

**My Boy, do you Smoke ?**

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the government since the war to educate the "blue jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a mar is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the Marine Corps who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is the authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is "No, sir," but the tell-tale discoloration of the teeth at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette-smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming as it does from so high an authority, and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day and month after month.

**Jesus Shining in**

A visitor went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it. I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said: "not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is every thing; I love the sun."

"O," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes every thing bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*Am. Mess.*

**Getting the Worst.**

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not want some berries, for he had been all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cage on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?" "I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it!" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pennies or a few dollars leads himself down with a sin which is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind: The one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.—*Can. Pres.*

The eye that mocketh at *his* father, and despiseth to obey *his* mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments; For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.