



Temperance Catechism.

THE BAND OF HOPE.

[Introduction.]

1. When a number of persons meet together for any purpose, they are called a band, or society.
2. If they meet to learn to sew or draw, it would be called a sewing band, or drawing band or society.
3. Our band or society is not started to learn to sew or draw, or anything of that sort, but to learn to avoid evil.
4. Many persons grow up without ever learning to know good from evil, and so are apt to be injured or destroyed by the evil.
5. Our band is called the 'Band of Hope,' because people have such high hopes of those who belong to it.
6. There are three great evils in the world which members of the Band of Hope are to learn to keep from; these are intemperance, tobacco and swearing.
7. Its members also try to persuade others to join them, so that there will be few persons left to lead anyone wrong, or to go wrong themselves.
8. Everyone who joins the Band of Hope signs a pledge not to drink intoxicating liquor, or use tobacco or profane language.

QUESTIONS.

1. When a number of persons meet together regularly for any purpose, what is such a meeting called?
2. If they meet to draw or sew, what would it be called?
3. For what is our band started?
4. What is true of persons who grow up without learning good from evil?
5. What is our band called, and why was it given this name?
6. What are the three great evils from which the members of the Band of Hope are to keep?
7. What else do its members try to do?
8. What pledge does every one sign who joins the Band of Hope?

TRUTH.

Our band is to learn to know good from evil.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Teach me thy way, O Lord—Psa. xxvii., 11.
—Cook's Manual.

Our Teddy.

Teddy is our donkey. He is very grave and grey now, because he is ever so old, older than I am, and I shall soon be old enough to leave school; but he was young once, and about the liveliest and prettiest of all young donkeys I ever saw.

Teddy belongs to Bobby and me, our very own, being a present from Uncle John, the dearest of all uncles, as everybody knows.

When very little children we were rather delicate, and the doctor said to mamma, 'They want plenty of fresh air, but are not strong enough at present to run about much. Get 'em a donkey, with a pair of panniers, and let 'em go jolting about the country. That'll do 'em more good than physic.' I have always thought our doctor a very wise man, for Bobby and I never could like horrid physic, but we have always loved our Teddy. Aunt Mary was with us on a visit at the time and heard what the doctor said, and asked him if he didn't think a little port wine would do good. Mamma said the doctor turned upon her quite rudely:

'Bosh, madam! Unmitigated bosh! They are too delicate to be dosed with alcohol. If they were strong children, and their mother fool enough to give them port wine, it would not be my business to interfere, but as they are not strong I strictly forbid port wine or anything of the kind.'

'I always thought port wine was taken to make people strong,' spoke up auntie, rather resentfully, 'I am so weak and sinking at times that I do not know what I should do without it. What do you say to that, doctor?'

'Well, madam, considering you continue weak and sinking in spite of the port wine, I should say, try some other remedy. Try what fresh air will do; lead the donkey for the children; walk about with them until you are tired. I venture to say that at the end of six months you will be another woman. I wish you good morning, madam.'

'What a savage your doctor is, Maria,' said auntie, after the doctor had gone. 'He is rather outspoken,' laughed mamma, 'but you had better try his prescription.'

Of course I don't remember all this by myself, but I have often heard mamma speak of it, and that enables me to write what I am now doing.

When dear Uncle John heard about the donkey, he said it was the very thing, and we should have one if he had to sell his best coat.

Perhaps I should not remember so clearly about Teddy but for an accident that greatly impressed his personality upon our minds. I was at the time a little over three years of age, Bobby being about a year younger. Teddy had been with us some few months. The accident happened through a weak ambition of his to keep up with any horses being ridden or driven along the road when we were being taken out. One day we had gone some two or three miles into the country where we knew there would be a quantity of cow-slips growing by the roadside. Coming to the place we left Teddy in charge of the boy, and began picking the cowslips, of which there was an abundance by the roadside and in an adjoining field. We picked our pinafores quite full, and then took our seats again in the panniers, and tried to make cowslip balls. Teddy at the same time amusing himself by cropping the grass, an employment of which he never seemed tired, while the boy went looking for birds' nests. He did not fasten us with the straps, either through forgetfulness or thinking under the circumstances it was unnecessary to do so. All went well until a pony and trap came along, driven by two gentlemen, when no sooner did they pass us than Teddy started off after them at a good trot, which soon became a gallop. Bobby roared at the top of his voice, and I screamed, while we both clung to the panniers with all our might. Away went our cowslips flying into the road, and the boy came running after us, shouting for the donkey to stop. But it was of no use, Teddy showing a determination to keep up, for which spirit we certainly should have commended him had it not been for the awful jolting and danger we were in. We held firmly to our seats for some time, but coming to a small stream which ran across the road from a little spring, Teddy, having a strong objection to wetting his feet, must needs attempt a flying leap. This sudden jerk was too much for our strength, and we lost our hold, the result being that while Bobby shot out of his basket on the one side I was shot out of mine on the other, and we both had a roll in the dust. The gentlemen immediately jumped from their trap and came to our help. Fortunately we were neither of us seriously hurt, only rather frightened and somewhat shaken, that was all; so being safely fastened in our panniers we were soon on our way home again.

When Uncle John heard of our accident he laughed, and said it reminded him of a story he once heard. An Irishman returning from market with a lot of fish in his panniers was seen lashing his donkey and galloping by the side of two gentlemen who were riding horses. The fish were being jolted out of the panniers, and someone cried out to him to stop or he would lose all his fish. 'Hurrah!' cried Pat, 'and bother take ye! What do I care, so long as I keep up with the gentlemen!' Then Uncle John told us that people often get into trouble and suffer loss through wanting to keep up with other people, and he preached about 'keeping up appearances,' but I forget the preaching.

I am quite sure it is a mistake to suppose that donkeys are always stupid. I believe they are among the most clever of our domestic animals, and only stupid when they are beaten and otherwise illused. We have always treated Teddy kindly, and he is wonderfully clever. You should see him shake any rider off his back he doesn't approve of. I shall never forget how he threw our abominably conceited cousin Hubert into a bed of stinging nettles. Then out of revenge Hubert set his dog, Tinker, at him, but Teddy gave the dog a kick in the stomach, and then picked up the little cur with his teeth and dropped him into a brook. Teddy always knew how to defend himself.

I am sorry to say that our Teddy some-

times shows his cleverness in doing what he ought not to do. In fact, he is very clever at stealing. You know, Bobby keeps rabbits, and the oats he feeds them with are stored in a little house, the door being fastened by staple and hasp and a peg of wood instead of a padlock. Bobby was certain someone stole his oats, but was unable to detect the thief until one day we happened to see Teddy walk up to the door of the storehouse, take out the peg with his teeth, open the door, enter and take his feed of oats; then come out again, fastening the door behind him.

'So that is where my oats go!' exclaimed Bobby, very cross and yet unable to keep from laughing. 'The thieving old rascal! What is to be done with him, Biddy?'

'Give him the Ten Commandments,' said I, not knowing what else to recommend.

'Or get Uncle John to come and preach to him,' said Bobby. 'I think a padlock will be best.'

What vexed and troubled us most was the disgraceful conduct on the part of Teddy, which had no redeeming feature of cleverness. He actually took to drinking beer when one would have thought him old enough to know better. He acquired the bad habit while we were away from home one summer at the seaside. The day after we returned we had Teddy saddled and went out for a ride; we always rode in turns. To our astonishment, when we came opposite a roadside inn Teddy wouldn't pass it. I was riding at the time, Bobby walking by my side.

'Let me ride,' said Bobby; so I got off, but he was more stubborn than ever and refused to move an inch. There were two or three men outside the public-house drinking beer from a large cup, and they stood there laughing at us.

'I think I can manage him, miss,' said one of the men, and he came up and offered him a glass of beer. Teddy drank it, and actually wanted more! 'That's how 'tis with donkeys, miss,' laughed the man; 'they never know when they have had enough.'

We learned that during our absence these men had forced Teddy to swallow some beer on three or four occasions. He resisted at first, but gradually came to like the stuff, until at length he would not pass the public-house without it.

Bobby and I were dreadfully grieved about Teddy, and although we cried a deal we could not at times help laughing; there was something so comical in the affair.

'I cannot think how Teddy came to be led away by those silly men,' said I.

'He acted, I suppose, like any other donkey,' replied Bobby.

'What is to be done about it?' said I.

'Better bring the matter before Uncle John,' was the reply.

When we came home from our ride we should we find there but Uncle John, so we at once placed the whole matter before him. He looked very grave, but I am sure there was a laugh in his eye, and I don't think he was altogether serious in his preaching.

'The history of Teddy's defection,' said he, 'is very much the history of all drinking cases among donkeys, human and otherwise. The taste for strong drink is an acquired one, but once acquired, the taste increases until a habit is formed most difficult to break off.'

'What are we to do about Teddy, Uncle John?' asked Bobby, interrupting, for he was rather impatient of the preachments.

'Ah! that's the question, Bobby. It is evident something must be done; otherwise Teddy will be ruined. Suppose you try moral suasion and get him to sign the pledge.'

'Why, Uncle John!' I exclaimed. 'How is it possible to persuade a donkey to sign the pledge?'

'That, indeed, my dear, is our difficulty with all donkeys; they are not open to persuasion. You cannot reason with them, and consequently, however reasonable the pledge may be when dealing with reasonable beings, it is useless when dealing with donkeys.'

'But what is to be done about Teddy?' again asked Bobby.

'Prohibition, Bobby, total and imperial. That appears to be the only efficient or even possible remedy as far as donkeys are concerned.'

Well, we adopted total prohibition in our treatment of Teddy; the drink is kept from him, and he is kept from the drink. He may perhaps want it at times, but he won't have it, and, with kindness, patience, and time, we hope to cure even the desire. We love our Teddy with all his faults, and I suppose in taking to drink he simply acted like a donkey.—Temperance Record.