



IT SAVES THE BOYS.

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

'Where were you born?'

'In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor.'

'Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?'

'Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty.'

'What was the effect of prohibition?'

'It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe.'

'How long did you live in the village after prohibition?'

'Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age.'

'Then?'

'Then I went to Bangor.'

'Do you drink now?'

'I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life.'

'Why?'

'Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit.'

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want.—'North American Review.'

TALMAGE ON TOBACCO.

Dr. Talmage, in a sermon on 'tobacco,' spoke as follows:

'You say to me: Didn't God create tobacco? Yes. Is not God good? Yes. Well, is not tobacco good when created by a good God? Yes, your logic is complete. But God created common-sense at the same time, by which we are to know how to use poison and how not to use it. That tobacco is a poison no man with common sense will deny. But, you say, have not people using it lived on to a good old age? Yes. I have seen inebriates seventy years old. At Boston, some years ago, there was a meeting in which several centenarians spoke. One had been an inveterate smoker, while another declared that he had hardly seen a sober moment for the last fifty years. How many outrages a man may commit upon his physical system and yet live on! In the case of the man of the jug, he lived on because his body was a physical pickle, while he of the pipe lived on because his body was turned into a smoked liver. But what is the advice to be given to the young people who are here this day?'

First of all we must advise them to abstain from the use of tobacco, because the medical fraternities of the United States and Great Britain concur in calling this habit destructive and unhealthy. Temperance reformers will tell you that tobacco creates an unnatural thirst, and this causes more drunkenness in America than anything else. I say in the presence of this assembly to-day that the pathway of the drunkard to Hell is strewn with tobacco leaves. America gives a million dollars to the salvation of the heathen a year. American Christians smoke five million dollars' worth of tobacco. I speak to-day in the presence of the vast multitude of young people who are forming their habits. Habits are easy to acquire, but hard to get over. You must either smoke expen-

sive or inexpensive tobacco. If it is cheap, it contains lime, fullers' earth, lamp-black, burdock and other things, and little tobacco. How can you afford to put such a mess as that into your mouth?'

Many young men—otherwise and more properly called dudes—are daily seen strutting about our streets, swinging their canes and making themselves conspicuous and offensive by their cigar smoking, and pompous, swelling manners. A million of such fops, gathered into one 'grand army,' would not be worth, even for a 'great moral show,' much less for fighting purposes, the cost of the 'kid gloves, you know,' they would always insist on wearing.

THE JUDGE'S MISTAKE.

A poor woman stood near the magistrate who was hearing the case. 'Drunk; third arrest,' against her husband. It was quickly decided; somehow the pathetic face of the woman touched the judge, and he said to her: 'I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband.' She did not seem one who would be a deep thinker, but was there not deep wisdom in her sad and quick reply: 'Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?'—Selected.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS.

Under this heading the Rev. Dr. G. C. Clark has an article in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate' in reply to the remark of a saloonkeeper that a Christian was 'one who says his prayers and minds his own business.' After giving the Scriptural conception of a Christian and quoting Paul's statement, 'We wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' Dr. Clark adds, 'These terms embrace the saloon and every other form of public iniquity. It is a plain hint as to our line of duty after saying our prayers.'

The Christian has no right to be content with his prayers while any barefaced iniquity frowns at him while it destroys the people. If a rumshop exists within striking distance of him, it is the Christian's business to get on the whole armor of God and get out after that rumshop and smite it, and keep on smiting it to the death. It is his business to do that with every enemy of men. No one denies that it is the Christian's duty to save the drunkard, to lift up the fallen and to sustain civil government. Even the saloonkeeper consents that it is the business of the Church to take care of the ripened product of his nefarious traffic. But I say if it is the duty of the Church to save the drunkard, it is much more the duty of the Church to stop drunkard-making. If it is the duty of the Church to lift up the fallen, it is much more her duty to keep men from falling. If it is the duty of the Church to support the civil government, it is much more her duty to see that she has decent men in authority to pray for. If it is the duty of the Church to submit to the powers that be, it is much more her duty to see that the powers that be are ordained of God, not of the devil.

The Christian is not done minding his own business when he is through saying his prayers. We are by far too willing to be content with saying our prayers, while the rulers of the darkness of this world run things with a high hand. We are too much afraid of being offensive. We shrink from having a fuss, when we ought to be ready for a fuss any time in the interest of righteousness. The Christian Church ought to be a terror to evil-doers. Unless we make it so we fail of our full duty to God and man. Until the Church demonstrates to the world that she is the open enemy of every form of iniquity, of oppression, of robbery, of injustice; until the Church becomes an active partner of every great reform, and the champion of righteousness in every grade of public and private life; until she can compel political parties to see and feel that her influence and vote are worth as much, at least, as that of

the saloon power; she will fail to reach the standard set for her in the Gospel; she will fall short of the expectations of her divine Lord and Master.'

Obedience is Better Than Sacrifice.

Some years ago there was a great revival in Ohio. Penitents were at the altar seeking pardon and believers seeking a deeper spiritual life. One of the leading members of the church, a wealthy farmer, was earnestly pleading for a pure heart. All at once he arose, walked down the aisle, and took his seat by the door. Afterwards he slipped away without a word.

The meetings grew in power and interest, but he was absent. His friends began to wonder what was the matter. He had been in the habit of selling his corn to the distillers for making whiskey because they paid the highest price. He had several thousand bushels he intended to sell them in a few days.

The third night he was back at the meeting. He looked radiant, and every one could see that something unusual had happened. He arose and said:

'During the past two days and nights I have had a great controversy with the Almighty. When I bowed at this altar a few nights ago something seemed to say to me:

"If you get this blessing, what will you do with all your corn in your bins? You won't dare to sell it to the distillers." I tried to pray.

"What will you do with the corn?" sounded louder than the prayer. I knew there was no sale for it only at the distillers, and I needed the money very much. I could not answer that question at the altar, so I went back to the door and sat down. After the meeting I hurried home, and all that night, the next day and the next night the question remained unanswered. This morning I went out back of one of my corn-cribs, knelt down, and said, "Lord, I will never rise from my knees until this matter is settled."

Then came, with greater force than ever, the question, "What will you do with this corn?"

I answered, "Lord, I will let every bushel of corn in these cribs rot before I will sell one to the distillers."

Hardly had the words been uttered when I felt as if I was in Paradise. God flooded my whole being with light, joy and peace. And, brethren, I will never sell another grain of corn to the distillers as long as I live.'

In less than a year corn became scarce, the price went up, and he sold all his corn for double the money he could have gotten from the distillers.—Selected.

SHINGLING HIS OWN ROOF.

Captain McCabe tells the story of a drinking man who, being in a saloon late at night, heard the wife of the saloon keeper say to her husband:

'Send that fellow home; it's late.'

'No, never mind,' replied the husband; 'he is shingling our house for us.'

The idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months. When passing the saloon keeper in the street, the latter said:

'Why don't you come around to my place any more?'

'Thank you for your hospitality,' replied the former victim, 'I've been shingling my own roof lately.'—'National Advocate.'

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