

1st of September, when fair weather prevails, and the rays of the sun fall into the gorge from the west, the visitor, in looking through the veil, beholds two most beautiful rainbows, a primary and secondary; a sight, once enjoyed, that can never be forgotten.

Another place of romantic interest in this lake region of Central New York, is Ithaca, the seat of the famous Cornell University, situated on a hill 400 feet above the lake, and commanding a magnificent view. Within the immediate vicinity of the village are no less than 15 cascades and waterfalls, varying from 50 to 215 feet in height. Ithaca gorge has more waterfalls within the space of a mile than any other place in America. This romantic lake region, once occupied by the powerful Iroquois confederacy, is traversed in several directions by the Geneva, Ithaca, and Sayre railroad, a ride over which, stopping off at the many places of interest on the way, would be a delightful holiday trip, which we hope some time to make.

YOUR BOY.

BY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

Y^{ou} say he is a boy
And sometimes rough
But I tell you he's made, sir,
Of right good stuff!
It's worth all the jewels
'Neath sea or land;
And there's hidden power
In his small right hand.

He bothers you daily
With questions rare
Of the "Hows" and "Whys"—
Do you treat him fair?
Do you answer him truly,
And lead him on
To talk of life's battles,
How fought and won?

Is your sympathy stirred
When he shows grief?
For boys have sore troubles
And cares, though brief.
Do you chide him in love
When he's rude or rash?
Or do you depend on
The cruel lash?

Ah! how many a heart
Would be doubly glad
If they had such a gift
As your growing lad.
Then put away harshness
High, high on the shelf,
And remember you once
Was a boy yourself.

WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT SMOKE.

THE use of tobacco is expensive. Money paid out for the filthy weed is worse than wasted. Think of it, one billion of dollars spent every year, and for what? To degrade men mentally, morally and physically. We said to a young man of twenty-one, one evening, referring to the young lady to whom he was engaged:

"Are you going to take Mary to hear Gough to-night?"

"No. I cannot afford it. The tickets are fifty cents."

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?"

"Never more than two."

"And you pay—"

"Ten cents apiece for them. I like a good one."

"Twenty cents a day for five days is just one dollar."

The money expended upon tobacco would not only enable young men to enjoy innocent amusements and give pleasure to those they love, but would beautify their homes, furnish them

with libraries, and enable them to save against a day of adversity or need. Franklin's maxim: "A penny saved is two pence earned," is never more true than when used in connection with such a useless article as tobacco.

The weed is not only expensive, it is excessively agreeable to refined people. The stifled breath, the polluted air of a room where smokers have been, the smell of stale tobacco on the clothing of those who use it, is a positive pain to those who dislike it exceedingly, and who are rendered faint and dizzy by the odor.

Many who are the victims of tobacco, and indulge in its use in the presence of women and children, and non-smokers, might be surprised to hear themselves designated as thieves, but they certainly deprive others of a gift which they have no right to purloin. Neal Dow says: "Men whose moral sense is dulled by the tobacco habit do not even consider that people have right to the pure, fresh air, so important to their comfort and health, and they poison it with tobacco smoke. The pure air is as much their right as the purse in their pockets; and the forcibly taking it away by the tobacco smoker is as much stealing in the moral sense, as picking the pocket."

Then tobacco is a poison, just as surely as strychnine or arsenic. It is more dangerous than either of these, because its baneful influence is not so quickly felt. But it enfeebles the body, weakens the memory, dims the sight, impairs the taste and the smell, deadens the nerves, deranges the digestion, tends to insanity, and used excessively, causes terrible diseases. We know one man who from the constant use of tobacco, suffered agonies from a cancer on the tongue, and he died a lingering, horrible death. One man, a great smoker and chewer, smoked fifty cigars, for which he paid seventeen cents apiece, in less than a week. He not only burned up \$8.50, but was prostrated by a disease similar in character to *delirium tremens*. Tobacco not only injures the body and deadens the sensibilities, and blunts the moral sense, but it is the primary cause of the death of thousands of persons every year. A young man only nineteen years of age, stood, one Saturday evening in Shenectady, on a bridge, looking into the abyss below, and laughing and talking with a friend. He was offered a chew of tobacco, and accepted it. In a few moments he became dizzy, and turning to go home, lost his balance, and fell a distance of many feet to the rock below. He was carried home, but never recovered consciousness, and died the victim of a single chew of tobacco.

Boys, never begin the habit which is sure to result in some evil, and may cause you a sorrow which shall be everlasting.

I have lived more than four-score years and never used tobacco in any form, and I am better physically, morally and spiritually without it.

A YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND.

A SIGNIFICANT statement was lately made by a citizen of Denver, who chanced to be at one time its mayor. "Whenever we extend the saloon limit a little," he said, "we have to add to the police force. And everybody doesn't realize that the extra policeman costs more in a month than a saloon nets in a year.

"WHAT'S THE HARM?"

JUST th' once! What hurt will it do? You can study quite as well to-night, and if you have a ride at all you must go now."

Thus persuaded, Dick threw down his book and joined his companions. They had a delightful ride, and then in the evening he settled down to study. He did not feel much like it, partly because he was tired, partly because he frequently found his thoughts wandering from the lesson to something he had seen in the afternoon. Still, being pretty persevering, he finally learned it, and had a perfect recitation the next day.

"There!" said his companions; "what did we tell you? You needn't have made such a fuss about going. It didn't do a bit of harm."

Dick agreed with them then, but he was inclined to change his mind later in the day when he found how ineffectual were his efforts to fix his attention on his books.

"I've learned the harm!" he exclaimed. "It is just like sliding down hill: the first time, before the snow is broken, we only go a little ways; the second time we go farther; and pretty soon we can't stop short of the bottom if we want to. There are two sides to it, though: if I stick to these tough old lessons to-day, it will be easier to do it to-morrow."

Stick to them he did, and thus learned a lesson that was as valuable as any in his books.—*Selected.*

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle; "that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he had seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as for eternity.

THE SCOTT ACT.

OXFORD GRAND JURY QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ACT.

THE Grand Jury for the county of Oxford has given a unanimous deliverance expressing gratification at the decrease of drunkenness and crime in the county under the Scott Act, as shown by the fact that since May 1st, when the Act came into force, there have been only seven persons committed as drunk and disorderly, while during the corresponding period of 1884, under license, there were 30 committed for this offence.

POOR JIMMIE.

"Oh little sunbeam, where do you come from, where do you get your heat? They say you come millions and millions of miles every morning, from away across the ocean, from away among the stars. I wonder you don't get cold coming so far. Maybe you run so fast that it makes you hot; anyway, I'm so glad you are warm when you get here."

Thus said little Jimmie as he crept out of his seat and got into another, where the warm sunshine streamed on him through the window of the little red brick country school-house, on the chill September morning.

Poor Jimmy, are you shivering with the cold already? What will you do when the north wind blows, and the air is filled with frost, and the ground covered with snow, I thought his teacher, as she observed his movements, but kindly allowed him his new position, for both Jimmie and his teacher recognized in the sunbeam their one warm friend.

What was the matter that his teacher called him "Poor Jimmie?" His clothes were thin and patched, his face bore traces of tears, and his eyes looked out mournfully from under his high, white forehead. An unhappy home was the cause. His father—ah, yes, the old story—was a drunkard, and his mother—I wish I could say she was patient under her sad burden—had grown tired hoping, and was now broken in spirit and irritable in temper.

If Jimmy had been born in the city, he might have been a little street arab, full of oaths, and wickedness, and deceit; but he was born in the country, and all around his home lay the free open fields, and there, when the weather would permit, he would spend most of his time. There he would lie and look up at the blue sky, and the soft, floating, white clouds, and the green trees waving above his head. There, as he lay and listened to birds twittering in the branches, and heard the crickets chirping in the grass, sweet thoughts came to him—good, pure thoughts, straight from the great loving heart of God. For has he not promised that, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

Then as he contrasted that peaceful scene with the discord of his own home, tears would fill his eyes, and roll down his cheeks, and he would resolve down deep in his heart never to give way to the weakness of his father or the temper of his mother. Poor Jimmy! Ah, poor boy, what fearful odds are against you! What hope is there that you can escape! Will you be overcome and swept down into that vortex of ruin, where so many go who have better chances than you? Will no arm be stretched to save you?

Oh yes, be of good cheer, rescue is at hand. Long has the cry of the broken-hearted wife and the wail of the orphan sounded in the ear of God. Now he awakens the people, and they arise in their might, and are sweeping from the land that which curses Jimmie's home.—*Goderich, Ont.*

"The hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish."

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men."