



## Scientific Temperance Teaching.

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

### LESSON XXXVII.—THE PLEDGE.

1. What have you learned about alcohol, tobacco and opium?

That they are all poisons, and always poisonous, and that the only safe way is to let them entirely alone.

2. What would be a good thing to do in regard to these things?

To sign a promise that we will not use them.

3. What do you call such a promise?

We call it the total abstinence pledge.

4. Why should we sign such a pledge?

For our own sake, for others' sake, and for the Lord Jesus' sake.

5. Why for our own sake?

Because total abstinence is right, and because the pledge makes us stronger to abstain.

6. Why for others' sake?

Because our example may help some one else to total abstinence, and it is always our duty to help others to do right.

7. Why for Jesus' sake?

Because he has bidden us keep ourselves pure and to help others.

8. What does the bible say about keeping ourselves pure?

That the body is God's temple, and he who defiles this temple, God will destroy.

9. What did Jesus say about helping others?

Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

10. What shall we pledge ourselves not to use?

First, anything that contains alcohol.

11. Does that mean beer and cider?

Yes. Both of them, and wine, contain alcohol and cannot safely be used.

12. What else shall we not use?

Tobacco, which is a most filthy and injurious thing.

13. What other evil habit are boys and girls tempted to form?

The habit of profane or indecent language or indecent acts.

14. What does God say about profanity?

'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'

15. What does Jesus say about being pure?

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

16. What does this mean?

It means that we must not say a bad word, think a bad thought, or do an impure deed.

17. How can we avoid doing these things?

By keeping our thoughts full of what is sweet and clean. Weeds and flowers can never grow in the same place at the same time.

18. What is the triple pledge?

A promise not to use alcohol, tobacco, nor profane or bad words or deeds.

### Hints to Teachers.

This lesson should be taught very carefully, impressing the solemn importance of the pledge. Try to present as strongly as possible total abstinence as God's plan and every child's duty. And at the close, after a brief, earnest prayer, which the children should repeat, sentence by sentence, after their teacher, the pledge may be taken. It should be recognized as a solemn promise given to God himself. Each child should have his pledge-card always to carry in his pocket; but the names and addresses of all should be carefully taken in a special book, ready for reference at all times, that the children may be visited and guarded in all love, for Christ's sake.

### The Lion's Den.

(Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'Ma, who's that sitting in the fence-corner?'

The blacksmith's wife finished pinning the

heavy sheet on the clothesline and then pushed back her bonnet.

'That man yonder?' she nodded contemptuously. 'What is the matter with you, child, that you don't know old Sam Denby? He's dead drunk, that's what he is; that's what he generally is, poor wretch. I do pity him, for a fact.'

'Why, Ma? He don't have to drink; it's his own fault,' said the blacksmith's daughter, Silvy; she was helping her mother to hang out the Monday's wash.

Mrs. Forbes shook her head.

It was his fault once, of course; but he's in the lion's den, an' now he can't git outen it himself, no more nor Daniel could.'

'God sent his angel, and shut the lions' mouths,' suggested Silvy.

'Po! Sam ain't-seen no angel though; he sees t'other sort—devils is what Sam sees, when he has 'lirim tremens.'

'Maybe God means people to help Sam, seein' there ain't no angels 'round,' suggested Silvy, again.

'Much good anybody can do Sam,' said the blacksmith's wife; 'there ain't nothin' left to tek hold of.'

'Did you ever try, mother?'

'Here! Ketch hold and move this here basket,' cried Mrs. Forbes, sharply, 'and don't jaw me so much. I never could work and jabber same time.'

Silvy obeyed, and the work went on quietly, except for the flap, flap of the damp clothes in the breeze. But when the basket was empty the girl leaned her bare elbows on the fence, and looked at the man lying in the grassy corner.

He was dirty and ragged, and unkempt, but her mother was mistaken—he was not drunk, and Silvy was startled at hearing herself spoken to by him:

'You are the gal that sings in the choir at the Methodist church, ain't you?'

'Yes,' said Silvy, 'Do you go to church?'

'Sometimes I slips in to hear the singin',' said the man; 'I used to be a good hand at a tune myself. There's one you sings as allus makes a baby of me.'

And in a quavering, but not untuneful voice, Sam began to sing:

'The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide,  
A shelter in the time of storm.'

'That's 'bout all I know of the words,' he said, 'cept the chorus:

'Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
A weary land, a weary land;  
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land;  
A shelter in the time of storm.'

'Wait a minute,' said Silvy, with a flush on her face, 'I'll get my gospel hymns and sing you the rest.'

But it was not for her hymn-book alone that she sped back into the little cottage. Her father had come in from the forge, and she stood pleading with him and her mother for some plan which had suddenly formed in her young heart.

'What's the use of our singing, "Throw out the life-line," if we never do it, father?' she exclaimed, the tear-drops running over, while she looked into his face appealingly.

'That's true,' said Forbes. 'Well, girl, you can try, but it looks like a wrist like yourn couldn't hold any life-line, after you'd throwed it.'

Silvy was already back at the fence. She sang one after another of those precious hymns, standing there under the old walnut tree, at the end of the village street. It was the far end, and there were few passers-by, but if there had been many, Silvy would not have noticed them; her whole heart was centred in this new venture.

'Mr. Denby,' she said, after she had shut the book, 'father says you are to come around to our house to-night, and sing some with us, to my melodeon.'

Sam Denby burst into tears. Perhaps they were maudlin, but they were signs of shame, and, however weak, of repentance. He would not promise, though the girl coaxed him; but when the evening shades fell, and the glow was dying out of the forge, they saw him hanging round in sight of the cottage, and the blacksmith went out and brought him in to the neat sitting-room, where Silvy's little melodeon stood.

The 'life-line' had been thrown out, but, alas, the hands of the poor drunkard had lost their grip. His desire to be decent might be strong, but that terrible thirst was stronger still. His fear of the consequences might torture him, but that was nothing to the torture of the drink-devil within him.

There was no earthly help for Sam, and he knew it.

No 'earthly' help; but, gentle hands were drawing, drawing, drawing him within reach of that divine help, upon which he had for a life-time of sin been turning his back. For it is one of the blessed characteristics of Christian endeavor that it multiplies itself like leaven. If you make one effort to save the perishing, unless you throw away that one effort you will make another, and another and another. It is contagious, too, when you begin really to save a lost soul, in God's earnest; you do not wait, like the woman in the parable, to call in your neighbors to rejoice with you over its recovery; oh, no; you call them in to help you in the search.

For a few times Sam Denby came to the blacksmith's cottage and joined in the hymn-singing. He was pleased enough, poor fellow, to find himself in decent company, to be called 'Mr. Denby,' and he loved music with all the soul whiskey had left him.

But in a short while he was lying in the gutter, all the more beastly drunk, perhaps, because of his short abstinence.

Well, our little village maiden learned then, shedding bitter tears over the lesson page, that it was no child's play to 'throw out the life-line.' But it only cast her more upon the great Helper, whom, perhaps, she had fancied she could do without, in her first success. The little bed-room above the kitchen became a place where she wrestled, like Jacob of old, in secret prayer; and when she went to the League meetings, it was with one entreaty: 'Pray for Sam; oh, pray for Sam.'

And now the poor drunkard began to be girdled about by praying neighbors. Their faith was not larger than a grain of mustard seed; they were more surprised to see Sam sober than to see him drunk; but since they had promised Silvy to pray for him, they no longer passed him by like a cast-off. If he was sober, they encouraged him; if he was drunk, they looked after him; other places besides the blacksmith's offered themselves to him for an evening resort, and everybody, with one accord, urged him to come to church. When he did come, they gave him a hearty welcome, from the dapper young usher to the old preacher; the very children put their wee fingers in his, taught by tender-hearted mothers.

And one night, when God's Spirit was present in great power, moving sinful hearts to come to the Saviour, a bent and feeble form presented itself for the prayers of God's people, and a great wave of emotion swept over the congregation—it was Sam Denby, the drunkard!

'Lord, thou hast promised that those who come to thee shall in nowise be cast out. Fulfil that promise, Lord, to this poor sinner! Thou hast promised that they who look to thee for strength shall tread upon the lion and the adder; that the young lion and the dragon they should trample under foot. Lord, make thy word good to this man, whose temptations are fierce like the lion and poisonous like the adder. Heavenly Father, didst thou not send thy angel to shut the mouths of the lions which roared against thy servant Daniel? Oh, God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, defend this brother of ours from evils worse than wild beasts.'

So the old preacher poured out his heart to God, with his hand on the bowed head of the poor drunkard; and the people wept aloud. But the little maid in the choir did not weep; she was standing on a mount of vision; her face beamed with triumph, and over and over she whispered to her father: 'God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths.'

Was it strange if the blacksmith should fancy that God's angel must look like his daughter Silvy.—'Temperance Advocate.'

Prof. Hein, of Zurich, Switzerland, writes with reference to the Swiss archery competitions as follows:—The Swiss have been distinguished in archery for centuries. I had occasion, a short time ago, to speak with one of these far-famed huntsmen. This clever marksman assures me that all who attain skill in shooting are strictly temperate men or abstainers. Even temperate men have to become abstainers for about a week before entering into a schutzenfest (competition). The best marksmen not only abstain from alcohol, but live exclusively on milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. They must also go to bed betimes at night, and many of them do not smoke tobacco. Heavy smokers are never first-class marksmen.