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A BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

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"I be 'most a man already ; I smoked a cigar yesterday."

This is what a boy five years old told a gentleman who remarked on his rapid growth.

"How old are your youngest customers?" This question was asked by a gentleman of a cigar-dealer. The answer was, "Some seven, a good many nine, one or two only five or six years old."

Boys, can you make a picture of a cigar on your slates? Try this one:

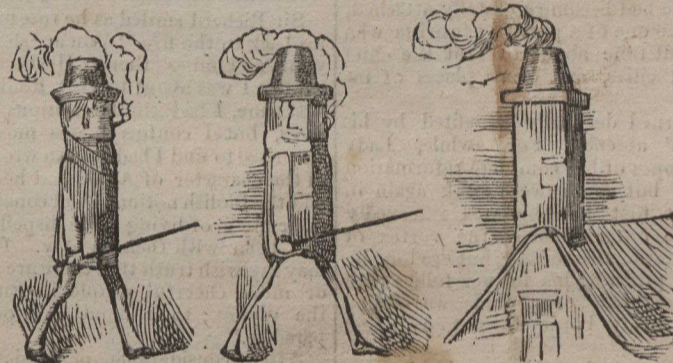


I fear that boys who use cigars and cigarettes will never grow to be large and strong men. Smoking will stop the growth of their bodies as well as their minds.

A boy who smokes cannot study well. I never yet met a man who thought he was any smarter or more manly because he used tobacco.

I never heard a father say, "I want my

boy to smoke as I do." Fathers do not think that it makes their boys manly to smoke. See what a boy who smokes makes out of himself:



If any boy who reads *The Banner* has commenced to smoke, let me give him a sum to do ; or let a boy who does not smoke do the sum and tell other boys about it. If a man smokes six cigars a day at six and a quarter cents each—that is, seventy-five cents a dozen—he would smoke away \$136.50 a year. If that amount of money should be put out at seven percent interest for forty-seven years how much would it amount to? This will make a sum large enough to cover a large slate or a blackboard, but it would make a larger pile of money—enough to buy eleven houses at five thousand dollars apiece.

What boy would not rather be the owner of such a row of houses than to be a smoker, who, perhaps, will have no better manners than to be smoking in ladies' faces as he walks along the street, or making himself generally disagreeable when he gets into a street-car or railway-car?

BOY WANTED.

Have you often seen such an advertisement? In New York a boy who was wanting something to do saw such a sign. The merchant saw a cigar in his hand as he came into the office, and when the boy asked for the place this is what the merchant replied:

"I want a smart, honest, faithful person ; but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have found that boys who smoke are less reliable than those who do not. You can leave, you will not suit me."

Is it manly, boys, to do anything that will keep you from getting into business?

Read now

SEVEN REASONS WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT SMOKE.

It will stop their growth.

It makes the breath and clothes unpleasant. It makes them slaves of habit. It will prevent study. It makes boys weak and sick.

It wastes money.

It is often the cause of fires and large destruction of property.

If I were teaching a class of boys I should write all of these reasons on the blackboard, and then I should ask the boys to give me seven reasons for smoking. I do not believe they could find one good reason for doing it. —*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE HIDDEN BLESSING.

In the city of Lyons, in France, was a poor and childless widow, into whose desolate garret want had entered as an armed man. She was not entirely without some feeling of dependence upon the God of the fatherless and the widow, but she knew much more about saints and guardian angels than of Jesus Christ and what He has done for us.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half-empty room, it struck her that there was a singular outline on the beams of the wall. The walls had been white-washed, but she thought it looked as if there had been a square opening in one of them which had been carefully closed with a kind of door. She examined it, and finally she began trying to open it. The thought that some treasure might be hidden there made her fingers tremble with nervous eagerness. At last she succeeded. The panel flew back and disclosed a square recess in the wall.

But there was nothing in it but an old and very mouldy book. Bitterly disappointed, she was about to replace the board, when it occurred to her that the book might contain bank notes or valuable papers. She had heard of such cases.

But here again her search was fruitless. As she turned the leaves, however, these words caught her attention and fastened it:

"Wherefore I say unto you take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

The mouldy book was the Bible.

She read it nearly all that night and all the next day. She had found her hidden blessing. She had the book cleaned, and it was to her as meat and drink by day and by night, until in a few years she was permitted to close her eyes and enter into the joy of her Lord. —*Monthly Cabinet of Illustrations.*

A DEADLY SERPENT.

Some time ago a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake, unobserved by him, coiled itself round his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake do then? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite for strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little while it controls us. We can hold its influences in our grasp for a while, so that it shall be powerless, but afterward "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." —*Selected.*

TWO YOUNG MEN.

"I heard a story about two young men who came to New York city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed, each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards! But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, and with burning blushes, as if about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. And then, after each had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up, one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt ; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, and how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let everyone know you are His." —*D. L. Moody.*