

## For Girls and Boys

NO!

Life, my boy, is what you make it;  
Whether good, or whether bad,  
All depends on you; then ever  
Dare to answer "no," my lad.

When temptation's wiles assail you  
Turn your back, and, with a joy  
Only known to those who dare it,  
Boldly answer "no," my boy.

Be a man and bravely battle  
'Gainst youth's dire and deadliest foe;  
"Touch not, taste not!" be your motto,  
And, when tempted, answer—"no."

—Kate McDonald in *Youth's Temperance Banner*.

## A PLUCKY YOUNG MAN.

Here is a true story of successful energy. A young drug clerk wrote from the Far West to a prominent pharmacist in New York, saying he would like to come to the city and enter a store. He came, but when the pharmacist questioned him personally he found that his visitor had never put up prescriptions written in Latin; consequently, he could not get a situation. He did not know a soul in the great city, not even the gentleman to whom he had written (until he met him at his store). He sought in vain for a place, and finally found a subordinate position, where he was given five dollars a week and had to board himself. He was a studious, pushing, active young fellow, and soon managed to attend the lectures at the College of Pharmacy. The gentleman with whom he had corresponded took an interest in him, and invited him to come to his store and assist in the manufacturing of fluid extracts. Once he showed his employer what he could do in that line. The man was surprised. "Why can't you do something of that kind for me?" he asked. The clerk said he could, and his salary (which in the meanwhile had been slightly increased) was raised to very respectable proportions. He worked for a time in this way, eventually receiving a salary of \$50 a week; finally he opened a laboratory of his own, and to-day he employs forty or fifty "hands." And yet, when he arrived in New York he did not have a dollar, and was without influence and without friends.—George J. Munson, in *St. Nicholas*.

## LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Bart and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate-pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?" laughed Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight," oftener than they used to; yet the school room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well at the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his department' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*The British Evangelist*.

## THE DRINKER'S FLUSHED FACE.

Every one is familiar with the flushed face of the drunkard. It is a fixed characteristic. Even the moderate drinker has it more or less, though it may seem to himself, and to many others, a look of health. So, too, the face may be flushed for a time, by a single glass of wine. Now, every internal surface of the body is, without exception, equally flushed. Science, at length, explains this. It is due to the paralyzing effect of the alcohol on the nerves that regulate the contraction of the arteries—for the arteries are not mere tubes, but contract and dilate, like the heart, and this dilation and contraction depend on the nerves that accompany the arteries in all, even their minutest, ramifications. When thus dilated unduly, the capillaries become engorged, and the heart beats with increased rapidity, because of the lessened resistance of the arteries. In the case of the habitual drinker, this engagement becomes permanent. Let it now be remembered that it is not confined to the surface of the body, but extends to every organ and every tissue.

Hence, we have in the habitual drinker, even though he may never be drunk, a congested stomach, giving rise to the worst forms of confirmed indigestion; a congested liver, causing it first to distend and thicken, and then to harden, thereby obstructing the flow of the blood through it and resulting in fatal dropsy; congested lungs, with pleurisy, and the most intractable form of consumption complaints, including even Bright's disease; congested brain and nervous centres, causing various neuralgias, insomnia, loss of memory, madness and delirium tremens. The drunkard is diseased through and through—whatever look of health he may have. Any superadded ailment is likely to prove fatal, for it nowhere finds vital resistance, and medicine is largely powerless to arouse the eliminating organs to expel its poison from the system. A slight cold may thus end in death, and a drunkard is particularly exposed to taking cold. For, in the first place, alcohol always lowers the temperature to a dangerous point, so that one may be chilled without any special exposure; and in the second place, a man who drinks to intoxication is apt to be specially exposed. The friends of a drunkard should remember that it is of prime importance to get him, as soon as possible, into a decidedly warm room, both to save him from a dangerous chill, and to facilitate the elimination of the poison.—*Youth's Companion*.