



## The Primary Catechism on Beer.

### LESSON VIII.

#### DRUNKENNESS ON BEER.

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

Q.—Does beer cause drunkenness?

A.—It does cause drunkenness just in proportion to its alcoholic strength.

Q.—Has any one tried to have it used instead of stronger liquors?

A.—It has been tried very fully in England for this very purpose.

Q.—Did beer take the place of stronger drinks, as had been planned?

A.—'The sale of beer was increased, but the sale of spirituous liquors was not diminished.'

Q.—What does Joseph Livesey of Preston, say?

A.—He says that men who now get drunk on spirits began with beer.

Q.—What similar experiment has been made in the United States?

A.—The popular introduction of lager beer as a temperance drink.

Q.—What has been the effect?

A.—It has greatly increased the amount of drinking and drunkenness.

Q.—Does beer produce misery in families like other alcoholic drinks?

A.—Just the same cruelty in the father, neglect and shamelessness in the mother, and suffering to the children.

Q.—How does Dr. Willard Parker sum up the matter?

A.—'Alcohol is the one evil genius, whether in wine, ale, or whiskey, and it is killing the race of men.'

### The Scotch Elder.

An honest shopkeeper in the north of Scotland, a worthy man and an elder of the church, was deeply imbued with all the peculiar prejudices against teetotalism which we find even in America beset some men of highly respectable character. He looked upon it as a thing unreasonable and unscriptural. 'God, who gave us our reason,' he argued, 'desires that we should make use of it in restraining and governing our appetites, not in starving and denying them. He who created the good things of this life intended us to enjoy all of them in moderation when placed within our power. In scripture,' he said, 'the moderate use of spirituous liquors is nowhere forbidden.' And he thought that some temperance people were putting reformation in place of vital godliness. Thus the good old elder schooled himself against teetotalism.

One day, while engaged in measuring off some yards of cloth, a neighbor and customer whom he knew to have become almost a wreck through the use of intoxicating liquors entered his shop. The poor man's face was flushed, and his eye excited and anxious; but this time he was perfectly sober.

'Mr. A—,' said he 'will you save a lost man I want to take the pledge.'

'Well, do so; it is the best thing you can do.'

'But you know it would become a brand for the like of me, if men of respectable character such as you were not often found to take

it, too. Will you join the teetotalers, and I'll join with you? If not, I must go to ruin. It's my only chance. Mr. A—, will you save a lost soul?'

The elder was staggered and startled; some dim recollection of 'who is my neighbor?' and the parable of the good Samaritan, awoke in his heart; and the fellow-creature before him, losing health, wealth, reputation, reason—stripped and wounded of the devil—did seem fully in as sore a plight as he who had fallen among thieves long ago nigh unto Jericho. But then his own principles! They must be regarded. Mr. A— must be consistent, and the poor tailor must be left to take his own way.

Mr. A—'s dinner did him little good that day; his digestion failed greatly; appetite for supper he had none; and on retiring to rest sleep came not near his pillow—scared ever by a voice that continually rung in his ears, 'S. A—, will you save a lost soul? S. A—, will you, save a lost soul?'

Early in the morning two men were seen wending their way together to the office of the teetotal society. The one was the elder, principled in 'moderation' and anti-teetotalism, the other was the drunken tailor, on the verge of ruin, temporal and eternal. And they took the pledge together. S. A— ate a good breakfast that day, and has slept soundly ever since.

The tailor has kept the pledge, and appears to be getting along nicely without the stimulus of spirits. Before he signed the pledge he suffered more or less from asthma, and used to take whiskey to relieve him, but it only made him worse. Now, while he has had two or three attacks since, he has got round all right without the usual appliance of whiskey.

Mr. S. A— is one of the foremost advocates of total abstinence in the town. Would that there were more like him! Then there would be more reclaimed tailors. Would that all would learn of the parable as faithfully, and become indeed good Samaritans in obeying the command, 'Go and do thou likewise.'

My brother, are there those among your neighbors who are suffering from the drink habit, and are ready to perish? Might they not, through your example and help, have at least a chance to escape? Oh! turn not aside in cold neglect nor in heartless apathy, but haste to the rescue, and save those for whom your Saviour died.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

### An Escape From a Scorpion.

Nearly four hundred years ago there lived in Italy a celebrated artist named 'Benvenuto Cellini.' One day, when he was three years old, he was playing in the kitchen, and saw a curious little animal under a bench. He immediately ran to it and seized it round the middle; so that its head was left sticking on one side of the child's little fat fist, and its tail on the other.

Grandfather Andrew, an old gentleman, more than a hundred years of age, was in the room, and Benvenuto ran up to him and said, 'Granny, look at my pretty little lobster!' The old man saw at once that it was not a lobster, but a scorpion, a most dangerous reptile, with a dreadful venomous sting. He was terribly frightened, and tried to coax Benvenuto to give the creature to him; but the boy refused to do this, and began to make a great hullabaloo, crying that he would not give his plaything to any body. The noise brought in his father, who, with great presence of mind, snatched up a pair of scissors, and snipped off the scorpion's head and tail, and thus saved the little boy's life.

Little Benvenuto did not know that the creature was a scorpion, and that it could sting. And a great many children—and grown up people, too—are like him. They want things which are not good for them, and then cry and make a great fuss if they are taken away.

There is a passage in the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs which tells us of something which is very pleasant at the first, beautiful to look upon and good to taste, but 'at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'—'Christian.'

### Sign the Pledge.

Sign the pledge: it will give a sufficient answer to those who tempt you to drink.—There is no answer that a man can give so good as this. If he refuses because he is hot, he will be advised to drink to get cool. If he refuses because he is cold, he will be recommended to drink to get warm. If he refuses because he cannot afford it, his companion will gladly treat him. If he refuses because he is not well, there is no ailment to which flesh is heir for which intoxicating drinks are not prescribed as a certain cure. Men, who are well, drink till they are ill; and then drink to get themselves well again. None of these excuses avail, but if a man says, 'I have signed the pledge,' they may think him a fool, but they cannot say that he has not given a sufficient reason; and if they are true men themselves, they dare not ask him to break his word. If a man asks you to drink, after you have signed the pledge, he is no true friend; he is doing the devil's work. He is certain to turn round and insult you after you have done his will, because he will have lost the last fragment of respect for you. There are some men who must have a reason to give others for doing as they do; here at least is a clear, straightforward, intelligible reason, which puts an end to controversy, and settles the matter forever—'I have signed the pledge.'—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

### 'Never Begin.'

Never begin, if never yet  
Thou and the cup which tempts have met;  
Its slippery sweetness never sip,  
Nor touch with thine its treacherous lip,  
Never go near that slope-to-sin,  
Never that soul-trap enter in.

Thrice welcome all, how'er astray,  
Who strive to quit the drunkard's way;  
More happy those who never know  
The need and cost of striving so.  
Never go near that slope-to-sin,  
Never that soul-trap enter in.

See how yon swimmer sinks in death;  
See him, at last, scarce get back breath.  
Just so in drink the soul is drowned;  
Worse still the fight to bring it round.  
Never go near that slope-to-sin,  
Never that soul-trap enter in.

Gladly stand fast, then, ye who still  
Stand safe and straight outside that ill;  
And all the more and easier learn  
All other soul-deceits to spurn.  
Never go near that slope-to-sin,  
Never that soul-trap enter in.

So, when all strife with ill is done,  
Welcomed to rest through God's dear Son,  
Not least you'll bless that steadfast mind  
Which helped your feet His help to find.  
Never go near that slope-to-sin,  
Never that soul-trap enter in.  
—'Light in the Home.'