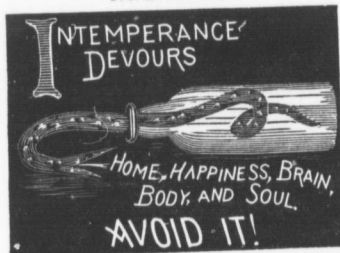


that it is not the grape-juice that harms, but the alcohol in the decayed juice. A cup of milk cannot hurt you, but if some one dropped poison into the milk, then it might cause death. If children do not know, tell simply how alcohol is formed, and give instances to prove that it is a poison. Burn a little alcohol in a spoon before the children and tell that it is the poison you are burning, that part of the wine which biteth like a serpent.

3. Make several steps on the board. Print on the lowest "Disobedience;" on the next "Swearing;" on the next "Smoking;" on the next "Drinking;" and talk about the beginnings of evil, showing that the only way to avoid evil is to keep away from it. When can children best fight alcohol? When they are little, by letting it alone. King Alcohol, as many call him, would soon die if let alone. Boys and girls who will follow King Jesus are the best soldiers in fighting King Alcohol.

Blackboard.

BY J. B. Phipps, Esq.



Intemperance is an insatiate monster whose appetite is not only never satisfied, but grows with years. Relate to the school instances of homes that it has broken up and devoured, of happiness gone, of men whose health is shattered, and whose brains have been stolen away. There is only one way to get rid of this monster. Keep away from it! Do not feed it! Do not temporize with it! Have nothing to do with it in any way.

BLACKBOARD SUGGESTIONS. Three steps to ruin: 1. Touch. 2. Taste. 3. Handle. Another: Draw a line. Call it the way of temptation. Over it write Bad Company. At the beginning of the line write Tasting, at the end write Drunkenness.

Lesson Word-Pictures.

Free exhibition of a cobra, in a glass open-mouthed, a drinking-glass! It is filled, and up out of its sparkling surface the cobra boldly thrusts its hooded head, fastens its glittering eyes, dreadful with the fascination of death, upon the holder of the glass. It

beckons him to drink, and as he drinks it expands its hood, darts forward his hideous fangs and stings him! This species of cobra does not give the exhibitor and drinker a fatal blow at first, and yet ever benumbingly and slyly increases the charge of poison from day to day. To see a snake-show carefully walled up in a box men will readily pay money, but here is an exhibition paraded in our streets, free to all observers, and men, boys, and even women and girls, are the exhibitors. You can see the snake bite a hundred times a day if you will go into some quarters. Yes, a free exhibition of the poison-power of that snake, alcohol! No snake-charmers will suffer their slimy pets to thrust their poison fangs into them again and again, but these exhibitors, the dram-drinkers, consent again and again to be stung and all without charge. You can actually see, and examine in detail the benumbing power of the cobra-poison. You can see the drinker stagger as one "that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." Sense and conscience are both benumbed, and he may break out into a mauldin "babbling," be aroused to "contentions," and to receive "wounds without cause." At last he may fall into the gutter to lie unconsciously in its ooze and filth. While he lies there, go into his shop, his store, his office, and see how alcohol has paralyzed there the hand with its cunning, the foot with its swiftness, the tongue with its eloquence, the brain with its power to create. Go into his home and see how the cobra has thrust its fangs into the hopes and happiness centring there. If you could go into his heart you would see how manhood and rectitude have been pierced and poisoned to their centre. But he stirs in his slumbers! He rubs his eyes. He confusedly cries, "I will seek it yet again!" He rises again to lift the glass out of which the cobra flashes its dreadful eyes and menaces with its fangs? Why does he not strike the glass down? Why continue in a service that pays no wages, that does not give even a slave's food and clothes, its only return the existence of a brute and the character of a demon? See! There are chains between that glass and the holder, the snake and its exhibitor, chains every link of which has been heated in the hot fires of Appetite and forged on the hard anvil of Habit. He drinks again, laughing perhaps, but it is the laugh of despair. He is stung again, is struck harder, deeper. And look! He falls to writhe in delirium. The serpent has entered his brain, crawls and hisses through all his thoughts, haunts and pursues him with its devilish eyes, till death lets the curtain drop and the "exhibition" is over.