

Our Boys and Girls.

Mothers and Daughters.



In my short life I have seen so much of the misery that many a girl has suffered that it horrifies me. I feel that I cannot thank God enough for the dear mother's watchful care. It is not long since I rebelled at being kept at home when other girls could "have a good time," but now I have no words in which to write my appreciation of that patient mother's care of her impetuous girl. Guarded as few girls have been it is not to myself I owe my escape from snares. Girls that I have loved, have fallen many times. I do not condemn them. God forgives those who do, for I think that in many cases they were more sinned against than sinning. How do I know that I should not have fallen had I been tempted as they have been? If more mothers understood their daughters there would be fewer girls who go astray. Since I was a little toddler I have carried my joys and sorrows to mamma. Mamma was friend, chum, physician, and adviser; and I wondered why other girls "would not tell mamma for the world." That habit of telling mamma everything, as some girls have told their chums, has saved me much misery and sorrow. Now, don't imagine I am a long-faced goody, goody girl. Oh no, I'm only a careless, happy girl who loves fun as well as anyone.

Some Things for a Boy to Learn.

To swim. To walk. To throw straight. To make a fire. To be punctual. To hang up his hat. To help his mother or his sister. To wipe his boots on the mat. To close a door quietly. To go up and down stairs quietly. To read aloud when requested. To remove his hat upon entering a house. To treat the girls so well that they will all wish he was their brother.

Some "Advice."

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man, who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company five years ago he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department.

The very first day of his employment by the company, a man who had been at work in the same for six years approached him and gave him a little advice:

"Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation, that regards its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave-pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself he decided to do the best and most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not.

At the end of the year the company raised his wages and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the greenhorn "advice" was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not a story of a goody-goody little boy who died early, but of a live young man who exists in flesh and blood to-day, and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Man: "I can't sleep at night, doctor."

Doctor: "Perhaps you sleep in the day, and that interferes with your night's rest?"

Man: "Yes, I do, a bit; but I want to sleep at night, too. I'm a night watchman, and it's so lonely keeping awake all by one's self!"

A Scottish Lad's Faith.

I like the positive faith of that sailor boy that Captain Judkins, of the steamship *Scotia*, picked up in a hurricane. "Go aloft!" said Captain Judkins, to his mate, "and look out for wrecks."

Before the mate had gone far up the ratlines he shouted, "A wreck, a wreck!"

"Where away?" said Captain Judkins.

"Off the port bow," was the answer.

Life-boats were lowered, and forty men volunteered to put out across the angry sea to the wreck. They came back with a dozen shipwrecked men, and among them a boy of twelve years.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Judkins.

The answer was, "I am a Scotch boy. My father and mother are dead, and I am on my way to America."

"What have you here," asked Captain Judkins, as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body.

"It is a rope," said the boy.

"But what is that tied by this rope under your arm?"

"That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that."

"Could you not have saved something else?"

"Not and save that."

"Did you expect to go down?"

"Yes, sir, but I meant to take my mother's Bible down with me."

"Bravo!" said Judkins; "I will take care of you."

Breathing and Health.

As a matter of fact, not one woman in a hundred breathes normally. The respiration of the average woman varies with every change of mental state or physical condition, and it is a rare thing for a woman to use her lungs to the best possible advantage without a previous knowledge of physiology and an appreciation of the merits of physical culture.

Desirable as is a thorough exercise in breathing, it is not safe to experiment in the matter. A very little instruction on the subject will enable any woman to comprehend the precise art of filling and emptying the lungs on scientific principles. After this has been acquired, the chief thing is to breathe in as much sunshine as possible and to believe in the efficacy of oxygen as a remedy for nearly all the ills that are fashionable.

The following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition:

Stand at an open window or recline on a couch, with the waist and chest unconfined. Hold the chest walls high, and inhale in slow, long breaths, and exhale as slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day at least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired result.

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