



JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

**THE RUMSELLER ROLLS IN GOLD.**  
Men starve as they toil in the black coal mines;

Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold;  
But in every land where the moonlight shines,

The rumseller rolls in gold.

The labourer laboreth all his youth  
For the poor-house when he's old,  
And many a farmer toils and fears;  
But the rumseller rolls in gold.

In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard, dead,  
Under the pauper mould,  
And his orphans beg their daily bread—  
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

—*Demorest's Magazine.*

#### JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

This picture reminds us of the account of idol-making given by Isaiah, 2,600 years ago:

"The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the express and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth nourish it. Then shall it be for a man to burn; for he will take thereof, and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh a graven image, and falleth down thereto; he burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh;

he roasteth, roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god."—Is. 44, 13-17.

Yet the Japanese do the very same thing today.

#### ALCOHOL AND CHILDREN.

Professor Hahnal, a well-known German professor of pedagogy, has been making some interesting investigations on the effect of alcohol on German school children. His inquiries have extended over 7,338 cases, children between the ages of six and eleven. Only 2.26 per cent. of the entire number of children professed to be ignorant of the taste of strong drink, and 13.4 per cent. confessed to have been once or oftener drunk. Over 11 per cent. have daily supplies of drink given them, and over two per cent. drink alcohol in some form before they leave for school in the morning. Teachers unanimously declare that children who habitually use alcohol are the worst in the school, and that the children of drunkards are always a source of trouble. One inspector of schools in the Rhine provinces has eleven children under his care, the offspring of notorious drunkards. They all have to be treated separately as weak-minded. It is quite a frequent occurrence to find children in Germany whose parents give them a "schnapps" in the morning instead of the ordinary school bread and butter.

The favour of the Lord is the greatest of all blessings.

#### WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

Fifty years ago, a gentleman of Ohio noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. "I saw the boys," he says, "drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a 'grocery' or 'doggery.' I expressed my disapprobation and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, not leaving five dollars.

"I never lost sight of these ten, only as the clouds of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition.

"Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken broil; one has served two terms in the penitentiary; and one has drunk himself into an inoffensive dolt whose family has to provide for him."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

#### THE HARDEST THING OF ALL.

Teddie had learned to spell a word in a way that was not the right way, and every time that he came to it in his writing lesson he wanted to spell it as he had learned it first.

"It's pretty hard to know all these things, isn't it, Teddie?" said his aunt.

"But it's a good deal harder to un-know 'em after you once get 'em crooked," said Teddie.

He was right. It is very hard to un-know the wrong things that we have learned.—*Oliver Plaut.*

#### THE SALOON BAR.

BY J. NORRIS.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell;  
Whoever named it named it well;  
A bar to manliness and wealth,  
A door to want and broken health.

A bar to honour, pride, and fame,  
A door to sin, and grief, and shame;  
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,  
A door to darkness and despair.

A bar to honoured, useful life,  
A door to brawling, senseless strife;  
A bar to all that's true and brave,  
The door to every drunkard's grave.

A bar to joys that home inaparts,  
A door to tears and aching hearts;  
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,—  
Whoever named it named it well.