

For Girls and Boys.

LEAVE THE LIQUOR ALONE.

I'm anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,
 If it won't put you out of the way;
 For I feel very certain you'll each of you find
 There's wisdom in what I would say.
 We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,
 But I have got one of my own
 That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull care;
 It's leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 If you'd win success and escape distress,
 Leave the liquor alone.
 To avoid neglect and to win respect
 Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,
 The drinker must trudge on the road;
 One gets through the world with a jaunty air,
 The other bends under a load.
 The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,
 And the drinker picks the bone;
 If you'd have your share of good things, take care
 And leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 You'll enjoy good health, and you'll gain in wealth,
 If you leave the liquor alone.
 A man full of malt isn't worth his salt;
 Leave the liquor alone.

The drinker is ready to own at last
 He played but a losing game;
 How glad would he be to recall the past
 And earn him a nobler name!
 Don't reach old age with this vain regret
 For a time that's past and gone;
 You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet
 If you'll leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 You'll find some day it's the safest way
 To leave the liquor alone.
 Resolve like men not to touch again;
 Leave the liquor alone.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When the celebrated philanthropist, Florence Nightingale, was a little girl and living in Derbyshire, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saving nice things from her own meals for them.

There lived near the village an old shepherd name Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, helped him in looking after the flock by day, and kept him company at night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.

One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed; but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask Rodger why he was sad, and what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-night."

"Hang him!" said Florence. "Oh, Roger! how wicked of you. What has poor old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger, "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous school boys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.

"Oh yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough; he has not put his foot to the ground since."

Then Florence and her friend rode on. "We will go and see poor Cap," said the gentleman.

"Oh, if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!" exclaimed Florence.

When they got to the cottage the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair dishevelled and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl called him "poor Cap" he grew pacified, and began to wag his short tail; then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken," said the gentleman; "rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? He seemed in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well then," said little Florence, "I will foment Cap's leg."

Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out in hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the benefit of the application, and to show his gratitude in looks and wagging his tail. The next morning Florence was up early to see Cap. Two or three days later, when Florence and her friends were riding together, they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"Do look at the dog, miss," said the shepherd, "he is so pleased to hear your voice. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who, in later years, grew up to be the kind, brave woman, who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean War, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could.—*Shanghai Temperance Union.*

I DON'T CARE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"I don't care what my teacher says! I am going to as many wine parties as I please," exclaimed Mattie Gibbs to a group of schoolmates.

"Nor I, either," echoed another. "She may talk and talk, and it'll never do me any good."

"And I don't care what old Simpson says about beer and tobacco," added Tom Jones. "He might as well not have any Sunday-school for all the good it does me. I am going to do as I please."

"I don't care," repeated Mattie, when her mother wished to keep her from bad company; "I can't stay cooped up like an old woman; I like fun, and I am going to have it."

"Who is dead?" asked one neighbor of another, a few years later.

"It's Mrs. Jones. She used to be Mattie Gibbs, you know. Poor thing! she's had a hard life of it since she married Tom Jones. He spent his money for drink, while his wife and children looked like beggars. He used to beat his wife cruelly, when drunk. Poor Mattie! she died at thirty, a broken-hearted woman."

When young people don't care what kind of habits they form or what sort of company they keep, their lives will be pretty sure to come to a miserable end.—*Royal Road.*

HIS CHOICE.

Young men sometimes sneer at water as a beverage. "Water is good for washing," says one, "but for a steady drink give me lager!" "I never astonish my stomach with a glass of water," says another, "if I can get wine to drink." "Water? Water? Ah, yes, I think I've heard that some people drink it!" remarks a third. Perhaps the following story, published in the *Ledger*, may instruct