

would be no need for this convention. In 25 years' ministry he had become more and more convinced that it is one of a minister's grand duties to train children right in temperance. Nor should such efforts be confined to the Sabbath-School. There should be a meeting of the children one afternoon of the week, when the minister could take every child by the hand and look into his eyes, and explain to them all the principles of the temperance cause. In three churches to which he had ministered, he had raised up a generation of children in each in this way, and now he often met his boys in the cars and elsewhere, and they told him with deep gratitude what a service he had rendered them. Very few of those who were so brought up either drank or used tobacco or profane language, though most of the other youths around them were doing so, and in fact they appeared to be quite a superior class. The meetings to which he alluded were opened with prayer and reading the Scriptures, and hymns and temperance songs were sung at intervals between recitations and speeches. The children relished those meetings so much that, though he commenced them only in his own Sabbath-school, others came in from the neighboring congregations, including those of the Universalists, Unitarians and even Roman Catholics, to join in the exercises and get the neat badges which he gave them. Sometimes also they got an apple or some such little treat, all which, though small things, served an important purpose. He had now a meeting of three hundred children every Wednesday afternoon, which he regarded as one of the most important of the week, and he thought there should be such a meeting in connection with every church. This society were called by the appropriate name of "Young Crusaders" and it had a simple constitution, by which the management was left in the hands of the minister. Children so brought up, besides being much safer for this world, were, as experience had abundantly proved, much more impressive for Christ, and a very much greater proportion of them were converted and became members of the church.

Another speaker said much more could be done with children than with those in older life, and they made much better temperance men, and much better christians when brought in young than if they joined when older. A Band of Hope was formed by him twelve years ago, and he believed none of his boys swore or used tobacco or drank rum. There was the most marked difference between them now and other young men, and he believed such a work could be accomplished in every church in the land; and, further, that this was the most effectual way of advancing the temperance cause.—*Cor. Daily Witness.*

WORK FOR CHRIST.—Work for Christ! This is the best cure for a spiritual invalid in the Church. Hard work cures dyspepsia. Like a bracing walk of a mile or two, or a few hours of sturdy axe-swinging or wood-sawing, to insure a good appetite, so is a hearty devotion to religious duty the best quickener of hunger after God. Work develops a man's spiritual proportions. Lazy Church members grow puny and spindling, like some wealth-cursed boys who are brought up in perfect idleness. Work makes a Christian sinewy to carry burdens, broad-shouldered to bear responsibilities, strong-voiced to sing God's praise, quick-footed to do good, and healthful in the pulse-beat of piety. I seldom have known of a good worker giving his pastor the heart-ache, or making trouble in the Church. I never knew a warm-hearted worker to freeze up a prayer-meeting. I am never afraid to offer such a man a subscription paper. It is lazy professors, the people who ride on the cushioned seats of the Church car, and mistake that orthodox luxury for a personal advance in grace—these are the people who are the trouble and torment of themselves and of their minister. It is easier to be the pastor of a thousand workers than of ten drones. The sight of a dying Church, or even a dull one, wears harder on a pastor than the most arduous toil for a living and growing Church. It is not what we do, but what we fail to do, that wears us out.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

At Hesper, Iowa, a company of women entered a drinking-saloon, paid the keeper for his liquors, turned them into the street, and secured the pledge of the proprietor not to re-open his shop, so that no liquor is now sold in the place.