

Girls that are Wanted.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
 Good from the heart to the lips,
 Pure as the lily is white and pure,
 From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
 Girls that are mother's right hand,
 That fathers and brothers can trust to,
 And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
 And pleasant when nobody sees;
 Kind and sweet to their own folk,
 Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls—
 That know what to do and to say;
 That drive with a smile or a soft word
 The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
 Whom fashion can never deceive;
 Who can follow whatever is pretty,
 And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
 Who count what a thing will cost;
 Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
 But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
 They are wanted for mothers and wives;
 Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
 The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls.
 They are very few, understand;
 But oh! for the wise, loving home girls
 There's a constant and heavy demand.

THE TWO ROADS.

"She is growing very bold and impudent; in fact I never saw a girl of her age more so."

This remark was addressed to me no long since by an acquaintance, in reference to a young girl I knew. At the same time he recounted an incident to prove his statement, and it abundantly did.

I felt sad. I had not expected this from what I had seen of her, but the example set her was not a good one, and the hand that guided her steps was weak on the side of right.

No doubt this girl thought these young men admired her forward ways, but she was mistaken. Yet they would laugh at her slangy speeches, and thus encourage her to go on the devil's road still further.

Slang in a man's mouth is bad enough, but in a girl's it is disgusting. Girls, don't pollute your lips with it; avoid using it as you would avoid poison. If you begin to make use of it you are sapping the foundation of modesty and taking your first steps on the path of evil.

A modest girl is liked by everyone whose friendship is worth having, and even the depraved will respect her; but who cares for the bold, impudent girl? Not even those who laugh at her slangy talk!

Boys and girls, beware of the tempter. He will come to you in innumerable disguises. Learn to say "No," and to say it emphatically, when asked to do what you know is wrong. Thus you will fortify yourselves against temptation.

See the youth starting on the evil road. Mark the hardened sinners as

they invite him to take his first glass, to go to the gambling den, or the variety theatre. The devil is there, you may be sure, watching anxiously for the result. A feeble "No" makes him frown, but his agents try again. Ridicule, that potent weapon with weak minds, is tried and succeeds. How Satan grins then! How he dances for joy! One more victim for the sacrifice!

Think you that his companions care for the boy as they initiate him into their evil ways, as they slap him on the back and call him "a jolly good fellow?" No! a thousand times no! They despise him from the depths of their miserable hearts. And when the end comes, as come it will, and he lies in the gutter a wretched drunkard, do you think they will feel remorse or pity? No!

Boys, girls! there are two roads waiting for you. Follow one, (and rough you will often find it,) and the angels of God will smile upon you as you go. You may fall and bruise your hands and face on the sharp stones, but they will be near to strengthen you more and more, until at last you will find unutterable joy in going on. And the end! I need not tell you of that.

Take the other road, and who will your companions be? In the flesh, the lowest and most depraved in the world; some of them fair to the eye, perhaps, but the impress of evil in all its hideousness will be there. In the spirit, the devil and his angels, lifting the rocks from your path to make the descent easy, and grinning with a horrible joy as you hurry on. Then the end, the terrible end!

Dear boys and girls, the two roads lie before you; which, which shall you take?

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MOTHER AND SON.

"MAY I see my boy, sir?"

She was thin and wan, her clothes were poor, but neat, and the trouble in her eyes showed that her heart was very heavy.

"You can," said the officer, kindly.

She went into the corridor and sat where the shadow covered her face. The tired head went against the wall, and the eyes were closed. But between the lashes a drop or two forced their way, as if a misery was there that could break the bonds of pride or the courage of patient suffering.

The turnkey brought him in, and for a moment he stood before her without speaking. He was tall and fair, with blue eyes, and in age was full sixteen years. At first there was a defiant look in his eyes, but when he saw that picture of wounded love and loving suffering before him, his lips quivered, and it required all his strength to hold himself in control.

"Mother!"

The word was spoken low, and as she heard it she started as though

called back from a dream that was full of rest and comfort. She looked up, and in a moment more her arms were about his neck, and his head lay on that heart which had beat so true for him through years of wayward folly.

Three years before he had left her, and in all that time she had not seen him; and now, after fifty miles of hurried travel, she met him in the hands of the law—a thief on his own confession.

The few spectators went out and left them there alone, she with her sorrow, and he, it is hoped, with a repentance that will bear fruit of joy and comfort to her in the years to come.

ALCOHOL AND THE BLOOD.

SCIENCE of to-day joins with Moses of old in saying "the blood is the life." It is so in the sense that it feeds all the tissues; conveys that prime requisite of all animal life, the oxygen, from the lungs to every particle of the bodily structure; receives the dead matter perpetually being thrown off from the myriads of life-elaborating cells, and transports it to the various organs which eject it from the system; is the source of all the vital heat, through the chemical changes constantly taking place within it. So dependent is all life on this fluid that, should the blood fail for an instant to reach the brain, all consciousness would at once cease, and for a few seconds life would cease.

Now all alcohol taken into the stomach is absorbed by its veins and carried straight to the right side of the heart, thence through the lungs, and then back to the left side of the heart, whence it is borne to every organ and tissue of the system. As it reaches the liver and kidneys some of it is eliminated, but most of it continues in the circulating fluid, disturbing the organic functions and effecting various harmful structural changes and becoming itself chemically changed.

One of the constituents of the blood is fibrine—that element which causes blood when drawn from the body to coagulate or clot. Alcohol has an exceedingly strong affinity for water; hence, when in excess it may either abstract the water from the fibrine, and thus cause it to coagulate in the body, or, on the contrary, so fix the water with the fibrine, as to destroy its power to coagulate. The blood of those who have died of alcoholic excess has been in these two opposite but unnatural states.

The most important part of the blood is the red globules. The microscope has actually watched the disturbing effect of alcohol on these globules—rendering their smooth outline rough and oven star-like, sometimes wholly changing their proper shape, and causing them to run together and adhere in rolls. The effect is to impair their power to absorb gases, also their ability to pass through the arteries.

TRUSTING A FATHER'S HAND.

I HAPPENED to come down to my shop one day, and found my eldest boy, then about eight years of age, busily punching holes in a piece of leather with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The piece of leather was of little worth; but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future, he received a correction; and by the way of trying his confidence, he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might, as it were, undergo a similar operation. As may be supposed, the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been eagerly watching the proceedings, said, "I will do it pa;" which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on: but not showing the least appearance of flinching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even smiling in her father's face, who, feeling himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion when she exclaimed, "I knew you would not do it, pa." Has the Lord taught thee to trust a father's hand?

A SINGULAR VILLAGE.

IN the Cevennes mountains, in central France, there is a village named La Benge, the inhabitants of which practically live underground a great part of the year. It is 4,250 feet above the sea, and in the bottom of a pass where the snow is heaped up by the winds. As soon as the snow begins to fall in large quantities, says a recent visitor, the inhabitants retire indoors, and it is not long before the low-roofed cottages are buried, the only means by which air can reach the interior being down the single chimney, which in all the cottages is built very wide and substantial.

The snow gradually mounts so high that the door will not open, and at last the windows are blocked up. The inhabitants lay in a good supply of bread, cheese, and salt pork for themselves, and of hay and straw in the outhouse for their cow and horse, and, although the men occasionally go out by way of the chimney, the women and children live in the fatid atmosphere all the winter. They spend their time making cane chairs and baskets, doing a little rude wood carving, and knitting stockings, while, if the snow does not melt in a month or so, the people burrow tunnels from house to house, and so get a little society. Should a death occur, the body is roughly confined, and laid upon the roof until a thaw makes the cemetery accessible.—Selected.

"STRENGTH," says Josh Billings, "aff poor property, enny how; if yow circulate them yow lose them; and if yow keep them yow lose the interest on the investment."