



## Temperance Catechism.

### ALCOHOL IN BEER.

1. Q.—Give the names of some kinds of beer?

A.—Lager, ale, porter, stout, and weiss beer.

2. Q.—Do all these contain alcohol?

A.—They do, for they have all been made by fermenting sweet liquids with yeast.

3. Q.—Which contains the most alcohol?

A.—Old English ale, which sometimes contains twelve percent, or twelve parts in one hundred.

4. Q.—What does that mean?

A.—It means that out of every hundred quarts of beer you can get twelve quarts of pure alcohol.

5. Q.—What would be left in the beer?

A.—Just the dirty water containing the other decayed parts of the grain.

6. Q.—How much alcohol does lager contain?

A.—Four or five parts in one hundred.

7. Q.—How much alcohol is there in common beer?

A.—Five percent, or about five parts in one hundred.

8. Q.—What makes porter dark colored?

A.—The grain was scorched to color it.

9. Q.—What has that to do with the alcohol?

A.—Nothing, for alcohol has no color. It looks like water.

—Catechism by Julia Colman, (National Temperance Society).

## Saved From the Drink Demon.

### SOME EXPERIENCES OF A TEMPERANCE EVANGELIST.

(By Thomas E. Murphy, in 'Golden Rule.')

As a Christian Endeavorer, the more I am engaged in the work for temperance, and the more I see of the people who drink intoxicating liquors, the more thoroughly am I convinced that the need of the hour is a direct appeal in the name of Christ and his kingdom, to the individual to give up the habit and become a total abstainer. All the claims of the church and the state, of the home and the family, of parents and children, of husbands and wives, of health and material prosperity, may be united in this appeal.

An incident or two will serve to illustrate the effectiveness of this plan.

Some time ago I was invited to labor in a factory town under the auspices of a citizens' committee. The meetings were held in the town hall, and a noon service of half an hour was held for prayers. At the second noon service, as I entered, there stood at the door a thinly clad little girl, and I was about to speak to her when she placed in my hand a slip of paper, on which were written these words, 'Please pray that my papa may sign the pledge.'

I turned to speak to her, but found she had gone. I brought the request before the meeting, and it received prayerful attention.

The next day the little girl was in the same place, and handed in another slip, on which was written the same request. I tried again to approach her, but she avoided me.

The work went on until the tenth day,

when it was thought that the meetings would close. But the committee had arranged for them to continue for two days longer.

The little girl did not know this, for the announcement had not yet been given to the public. She had been faithful with her request each day, and now (as she supposed) the last service had come. She was there and handed in the slip of paper, and said, 'Mr. Murphy, I hope I haven't bothered you too much, but I was so anxious to have papa sign, and I suppose it's no use to try any more.'

I talked with her, and learned that her father was a mechanic and much given to the drink habit; in fact, an unfortunate inebriate. I asked if he had been to the meetings, and she said she couldn't get him to attend.

I said, 'Can't I go and see him?' and she replied that he had been drinking very hard for three weeks, and that he wasn't very kind, and that she was afraid he wouldn't be very glad to see me. I then told her that the meetings would continue for two days longer, and she exclaimed: 'Good, good! I think he will come with me to-night.'

The evening came, and as I went to the service I thought of the little girl, and when I reached the platform I looked through the audience for her. To my glad surprise I saw her in the front row of seats alongside of a man, who from the anxious and tender glances which he cast at the child, I knew to be the father. What a face he had! The eyes were sunken; the cheeks were swollen; the hair was unkempt; and everything about his appearance told too plainly of the sin that held him.

I talked that night about the love of children for fathers, and the duty that fathers owed to their children, and I related how God had wonderfully saved my father from the drink, and what a difference his salvation had made in my life. At the close a solo was sung, the beginning of which is—

'Let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;'

and as these sweet words fell upon this poor man's ears, I noticed that tears were in his eyes. I then asked for signers to the pledge to come forward. The little girl nudged her father, and seemed to be trying to get him to come. But he held back.

I finally left the platform and went down to them. I shook hands with the man, and asked, 'Won't you come and sign the pledge?'

He replied, 'I want to sign it more than anybody wants to have me, but I've been a drunkard for ten years, and I'm afraid I cannot keep it.'

I urged, 'God will give you grace and strength, and if you will only trust him he will enable you to conquer.' He seemed to be in a very earnest and thoughtful mood, and listened to all I had to say. Then he looked into my face and said, 'Thank you, but not to-night.'

I was about to walk away, when the little girl caught me by the arm and said, 'Wait a little longer.' It did not mean much to the great audience whether the man signed or not, but oh, how much it meant to that little girl! She stood upon the seat, and putting both her arms around her father's neck, she said, 'Dear papa, if you will sign the pledge I will help you to keep it.'

That was the appeal that set the Spirit of Jesus into his heart, and, taking the little one in his arms, and cheered by the applause of the multitude, he went to the table, and, after reading the pledge carefully, he said,

'All who believe that God can and will help a poor, weary unfortunate, pray for me.'

The Christian people rallied around him; he was taken into the church, and to-day he is a noble worker for the cause of gospel temperance. Surely 'a little child shall lead them.'

Another striking example of the power of the gospel to redeem and disenthral occurred in the meetings in the old John's Street Chapel in New York City two years ago. A cultured and refined lady, whose face was blistered from weeping and whose heart was all but broken, came to me at the close of a meeting and said: 'Mr. Murphy, won't you pray for my husband? He is going to destruction, and our home is about to be broken up.'

I found from conversation with her that her husband was a college graduate and came from a good Christian family; that until recently he had held a responsible position in a large publishing house, which he had lost through drink. She also told me that he was an agnostic, and had no sympathy with religion.

We made him a special subject for prayer, and we asked her to bring him to the next meeting. She had hard work to persuade him to come, and he came only when she got a small bottle of liquor and put it in her pocket, and told him if he wanted a drink while at the service, she would give it to him. Isn't it awful to think of men, with their eyes open, going into such bondage?

Well, I am glad to tell you that the liquor never was used. The man came and the Spirit of God transformed him; he signed the pledge, and became a Christian, and was restored to his position in business. He is now an assistant superintendent in a Sabbath-school, and I never speak in New York that he does not bring some one to the meeting to sign the pledge.

I could recount hundreds of such cases. O that we could more and more realize that it is not by might, nor by power, but by God's Spirit, 'that the world is to be redeemed!'

## Take Heed.

The following incident is full of lessons for reformed men. It comes direct from a leader in gospel temperance work.

A good-hearted man who was under the power of drink, reformed and remained steadfast for nine years, amassing fifty thousand dollars in money, becoming a director in an important temperance institution, and being instrumental in saving one hundred and sixty-three men who had fallen. At the end of nine years he felt altogether safe, became proud of his success, did not like to have any one know he was a reformed man, and ceased to attend and work in the temperance meetings. A saloon-keeper got hold of him and offered to wager ten dollars that this reformed man of nine years' standing could not walk around the block with a teaspoonful of whiskey in his mouth. In the weakness of his pride, the poor fellow accepted the wager, swallowed the whiskey, his appetite was fiercely aroused, he began to drink, and six years after this diabolical temptation he died a drunkard. 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,' and let him remember that to work in Christ's name for others is the surest way of being saved himself.—'American Paper.'

The drink difficulty lies at the root of everything. Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice, and crime spring from this poisonous tap-root.—General Booth.