



IN SUMMER.

Summer.

SUMMER is in the air, odours are everywhere; Idle birds are singing loud and clear; Brooks are babbling over; heads of crimson clover On the edges of the field appear, All the meadow blazes with buttercups and daisies, And the very hedges are tangles of perfume: Butterflies go brushing, all their plumage crushing, In among this wilderness of bloom. The thorn-flower bursts its sheath, the bramble hangs a wreath, The blue-eyed grasses beckon to the sun, While gipsy pimpernel waits, eager to foretell When rainy clouds are gathering one by one. The very world is blushing, is carolling and gushing Its heart out in a melody of song, While simple weeds seem saying, in grateful transport playing, "Unto Him our praises all belong."

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 de-grade 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 disagreeable to refined people. The defiled 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, and who are rendered faint and dizzy by the odour.

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 a 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 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 Schenectady, 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.

BIRDS AND BUGS.

BOGS kill the plants, birds kill the bugs, but boys kill the birds. Then the bugs multiply; for the birds cannot keep them down; and then the boys and the men have to spend their time killing bugs, or lose their crops. The Lord has arranged this world very wisely, and if men do not meddle with it too much it runs very well; but when they interfere with the Lord's arrangements they are sure to have a great amount of trouble.

We knew a little boy who saw an old-fashioned clock, the weights of which were tin cylinders filled with sand; and on top of one of them lay a little piece of lead. The boy did not see the use of that lead, and so pocketed it and went off. But the clock would not go right; for the weight was not heavy enough. The lead had been put on to make up for the lack of weight. The boy did not know enough to let things alone; but he was speedily found out, and taught a useful lesson. Many little things which we do are far reaching in their results; therefore, we should be very careful how we meddle with things which do not concern us, or try to interfere with things which we do not in the least understand. Let the little birds alone.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

NOT to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

NOT to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

TO treat their mother as politely as if she were a stranger lady who did not spend her life in their service.

TO be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

TO make their friends among good boys. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

TO take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

TO make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

TO remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

TO observe all these rules and they are sure to be gentlemen.

Good Enough.

DEAR boys, I want to give you, A motto safe and good; 'Twill make your lives successful If you heed it as you should. Whatever you are told to do, Obey it in the letter— Don't say a thing is good enough, Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons, Or at your daily work, Don't be a half-way dabbler— Don't slip aside and shirk, And think it doesn't matter That such talk is "trash" and "stuff," For until your task is perfect, It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school-room, Make every lesson tell; No matter what you mean to be, Build your foundation well. Every knotty point and problem That you bravely master now Will increase your skill to labour With the pen or with the plough.

Is you sweep a store or stable Be sure you go behind Every box and bale and counter; It will pay, you'll always find, To be careful, patient, thorough, Though the work be hard and rough; And when you've done your very best, 'Twill then be good enough."

—A little girl asked her mother, "Is Jesus like anyone I know?" We ought to be able to find resemblances to Christ among his followers.

—School Board Inspector: "Haven't you a son named John Williams, Mrs. Timmins?" Mrs. Timmins: "Yes." S. B. I.: "Then why doesn't he come to school?" Mrs. T.: "'Cause he's been in California this three and twenty years."

—"I am very sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick a-bed?" "Not quite," replied the truthful child, "She's just sick a-sofa."

A HARMONY of the GOSPELS

BEING THE LIFE OF JESUS IN THE WORDS OF THE FOUR EVANGELISTS.

ARRANGED BY

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

From the Revised Version of the New Testament.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

W. E. DYER, of Oshawa, writes us: "After a careful perusal of it as a layman and Sunday-school worker, I want to express my gratitude for the effort of the author, as I consider it an invaluable aid to an intelligent study of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. Were it in my power I would place a copy in the hands of every teacher in the land. To me it has been a long felt need, and I dare say there are hundreds like me. I have the life of Christ by different writers, but none to my mind will take the place of this little volume."

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE?

Stalker's Life of Christ.....	\$0.50
Farrar's Life of Christ.....	90
Goikie's Life and Words of Christ... 1 00	
Life of Jesus Christ the Saviour. Mrs Watson	1 50
Edersheim's Jesus the Messiah.....	2 50
Dewart's Jesus the Messiah. \$1. reduced to.....	50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUESTIS, KANSAS.