

THE SKIN.

We reprint this for the wise counsel it gives for the preservation of health.—(Ed.)

HERES a skin without, and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin;
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inward and carried completely throughout.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe, and throat
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and bowels from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For excluding the dregs of the flesh of man,
While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Too much brandy, whiskey, or gin,
Is apt to disorder the skin within;
While if dirty and dry, the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within;
To the first give plenty of water and soap;
To the last little else but water, we hope.

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air,
For if these be tainted or rendered impure
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most and can soonest digest.
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Your water, transparent and pure as you
Think it,
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you
Drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing un sound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you
Beware
Of breathing the poison of once-breathed air—
When in bed, whether out or at home you
May be,
Always open the windows, and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourselves
Warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in
A storm,
For a cold caught by chilling the outside
Skin,
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who that kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need never of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.
—*Full Mall Gazette.*

BECKY'S FAITH.

MRS. M. E. BRADLEY.

"It's no use trying to deceive me," said Miss Julia. "Nobody else could have taken it, Becky; for you were the only person in the room. You helped me to undress, and I gave you my ring to put on the dressing-table. If you did as I told you, it ought to be there. If you didn't—well, you see what I'm obliged to think, Becky."
"You think I've stole your ring, Miss Julia?"

"I am very sorry that I have to, but how can I help it? If you'll bring it back, I'll excuse your fault this time. But, if you don't, you will have to go away from here. We can't keep a thief in the house, and nobody else will want to hire one. Remember that, Becky."

Miss Julia turned away, and the poor negro girl looked after her with a heart full of dismay. She knew that she was innocent; but appearances were against her, and she had no means of proving that Miss Julia was mistaken.

"She nobber gib me dat ring to lay down for her. She thinks she did;

but de Lord knows I nobber toched it. He knows fo' certain tho' I didn't, an' I've jes' gwine to ax him to prove dat fo' me. I kaint prove it; but he kin; an' I've a gwine to ax him dis minnit."

Becky dropped on her knees as she came to this conclusion, and prayed aloud, in simple words, but with full faith that the Lord would hear and help her. Then she went about her work, and waited patiently till her innocence should be proved. Miss Julia had given her "three days' grace," in which to make up her mind, as she said, to tell the truth; and she too waited, though not so patiently, to see if her ring would be brought back to her. The days went by, however, and Becky did not confess.

"I wonder how you can sing hymns," said Julia, one morning, "when you have such a sin on your conscience. I should think you would be afraid."

"But I ain't," said Becky, "bekase de Lawd knows de trufe. He gwine to show you befo' long dat I nobber toched dat ring, Miss Julia."

"I wonder how?" asked Miss Julia.

"I dunno," said Becky; "but he'll do it jess as sho's you bohn. I ain't afeared."

That night a mouse was nibbling in Miss Julia's room, and Annie, her younger sister, called Becky to look for it, and set a trap. Becky came, listened for a minute or two, then went to the corner cupboard, where she presently discovered a mouse-hole. Something white, like a bit of rag, was in it. Becky pulled it out, and held it up to view. It was an embroidered handkerchief, smeared with something sweet and sticky, and nibbled into rags. Miss Julia gave a start at the sight of it. "Oh!" she said, "I remember something now. I spilt honey on my hand the other night, and wiped it off with my handkerchief. I wonder if my ring came off with it?"

She ran to the mouse-hole, poked into it with a long crochet needle, and presently drew out upon the hook something hard and round and shining. It was the gold ring! And poor Becky's faith in the Lord was justified. Her innocence was proved.

Miss Julia learned two useful lessons—can you guess what they were? And poor Becky, who had trusted in the Lord when everything seemed against her, trusted him still to the day of her death, and never found herself forsaken.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BOYS IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, the sister of the United States President, writes: Boys have a responsibility in temperance work which girls do not and cannot have—a responsibility which is theirs, and theirs only because they are boys.

John, in one of his epistles, says, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong." Because ye are strong! Strength is, always has been, always will be, the peculiar, ideal virtue of manhood.

I say peculiar virtue, because men are set apart as it were, to be strong. Women are not so characterized. I say ideal virtue, because while it may exist and ought to exist in every boy and every man, I know it does not exist in every man, that is not the

actual attainment, the real possession, but an ideal one, realized in its perfection only in those few foremost men who are the patterns for all others.

Now, just what did John, and just what do we mean by making your strength your responsibility, and the reason for writing to you especially? What kind of strength is your peculiar and ideal virtue?

Is it physical strength? If so, then the Cornell or Harvard student who can run the longest and farthest, though he fail in all his examinations and stand as the foot of his classes, is stronger than the man who takes the valedictory, and not so strong as the wild Indian who can row farther and run faster, and fast longer. You know men and boys, as I do, who have cordy muscles and can lift enormous weights; great big fellows it does one good to see, yet who are not strong enough to be laughed at; who in the company of liquor men are not strong enough to utter one word in defence of temperance. Fancy John writing to such men because they are strong! No, the strength he meant and we mean is not only physical strength.

Is it intellectual strength? You and I know men who are "smart"—smart enough to raise a great, coarse laugh at the man or woman who attacks their terrible traffic. Lord Bacon had, perhaps, the finest intellect ever let into the world, yet he was not saved by his supreme intellectual strength from taking bribes in his law cases, and is immortalized in the lines of a great poet as "the greatest and meanest of mankind." All over the country we can find men, not quite so great intellectually, but quite as mean, who win case after case for liquor men for the bribes that are paid them. Fancy John writing to such men "because they are strong!"

Very clearly the strength which he attributes to young men as their special, ideal virtue is not one of muscle or brains. We all know what it is. It is moral strength. It is that pluck and principle which will defy the threats of the bullies and the wit of the smarties in defence of the right. It is because you, boys, can be thus strong, and ought to be thus strong, that so many eyes, some of them dim with tears, are turned to you and are watching your young manhood as the hope of the nation and the world against this awful enemy, alcohol. It is because its overthrow demands and must have your manly strength that your responsibility is great, and something for which God will surely call you to account.

A BOY NEEDS A TRADE.

WHAT about the boy who does not take up with a trade or profession? Look around you, and the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond, and take such fish out as may easily be caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in the brick-yard to-day, and in the harvest-field to-morrow. He does the drudgery, and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of idleness will see him dead-broke.

The other night I saw a man dragging himself wearily along, carrying a pick on his shoulder. "Tired, John?"

"More so than any horse in Detroit." "What do you work at?" "I'm a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but oftener for plumbers." "Good wages?" "So good that my family never have enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it wasn't for the wife and children, I'd wish for that stroat car to run over me." "Why didn't you learn a trade?" "Because nobody had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am, working harder for \$8 or \$9 a week than many a man does to earn \$18."

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters, and blacksmiths, and painters, and shoemakers, and other trades, keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled work men. Take the trade which you seem fitted for. Begin with the determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become the best workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skin along from one week to another without being discharged but make your services so valuable by being such a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go.

AN ARAB'S OFFERING.

THE good Caliph, in the following little story, set an example of thoughtfulness for another's feeling which every one would do well to follow:

A poor Arab was once travelling in a desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, and sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, it seemed to his simple mind that such water was worthy of a monarch; so, filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the Caliph.

The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The Caliph did not despise the gift brought to him with so much pains. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank of it, and, thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around now pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the Caliph forbade them to taste even a single drop!

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyous heart, the Caliph turned to the courtiers and thus explained the motives of his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and bitter. But it was an offering of loyalty and love, and as such I received it with pleasure. I well knew that, had I suffered another to drink of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; I therefore forbade you to taste the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

"LITTLE boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, pa, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt to his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! How many does he put on at a time, pa?"