



Temperance Catechism.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

1. Q.—To whom should we give thanks for this wonderful house we live in?

A.—To our Heavenly Father, who gave us all the good things we enjoy.

2. Q.—How can we give thanks with our hands?

A.—By making them do good works and acts of kindness.

3. Q.—How can we thank God for our lips?

A.—By making them sing his praise and speak the truth in love.

4. Q.—How can we give thanks for our eyes?

A.—By making them look for what is good and right.

5. Q.—How can we thank God for our brains?

A.—By making them think good thoughts and study to know his will.

6. Q.—How can we give thanks for our feet?

A.—By making them go on good errands and run away from temptation.

7. Q.—How can we take the best care of the house that contains these gifts?

A.—Mostly by taking good food and drink, air and exercise.

8. Q.—What good will it do us to take so much pains?

A.—It will help us to be healthy, happy, and useful.

9. Q.—What is the Scripture form of thanks to our Heavenly Father for such blessings?

A.—To 'present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.'

—Catechism by Julia Colman (National Temperance Society).

Theo's Trouble.

(By Mrs. Helen E. Brown.)

Little Theo Redburn snuggled up to his mother after they had settled themselves in church one Sunday morning, to whisper, 'Mamma, may I stay to-day?'

'Yes, if you will sit as still as a mouse,' said mamma.

Theo was only six years old, but he understood the meaning of the white linen cloth that was spread over the table before the pulpit. The people were to celebrate the Lord's Supper. He had heard mother explain it, but he had never been present at the feast. So to-day, when the other children went home, Theo slipped up to the upper part of the pew, and folded his hands, and sat very still. Mother was alone to-day, for father was away from home on business.

The little boy was all eyes and ears. He listened to every word the minister said, watched him as he broke the bread and filled the goblets, and then followed with an eager look, as the deacons waited upon the people.

'That's wine, I know it is,' he said to himself; 'It looks like it, and it smells—oh, so funny.'

He sat still until the silver cup was placed in the hands of his mother, and she had taken a sip from it; then he could bear it

no longer. He slid down to the end of the pew, and in a whisper that was easily heard in the next seat, he said, 'Mamma, mamma, you drank wine, you broke the pledge. Mamma, why didn't you say No?'

Mrs. Redburn put her hand gently on the lips of her little boy, and whispered in his ear, 'Hush now, dear.'

Theo was obedient. He sat back in the seat, but one could see from the workings of his face that he was in trouble. He could scarcely wait till they reached the street after the service was over, before he began again.

'Mamma, what do they have wine for?'

'It's the custom, dear. We always have wine at the Lord's Supper.'

'But wine makes drunk, mamma.'

'Not the little we take there.'

'But my hymn says,

"If I would not be a drunkard,

I must not drink a drop."

'Oh, mamma, I think it's awful wicked for the minister and all the folks, and you, too, mamma, to drink wine.'

Theo couldn't get over it. No explanation or reason mamma gave, satisfied him. That was wine; it was wrong to taste or touch wine; and yet they drank it in the church, at that beautiful Supper when they remembered Jesus.

He often spoke of it. Sometimes he would spring up from his books, or rush in from his outdoor play to say:

'Oh, mamma, I can't get rid of thinking that you drank wine in the church.'

Mamma would say:

'There, Theo, dear, don't say anything more about it; we have to; that's the way the churches all do. When you are older you'll understand.'

Not long after he learned that his sister Ada, about twelve years old, was to join the church.

'And will you have to drink wine, too?' he asked her.

'I suppose so, dear. I must do as the others do.'

'You'll break your pledge, you will,' said the sturdy little teetotaler.

'Oh, no, Theo, that won't be counted as breaking the pledge.'

'But it will be, and you can never say when you grow up to be a woman, "I have never-tasted wine."'

Ada was quite stirred by her little brother who was so persistent and positive. She went to mother. Mamma explained that it was the custom of the church to use wine to represent the blood of Christ shed upon the cross. It was all she could say, but she began to feel an unrest in her heart.

'Mamma, don't you think it would be better to use cold water?' asked Ada. 'I have noticed sometimes that the wine-smell is all through the church; it seems like the liquor shops. Mamma, I do feel as Theo does, that it will be wicked to drink it.'

The mother began to think more seriously upon the subject.

'This is a stumbling block to my children,' she said to herself; 'perhaps it is to others.'

She talked of it to her husband, but found she had been preceded by her little boy. He had appealed to his father.

'Papa,' said he, 'why must the folks have wine at the Lord's Supper?'

'It is the custom, my boy. Jesus, the last night of his life, had supper with his disciples with bread and wine, and then told them he wished all his followers always to keep the simple feast in memory of him. Did you never read about it?'

'No, papa, please read it to me.'

Mr. Redburn took the bible, and opening it at Matthew, 26th chapter, read:

"And he took the cup, and gave thanks."

'It doesn't say what was in the cup,' said the child.

His father went on:

"I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine." That's wine, isn't it, Theo?

The child was silenced but not satisfied.

'Then why shouldn't we drink it at any time, papa?'

'Because it is not good for us; we should learn to love it and take more than we ought.'

'I shall never, never join the church, papa,' said Theo, seriously.

Father and mother talked the matter over when they were alone.

'There is a difficulty here,' said Mr. Redburn. 'If I could have said to the boy, "This is not alcoholic wine, it is not the kind that makes people drunk," he would have been satisfied. I feel that we owe a duty to such conscientious little mortals as Theo; there may be many others troubled in the same way. I will see what can be done.'

The result was, these parents who had never before considered the matter of unfermented sacramental wine were led to study the question, and came to a firm conviction that the 'fruit of the vine' could be obtained that wouldn't 'smell all over the church,' as Ada said, 'like a liquor-shop,' and would not compel the breaking of the total abstinence pledge. The ministers and elders after prayerful conference with them on the subject decided to adopt the unfermented wine.

When Mr. Redburn told the children of the proposed change on the day Ada was to take her first communion, they were very glad. Theo seemed triumphant.

'Now, I'll join the church, too,' said he; 'I want to remember Jesus, now I can do it without breaking my pledge. I'm sure he wouldn't like me to break that, would he, papa? would he, mamma?'—National Temperance Advocate.

Surely There is an End.

One of the most thrilling things in literature is Victor Hugo's description of death in a quicksand. A traveller walking along the beach at low tide feels tired. It is heavy walking. The sand seems to cling to his feet as if he were walking on pitch. The soles of his feet stick to it. The man pursues his way, for there is nothing unusual in the appearance of the sand. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels some how that the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly his feet sink in two or three inches. He must be on the wrong road. He stops to take his bearings. In that minute his feet have disappeared. The sand has covered them. He draws his feet out, and turns about to retrace his steps. At the next step he sinks in deeper. The sand is up to his ankles. With difficulty he draws out and turns to the left. He sinks up to his knees. Then he realizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in quicksand. He throws off his load, if he has one. He calls, waves his hat or handkerchief. The sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if there is no help, it is all over. He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, which seizes one erect, free, in full health, which draws one by the feet, dragging one at every moment a little deeper. He shouts, he howls, he implores. Soon he is waist deep in the sand. He raises his arms, clutches at the beach, presses it with his elbows trying to draw himself out, and only sinks deeper. The sand reaches the neck. Only the face is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The earth is burying a man. That is death in the quicksand, and the man who starts on the downward path is dealt with as remorselessly.—Christian Herald.