



Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

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

LESSON XVII.—CLEAN WATER.

- How can we make sure that the water we use is clean?
By boiling it, and by using strainers and filters.
- Does it help to put it in tea or coffee or wine?
No, these do not cleanse it; they make it worse.
- When the water is not pure, is it better to take wine or beer?
It is not, because there is a dangerous poison in wine and beer.
- What is this dangerous poison?
It is alcohol.
- Why cannot alcohol do the work of water in the body?
Because it hurts, defiles, and destroys, and does not cleanse the living body.
- Name one of the ways in which it hurts.
It sucks up the friendly, helpful water in our bodies so that they cannot work well.
- What does it do to the nerves?
It takes out some of their moisture so that they cannot feel correctly.
- How does that deceive us?
By blunting the feelings it makes us fancy that it does us good.
- How, then, should we compare water and alcohol?
Water is our friend and alcohol is always our enemy.
- How can we best avoid being hurt by this enemy?
By shutting the door of our little house and keeping him out.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

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

LESSON XVII.—ALCOHOL AND THE BONES, MUSCLES, AND SKIN.

- What did you learn that God meant our bodies to be?
His beautiful temple, in which he could live.
- What is the framework of this beautiful temple?
Our bones make the framework, giving shape to our bodies, as the strong timbers of a house give it shape and strength.
- How many bones have we?
More than two hundred, all nicely fitted together, and with easy joints.
- What makes the bones firm and hard?
The lime of the food we eat. At first our bones are quite soft, but they gradually grow hard and strong.
- What kind of food do we need to make them so?
The very best of good food, with plenty of lime in it.
- What do you think about the bones of children badly fed?
Their bones remain soft and weak, so they cannot run and play as healthy children do.
- What does alcohol do to the bones?
It injures a child's bones very much. It is such a strong poison it injures the whole body, by injuring the blood, by which the body is built up.
- How are the bones made to move, so a person can walk, for instance, or can stretch out his arm?
By the muscles which cover the bones all over.
- Do the muscles make a large part of the body?
Yes, a very large part, giving it its roundness and beauty.
- What do the muscles do?
Many things; giving the body its pleasant look, giving it all its power of motion, and forming many important organs, as the heart, and the stomach.
- How are the muscles made strong?
By much exercise, and by good, plain, strong food.

12. Are tobacco and alcohol good for the muscles?

No; indeed. They ruin the blood, by which the muscles are built up, and so weaken the muscles.

13. What else do they do to the muscles?

They change their strong flesh into unhealthy fat, sometimes making the person look very much rounder and more ruddy than before. But the fat is not good; it is made of dead matter, not fit to be in the body at all.

14. Do people who are going to engage in races or match games of any kind use alcohol?

No, not at all, because they know that it will weaken them and prevent the winning of a prize.

15. With what is the body covered?

With the skin, which protects the tender flesh under it.

16. What do you know about the skin?

It is in two layers. The outside layer is very tough, and has no nerves at all; but the inner layer is full of tiny nerves, which are hurt when we prick, or cut, or burn any part of the body.

17. Are there any blood-vessels in the outer layer?

No; but there are a great many in the inner layer; and if we prick or cut ourselves, some of these little blood-vessels are broken, and the blood flows out.

18. What care should be given the skin?

It should be often and thoroughly washed, because, through it a great part of the impurities of the body are thrown out, and they should not be left on the outside of the skin.

19. What effect does alcohol have on the skin?

It makes it red and rough, because it paralyzes the delicate nerves that control the small blood-vessels of the inner skin. Then these blood vessels become crowded with blood, making the skin look very red and coarse.

Hints to Teachers.

Again a picture of the parts considered will be of great aid in teaching the lesson. A drawing, highly magnified, of a section of the skin; a picture of the skeleton and another of the muscles, will show the parts they play in our physical economy. The children will learn that there is no part of the body so thoroughly protected that the treacherous and cruel foe, alcohol, cannot seek it out and destroy it. Have the children repeat, again and again, the truths that 'Alcohol is a deadly poison,' and that 'It is the nature of a little alcohol to produce an appetite for more.'

What I Saw From My Window.

(A true story.)

A great farm-yard is opposite our house, and from the upper windows we can see a great deal that goes on in it. Last week I saw something which made me very sad.

Among the farm-boys is such a nice, bright, willing boy called Harry. It is always a pleasure to see him go about his work, so quick and strong and handy; and he is such a pleasant boy, with a cheery word for everyone, and a pat for the old yard-dog, who always wags his tail at him—a good character, in any boy! Well, the other afternoon, I saw Harry brought into the yard lying on a heap of sacks at the bottom of a cart. The men who drove the cart lifted him out, not over gently, and carried him into a shed and left him there, and came out laughing and joking with one another. Of course I went to see what had happened, and I came back with a heavy heart, but I too left Harry there.

A little later Harry's little sister came running home from school, and she looked into the yard, as she often did on her way home, to look for her brother. She soon ran home and fetched her mother, and I shall not easily forget that poor mother's face when she looked at her son, and left him on his bed of straw, going home with the little sister alone.

A few hours later, a shame-faced, miserable-looking boy got up from his long sleep, and staggered out of the yard, and went to his mother, with an aching head and an aching heart. Little Fan ran to meet him, but he pushed her away, and sitting down before the table, on which lay the supper he could not taste, he rested his head on

his hands, and hid the face down which slow tears were stealing.

What a different home-coming from the usual one! What could be the matter? So asked Fan, but Mother said quietly, 'Harry is not well,' and when Fan was off to bed, it all came out.

Harry had been his first really long journey with the waggons, and the men with whom he went had stopped at many public-houses on the way, and at each one had given poor Harry a drop out of their mugs, and the boy had not been strong enough or brave enough to say 'No,' and the alcohol had poisoned him—had made him drunk. The men who had led the innocent boy into shame and sin saw nothing but a joke in the foul deed, and laughed at the boy and with one another, and said 'he would soon get used to it.'

'God helping me, I will not,' cried Harry earnestly, for he knew it is 'Fools who make a mock at sin,' and he knew, too, that no drunkards shall have their part in the Kingdom of Heaven.

That evening he told Mother all about it, and how he had thought it rather grand to be like the men; though all the while his conscience pricked him, and he thought of his little brothers and sisters at their Band of Hope, and he half wished he had not come on the journey to market that day. But as he had begun he must go on; and when they started home the men had something much stronger and hotter than beer all round, and that finished Harry off, and the return journey was made in a shameful sleep, to be followed by an aching head and jeers and scoffs. These only increased when his companions found that Harry had given up 'alcohol' for ever, and had joined the temperance men.

He had to fight a bit at first, and stand some bullying and coarse joking, but happily he knew where to seek help, and with an earnest prayer to God to help him, and with Mother to tell it to, he was able to stand firm, and Harry was soon let alone to go his own way.

We trust that way will always be the Good Temperance Road—the only safe road for boys and girls, who want to be good and useful men and women some day, and happy, trustworthy boys and girls now.—The Adviser.

The Greedy Bottle.

A poor, undersized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle and looking in, said, 'I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?' His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again and sobbed so loud that he did not hear a step behind him, until a voice said:

'Well! what's all this?' He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

'Who broke my bottle?' he said.

'I did,' said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

'Why did you?' Tim looked up.

The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

'Why,' he said, 'I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes.'

'How came you to think you'd find shoes in the bottle?' the father asked.

'Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone in the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again.'

'No, I guess you won't,' he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

'New shoes! New shoes!' he shouted. 'O father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?'

'No, my boy, there ain't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this.'—Arkansas Methodist.