

Temperance

Wise Words from a Successful Merchant.

Mr. Joshua L. Baily, the president of the National Temperance Society, is an earnest advocate of the total abstinence pledge. He has found it a shield and a wall of defence for himself through many years of an active business life, and he commends it to young men and young women, too, as a safeguard which will support and strengthen them in the moment of temptation.

In illustration of these views, in a recent public address, Mr. Baily related the following striking experience of a Vermont lad as told by himself in after life:

'I had been reading books,' he said, 'about the ocean and the ships which sailed it, and I became infatuated with the life of a sailor, and determined that when I was old enough I would go to sea. At length the time



MR. JOSHUA L. BAILY.

came when, much against my mother's preference but at last with her consent, arrangements were made for me to ship on a vessel from New York. Well do I remember the morning when I left the home cottage on the hillside, all my little belongings tied up in a parcel that was swung on a stick which I carried over my shoulder. My mother followed me to the garden gate and there she kissed me good-bye and I passed down the road. At a turn in the road I looked back to take one more look at our cottage. My mother was still standing at the gate. Some strange impulse carried me back to get one more kiss.

"Promise me," said she, "promise me that you will never swear nor gamble nor drink," and I promised her and sealed it with a kiss, as the warm tears rolled down her cheeks and mingled with my own.

'Long years have passed since then. I have been many times around the world; have been to China and Japan and the South Sea Islands. I have been oftentimes sorely tempted, but with God's help I have never broken the pledge I made my mother. I am an old man now. I own many ships and am accounted rich, but all that I have and all that I am I owe under God to the pledge I made my mother at the garden gate.'

Many there are,' says Mr. Baily, 'who object to taking the pledge on the ground that it is a surrender of one's freedom. To me,' says he, 'it appears to be the reverse of this. The total abstinence pledge is an act of emancipation from the most abject and degrading slavery that ever held captive a human being—a declaration of independence, a proclamation of liberty, for "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free and all are slaves beside." No truer words were ever written than these:—"Wine is a mocker, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Temperance Banner.'

A Smoker's Experience.

At the time of my conversion, I was a young man, with a young man's acquired vices. I had smoked for several years, and had enjoyed it as much as most men do. But I felt that it was wrong. I could not do it and maintain a clear conscience, let alone a clean breath. Notwithstanding my limited religious experience, I knew I should quit; but at this point a temptation came, and said, 'There is Mr. Jones, a class-leader, who smokes; if it's not wrong for him, how can it be for you?' And for a few weeks it was a case of see-saw in my mind, for while I felt still it was wrong, Mr. Jones's example, added to natural inclination, induced me to do what I knew I should not do. The time came, however, when I realized that if I desired to make spiritual progress I would have to do what my convictions pointed to, irrespective altogether of the other's example. I did so, and with a couple of cigars still in my pocket, resolved that by the grace of God I would quit, and there and then ceased a habit which has never been resumed, though many years have passed. And let me say this for the encouragement of others, that although in daily contact with those who smoke, I have never been tempted to go back to former habits.

I have always felt grieved when I have seen ministers smoke, or known of their doing so, because it has invariably lessened their influence, and if this letter will be the means of convincing them of that fact, it will accomplish much that is intended.

A certain clergyman, who had been president of a Conference, sat in the railway waiting-room of an Ontario town. The train was late, and to help pass the time away he sat smoking. A gentleman who resided in the town, and was also a smoker, had recently been converted, and was manfully trying to overcome his habit, but the sight of the minister smoking did more to undermine his faith than a dozen sermons could restore. This clergyman smoked so much that everything in the parsonage became tainted with tobacco odor, so that the ladies of his congregation disliked to go there. Was this man's influence what it might have been?

Another clergyman, popular and eloquent, one of the church's idols, who has been president of an Ontario Conference, was one afternoon enjoying the hospitality of a family of another denomination. With the head of that family they strolled on the lawn, the clergyman in his shirt-sleeves, and a cigar between his lips. A couple of the boys in that home, young in years, had just started on the narrow pathway of life, but the example of the minister shocked their sensibilities beyond expression. In nearly every place where this minister was stationed, people would say, 'What a pity he smokes.' He was, and is yet, one of the best preachers in Ontario, but who can say his influence would not have been infinitely greater had he not contracted and continued a bad habit?

These may not be all the reasons why young men smoke. The habit has no redeeming feature that I know of. I can anticipate a lot of arguments that may be advanced to excuse it, but in the interest of spiritual life, as well as better surroundings, we should do all we can to abate and remove something that is 'evil, and evil continually.' I am a good deal of the belief of Bro. McDonagh, who, on one occasion, was asked if smoking would keep a man out of heaven, with characteristic vigor, replied: 'Well, I would not like to say it will; but the good Lord will have to disinfect the smoker a good deal before he gets in.'—Anti-Smoker, in 'Christian Guardian.'

Prohibition in Maine.

There are places and seasons when the law is violated in different sections of the State of Maine, but at its very worst it is better than any form of license at its best. No law exterminates the evil against which it is aimed. Even the friends of temperance sometimes speak discouragingly, comparing conditions in Maine under prohibition with what they would be were the liquor traffic exterminated, instead of comparing existing conditions with what they would be under any kind of license. Not in the city of Portland, in fact, nowhere in Maine

to-day, can a pleader for mercy at the hands of a rum-seller be answered, as Neal Dow was answered fifty years ago, when on behalf of a poor woman and her children he asked the saloon-keeper to stop selling liquor to the husband and father; then the liquor-dealer sneered at him and told him it was his business, he had a license to sell liquor, and should continue to do so. Now the liquor-seller in Maine is an outlaw, is liable to arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

A few years ago an old gentleman living in Bridgton, a village about forty miles from Portland, said that he could well remember when there were between that village and Portland forty places, or one for every mile, where liquor could be procured. To-day there is not one along the whole route.—Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, in 'The Christian Endeavor World'

Correspondence

North Ainslie, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—When I wrote to you before the ground was covered with snow, and ice. The cold, pitiless north wind was blowing. The trees were bare and unattractive. But now it is summer! Summer, with all its beautiful flowers, singing birds and fragrant breezes.

Oh! it is delightful to walk about on the hills, and by the lake side; gathering flowers and studying them. We study botany in school, and consequently we have to gather all the flowers we can. Not very many have bloomed yet.

The following kinds are plentiful on the hills and in the dales: Spring beauty, bloodroot, blue violet, white violet, dandelion, strawberry blossoms, and many others. Our farm is bounded on one end by a beautiful lake, called Lake Ainslie. It is about twelve miles long, and opposite our home, it is about a mile wide. We can see the farmers on the other side, ploughing and harrowing, and even hear them driving their horses. Every spring the lake swarms with gaspereaux, which come into it by a river called Margaree River. Trout are numerous, too. Some of the farmers have nets which they set in the lake in the evenings, and lift them out early in the mornings full of gaspereaux and trout. It is beyond my power to describe the pleasure of a boat ride. It is something altogether lovely, but not on a windy day.

The shore is covered with beautiful shells and pebbles, which do not agree very well with the soles of our bare feet when we are bathing.

I expect to have a beautiful garden of flowers soon. I sowed a lot of flower seeds. I got a beautiful window plant the other day. It is called oxalis. It has beautiful pink flowers in clusters on a long stem, which hangs gracefully over the pot. I am still going to school, and like it well, especially now, when everything is full of life and song. Oh! how thankful we should be to him who gave us sight and power to behold his wondrous works! How thankful we should be for all the beauties of nature! Every leaf and blade, and every note sung by a bird, shows us the wondrous works of the Master.

I shall close my letter by quoting the following lines in honor of summer.

'Oh! welcome, welcome summer time,—
This from my heart I say,
Thou com'st to greet us, every one;
In all thy bright array.

Oh! welcome, welcome, summer time,—
In thee I joy the most;
While wand'ring on the fair clad hills,
My thoughts of grief are lost.

Oh! happy, happy summer time,—
With singing birds and flow'rs;
Let all afflicted by earth's cares,
With me traverse those bow'rs.

Here to the eye are beauties shown,
And birds are all in tune;
Cast all your troubles to the winds,
And with these birds commune.

Then to your Maker raise your voice,
In joyful songs of praise;
There is no time or room for grief,
So brief are all our days.

MARY S. McAULAY.