



Temperance Catechism.

ALCOHOL.

1. Q.—How can we get the alcohol by itself from fermented drinks?
A.—We boil them and collect the steam, which has alcohol in it.
 2. Q.—How does it look?
A.—It is a fluid, and it looks like water.
(Teacher may show it.)
 3. Q.—How can we easily show that it is not water?
A.—It will burn if we set fire to it.
(Teacher may burn some on a plate.)
 4. Q.—Is it good to drink?
A.—It is a very strong poison and it kills a great many people.
 5. Q.—How do people drink it?
A.—They take it mixed with water.
 6. Q.—What drinks are made in this way?
A.—Rum, gin, brandy, and whiskey.
 7. Q.—Is there much alcohol in them?
A.—They are about half alcohol and half water.
 8. Q.—What makes the dark color of brandy?
(Show brandy and burn it.)
A.—It is colored with burnt sugar.
 9. Q.—What common name is given to these strong drinks?
A.—They are called distilled liquors.
- Catechism by Julia Colman, (National Temperance Society.)

Stonewall Jackson's Foe.

'About daylight of the day before the second battle of Manassas' (in the United States Civil War), said a Confederate officer at a recent reunion of the blue and the grey, 'I was ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, with a detail of a hundred men, for special orders. I went at once to headquarters and presented myself and the orders I had received. General Jackson came out, and beckoning me to follow him, rode some fifty yards from his staff, and then turned to me and halted.

"Captain, do you ever use liquor?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied.

'A smile lit up his rugged face as he said, "I sent for a special detail of one hundred men under command of an officer who never used spirituous liquor. Are you that man?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I was detailed on that account."

"Well, then," he continued "I have an order to give, upon the execution of which depends the success of the present movement and the result of the battle soon to be fought."

"If to keep sober is all that is needed, general, you may depend upon me," I said.

"No," he answered, "that is not all; but unless you can resist temptation to drink, you cannot carry out my orders. Do you see that warehouse over there?" pointing to a large building a little way off. "Take your command up to that depot, have the barrels of bread rolled out and sent down the railroad track so that my men can get it as they pass, and then take your picked men into the building and spill all the liquor there; don't spare a drop, nor let any man taste it under any circumstances. This order I expect you to execute at any cost."

He turned and was about to ride back to his staff when I called hastily:

"One moment, general! Suppose an offi-

cer of superior rank should order me under arrest, and then gain possession of the warehouse?"

"Coming up close to me and looking me through and through, as it seemed to me, he said, with a look of solemnity that I shall never forget:

"Until I relieve you in person, you are exempt from arrest except upon my written order. I fear that liquor more than Pope's army," he added, as he rode rapidly away.

'I took my men down to the warehouse which had become so important, and threw a guard around it, placing five men at each entrance, with orders neither to allow anyone to enter, nor to enter themselves.

'The next thing was to roll out the bread, which we did. Just as we were finishing that task, I was called to one of the entrances, to find a general officer with his staff, demanding that the guards should either allow him to enter, or bring him out some liquor. Of course I refused to comply with the command, upon which he ordered his adjutant to place me under arrest.

'I told him I was there by General Jackson's personal order, and was specially exempt from arrest. He ordered his staff to dismount and enter the warehouse, and I gave my men the order to level their guns and make ready.

'This made the general halt, in spite of his thirst, and hold a consultation with his officers. They concluded to try persuasion, since they could not get what they wanted by force. But they found that method of no more avail than the other. Then they demanded to know my name and what command I belonged to, and threatened to report me for disobedience.

'I should never have yielded, and whether they would have pushed things to an extremity, in their raging desire for liquor, I do not know; but just at that moment General A. P. Hill came galloping up with his staff, and naturally wanted to know what was the trouble. I explained the situation, which the quick-witted general took in at once, and ordered the thirsty squad off.

"Have you orders to burn the building?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I have not."

'Without a word he rode away, and within an hour there came an order from General Jackson to fire the warehouse, and when it was well destroyed to report to him.

'I carried out the order to the letter; not a man got a drink that day; and for that time the foe that Stonewall Jackson most dreaded was vanquished.'—'Alliance News.'

Temperance Sums.

(The writer, having met with helpful arithmetical questions compiled by a Temperance union of teachers, has been led to arrange original calculations for children's meetings, and has found them popular with the young.)

1. A man drinks three pints of ale daily at 6d. a quart; his wife's boots are old and broken. If he saves the price of his beer, in how many days could he buy her a comfortable pair—price 9s.?

(In twelve days.)

And if he still continues abstaining, in how many days would his savings buy his little boy a new overcoat—price 5s. 3d.?

(In seven days.)

2. A man and his wife, who joined the Temperance society, started a missionary-box at home, and saved in twelve weeks the price of a pint of porter daily at 4d a quart, and 8d. of gin every week. In twelve weeks how much did the box contain?

(£1 2s.)

3. A little child wanted to join the Band of Hope excursion, but as the members were

going a long way by rail, each had to contribute one shilling. Her big brother only took ale once a day—half a pint at 8d. a quart. He resolved to give it up for a time, and pay for the child's treat. As he felt much fresher and livelier after dinner without the ale, he came to the conclusion he was better off for giving it up! He first did so on a Monday. On what day was he able to hand his sister the shilling?

(On Saturday.)

4. A man joined a musical society which met at a tavern thrice a week; on these occasions he always spent 6d. in brandy and water 'for the good of the house,' as he called it. In this way how much did he lose in sixteen weeks?

(£1 4s.)

And what did he lose beside?

(Time, good digestion, reputation.)

5. A woman (who complained she had not a blanket in the house) managed to buy three bottles of gin in a fortnight at 2s. 6d. a bottle; at the draper's there were blankets marked 7s. 6d. a pair. Had she gone without the gin, how many blankets could she have bought in a month?

(Four.)

6. A young man had 18s. weekly wages; 5s. went at the public-house, 3s. in tobacco and cigars, 4s. very often on a Sunday excursion. How much did he allow his mother every week towards buying bread and coal?

(Nothing. That sort of young man is too selfish to think about 'mother'.)

7. A rich man gave 176s. for two dozen of champagne, and then grumbled that he could not afford to pay £2 4s., the bill the doctor sent in for attending his sick children. What part of his wine bill did the doctor's account come to?

(One quarter.)

8. This man's sister was a governess in feeble health, sadly needing assistance. Had he gone without the champagne and paid the doctor, how much of the money saved by abstaining would still have been left?

(£6 12s.)

How much could he have allowed his sister out of this every month for a year?

(Eleven shillings.)

Now, I want you all to remember the important rule taught by these Temperance sums—a short rule, but always useful. Leave strong drink alone. We will repeat this good advice in a closing verse together:

Drink means sickness, sloth, and waste;

From its mocking snare depart.

Oh, to join our army haste—

Fight the drink with hand and heart.

—'Band of Hope Review.'

It was a little tin box, which the relative of the family had given to a three-year-old girl in Montreal, and into it she had dropped her first savings. She was looking forward to Christmas, and thinking what beautiful things her pennies would purchase by-and-bye; so one by one she dropped them in, until her bank seemed to her to treasure up untold wealth. One day her father came in. He had been a respectable resident of the city, kind and loving, a good husband, a tender father; but he had looked upon the wine when it was red—he had fallen under the spell and curse of strong drink; and so one day he reached up and took down the little bank. 'Don't take my Kismass money, papa,' pleaded the little child with tears. But in spite of her entreaties the father robbed the little tin bank, and, disregarding the child's tears and cries, he strolled away independent and indifferent. An hour later his heavy-hearted wife found him in a saloon, drunk—drunk on liquor bought with his baby girl's first Christmas money!—'Christian Herald.'