



## The Primary Catechism on Beer.

### LESSON XI.

#### MENTAL EFFECTS OF BEER DRINKING.

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

Q.—How does beer-drinking affect the mind?

A.—No one who drinks much beer is so strong mentally as he would be without it.

Q.—What is the common result?

A.—Stupidity and dullness, which can often be seen in the expression of the face.

Q.—Where do we see the direct effect of beer-drinking on the power to study?

A.—In the scholars of our public schools who get beer with their lunch at noon.

Q.—How does it affect them?

A.—It makes them lazy, and often so stupid that they cannot study at all.

Q.—Do not good students sometimes drink beer?

A.—If they do, we may be sure they would study better without it.

## The Printer Lad's Tobacco.

(By Julia Colman.)

'Well, Fred, how do you like printing?'

'Pretty well, thank you.'

He answered so quietly that I looked up to see what was the matter, when I noticed a pair of glasses in his hand.

'What are you doing with those glasses, Fred?'

'I don't know but I shall have to wear them or give up the printing. My eyes hurt me, and I'm growing near-sighted all the time.'

I reached out my hand for the glasses, and then Fred went back to the door for a moment, as if he had forgotten something. I guessed why he went. I inquired further about his eyes, and then asked him, rather suddenly, if he ever thought that using tobacco might hurt his eyes.

He colored and stammered, and finally said he didn't see how it could reach his eyes.

'Why,' I said, 'your eyes, like the rest of your body, are fed or poisoned with what you put into your mouth. Tobacco is taken into the blood, and goes all through the body. It affects the nerves the most; and if the nerves of the eye are weak, it will affect them. Did you ever notice how many tobacco-users wear glasses?'

'Well, yes, it is a poison, I suppose, and it may hurt some; but I don't see how it hurts me.'

Nineteen out of twenty tobacco-users would probably have made just such a foolish reply. I talked with him several times about it, and finally hired him to give it up. I have not much faith in hiring any one to do right; but I thought it was the tobacco that hurt his eyes, and I wished to convince him of it. True enough, his eyes grew better, and after a few months were as well as ever. He acknowledged that the tobacco must have hurt them, and he felt better every way without it. I urged him to stick to his pledge; for he had made a solemn promise never to touch it again, and now he protested he was willing to do anything for the sake of his precious eyes. He did well for a while, and then I lost sight of him, until

last week I met him, glasses and all, with a companion, both smoking away like dirty chimneys.

Tobacco-using is hard to cure, I know—some say harder than drinking. But if Fred had been in good company, if he had joined one of those Boys' Anti-Tobacco Leagues, where they have such good times, he might have been saved. But it is almost certain that he would never have fallen into the hurtful habit if he had joined them before he commenced.—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

## Killing Time.

'Spare a copper, sir; I'm starving,' said a poor, half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night—

'Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you.' Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:—

'You look as if you had seen better days. If you tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough money to pay for your lodging.'

'I'm afraid I could hardly do that,' the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

'Try, man, try,' added the gentleman. 'Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure to speak the truth.'

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and thinking for nearly a minute, said:—

'To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to "kill time." When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was only to be one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me.'

'I believe the story,' replied the gentleman; 'and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you, indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me inspire you with new courage.'—

'The Young.'

## Whiskey Did it.

The following true tale of the work of the whiskey demon is recorded:

'I didn't do it; God knows I didn't do it; whiskey did it.'

Such a wail as came from the boy! And he was only a boy, for what else is a lad of nineteen?

And now he stood there on the sidewalk wringing his hands and crying out in agony, and the officer's hand was on his shoulder, and the noisy crowd was about him crying out, too. 'He's killed him,' said one; 'let's hang him to a lamp-post.'

'Oh, mother, mother,' wailed the boy, 'wake up! Oh, I've killed her, too; let me go to her.'

'Come with me,' said the officer, 'somebody else 'll take care of your mother, and we'll take care of you.'

'I didn't do it; God knows I didn't; the whiskey did it!' cried the boy, as the officer led him away.

No, he had not done it, and the whiskey

had; but the law does not try whiskey.

Whiskey had not followed the man out of the saloon and beat his brains out with a piece of board. The boy had not really done it, either; for he had not known what he did, and when he was himself nothing could have induced him to do such a deed. And yet he was the motor, or rather whiskey was the motor and he the machine it moved. He was the one who went to prison. His mother was the one who lay dead from grief. It was his hand that bore the stain of a mother's blood. And whiskey did it.

And men in that town allowed it to be done. It made business lively. 'There can be no town without liquor; that is, no town of any life,' they said.

Yes, business was made lively, the saloon-keeper had something to do, then the officer of the law had the pleasure of taking the boy to jail, the coroner had the excitement of an inquest, and the undertaker sold two coffins. Grim sort of business, isn't it? But that is the kind whiskey furnishes.—

'Religious Telescope.'

## A Temperance Cook.

(A recitation for a little girl.)

I am but a young schoolgirl now,  
As I suppose you see;  
But when I'm quite grown up, I know  
What I intend to be.

I mean to be a cook; in fact,  
To learn I have begun,  
For we have lessons at our school,  
And, oh, it is such fun!

We make among us rolls of bread,  
And pudding, pie and cake,  
While the Board gentlemen oft praise  
The meat we boil or bake.

But then there are so many things  
Which people eat or drink,  
That it will be a long, long time  
Ere I know all, I think.

But mother says if I try hard,  
And to try hard I mean,  
I one day may prepare a meal  
Fit for a king or queen.

And, oh, I say, will it not be nice  
When I can take a book,  
And read the names—both French and plain—  
And what I like can cook?

There's one thing, though, I don't intend  
In any dish to use,  
And that's strong drink—which mother says  
'Tis better to refuse.

For if, as we are sometimes told,  
The strength evaporates  
In cooking it, the taste is left  
Too often in our plates.

And so my Christmas puddings grand,  
And all I do shall be  
From every trace of alcohol,  
With all its dangers, free.

I'll show sick folks and well that jams  
And jellies need not wine  
To make them tasty, rich, and sweet,  
Or make them brightly shine.

And when I'm through—who knows?—some  
day,

As many ladies do,  
I'll lectures give, and others teach  
To cook for temperance, too.

And if from kitchen and from store,  
And from the feast-board, we  
At length should banish drink, oh, then,  
How very glad I'd be.  
—'Temperance Record.'