

Shall Your Boy Go?

You vote for license, sir, you say?
O do you ever think,
Of the dreadful school your vote sustains,
You who vote to license drink?

Have you ever stood by the gay saloon
With its foully tainted air?
Have you ever watched with curious gaze
The feet that enter there?

Ah, sir, you know who enter there,
Our brightest, fairest boys,
The dearest thoughts of a mother's prayer,
And the chief of a father's joys.

They are going in for one harmless glass;
Perchance for a friendly game;
When men like you sustain the cause,
Do you think the boys are to blame?

They are coming out with poisoned breath,
And slow, unsteady tread;
But not the boys who entered there—
They have given us these instead.

They are hurrying on with quickened pace,
To lives of crime and woe,
They are filing down to drunkards' graves,
Are you willing your boy should go?

Ah, sir, you know the picture true;
You know the fatal end;
You have seen the way the victims go;
Have you boys you would like to send?

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Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

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Teach Them to Work.

THERE is just one road to success, and that is the road of hard work. All sorts of short cuts have been devised and tried by people, but they have all been short cuts to failure. The long road of hard work is the only highway that leads to success; all by-paths end in the swamp. This is the great lesson that ought to be taught to our boys to-day.

Several years ago, the *Christian Union* printed a series of short editorials under the title "Willing to Shovel," in which, from week to week, brief accounts were given of men who had become prosperous and influential simply because they were willing to do, with all their might, whatever came to hand. The response called out by those editorials showed that every thoughtful man and woman knew them to be true.

There is a great deal of bad teaching in our families and schools. Every kind of teaching is bad which inclines a boy to trust to something else

than hard work for success. One trouble with a good deal of the teaching of boys is, that it fixes their minds on the reward rather than on the work. Activity is the necessity of every strong nature. A lazy boy is a sick boy, or a defective boy. Boys ought to be taught to love hard work for itself, without reference to its rewards.

There is no fear about the success of the man who loves hard work. If he does not achieve the one particular thing he wants, he will get happiness out of the work itself. It is useless to tell boys that this world is a place in which everybody gets what he wants. It is a world in which very few get what they want.

Frank, honest teaching, is greatly needed—teaching which will make boys understand that life is full of hard work—that no one particular success can be counted on; but that the man who is willing to work, who is honest and true, is the man who will stand the best chance of becoming prosperous and influential, and is the man who will, under any circumstances, have the supreme satisfaction of having done his work like a man.—*Selected.*

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A BOY who had been brought to the Lord Jesus at a Mission Sunday-school, was anxious that his father should know his Saviour too. His father was a wicked man, who kept a drinking saloon, and thus not only got drunk himself, but caused others to do so. The lad asked his Sunday-school teacher what he should do, for his father made him wait on the customers, handing out the poison to them; and if he had not better leave home.

His teacher told him not to leave home, but to begin at once to pray for his father, and she would also pray for him, and for his father too. And they both commenced to pray for that father.

In a few weeks he left off drinking, and soon after left off selling, and went to work to earn an honest living. "For," said he, with tears running down his face, "something has been the matter with my dear boy for some time; and the other day I heard a noise in the room where he sleeps; it was a mournful noise, and I listened, and he was *praying for me!* He prayed that I would leave off selling—for I had given up drinking some little time before. I felt I was doing wrong, and I have quit it all; and the next time you have a meeting I am coming with the boy."

Effects of Alcohol Upon the Skin.

THE changes produced by alcohol on the skin are gradual, but are visible in a marked manner in those who have been long addicted to its use.

The consumers of beer to any large extent generally present a bloated and puffy appearance, which is due to a large deposit of watery material under the skin and in the tissues.

This condition is often seen in brewers' draymen, who are looked upon as fine, strong men, because they present this puffed-up appearance. If, however, they become the victim of an accident or disease, the illness is far more severe with them than it is with total abstainers. Convalescence is slow, and the disease often clings to them for the remainder of their lives. Drinking habits gradually cause the skin to lose its healthy appearance and its natural elasticity.



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA; TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND KATANGA."

In some cases of drinking, the skin presents a grayish, greasy appearance; and in others, is reddened all over and puffy. In more marked cases, the nose is swollen much beyond its original size, is raised into pimples and blotches all over the surface, and presents a horrible appearance.

It is very seldom that the skin, which has been destroyed to such an extent, ever returns to a healthy, natural condition, even although the person may become a total abstainer.

Alcohol produces these unhealthy changes in the skin by paralyzing the tiny blood-vessels which are found in such large numbers in the dermis. Under the influence of this agent they dilate, and more blood pours into them, producing the well-known blush on the cheeks, and very often on the nose.

In time, the blood-vessels cannot return to their original size, and are permanently dilated, which produces the redness of the skin. The nerves of the dermis also undergo a certain amount of paralysis due to alcohol, and thus the sweat glands do not act as vigorously as they should do, and substances which are injurious to the body cannot be got rid of by the skin, and are thus retained in the blood.—*Selected.*

"Jesus Does Love Me So!"

REV. MARK GUY PEARSE tells a story of a little girl who once went to him and said, with tears in her eyes, "Please, sir, it's a dreadful thing, but I don't love Jesus."

"And how are you going to love him?" he replied.

"I don't know; please, sir, I want you to tell me." She spoke so sadly, as if it were something she could never do.

"Well," he said, "the disciple John who loved Jesus almost more, perhaps, than any one else ever did, says that 'we love him because he first loved us.' Now if you go home to-night saying in your heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I am sure that to-morrow you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears, and said very softly, "Jesus loves me." She began to think about it, as well to say it—about his life, and his death on the cross, and began to feel it too.

The next evening she came to Mr. Pearse again, and, with a bright, happy face, said, "Oh, please, sir, I do love Jesus to-night, for he does love me so!"

My young reader, can you say the same?

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.