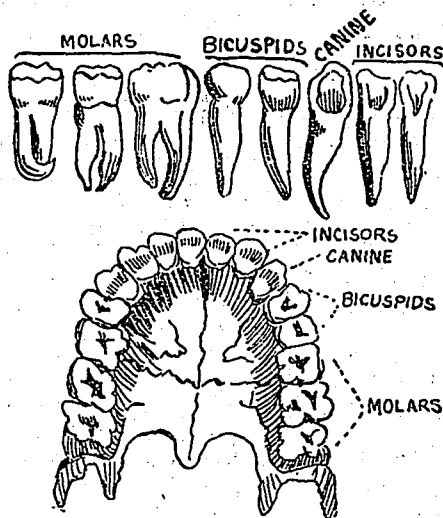




Temperance Catechism.

LESSON XII.

1. Q.—What is the work of the teeth?
A.—The teeth are used to masticate or chew food, thus preparing it for the digestive organs.
2. Q.—How many teeth should one have?
A.—The first set consists of only twenty, commonly called 'milk-teeth'; these begin to appear when a child is about six months' old and decay at the age of six or seven. The permanent set consists of thirty-two teeth.
3. Q.—Are the teeth all alike?
A.—The teeth vary in shape because they have different kinds of work to perform. The front ones are sharp for cutting; while the back ones are large and uneven, their business being to grind the food.



4. Q.—Is a tooth a solid piece of bone?
A.—If we break open a tooth we will find a hollow space inside it.
5. Q.—What causes pain in a tooth?
A.—When the nerves contained in the cavity of the tooth are in any way hurt or diseased this causes 'the toothache.'
6. Q.—What is the outside coating of the tooth called?
A.—Enamel. When this is broken or cracked the tooth rapidly decays. When we find a hole in one of our teeth we should at once have it filled by a dentist.
7. Q.—How should we care for our teeth?
A.—We must take great care to keep our teeth clean and whole. We should never pick them with a pin or any hard substance. We should never crack nuts with them as this is apt to break the enamel.
8. Q.—How should they be kept clean?
A.—We should brush them well after every meal with a soft brush. A celebrated dentist once said that the only way to keep beautiful teeth is never to allow a particle of food to remain in the mouth after a meal.
9. Q.—What temperance verse may we learn this week?
A.—'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.'

After Many Days.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE TALE.

By Alice A. and S. Jennie Smith.

In a certain hamlet in New Jersey there stands an old, gray weather-beaten church. For fifty years a worshipping congregation has gone in and out its doors, and for at least a century earlier various other edifices stood on the same site and served a similar pur-

pose. Tradition tells of how on Saturday afternoon the good old farmers brought out their waggons and scrubbed them to the last degree of Dutch cleanliness, while the housewife performed the same office for the kitchen chairs. With the latter arranged in two rows in the vehicle, the family lumbered off to church.

But tradition's tales are not always of so pleasant a character; indeed, many an old person still remembers Dominie Van Tyne and his horn of whisky, while it is stated that the consistory meetings would have been tame affairs if not begun and ended with a drink of good old Holland. But after Dominie Van Tyne was gathered to his fathers, so great was the influence the drinking habit had obtained that spiritually and financially the church was almost a wreck. For a year it remained without a pastor. During that time a few faithful ones met each Sunday to sing and read and pray, or to listen to the words of a devout Scotchman who had lately joined them and been elected elder.

Weary at last of the effort of keeping up their sinking church, nearly all the members wished it closed, but the elders called a meeting to see what could be done. The amount of indebtedness was calculated, also the amount necessary for the maintenance of the church and the hiring of a pastor for one year; then the consistory assumed one-quarter of the whole, and called upon the people for subscriptions to make up the rest. Inspired by the good example of the officers and the burning eloquence of the Scotch elder, the people promised the requisite sum, and a young man fresh from the seminary was engaged to take the pulpit.

There was a revival of church going for a few Sundays, as the whole neighborhood wished to hear the new dominie, and for a while he gave entire satisfaction. But his visits among them showed him plainly what was sapping the spiritual life from his people, and one Sunday he ventured on a stirring temperance sermon. The opinion of the congregation was seen in the frowns that appeared first upon one face, and then upon another. The pastor concluded by saying that in three weeks a meeting was to be called to organize a Band of Hope among the boys and girls, and also for the purpose of listening to an address by a famous temperance orator.

Immediately after the service closed, little knots of men and women gathered around outside the church and discussed the dominie's announcement. A few were indifferent, but the larger number violently opposed. The next day the consistory waited upon the pastor and said decidedly that the church should not be opened for such a purpose. With heavy heart he sought the only one in the congregation who was in sympathy with him; that was the Scotch elder, and he, having been away from home for two or three days, knew nothing of the affair until the pastor told his story.

'The church shall be opened,' he exclaimed, 'leave that to me.'

Then for two succeeding Sundays the Scotchman himself, in loud, clear tones, announced that the lecture was to be given. No one opposed him, for everybody felt it would be unwise to incur the anger of so valuable a member.

The evening of the lecture the church was filled. There was but little amusement in that out-of-the-way place, and anything in the shape of a diversion was acceptable. With twenty boys and girls the Band of Hope was started, and dominie and elder worked together for the little society, making its meetings so pleasant that others were gradually drawn in among them.

On the first evening when the pledge was offered for signature, one twelve-year-old girl looked up saucily and said, 'God made apples, didn't he, dominie?'

'Yes, my child,' was the answer.

'And apples make cider, and cider makes whisky, and I am going to drink them.'

'Well, my child,' the dominie said quietly, 'if I can do anything to teach you differently, I shall. I fear you may drink them to your sorrow.'

For two years the society prospered, and then the pastor was called to a larger field, and the Scotch elder slept beside other workers in the little hill cemetery. With the coming of different persons in their places, attention was given to other matters, and the Band of Hope dissolved. But who shall measure the good done in those months of earnest work for the cause of temperance? We know at least that a temperance sentiment sprang up in the church, and many parents rejoiced in steady, sober sons.

Twenty years went by, and the pulpit was again vacant. But a zealous, well-to-do congregation now occupied the pews, and when the question arose as to whom should be called, the minds of the people reverted to the good dominie who had given them their first temperance lesson. He accepted their invitation, and once more proclaimed the truth from the familiar pulpit. But how changed were the circumstances under which he labored now. His consistory was largely composed of Band of Hope boys, who had grown to be men with firm temperance principles. A score or more of the mothers of the church were his Band of Hope girls, and their children looked at him with bright eyes from their seats in the Sunday-school. He was cordially welcomed by all, and when one elder said, 'Dominie, we want some stirring temperance work this year; I suppose you are willing to lead,' he gladly answered in the affirmative.

One hoary-headed farmer stepped up and grasped his hand. 'I've lived to tell you, sir, you were right about that matter; liquor—even cider is dangerous. I've seen them go down all around me, bright young fellows who might have been something in the world, but for drink. I wouldn't let my boys sign for you, but they have signed for me since. Thank God and you, my boys are temperance men now.'

As the minister traversed the path from the church to the parsonage that day, tears of joy were in his eyes, and his thoughts went back to the time long gone by. Glancing up at the hillside, where a tall marble shaft marked the grave of his dear Scotch friend, he said to himself, 'I wish he were here to enjoy the fruits of our labors, but I believe he knows.'

Yet all intemperance was not swept from the community, and in a few short months the dominie was called upon to perform that saddest duty of a clergyman, the conducting of the funeral service of a drunkard. Great care must be observed so as not to say a word to wound the already bleeding hearts of the bereaved, and he must be doubly cautious that he does not mislead the living.

After the service, when he tried to speak soothingly to the dead man's daughter, she told him that she was utterly crushed to think that her father had ended his life in a drunken brawl; her husband, too, she sadly mentioned, was going in the same terrible way.

As he turned from the newly-made grave, her pastor silently wondered if the woman recalled the time when she had told him that God made apples, and apples made cider and whisky, so she was going to drink them. —Union Signal.