

For Girls and Boys.

THE RAIN-DROP'S LESSON.

" Little Raindrop, Pure and sweet, Falling softly On the street, Tell me, Raindrop, If thou wilt, What thy home is— Where 'tis built— In what fountains Cool and bright— On what mountain's Airy height— From what streamlet's Laughing wave— In what fairy's Crystal cave?" Spoke the raindrop's Silvery cry : Home I have none, Pilgrim I ! Coming earthward, Joy I sow ; Soaring heavenward, Pure I grow. Thus I journey Up and down, Gladdening field or Dusty town, Whether sprinkling Shrivelled leaves ; Whether moistening Thirsty caves ; Whether filling Cisterns dry ; Whether answering Suppliant cry :	Whether blessing Good or bad, Just or unjust Making glad ; Whether travelling East or west, God who sends me, Knoweth best, So I go from Earth to sky, Never idle, Happy I. Felt the raindrop At my feet, Smiling, sparkling, On the street. " Little Raindrop, Thanks to thee ! Precious lesson Taught thou me. Let me ever Do my part, Murmuring never In my heart ; Working always, Helping all, Friend or foe, in Hut or hall ; Never tempted Work to stop, Though my cup hold But a drop. Rising heavenward, Pure to grow, Coming earthward, Joy to sow.
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—E. Churchman.

THE BREWERS AND THE CHILDREN.

Young people should be more earnestly interested in the cause of temperance than the older, because it really concerns them more. The brewers and dramshops have done about as much harm to the older people as they can. If they had only the miserable drunkards to deal with in the future, a day would come, not far away, when all their present customers would be in the grave or in the prison or penitentiary—and they would get no more.

But they are waiting for the boys and girls ; the temperance people hope to save the next generation from the drunkenness, crime, poverty and misery with which the brewers and distillers afflict our people, driving them like herds of swine down to untimely hopeless death. The drink-sellers hope to capture at least half the innocent, rosy, happy children of the Band of Hope, of the Sunday school, of the public school and of the happy homes of this land and to train them up to be thieves and criminals and homeless ragged tramps.

They don't care particularly to make the children thieves and tramps—but they know that if the children learn to drink their rotten, nasty, poisonous, crazing beer, wine and brandy, the penitentiaries, jails, poorhouses, lunatic asylums, the deadfalls, the dives and the streets will be full of criminals, outcasts, and helpless maniacs and paupers, and they know that if their business of beer continues, we shall soon need twice as much penitentiary and jail and mad-house accommodation as we have now, to contain the criminals and maniacs they intend to manufacture out of the children that are now growing up and whom they hope to teach to drink.

When young people see the brewery wagon, the saloon sign, the smoke of the distillery or the open door of the corner beer grocery, they should say, there goes the machinery that was set up to lead me and my companions into crime and misery, and they should vow to use their most strenuous efforts for life, to destroy that infernal murderous machinery of the liquor business.

The temperance men of to-day could get along pretty well, if there should be no more temperance societies ; they are of course

taxed and constantly called upon to relieve the misery and starvation caused by the beersellers, and are in little danger of being led to ruin themselves, but they are spending a vast amount of energy, money and labor to make this country free for the children, to destroy the most malignant pestilence that ever cursed the world.

All young people therefore should earnestly cast their lot with the honest men and the grandly noble women that are engaged in this war, to expel the horrible nest of robbery and murder which has fastened itself upon our people like a vulture on its prey. It is their chief interest to demolish forever the millions of mantraps, of boy traps, of girl traps and of soul traps which are now set and baited by the breweries, wineries and distilleries. Every one of these places is a recruiting office of drunkenness—a ticket office to temporal and eternal ruin.—*Rescue*.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast.

An older friend advised him to quit the practice before it grew too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger ; it's a mere notion. I can quit any-time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well ; to please you I'll do so. But I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter ; "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But I'm trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that I shall be, before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened upon me, and I resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely ; but I am gaining and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."—*Royal Road*.

A farmer's wife in Germany, making some cherry brandy, threw the remains of the fermented fruit into the yard. Her ten geese ate them all, and became dead drunk. She had forgotten about the cherries, and when she found her geese all in the gutter she concluded they had been poisoned and would not be good for food, but she picked all their feathers off for the market. What was her surprise and sorrow to find the geese next morning as well as ever, but cold and shivering. Let us hope she and the geese both learned a lesson, that cherry or any other brandy is apt to take the feathers off the backs of geese and the clothes off the backs of people.—*Christian Witness*.

MATCHING HIM.

On one occasion, while visiting the poor in Edinburgh, Dr. Guthrie, who was equal to any emergency, came to the door of a notorious man, who was determined that the Doctor should not enter his house.

"You must not come in here," said the man ; "you are not wanted."

"My friend," said the Doctor, "I'm going round my parish to become acquainted with the people, and have called on you only as a parishioner."

"It don't matter," said the man, "you shan't come in here ;" and lifting the poker, he said, "If yer come in here I'll knock yer down."

Most men would have retired, or tried to reason ; the Doctor did neither, but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the man full in the face, said—

"Come, now, that's too bad. Would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the tongs, and then we shall be on equal terms."

The man looked at him in great amazement, and then said, "Och, sure you're a quare man for a minister! Come inside." And feeling rather ashamed of his conduct, he laid down the poker.

The Doctor entered, and when he arose to go, the man shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be sure, sir, don't pass my door again without giving me a call."—*British Workman*.