



The Primary Catechism on Beer.

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

LESSON VI.—ADULTERATIONS IN BEER.

Q.—When other substances besides malt, hops, and yeast are put into beer, what are they called?

A.—Adulterations.

Q.—Is the adulteration of beer commonly practised?

A.—So common that it is difficult to find any honest beer on sale.

Q.—What are the most frequent adulterations of beer?

A.—Water to dilute it, and salt to bring up the taste.

Q.—For what other purpose is salt put in?

A.—To make the drinker thirsty, so that he will buy more beer.

Q.—How is the amount of alcohol often increased?

A.—By adding starch, sugar or molasses.

Q.—What other intoxicants are sometimes added?

A.—Tobacco, opium, hemp, cocculus indicus and other poisons.

Q.—Do not all these make the beer poisonous and hurtful?

A.—They do, but the worst poison in the beer is the alcohol.

Q.—Why is it the worst?

A.—Because it kills more people than all other poisons.

Q.—Why do men drink such adulterated stuff?

A.—Because each brewer and dealer contrives to make his own customers think that his beer is honest, and that it is only his neighbors who use adulterations.

Wise Behind Time.

'Oh! mamma,' said Florrie Nish, running into the kitchen where her mother was busy getting breakfast, 'Can we go to school to-day, the water is so big?' 'No; the river is growing less, but it won't be down far enough for you to cross in safety before school-time.' 'I'm not sorry,' said Adam, who was almost overpowered by the violent caresses of his father's sheep-dog. 'I'll help you to look after the sheep, father.' 'You're keener to do that than to look at your book,' said his father, reprovingly, as they sat down to breakfast; 'you'll never be fit company for anyone but Laddie, if you're always so careless.' 'Oh! I'll turn steady some day. Eh, Laddie?' said the boy. Ah! none at the table thought how soon that steadying would come. After breakfast, Thomas Nish, who was a shepherd, and his boy went out to the hill. They came in wet with the heather and damp bent through which they had been walking. 'Have you not a drop of whiskey in the house, wife?' asked Thomas, 'the boy and I both need it, for we're very wet.' 'There's not a sip; I'm very sorry, but I meant to bid the children bring some to-day. I'll make you a cup of tea.' 'It's not much worth, but you may do so. John Robson will be crossing the water in the afternoon with his cart, and Florrie might go with him and run down to the village for a bottle of whiskey. The water is lessening fast, and she could easily come back by the

stepping stones.' 'Could Adam not go?' 'I need him; and it's likely we'll be tired and wet when we come in, for some of the sheep are missing; so, Florrie, my woman, be back in time, for we'll be in need of a dram.' Florrie had heard it said, and thought it true, too, that all the good whiskey did was imaginary, and the evil it wrought was very real, but she was a good child, not given to dispute her father's commands, so she took the handkerchief her mother gave her to carry the bottle in, and set off to the ford to meet John. No one thought of the danger to the child; for she and Adam had crossed the river often when it was more swollen than now. Adam and Laddie went a little way with her. The brother and sister were always remarkably affectionate, and Adam was rather sorry for his little sister having to walk alone to the village, so he kissed her kindly when he left her, and Laddie went through his demonstration of affection also. John and Florrie jolted through the ford, and then she alighted and turned down the road to the village, John taking the opposite direction. She had more than a mile to walk; but she was strong and healthy, and the distance was nothing to her. The whiskey bought, she turned homewards; but the wind had risen, and masses of cloud swept across the sky, throwing black shadows on the otherwise sunny landscape. Breathless and tired, she at last arrived at the stepping stones. One of the cloud-shadows was resting on the water at the time, making it look black and deep, except for the tiny wreaths of foam where the water swirled round the stones. Florrie was frightened and disheartened. 'I can't cross there,' she sobbed, 'I might fall in and be drowned. I wish Adam was here.' A vain wish; no one was in sight; but as she glanced up and down she remembered a place where the water flowed shallow over a bed of gravel. 'I can wade across there and not be frightened,' she said. The place was little more than a hundred yards below the stones, and no experienced person would have preferred it. The bed of gravel had a slope down to a deep hole, and over it the water, though shallow, flowed with a strong current; but Florrie had crossed once or twice there, when the river was small with the summer drought, so she chose it now. She never thought of unlacing her strong, coarse boots; but she tied the bottle round her waist, and tucking up her dress, waded in. The gravel was uncertain footing, and the current was too strong, and Florrie fell. There was a wild choking cry ere she was swept into the deep water; but she never rose to the surface again. Half a mile off on the hill Thomas and Adam had seen Florrie go down to the stepping-stones; but the river's banks then hid her from view, so Thomas said, 'Go down and meet her, boy. She'll be tired, the little lass.' Adam bounded away; but he did not see her, nor meet her, so he hastened home, thinking she had been too quick for him. She was not there and the mother took alarm. They went to the stones. She was not found, and Adam crossed and ran down the opposite bank. He found her footsteps near the place where she had tried to cross, and traced them to the water's edge. Then the truth was forced home upon him. The father had seen the commotion, and he joined them. Adam was sent to the nearest farm for help, while his father went for a boat, that the river might be dragged. People quickly collected; but they shook their heads ominously when they knew the facts. Some kind women got the poor mother to go home; but Thomas and Adam were in the boat. The

mouth of the river was less than a mile off, and the tide was full, and most of the men thought the body would be carried out to sea. Night came, but a full moon was shining; and although father and son were obliged to give up the dragging, they could not leave the water side, and as the tide fell they plunged into the water again and again, as they caught a glimpse of something that might prove to be all that remained of their dear Florrie. Sympathizing friends stayed with them when they found it vain to urge them to return. When it was nearly midnight a boy came running up breathlessly, with the words, 'It is found.' Yes; a fisherman, returning at night, had found Florrie's body washed ashore on the sands, and now it was being borne home. The minister had gone before to prepare the mother, and Thomas and Adam went home. The little face was as peaceful as if she had fallen asleep on her mother's knee, but the soft curly hair her mother had twined in happy days round her fingers was dripping and tangled. When they returned from the funeral two days after, Thomas said to his wife, 'Jeanie, I've done with whisky now forever. It has cost us our child, and it must never enter the door.' 'You're right there, Thomas; she did not think the use of it right, either,' said Mrs. Nish, weeping; 'but we're wise behind time, for this resolve will not bring back our darling.' 'We've one left,' said Thomas, glancing at Adam, who, wearied out with sorrow and excitement, was asleep on the floor, his head on Laddie's neck. 'And it will be safer for him, too, not to be used with drink.' 'I daresay,' said Mrs. Nish. Then, with a fresh burst of grief, 'There's nothing hurts me more than to see the dumb beast snuffing and whining when he misses her.' The father groaned and relapsed into silence. Time has in part healed the wounds caused by Florrie's loss, and Adam is now a shepherd in Australia, where he has startled his comrades more than once by a flash of rough eloquence against the use of intoxicating drink, and gives them always a living proof of a strong man doing hard work without tasting it. Were any one to ask him what is the most prized of his possessions, he would show them a small gold locket which he wears round his neck, containing a ring of fair brown hair, a tress of his much-loved, long-lost, little sister, Florrie.—League Journal.

Would You Rob the Poor Man of His Beer?

Yes, I'd rob the poor man of his beer,
And give him a coat instead;
I'd put new shoes on his feet,
And a hat on the top of his head.

I'd give his wife a brand-new gown,
His children I'd clothe with care;
I'd brighten up the fire on his hearth,
Nor leave his cupboard bare.

I'd send him to church on Lord's day morn
With intellect clear and bright,
With wife and family looking so neat,
In praise to God to unite.

And I think at last he would bless my name
With a word or two of cheer.
'That all for the sake of his comfort and
health,
I had robbed the poor man of his beer.
—F. H. Ropes, in 'Alliance News.'