



Catechisms for Little Water-drinkers.

(By Julia Coleman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON I.—THE DRINKING-HOUSE. (In Concert.)

There is a little drinking-house,
That everyone can close;
The door that leads into this house,
Is just beneath the nose.

1. What do we call the drinking-house in this country?
The saloon. Rum-shop.
2. Why should we wish to close it?
So that no one can go in to get a drink of liquor.
3. Why, then, do we not close it?
Because so many people want the liquor.
4. What is the door of this little drinking-house that every one can close?
The mouth. (Motion.)
5. Why should we close that?
To keep the liquor out. (Motion.)
6. Why should we keep it out?
Because there is a poison in it called alcohol.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard M. Ingham, Secretary Non-partizan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON I.—A BEAUTIFUL MACHINE.

1. What is the finest machine you ever saw?
(The children will answer differently. One may say a watch; another a locomotive; a third, some great engine.)
2. Well, let us talk about one of these machines. What is wonderful about a watch? It is so delicate, with such tiny wheels and fine little springs, and they move so perfectly to keep the exact time.
3. And what is wonderful about the locomotive or the engine?
They are so strong, and have so many different parts, each fitted to the rest. And they move so quietly and easily, and do such heavy work.
4. What care would you think necessary to those machines?
They must be perfectly cared for. The engine must be kept clean and its machinery oiled, and the watch must be kept from rough handling and from dust.
5. What would you think of a man who poured water over all the beautiful machinery of his engine and left it to rust, or dropped strong acids into his watch to eat out the fine springs and wheels?
I should think such a man must be crazy. He ought never to have a watch or an engine.
6. What machine have you that is more wonderful than a watch or an engine?
(The children will probably wonder and question for some time before they comprehend that their bodies are the machine meant. Let them talk freely about it and they will be all attention when the teacher goes on.)
7. What gives shape to this beautiful machine of yours?
The bones which make a frame for the whole body.
8. How is the body moved.
By the muscles, which cover the bones and give a graceful roundness to the body.

9. What tells the muscles when and how to move?
The nerves, which are like little telegraph wires running all over the body.

10. Who made this beautiful machine?
God made it, as his last and best work.

11. What care should be given this machine?
It should be kept clean and pure, and should be carefully fed.

12. What would you think of the man who every day pours into this machine what will injure and destroy it?
That he is a very foolish and wicked man. He has no right to harm the beautiful work of God.

Hints to Teachers.

Let this first lesson be largely a free conversation, in which the marvels of the body's construction should be pointed out. Let the children examine their hands, with their perfect and complicated machinery, the exquisite joints, the fitting of thumb to fingers enabling them to grasp and hold whatever they wish, and the delicate nerves of feeling at the finger tips. So with other parts of the body. And impress the duty of care of this machine.

How to Spend Sixpence.

One day, at the National Prohibition Convention, Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., of Scarborough, was introduced by the chairman as going to achieve the record of his life 'by making a speech in three minutes.' Mr. Whittaker said he would give them a little piece of history. They were not far from Castle Garth. A meeting of temperance friends met once in a temperance hotel, and they sent Thomas Wilcke, one of their members, in to examine his head—phrenology was coming to the front then, and a good deal was thought about bumps—to see if he was equal to speaking from the waggon alone. The report was favorable, and they then got into the waggon with him. At that meeting a man in the crowd called out, 'Look here, canny man!' I looked there—he was drunk. 'Look here canny man!' I looked again. 'A quart of ale is better than a quart of water for a working man.' I said, 'Say it again, brother, say it again.' I was not quite ready for him. He did so, and then Mr. Whittaker said, 'You have not put it right. A quart of ale in that hand costs you sixpence; a quart of water in this, costs you nothing. To start fair you must have sixpence in the hand where the water is.' George Charlton, the butcher, was in the waggon. I said, 'Now, take the sixpence and go to my friend George Charlton's and ask him to give you as nice a piece of steak for fourpence as he can. Then go to Mrs. Bell, next door, and get a pennyworth of nice potatoes. On your way home go into a baker's and get a pennyworth of bread. Now, you have spent your sixpence. I hope your wife can cook the potatoes and beefsteak, and serve it hot with a hot plate and a little pepper and salt, and while you are eating your beefsteak and hot potatoes, tell me, waggon-men of Newcastle, whether a quart of ale is better for a hard-working man than a quart of water. And the multitude cried out, "Beefsteak for ever!"'—*Temperance Record.*

Don't Begin it, Boys.

A Hartford paper says: 'There is a young lad in this city who has a good place, and attends faithfully to his duties. He had one bad habit, and that was chewing tobacco, in which he indulged more freely than men who had chewed for fifty years. Last Saturday a gentleman offered the boy five dollars if he would quit chewing for a year.

Another followed suit, and a third, all signing their names to a paper agreeing to give the same sum. The boy said he would win the money, washed his mouth and began right away. Sunday he felt badly, and Monday he was worse. Tuesday he shook and trembled like a man with the delirium tremens, and yesterday he was confined to his bed, from which he has got up, and it will take some time before the effects of the poison in his system can be worked out. Just think of it, boys. So young, and yet a slave to this vile tobacco.'

Missionaries and Wine Drinking.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, in an interesting article on 'Temperance and foreign missions,' in the Boston 'Congregationalist,' once wrote:

'Mission churches have lost some of their most useful members through drunkenness, and even gifted pastors have been deposed for the same cause. In a city of Southern China, not long before I visited it, a native preacher and teacher, one of the very best, probably excelled by one only in the whole empire, became a drunkard, was deposed from the ministry and cut off from the church on account of his sin. When the trial was concluded the offender asked liberty to say a few words. This being granted, he spoke as follows: 'I find no fault with the sentence that has been passed upon me. It is right. I have disgraced the church and the ministry, and have brought odium upon the Christian religion from pagans all about us. But I wish to say that I did not begin to drink for my own pleasure. I had much work to do, teaching school during the week and preaching on Sunday. Sometimes I was almost too tired to finish. One of the missionaries who has sat in judgment upon me to-day, told me to drink a glass of 'wine,' (a native spirit) on such occasions, saying that he himself frequently did it. I followed his advice, and now I can never do anything for Jesus, whom I love. It may do for missionaries to drink 'wine,' but not for us Chinese. I want to ask all the missionaries never to tell any other native pastor to drink 'wine,' to help him through his work.'

'Somebody's.'

(Rae. Mc. Rae.)

[As the writer involuntarily shrank from contact with a man lying in a drunken sleep on the pavement of our largest city, the friend at his side whispered, 'Somebody's.']

Somebody's baby, with laughing eyes,
Dimpled cheeks, and a brow of snow,
Gladdening the weary mother's heart
At her daily toil—that was long ago.

Somebody's boy coming in from school,
With back-thrown masses of clustering hair,
Smoothed by a tender mother-touch,
Followed by earnest mother-preyer.

Somebody's lover, an eager youth,
'Just a trifle fast, but that's nought, my dear,'
So friends whispered, and she, with a woman's faith,
Gave her life to his keeping, without fear.

Somebody's husband, lying prone
On the pavement foul, with a bloated face,
Turned to the light of the midnight moon,
Vanished, of manhood every trace.

Lying there, in a drunken sleep,
While 'Somebody,' faithful, despite all wrong,
Sends up to heaven the martyr cry,
'How long, oh pitying Christ! how long?'