

*Myself.* I cannot deny that I do.

*Conscience.* How much have you spent on tobacco during the fifteen years that you have been a smoker?

*Myself.* Oh, not much; I never smoke cigars, except when some ship captain makes me a present of a few; they are otherwise too expensive; the pipe is much more economical.

*Conscience.* But how much has the pipe cost you since you became a preacher? Try to form an estimate.

*Myself* (after a long pause). The amount, I find, is larger than I thought it was; I cannot, however, exactly say how much it is.

*Conscience.* But I insist upon knowing. Honestly, now, can it have been less, on an average, than two pounds a year, or thirty pounds in the fifteen years?

*Myself.* I believe that will be somewhere about it.

*Conscience.* And how much, during the same period, did you contribute directly towards the spread of the Gospel?

*Myself.* I really cannot tell; for I try not to let my left hand know what my right hand doeth.

*Conscience.* Come, come; none of that cant and nonsense. I insist upon knowing. Call to mind your contributions, and give me some approximate idea.

*Myself* (after another long pause). I believe about ten pounds.

*Conscience* (in a thundering voice). What! only one-third of what you have spent upon tobacco?

*Myself.* Only one-third!

*Conscience.* And yet you are a minister of the Gospel?

*Myself.* Yes, I am.

*Conscience.* A missionary sent out to this distant land?

*Myself.* Yes.

*Conscience.* Supposed, of course, to be a very good man?

*Myself.* Yes.

*Conscience.* And your business, as a missionary, is to try to make those black and coloured people around you good?

*Myself.* Yes.

*Conscience.* You tell them that their money is not their own; and you urge them to deny themselves, and to make sacrifices, in order that they may be able to contribute towards the support and spread of the institutions of Christianity?

*Myself.* I do.

*Conscience.* You urge even the children not to spend their little pocket-monies in oranges, mangoes, sugar-canes and sapadillas, with other fruits and sweets, but to give it to send the Gospel and plant Sabbath schools where they are not yet known?

*Myself.* I do.

*Conscience.* A pretty fellow, then, you are! During the time you have had the honour of being a minister of the Gospel, you confess that you have yourself spent three times as much of God's money on that worthless weed, or, rather, that injurious poison, tobacco, as you have given for the spread of that glorious Gospel, which you call "HEAVEN'S BEST BOON TO MAN!" And yet you have the face to call upon others to deny themselves for that purpose! Shame, shame upon you.

*Myself.* I am ashamed and confounded. I scarcely ever felt more despicable in my own eyes than I do at this moment. FROM THIS NIGHT FORTH, I VOW THAT I WILL NEVER SPEND ANOTHER PENNY IN TOBACCO.

*Conscience.* Good, good! stick to that, and you will be more worthy of your position and office.

So ended the colloquy. Having asked God to forgive me the great sin of which I had been guilty, and to grant me grace and strength to carry out the resolve I had just made, I went to bed. The next day was the commencement of a great conflict. At the usual times for taking the pipe, the craving for it was very strong.