, 75 per cent.; boiled beans, 87 p. c.; boiled rice, 88 p. c.; baked corn bread, 91 p. c.; boiled barley, 92 p. c.; boiled peas, 93 p. c.

Whooping Cough.—Two parts best sweet hog's lard and six parts molasses or pulverized sugar. Children will run to medicine when paroxysm coming on, and soon get fond of it. For Croup give teaspoonful every fifteen minutes until relief obtained.

Lemon Cookies.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three eggs, six cups flour, rind and juice of one lemon, one teaspoonful soda.

Sugar Cakes.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, three eggs, three teaspoonsful baking powder; rubbed in flour enough to roll out. Flavor to taste.

Cup Cake.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, four eggs, one cup milk, three teaspoons baking powder sifted in the flour. Flavour with lemon.

Good Cheap Cake.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup milk, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, or one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Bake in moderate oven.

Ginger Snaps.—Two cups molasses, one tablespoon ginger, one tablespoon butter. Boil this five minutes. Two teaspoons soda; pour on the above while it is boiling; flour enough to make stiff batter; add more when you have it on the board to roll.

All Sorts.

Teacher: What is the plural of child? Boy (promptly): Twins.

The victory rests with America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, when it enters the battle against impure blood.

His success in a financial way has been something marvelous.

Yes?

Yes, sir. I've often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was a dollar and a quarter and last week he failed for a million.

A newspaper down in Maine, in telling of the death of a man through being struck by a railroad train, adds that it will be remembered that he met with a simi ar accident a year ago. It is to be hoped that the habit which he appears to have contracted will not become chronic.

He had taken his punishment like a little man, and for some time afterwards had been buried in thought. Mamma, he said, finally.

Well, Willie?

Do you really whip me because you love me so much?

That's the reason I punish you Willie.

And don't you love papa at all?

An old Georgia Negro, hearing that his former master had decided to enlist in the Cuban army, said to him: Marse Tom, doan you do no sich fool thing ez dat—doan you do it! Why shouldn't I? Kaise, Marse Tom—and here the old man lowered his voice—you's got a touch er de rheumatism, en you can't run ez fast now ez you run endurin' er war!

Hands up! said the villain with the low brow and the bulldog jaw.

All right, I'll put up my hands, replied the man with the tall forehead and the pale countenance, but you have evidently made a mistake. I am a newspaper man.

Here, said the footpad, tears of pity springing into his eyes, is a quarter. Don't let this ever become known, or the gang'll put me back in the amateur class.

Selfishness is like the sea which divides land from land. The person who lives in selfish aims becomes an island. You cannot hold together a church, a corporation, a lodge, a political party, or business firm composed wholly of selfish persons. It is possible even to stick two selfish persons so closely together by the most solemn rites of church and state that they will not soon fly to the divorce courts. Sooner or later, selfishness isolates as thoroughly as leprosy or smallpox.—Sunday-School Times.

Weak Heart.

"For years I suffered from weak action of the heart, dizziness and a watery condition of the blood. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have made my heart strong and enriched my blood so that now I am free from the troubles that formerly distressed me." B. A. Ross, Ailsa Craig, Ont.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption.

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