

For Boys and Girls.

COLD WATER, OR THE MAY-DAY LESSON.

The morning of the first of May,
Broke clear and bright in eastern sky
Bidding us trust a pleasant day,
Sunny and warm and dry.

Off and away to stretching fields,
Maud and Willie, Frank and I,
To fresh green lanes with springing grass
And grand old woods close by.

The earth was glad, a pleasant joy
Was borne on morning's breeze,
A tone of grateful happiness
We heard in forest trees.

The frisking squirrel left his home,
Safe hid from winter's snow,
And started off alone to roam,
Ne'er asking us to go.

I say not where he found his food
But know where he found drink,
I saw him seek the little brook
And stop on its fresh brink,

Then scamper chattering back again,
So quick, so full of glee!
"I tell you water's best to drink,
The very best," said he.

A pretty bird with sweeter voice
Than e'er I since have heard,
Caught up the truth so gaily told,
Repeating word for word.

Off to the Brook sped Will and I,
And then came Maud and Frank,
And cooling draughts out of the stream
Of crystal waters drank.

And you may judge our wonder grew
While beading o'er the brink,
For the little brook was singing too,
"Water's the best to drink."

—Aurilla Furber, in *Union Signal*.

MENA'S ANSWER.

Mena had a trouble on her mind, and she had taken it to the right place—she had prayed over it; and this story is to tell how the answer came. She didn't know it was part of it when, one spring day, Alice Burdick's mother gave her a package of flower seeds—sweet peas, morning glories, and other kinds, and besides a number of pansy roots, two or three lily, and half a dozen of gladiolus bulbs; but so it was. She lived in one of a row of poor little tenements down by the bridge on Cherry Creek, in Denver. They were built exactly alike, and each had its little front yard, with its bare ground beaten hard and baked in the sun. The families in them were much alike too, with frowzy, scolding women, ragged children, and rough men, who went away early in the morning, and came back late in the day, carrying little tin lunch pails. A good many of the men went to the saloon a block away, in the evening, and of late Mena's father had gone too. The little home was bare and comfortless, the feeble wife weary and peevish, and the baby fretful; and so the husband and father went where the rest did. Mena knew, for she was a sharp little thing and kept her eyes open, and she watched him as she carried the baby up and down the sidewalk for fresh air. She knew, too, how it was likely to end if he did not stop going there, and it made her heart sick with fear when she thought about it. She could not talk much with her mother for fear of making her worry, and so she had but one thing she could do. She had learned in the Mission Sunday School where to take her troubles, and she had taken this one about her father there.

One evening her father came home from his work, and found her with a spade trying to make a little impression on the hard ground. "What art doing, Liebchen?" he asked. "Oh, father, I do want so bad to get this ground dug up, but I can't, it's so hard." "No wonder, with that little foot, and the spade as tall as yourself. What do you want to do?" "Look here," and she showed her treasures, and told them over. He looked thoughtfully at them a moment. "Ach! you must have some mignonette. I'll bring you some seed to-morrow." A whiff from Germany had come to him as he looked at the seeds; a memory of his mother's garden, gay and sweet all summer long with dear old-fashioned flowers, and with the scent of mignonette blowing through the little quaint rooms of the cottage from the little box on the window sill. He took the spade and as he put his heavy boot upon it and pried up the stubborn soil he seemed to see his mother at the gate with tearfilled eyes saying, for a parting word:—"Hans, love God, be a good man." "Mena looks so like her," he thought, "and she is like her, too. Ach! the child must have her flowers." After supper he sat on the steps with the baby, watching Mena as she raked and smoothed the spaded up earth, chatting about where she should put the seeds. "I'll plant morning-glories under the windows." "Yes, and around the steps." "Why, there's no porch," she said, wonderingly. "Wait and see," he replied, and after a moment said:—"I believe I could make something over the steps for vines to run over." "O father!" giving him and the baby both a hug.

The next evening he brought a piece of scantling from the lumber yard near by, and rigged up a rude porch. The evening following, Mena had a basketful of little wild cucumber vines, just pushing up two thick green leaves, which she had gone down the Piatte to dig up; and between telling her where to put them and showing her how, her father hardly noticed that another evening slipped away. After that, on one excuse or another, Mena was always out in the front yard at the time when the rough men in the other houses were slipping out to the saloon. There was always some counsel wanted, some new development to show, for she began to understand, now, that this was the way God was answering her prayers. This was the time she took for watering the plants. Back and forth went the little pail with the busy feet to the ditch by the sidewalk—for Colorado flowers will not grow without watering—chatter, chatter went the tongue. How the things grew, as if they knew how much depended on them. And wasn't Mena a happy little girl when she could put her first bunch of pansies into her father's lunch pail; and didn't his eyes grow dim and his heart tender when he saw them? They seemed to say, just like his mother, "Hans, love God, be a good man." He vowed then, that he would never go to the saloon again. The very next Sunday, Mena never knew how she did it, but she said, "Please, father, won't you and mother go to church to-day?" And he said, "Ye-yes, if mother wants to." Want to! Just as if she wasn't only too glad to go there with her husband! The preacher at the mission talked very simply and plainly. It seemed to Hans Meinhardt like an echo of his mother's words: "Hans, love God, be a good man." And he said in his heart, "God helping me, I will." And this was how the answer came.—*Sunday School Times*.

THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO GIRLS.

The following is an extract from an article by Miss Elizabeth Cleveland; "I wish some strong bright angel stood before you just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it. Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frowns and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloons; who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass, socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor-traffic will hide its cancerous face."—*Portland Herald*.