



## Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

### CHAPTER XIV.—ALCOHOL AND DISEASE.

1. Q.—Does alcohol prevent disease?  
A.—Those who use intoxicating drinks are more inclined to get sick, and they are harder to cure than those who do not drink at all.
2. Q.—Why is this?  
A.—Alcoholic drinks poison the blood, weaken the system, and take away the strength, so that the body cannot resist disease.
3. Q.—Is there any proof of this?  
A.—Yes; when the cholera and other pestilence passed through the land they attacked and killed more men who drank intoxicating liquors than any others; very few drinkers escaped the disease or survived the attack.
4. Q.—Are alcoholic liquors good in sickness?  
A.—No; they do more harm than good, and some of the best doctors seldom give them.
5. Q.—What do eminent doctors say?  
A.—Every disease is better cured without the use of alcohol than with it.
6. Q.—Does alcohol produce disease?  
A.—It causes more disease than any other one thing in the world.
7. Q.—Why is this?  
A.—Every organ of the body is more or less damaged by alcohol; therefore, if a man who drinks has a weakness in any vital organ, alcohol increases it, and makes it worse in every way.
8. Q.—Why is it hard to cure a drunkard of any disease?  
A.—First, because his disease has been aggravated by alcohol; and second, when the body is poisoned with alcohol, true remedies have little effect.
9. Q.—What class of diseases are especially produced by alcohol?  
A.—Congestion of the brain, epilepsy, palsy, neuralgia, and many nervous diseases.
10. Q.—What does Dr. Hitchcock, president of the Michigan State Board of Health, state in regard to idiocy?  
A.—He shows by careful investigation that a large number of idiots in this country, are made so by the use of alcohol.
11. Q.—Sum up the facts about alcoholic drink.  
A.—It never digests food nor helps digest it, and never assists the body to permanently resist the cold. It brings no increase of strength, it poisons the blood, weakens the muscles, injures the nerves and brain, never acts as food, but is always and everywhere a poison.

## Joe Wilson.

Joe Wilson was as clever a stonemason as one would wish to meet with in a day's march.

Often as I passed his yard on my way to school when a boy I stood and watched him chip, chip, chipping away at great blocks of stone, or engaged in spelling out the name and years of some departed one on marble or granite monument. It was simply wonderful to see him with tiny chisel cut out the letters and figures, and more wonderful still when he came to work out some beautiful design of flowers or ornament on the hard stone.

From morning to night, with brief intervals, he would work away humming the snatches of a song. Now, one can readily understand that Joe was fully entitled to intervals of rest for breakfast, dinner and tea, and sometimes to pass a cheery word with a passer-by. But these were not the only intervals Joe had. Near to his yard were several public-houses, and he would often during the day lay down his tools and, for a minute or two, find his way to the nearest of these places—just for a drink,

as he said. Then he would come back to his mallet and chisel, and persuade himself he was all the better for his visit to the Vaults.

After a time Joe's visits became much more frequent, and much longer in their duration; and not unfrequently would he return to his yard feeling quite unfit to go on with the delicate work he had in hand. Joe made a bad bargain when he began to exchange 'chipping' for 'sipping'; for ere long he spent a great deal more time at the Vaults than in his yard. Work fell off, and Joe's appearance was anything but what it used to be. In fact, if it had not been for a wonderful deliverance that was awaiting Joe, he might long ago have filled a drunkard's grave and inherited a drunkard's fortune.

Joe's folly had been the subject of much conversation, of course, and especially between two of his neighbors, one of whom was a well-to-do tradesman and a member of the Society of Friends. A real 'friend' he proved to Joe, for many a time he tried to influence him to give up his foolish conduct and forsake the haunts of evil. At times Joe was penitent enough, but would soon fall again into his bad habit. However, the two friends did not give him up, and when matters became desperate they decided on a desperate remedy.

They went to the public houses to which Joe often went, and gave the landlords to understand that, if they served Joe with drink in future, they would take matters into their own hands, and proceed at once to prosecute them—the publicans—for selling drink to an inebriate, such as Joe had now become.

Imagine Joe's surprise the next time he went into the Vaults, when he was told he could be served with no drink there. 'Very sorry, Joe, but can't let you have anything this morning,' said the publican.

'But here's the threepence,' said Joe. 'I don't want it on strap.'

'Very sorry, but can't do it,' replied the publican.

'Well, I never!' said Joe. 'If I can't get it here I can somewhere else.' He went next to the Hotel, only to meet with the same treatment.

'I think the folks are cracked this morning,' said Joe, as he went on to another house, the London Stores. Here again his friends had been before him, and he was again denied.

'Here's a rum go; can't get a drink for money,' said Joe. 'Somebody's been doing this. Well, I'll go without for once and save my money.'

But it did not end here. Joe began to think what a fool he had been; and when a man begins to think seriously, something is sure to come of it.

Nor did Joe's friends rest satisfied with what they had already done. They came upon him just as he returned from his round of fruitless visits, and invited him to go with them to the coffee-house. Whilst feeling some comfort from the hot coffee, and no small resentment against the publicans for their treatment of him, Joe's friends persuaded him to sign the pledge.

Many a time was he tempted to have his work for the usual 'drink'; and often at such times would one or other of his friends drop in and invite him to the coffee-house.

Joe's countenance and dress soon began to resume their former respectable appearance, and he began again on Sundays to find his way to the church he had so long neglected. Nor did his reformation end here. He not only gave up the drink, but he became a sincere Christian and a good church worker.

Not long ago he had to do the stonework of a new church, and when the foundation stone was laid, Joe was not a little proud to be able to put a good round sum thereon, by way of thanksgiving for his changed life, brought about by the grace of God, and by the thoughtfulness and perseverance of his two friends.

When I passed his yard a short time ago, I was delighted to see it full of work, and with a neat, prosperous appearance I had never before observed.—G. Lamb, in 'Light in the Home.'

In Missouri a young man who was going to be hanged said, 'Whenever you take a glass of whiskey look at the bottom and you will see there the shadow of a rope.'—'Union Signal.'

## Correspondence

Newcastle.

Dear Editor,—I have a little kitten. It is black, with two white spots. I call it Darky. He and I play marbles. We have good fun. We have a nice school-house. I go to school every day. I am in the Part II. reader. We have five teachers, two upstairs and three down. There are about one hundred and fifty scholars. We have a nice play-room in the basement. I wrote this myself.  
W. E. L., aged 7.

St. Catharines.

Dear Editor,—I live in St. Catharines, which is a very pretty city. It is a favorite summer resort. People living at other places come here and spend their holidays. My cousin is writing a letter too. I go to St. Paul Street Methodist Sunday-school and church. I attend it every Sunday. I have five brothers and one sister. One is not living here, he is in Woodstock. I am in the high third book at school, and like my teacher.  
M. E., aged 12.

Burin, Newroundland.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I am in the fourth reader. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss M. Vigos. We have a long way to go; but it is a pleasant walk. I have one little sister, her name is Bessie; also a baby brother, his name is Jimmie. He is very cute. I belong to the Band of Hope. I am learning a recitation for a public meeting. I go to Sunday-school. I have two sheep, two cats, and a duck. I have two grandmas and five aunts, eight uncles and twenty-four cousins.  
L. M., aged 10.

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I have a nice pair of ducks for pets. They know me and will let me pat them. I have two little brothers. George is five years old and Colin is just two weeks old. He is a dear little fellow. We have a pair of birds. We call them Dicky and Flossie. They sing to Colin while he sleeps. In summer we have a nice garden, with flowers and a nice summer house, covered with vines.  
M. F., aged 7.

Spencerville.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading and I have read a number of books. A great many who have written to the 'Messenger' have read 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and although I have started it many times, I have never read it through. I have read four of Sheldon's books:—'In His Steps,' 'The Miracle at Markham,' 'The Redemption of Free-town,' and 'John King's Question Class,' and I like them all very well. We live about two miles from school, but we go nearly every day, except when it is raining or snowing; we go sometimes even if it is raining or snowing. My school teacher's name is Mr. Mars. I remain your reader,  
A. B. M.

Hemmingford.

Dear Editor,—I am six years old. I go to school. I am in the third reader. I have three brothers and no sisters. I would like to hear from Vera, who lives in the white house on the rock. My mamma used to live in a drab house beside the white house. We have a white cat and she has a blue and grey eye. We call her Snowball.  
J. B. G., aged 6.

Greenfield, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My grandpa takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters from the boys and girls. I live with my grandpa and grandma on a farm and I have a pet cat named Peter, he is a nice cat. I have four sisters. My oldest sister is almost 12, she is staying with my aunt just now. I am lame, and I cannot go to school in winter. I am taking music lessons now, and I love to play on the organ.  
D., aged 19.