



On a pleasant day in August of the present year, a large party of excursionists had sailed down the famed Saguenay, in the good steamer CAROLINA, arriving about ten o'clock in the morning at the wharf of Tadousac, at the mouth of the river. This is a pretty resort for tired city people during the summer months, and we were glad to learn that the steamer was to remain long enough to enable us to see the little village. Very soon all the passengers were en route for the village, about one mile from the wharf, some on foot, others in buckboards, that is, wagons without any boards at the sides or back.

Arrived at the village we first paid a visit to the hotel, to find a friend, whose family was summering there. On leaving the hotel, our attention was attracted by two gentlemen, near the bar-room, adjoining the house, one of them of middle age, the other a young man. As they entered the bar-room, behind which was a bowling alley, the elder said to the younger: "Come and have a drink." The latter answered promptly and distinctly, "No, thank you, I don't drink." I was struck by the young man's courage in the circumstances. He could say "No" to the tempter. He did say "No," and he meant it. The net was spread in vain for him, for like the sons of Rechab, he had said: "I will not drink wine." We could not help thinking: "How well would it be for all young men, if they would only say No, quickly and decidedly to the tempter!" It would save them from a thousand pitfalls, and make them stronger to struggle with the difficulties before them in life.

To say No is not always easy, but it ought not to be hard, when it is a question of wrong—especially in the



A SCENE ON THE SAGUENAY.

No!

case of a Christian young man or woman, it is needful to give a decisive No, to all appearance of evil. If it is not a sin to drink, it generally leads to evil, and the only way to avoid this result is not to drink liquor at all, to say No at once and emphatically to him who asks us to drink. We know of two young men who had the courage to say No, to temptation, in the most trying circumstances, and both rose to the highest positions in the state. One was Joseph who was convinced that wrong was wrong, and that concealment could not make it right. He scorned to yield, and got into prison for a couple of years on that account, but the prison with a good conscience, "void of offence toward God and man," was a palace compared to a guilty conscience and an impure life in Potiphar's mansion.

The other was Daniel who refused to partake of wine at the table set him and his Hebrew companions, in Nebuchadnezzar's palace in Babylon. And because he dared to be true to his convictions, he took his life in his hands; but the divine pledge—"them that honor Me, I will honor"—was fulfilled in his and their case. He dared to say No, and be true to his God, and he came out all right. He rose to the highest office in the government. Say No instantly and boldly to the man who tempts you to drink, or tempts you to any other form of evil. It is perilous to waver, to halt, to contemplate temptation. That was what Eve did, and we all know the terrible results. To say No to the tempter is to take an upward step in the highway of strong Christian character. It is to be numbered in the ranks of those to whom the Apostle John wrote: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Young man, young woman, say "No!" and you will be of some use in the world; you will rise in the world.

An Incident.

A little "street arab" got aboard a street-car, and, finding room on a seat, leaned over and fell asleep. His clothes were ragged and scant. His little bare feet were brown and toughened, and his face was dirty. His hat fell off, and showed an uncombed tangle of hair. As he lay there asleep, with his little head on the hard seat, a sweet faced, well-dressed young girl who sat opposite leaned over and softly slipped her muff under the little fellow's head. A man near her nodded approval, and putting his hand in his pocket handed her a piece in money, beckoning toward the boy as he did so. The next man did the same, and almost before she knew it, with her face aflame, she had collected something from everyone in the car. She put it in his hat, and laid it under his hand. Then softly removing her muff again, she had the car stopped and went on her way.

Didn't I Lead Them Straight.

At Tel El Kebir, as the British had to be led by starlight around a dangerous circle, Lord Wolseley chose a young naval officer to do it. He piloted them successfully, and when the enemy's fire opened, young Rawson was the first to fall, and when the shout of victory went up, he lay dying. Lord Wolseley galloped over the plain to see him before he died. As he entered, a smile lit up the pale face of the dying man. "General, didn't I lead them straight?" were his dying words.