

in the family is free from vegetable and animal matter, and very little water is free from it, all the water should be boiled before it is used.

For drinking purposes boiled water is very "flat." Heat drives out the air, and a fish cannot live in boiled water. Consequently, when your boiled water has cooled fill a bottle two thirds full of it, and shake it vigorously a few minutes to restore the air to it.

To these rules add three others. Keep the body clean; avoid violent, heating exercise; don't worry. We are aware that it is not easy to observe all these injunctions. There are circumstances when one must take risks. But the nearer one can come to a perfect observance of them, the less danger will there be of falling a victim to the summer diseases.

#### "SEALED ORDERS."

But she swung from her moorings,  
And over the harbor bar,  
As the moon was slowly rising  
She faded from sight afar—  
And we traced her gleaming canvas  
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,  
Nor whether her cruise would be;  
Her future course was shrouded  
In silence and mystery;  
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"  
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,  
Go drifting into the night,  
Darkness before and round them,  
With scarce a glimmer of light:  
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—  
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty  
Through good and evil report,  
They shall ride the storms out safely,  
Be the voyage long or short,  
For the ship that carries God's orders  
Shall anchor at last in port.  
—Helen Chauncey.

#### "IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD."

The "why" and "wherefore" of a thing is very dear to Englishmen: and there are few things which have produced a greater crop of "whys" and "wherefores" than the proverbial little drop of liquor. If I meet Tom Stokes, in August, when the sun is very hot upon the head, he will tell me that he must have a little drop because he is so hot; if I meet the same honest soul in January, when the crisp, frosty snow makes music under his feet, he will tell me that he must have a little drop because he is so cold!

Tom, Tom, believe me, this is quite a mistake, for in the words of a distinguished army surgeon, "Alcohol diminishes the power of endurance, and of resistance to both heat and cold." This is, indeed, a case where things are not what they seem to be. It is a great mistake to suppose, because you feel hotter after taking the little drop, that you really are warmer. Listen to the testimony of Dr. Norman Kerr, who puts the point in a nutshell.

"The truth is, alcohol is a deceiver. It makes you feel warmer, while it actually makes you colder. It robs you of heat, and while the stolen property is being hurried through the skin, the skin is heated, as you feel in the alcoholic flushing of the face. Dangerous as intoxicating drinks are everywhere, they are especially perilous in cold weather and cold climates. No one who wishes to stand the brunt of Arctic severity should ever taste strong drink. The gallant men who have

tried to find the North Pole have had indisputable proof of this."

An illustration or two in confirmation of this testimony will not be out of place. A late Vicar of Bradford, the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, was for many years a resident in severely cold climates, and he told a committee of the House of Commons that he was well assured that tea, coffee, or milk and water were in every way superior, both for comfort and health, for persons exposed to the weather or other severity. To quote his own words, "Spirits are decidedly injurious in cold climates."

Sir John Ross, the famous Arctic explorer, relates of one of his expeditions the following experience: "I was the only person who drank no spirits, and was the only person who had not inflamed eyes; and although I was very much the oldest of the party, I bore fatigue better than any of them."

Not long ago I had the pleasure of receiving the testimony of an eminent living explorer, Dr. John Rae, who said with much earnestness, "The greater the cold the more injurious is the use of alcohol."

Away, then, with the popular mistake, "It keeps out the cold." It is a poor prop for the poor little drop, which not only robs one's body of heat, but too frequently makes warm hearts very cold toward those whom they have promised to "love and to cherish." Even on the coldest day in the year—certainly without alcohol—the poorest of us may carry sunshine with us everywhere. "There is beauty all around when there's love at home."  
—Frederick Sherlock.

#### SOAP-BUBBLES.

SOAP-BUBBLES are the playthings of children and the wonder of philosophers. What is a soap-bubble? Nothing but a film of water-molecules held together by the cohesive power of soap in solution. A soap-bubble's size and strength depend upon the right composition of the mixture that furnishes its material. A good rule for making soap-bubbles is this:

Into a quart-bottle of rain-water put four ounces of pure palm-oil soap sliced into thin shavings. Shake the mixture well until the water will dissolve no more soap. Let it stand until it settles perfectly clear. Then add to two volumes of this soap-solution one volume of pure concentrated glycerine.

This preparation will make stout bubbles whose changes in colour and shifting of hues will repay for the trouble.

The colours in a soap-bubble are due to what is known in physics as the interference of light, and depend upon the varying thickness of the film of water.

The observer who watches a bubble as it is blown, will notice the colours rapidly chasing one another over the filmy globe. He will also see that they vary in hue, growing less and less bright at the top of the bubble, because their gravity stretches it downward and makes the film thinnest.

It is a singular fact that the last colour to appear on a soap-bubble, just before it breaks, is a gray tint. The thickness of the film, when this tint appears upon it, is less than one hundred-and-fifty-six-thousandth of an inch.

Suppose a soap-bubble to be magni-

fied to the size of the earth and molecules of water magnified in proportion; then the whole structure, as Prof. Stillman once said, would be as coarse-grained as a globe of small lead shot touching one another at their surfaces.

It may be worth remembering, the next time we blow a bubble, that we are actually stretching a liquid to the extreme limit of its capacity, and coming nearer to a sight of the invisible molecule of matter than we can come in any other way, no matter how elaborate the experiment.

#### "NO 'IF' IN THE CASE."

Just before the battle of the Nile, when Nelson was explaining his plan of attack to his officers, one of them exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?"

"There is no 'if' in the case," replied Nelson, boldly; "that we shall succeed is certain."

He would not admit the possibility of defeat, and no one who served under him would admit it either.

Dear young readers, a great warfare is still going on in the world, ay, even in the hearts of the young, between good and evil, between Christ and Satan. On whose side are you? There is no neutral ground, no middle path. If you have come to Jesus, if you are trusting in his atonement, if you are born again of the Holy Spirit, you are on the Lord's side; but if not, ah! if not, no matter how fair and amiable you may be, you are led "captive by Satan at his will." Know this, that if Jesus has answered for your sins to God, if you have come to him "just as you are, without one plea, but that his blood was shed for" you, that you may "obtain mercy," there can be no doubt of your safety and happiness at last. "He who has begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." You must succeed; you must win heaven; you must be blessed. There is no *if* in the case. Success is certain.

#### A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

LITTLE Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants.

Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One cold wintry day a poor ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.—*My Paper.*

#### THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

"**D**O wolves go to poor people's doors, mamma?  
That is what the minister said  
When he came to ask for money to-day  
And told you somebody's mother was dead."

"Yes! They do really, and stand and howl!"  
"Then it is dreadful to be poor.  
Just think how awful to go to bed  
When likely a wolf will be at the door!"

"With rich people too—are you sure, mamma?  
But then a policeman might drive them away;  
Rich people can have their houses watched,  
You know very well, all night and all day."

"Another kind of a wolf, but worse!"  
"Worse than the poor people's kind?" Oh, say,  
Can it come to us? We are very rich,  
I heard a man say we were to-day."

"Ah, darling, 'tis well you are afraid,  
The wolf is more frightful than you can guess;  
No policeman can drive him away.  
His terrible name is selfishness."  
—Mrs. M. P. Bull.

#### HOME POLITENESS.

A boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, not coveting the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen as well as in the parlour, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

#### YOU'LL SWEAR WITHOUT ME.

SEVERAL boys in the upper part of New York were playing with their tops, and one of the number, feeling chagrined at his inability to come up to the mark of his playmates, began to swear roundly. A Sunday-school boy promptly said: "Johnnie, if you swear, I won't play with you." Johnnie very earnestly answered: "I don't care, and I'll swear as much as I've a mind to." Willie said: "Well, you'll swear without me;" and picking up his tops he put them into his pocket and moved on for home. Johnnie saw Willie would do as he said, and feeling somewhat ashamed of his conduct, called out: "Willie, if you'll come back and play, I won't swear any more." Willie came back and saying, "Johnnie, my Sunday-school teacher says swearing is very wicked and wrong, and I dare not play with any boy who is wicked," resumed his play. This was a little hero who was not afraid to stand up like a brave soldier for the cause of pure speech and right morals, and in obedience to the commands of God.

A young lady from New York, who is visiting friends at Wethersfield, is mortally afraid of crows; and coming on one suddenly one day, she was too frightened to run. So, poking her parcel at the beast, she stuttered out, "Lie down, sir! lie down!"