



The Primary Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON II.—BREWING.

Q.—How is malted grain used in making beer?

A.—It is bruised between rollers and mashed with water in a mash-tub.

Q.—Why is it mashed with water?

A.—To wash out the sugar and make the sweetish liquid called the 'sweet wort.'

Q.—What are the grains?

A.—They are the shells left of the barley, and they are usually fed to cattle and hogs.

Q.—What is done with the sweet wort.

A.—It is boiled with hops, and then cooled and placed in large vats, where yeast is added to make it ferment.

Q.—What change does it undergo in fermentation?

A.—The sugar is broken up into alcohol and carbonic acid gas.

Q.—What becomes of these?

A.—The alcohol remains in the beer and the gas rises to the surface in bubbles with the yeast.

Q.—What is done with the beer after it is drawn off?

A.—It is placed in large vats, where the fermentation goes on slowly, and after a while it is put in hogsheads, casks, or bottles, and sold.

'Tu=ne.'

(By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.)

One morning, when I was teaching in a small hamlet in the southern part of New Jersey, the schoolhouse door opened and in walked a young man, carrying in his arms a square wooden box filled with dirt.

'Good morning,' said I, 'and what is that for?'

'To spit in,' said he.

'To spit in,' said I. 'Is there anything the matter with your lungs?'

'No 'm; not as I knows on.'

'Thon way spit?'

'I use tobacco,' he answered, with a broad, good-natured, grin.

'But I can't allow any of my pupils to use anything so filthy as tobacco; besides, it dwarfs the mind, the intellect, and makes it almost impossible for one addicted to its use to learn anything. Now, I should judge that you are about seventeen?'

'Yes, 'm; nearly eighteen.'

'Studied rhetoric, higher mathematics, physics, and the like?' I asked.

'Huh!' he answered, a slight flush over-spreading his swarthy cheek.

'Ah, well, I shall find out after school calls; but take that box outdoors, and if you have any tobacco in your pockets, take it out and lay it on my desk.'

Fred was an obedient boy, and he did all I commanded.

'Now we will see if you can't stop using tobacco,' said I.

'I've tried before, and couldn't,' he said, with a hopeless grin.

'How did you get into the habit?'

'Why, you see, father always used it, and he give it to me when I asked for it, ever since I can remember.'

'Poor boy,' said I, 'and where is your father now?'

'Been dead this five years,' was the reply.

'No more than I expected,' I replied; 'and

by your appearance, you, too, will fill an early grave unless you stop smoking and chewing tobacco.'

The boy looked frightened.

'Your skin is about the color of old parchment, and even your eyes are yellow, dull, and heavy looking. I am afraid you will not take it as much of a compliment, but you look very much like an Indian.'

'Indians are great braves; can fight very much,' laughed Fred.

'But they don't make much progress.'

'Do you think it is tobacco that keeps the Indian down?' he asked.

'The excessive use of the poison weed will keep any one down, and if I find out you know very little, I shall know tobacco is the cause.'

Fred looked ashamed, but here our conversation ceased, and I thought no more about it until he came out in a reading class with a number of little tots.

'Why, Fred, you in this class?' I asked.

'Yes, 'm,' he answered, not looking me in the face.

'Well, I shall expect you to learn a great deal this winter, and get in a higher class as soon as possible. As you are the largest one in the class, you may read the first paragraph.'

'That isn't the verse I studied,' he answered, turning very red.

'I want my pupils to study every verse in the lesson, and not pick out the verses that they think will come to them. You may read.'

Then poor Fred picked up his book and began, and such reading! He stumbled along over words of one syllable, and when he made two syllables of the word 'tune' and drawled out 'tu-ne,' I could stand it no longer, but burst into laughter, it all seemed so ludicrous.

I expected Fred would get angry, and I should not have blamed him much if he had; but no, there he stood, with a silly, good-natured grin on his face.

'Fred, I ask your pardon,' I said the next moment, 'and I must commend you very highly for your good nature, but you know the cause of all this, why you can't read better, and I suppose you are just as backward in writing and arithmetic?'

'I never could write much, because my hands shake so, and as for 'rithmetic, I've got as far as multiplication, but my head seems all ruddled like when I try to cipher.'

'Just as I expected. Well, Fred, you have your future good in your own hands, to give up tobacco, and become a man, or keep on its use and become but little more than an ignorant savage; which will you choose?'

'I'd like to give up tobacco if I could.'

'I will help you'; and taking from my desk a piece of calamus root, I said: 'Here, every time you want tobacco, just chew on this. You won't chew long because it's so hot.'

Well, my dear readers, it was hard work, but we worked out the reform, and the last I heard of Fred he was a successful business man and a useful citizen of society; but he always declares he could have much greater power if so much of his young life had not been steeped in tobacco. From the bottom of his heart he regrets all those wasted years when he was a slave to tobacco.—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

The Praises of Water.

'Water is the best drink. God has given it to us and man cannot give us a better. It keeps the head clear, the blood cool, and the hand steady. The shipwrecked sailor on his lonely plank in the midst of the ocean, would part with all he had on earth for a single cup of cold water. The weary traveler in the midst of the Arabian desert, would

often gladly do the same for a little to cool his burning tongue. The sick man on his bed of pain often loses his relish for every drink but water; and this drink, too, is often the last he calls for when struggling in the grasp of death. Without water nothing could exist. The green fields would wither,—the flowers would die,—the lofty oak could no longer withstand the fury of the storm,—the beasts of the field would faint and die. How useful, then, is water! How necessary for the comfort of man, and even for his very existence. Wise and good men in every age have spoken in praise of water and many of them have drunk nothing stronger.'—Burton.

Tricks of the Trade.

The Manchester 'City News' has published some startling revelations, showing the tricks to which brewers and publicans resort to encourage the Sunday trade. It says:

Sunday is the great day for pushing the drink business. Sweets, oranges, cakes, apples, etc., are given to children. Cigars are given to adults. Three-penny bits are placed in a certain number of the pots of liquor. An extra pull at the beer pumps, amounting often to fifty percent more liquor than is asked or paid for' is another inducement. At some places all the pint pots are refilled free, while at other places a gallon or two gallons are contributed by the bartender for the company in which to drink his health.'

The truth of those statements may be assumed, as they have never been denied. The 'City News' roundly charges the brewers with being responsible for those grave moral and legal offences.

Standing in a circle about the grave of the mother of Dwight L. Moody, in the cemetery near Northfield, last summer, Mr. Moody, the Rev. Dr. Pierson, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer took part in a service during which each confessed that he owed all that he was to his mother. Such testimonies must give encouragement to consecrated mothers who are daily devoting time and thought to the children through whom they will live in later years.—'Sunday-school Times.'

Some Little 'Don't Do Its.'

['Uncle Edward,' in the 'Irish Presbyterian League Journal,' gives the following rules to his 'Nephews and Nieces.' Are any of them needed in Canada?]

Never make faces at anybody. It is rude. Don't do it.

Never speak unkindly to your mother. It is cruel. Don't do it.

Never smoke cigarettes. It is beastly. Don't do it.

Never say a bad word. It is senseless. Don't do it.

Never lose your temper. It is babyish. Don't do it.

Never listen to a bad story. It is vile. Don't do it.

Never forget to wash your face. It is dirty. Don't do it.

Never listen outside doors. It is sneaky. Don't do it.

Never pull the cat's tail. It is unkind. Don't do it.

Never leave orange peel on the path. It is dangerous. Don't do it.

Never despise the old and feeble. It is mean. Don't do it.

Never go inside a drink shop. It is Satan's seat. Don't do it.

Never look longingly upon wine. It is a mocker. Don't do it.

Never knowingly do wrong. It is wicked. Don't do it.