

vel. Can we not do something to remedy this condition of affairs ere it becomes of such vast proportions it will be almost irremediable? To expose such wrongs to childhood is the first step toward righting the wrong.

One word, right here, about cigarette smoking. Think of boys ten and twelve years old inmates of our insane asylums; many dying prematurely, and statements from teachers given that young men fail in their examinations, all owing to the habitual use of the cigarette. In the manufacture of these, tobacco of the poorest quality is used, bleached with chemicals to make it light colored, and drugged with opium among other flavoring compounds. The effect of the opium is to strengthen the habit until one is not satisfied with moderate smoking, but an appetite is created that demands more, so finally stimulants are resorted to. The other compounds which go to make a cigarette are all highly injurious in their effect on the throat, lungs, and heart. Cigars act in somewhat the same way on the constitution of the growing boy, only by slower degrees. Is there not a work here for each of us to give the word of caution when needed? We cannot tell its weight.

There is another branch of labor which bears a significant relation to the future status of our immediate neighborhoods, and from them to the nation at large. This is the enlightenment of the boy and girl now at school on the effect of alcohol upon the human system. If those myriads who have wrecked their lives in this way had only known in time of the result to follow, how gladly would they have turned away from the intoxicating cup; even with the inherited taint in their blood the struggle begun in season, with God's help, would have brought them out victors. We cannot afford to let the present youth, now free to choose his future, remain in ignorance on this vital subject. Temperance Band and Loyal Legions are doing much to build up a wiser and more determined gener-

ation to fight the good fight for God and Home and Native Land.

The extent of the influence liquor has on the politics of this nation is enough to make the thoughtful tremble, not only for the future, but for the every day consequences of this traffic in blood and human souls. It seems to me the poor deluded wretches, whose appetites are stronger than their will power, cannot be held before the eternal bar of justice to so severe account as will those who deliberately give to them the poison that chains hand and foot, merely that money be added to their coffers. Let us wash our hands of all complicity in such a traffic, worse than the African slave trade, that when we are called to our account we may present a clean page, on which the recording angel can write, "Well done."

JANE C. WASHBURN.

Chappaqua.

MY MINISTERING ANGEL.

She came to me a fair young girl,
With eyes of heaven's deepest blue;
She smoothed my couch with gentle hands,
And showed a heart that's tried and true.

A lily hand was laid on mine,
An angel voice said in my ear,—
"Thou wilt be better soon, my love,
Weigh not thy soul with needless fear."

The cooling breath of hope breathed through
My fevered pulse in life once more,
I seemed to rise unto myself,
And feel that I must not deplore.

The ills which common mortals feel,
They are but added life to life,
A strengthening of the weaker chord,
A greater force to meet the strife.

My ministering angel bears a face
Of graceful beauty free from art,
And you would love her well I know
If you but knew her gentle heart.

A heart as guileless as the flower
On which has dropped the freshest dew;
She lightens all my darker hours,
Her winning smiles my love renew.

My fondest prayer for her has been
That naught of shadow cross her path,—
May all the fairest flowers of earth
Perfume shed on her behalf.

ELLA WEEKS.