



Temperance Department.

LETTER TO A SON IN COLLEGE.

MY DEAR SON :

I am glad you told me you had smoked one or two more cigarettes. It is right I should know it. I have done a good week's work, and I would most gladly sacrifice it, if that would reverse the fact that you had ever smoked a cigarette. That cannot be. This makes me sure you are not "invulnerable." I had hoped that from a fixed principle you would not touch your lips to this accursed thing my soul abhors.

The habit is unnatural, foolish, useless, slavish, filthy, degrading, dangerous, expensive and wicked. No man should have it, certainly no Christian. It matters not about the numbers that use it. The many may make it fashionable, and thus a temptation to use it; but numbers can never make it wise or right. My Bible says, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." "Abstain from the appearance of evil." Is it not wrong and wicked for Christians to lend their influence on that side of a question that involves so much, and help to swell the half million of dollars that it costs the people of the United States daily for tobacco. This expenditure is by only forty millions of people, not one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants of the earth. Is not the cigar the Devil's bait and trap to get you into a habit that is a curse to you and to the world? Paul says he would have done a certain good deed but "Satan hindered him." If the inspired apostle was thus hindered from doing a good deed, may we not expect that Christians now are often hindered from accomplishing good by the same being? Is he not as ready to help us to do bad deeds and form bad habits? Before you smoke another cigar, ask whom it will please, your divine Lord (whose dying love you and I have celebrated this day) or the adversary of souls?

It is an unexpected trial that I must war against the use of tobacco in my sons. By precept and example I have most strenuously opposed it. Say no for your own sake. It will diminish your power for good. Say no for the sake of your brother and his children. Say no for the sake of the church of which you are a member. Say no for the sake of him who died to redeem you.

My son, the tears will fall while I am writing these lines, in view of yourself, and your brother and his children, and the generations that I hope for and expect will follow. Refrain for the sake of all these. It demands firmness in a superlative degree to withstand all these temptations if one desires to be popular in some companies. Do not desire it in such companies. Use this firmness.

You have had a hard struggle to go through a college course, and have had almost unparalleled success in many respects. Of your future usefulness our hopes are high, and others share them. You would never have been chosen to teach an only son the languages and fit him for college if his parents had not full confidence in you. Be an example to him in all things. The use of tobacco, with all its attendants, is a monstrous evil. It is downright wickedness. It is so common few view it in its true light.

In the millennium will this habit be as prevalent as now? Will the people of these United States expend annually two hundred millions of dollars for tobacco? Will the pulpit, the press and the church remain silent and inactive against it? Will Christians, by their practice, justify its use?

I greatly mistake if the time is not coming when they will be aroused against it, so aroused that no one who uses this pernicious weed will at least be allowed to enter the sacred desk.

Suppose you, from this time, use two ten-cent cigars a day till you are at my age, or forty-five years; the compound interest of the cost, at six percent, would amount to more than fifteen thousand dollars. One ten-cent or two five-cent cigars would be over seventy-five hundred dollars. In the

closing hours of life can you wish for the reflection that you had spent such a sum or any fractional part thereof for such a purpose? Would it not be worse than hiding the Lord's talent in the earth? Would the reflection be comforting? Would it not cause heartrending regret and remorse that you had worse than squandered the means of doing good in this world of distress and want? Will the thought of the harm you have done to many, and the ruin to some, and the extra good you might have done, add to your happiness then?

When the Christian cares more for this habit than for his duty to his God, or for his influence upon his fellow men, he is on dangerous ground. He is pitching his tent toward Sodom.

By his temptations the devil failed to defeat the end of our Saviour's coming. Does not that same malicious spirit show what pleasure he must have in inducing ministers of the gospel and members of churches to join with non-professors and even with the lowest of our race throughout the world in spending millions of dollars each day for tobacco? In this world of starvation and spiritual want, is it not enough to make angels weep?

You can never find a man who in honesty and candor will advise you to acquire the habit. A friend of yours said he would give five hundred dollars "if he was free from the habit." As he had not resolution enough to leave it off, was it not acknowledged slavery? Do you wish to be such a slave?

Women should have a part in this reform. That woman who says to her lover, "I like the smell of a Spanish cigar," is doing great harm. It is evidence of an unnatural or depraved taste, therefore she has no right to like it. She is encouraging him in not only a vicious habit, but in a most expensive one. The wife and the mother have an interest here. It affects her standing, her wardrobe, her comforts, her table and her children.

In pure minds the habit detracts ten to twenty-five percent from the intrinsic worth of any man. Let the ladies, one and all, so consider it, and by their disapprobation and disgust make it manifest. It would have a most telling effect on the men. There are very few women who would choose to have their household relatives use tobacco.

Let them then with united force, voice and influence oppose this evil. Were you to ride in a smoking car, would its pure air promote longevity? Would you be proud of your company? Many persons become so lost to a sense of courtesy and even decency, that were it not for the rule of the corporation, they would be in other cars, puffing the smoke in the presence of ladies, and in the faces of men who detest the practice. Think not that I have magnified this evil. Words cannot tell nor time reveal all the harm it has done to man, physically, morally, mentally and spiritually. The judgment day and eternity alone can reveal it.

I shall soon be gone. My son, do preserve these words as my most solemn protest against tobacco and your use of it.

A FATHER.

—Advance.

SMOKING IN THE PRESENCE OF LADIES.

The fact should ever be kept before us that absolute cleanliness alone is compatible with health. And more, a regard for the rights of others in eschewing all filthy habits in their presence is indispensable in the conduct of true gentlemen. To come to one point, which occurs to us in this connection, what shall be said of a man who will smoke in the presence of ladies, even with their unreserved consent? This is done by men who would be highly insulted if they were charged personally with doing that which was in the least ungentlemanly. We ourselves have met with men who justified smoking in the presence of ladies, with the remark that the ladies expressed a liking for the odors of tobacco smoke. We would not impeach such ladies as tellers of falsehood, but we would say that if they really enjoyed smoke, their taste was altogether abnormal and not very refined. It would seem to us that their gentleman friends should recognize this fact, and at least do nothing to foster in them such a depraved taste. The time will come, we hope, when all ladies will make it a rule to protest against smoking in their presence, or in rooms which they have to

dwel in. It is a sign of weakness for a woman to submit to such an outrage as to have tobacco smoke befouling the air she has to breathe. To protest against wrong is the right of every one. On the women of our land lies the duty of combating this tobacco fiend, which is sapping the health and life of our people. To court smoke and profess to like it is either hypocrisy, or, as we have said before, the sign of a depraved taste which needs purifying. Let every woman refuse positively to allow smoking in her presence. She will thus do her share in ridding the world of a filthy and health destroying habit, and show that she has at least an appreciation of cleanliness and a womanly refinement. The qualities which would guide her actions in doing this would win for her the admiration of all men whose powers of appreciation are capable of soaring above that which is coarse.—Herald of Health.

A GIRL NEARLY LOST.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

Many years ago I was living in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and I started to hear the Germanians render Beethoven's fifth Symphony in Boston. As I came to the place where the omnibuses met (we had no tram cars then) I heard the sound of merriment and laughter—"such fun!" and as I am very fond of fun, I thought I would go up and see what it was. I went, and found a group of young men and in the centre of that group was a young girl seventeen years of age—as I found out afterward—very drunk and the young men were pushing her about. One would push her one way and another the other. I came up and said, "Do you call it sport, to push a helpless girl about like that?" She was a mere child. Some body said, "That's Gough." I said, "Yes, that is my name." They allowed me to come near. The girl was swaying to and fro—she could not stand still; and she was crying bitterly, giving utterance to that wail and moan so pitiful to hear from an animal, but infinitely more pitiful to hear from a woman. I said, "Where do you live?" It was some time before she could or would answer me. She stammered very badly. She was very drunk. At last by patience I ascertained the name and number of the street. Then I said to her, "Now, if you will trust me—if you will take my arm, I will see you home safely." She put her little hands to her white face, and looked at me, and swayed and swayed, and then with both hands grasped me as a drowning man would catch at a plank. I walked with her a mile and a-half. It was hard work; but at length we reached the house, and I rang the bell. The servant came to the door; I said, "I found this young lady in the streets, and she says that she lives here." "Oh, my good gracious!" said the servant, and snatched the girl into the house and shut the door.

I went to the concert, and going along I said to myself, "People like to talk, especially about teetotalers. I have been seen walking through the streets with a drunken woman, arm-in-arm, and they will talk about it. Well, let them talk; I can talk too. I have a meeting to-morrow night; Mr. Grant is to preside, and at the close of my lecture I will tell the whole affair;" and so I did. At the close of the meeting a lady and gentleman pushed up to me, holding up their hands. "God bless you" "For what?" "For bringing our daughter home last night." "What, your daughter?" "Yes, poor child. She is lying ill in her bed, and we have left her to come to you, and say, 'God bless you!' Oh, if you had left her with those young men, what would have become of our child?—Or if the policeman had taken her to the station-house? She would have never lifted up her head again. She was not to blame. There was a wedding at her aunt's last week. Not being very well, I thought she had better not go to the ceremony. But yesterday was a clear, cold day; and I said, 'You had better call on your aunt. You can return by the omnibus by nightfall.' She said, 'I am feeling very cold,' and her aunt (one of those hospitable, good-natured old idiots that we sometimes meet) said, 'I will give you something to warm you, my dear,' and gave her a glass of hot whiskey punch. Now," said the mother, "my daughter had never tasted such stuff before. We are teetotalers, and never have a drop of the cursed thing in the house, and she did not know what it was. Her aunt gave it to her, and she drank it, and began

to feel poorly; and she said, 'Aunt, I must go home.' 'Well, my dear,' said her aunt, 'you must take a piece of the wedding-cake to your mamma, and you must drink a glass of wine; and she poured out a glass, and the child drank it. When she had come out and had reached the corner of the street, she became bewildered, and did not know what was the matter with her, and,' said the mother, "after that she had no recollection of anything, but a dim, indefinite, confused idea of something she knew not what."

Twenty years after that a lady came to me in the Music Hall, Boston, and said, "I am a wife and mother, and a member of a Christian Church, and I am that girl you helped home when drunk." You may say, "That is a bad precedent." Bah! bah! for your precedent. There are some men and women who, for fear of establishing a precedent, cannot lift a poor human soul from perdition. They want a precedent. Perish precedents! If I see a woman in trouble, and I can consistently help her out of that trouble, I never ask who she is or what she is, or how she got into the trouble, until I have helped her out. That is my plan, and it should be yours. Help them out, and then talk to them.—League Journal.

BREAKING THE JUG.

John L. and his wife were poor, ignorant foreigners, who some fifty years ago lived in Orange, N. J. They both drank of the intoxicating cup, and cared nothing for their souls. They were probably seldom or never seen in the house of God at the time of which we speak.

But a glorious revival of religion broke forth in the vicinity, and God's Spirit visited this couple, and, happy to relate, they did not say, "Go thy way for this season." No, they gave heed unto the voice, and came into the house of God and diligently attended unto the word spoken there.

But neither seemed to find peace in believing. There was a something that held them back, and those interested in their welfare could not read the reason of the prolonged darkness that hovered about them.

But the Spirit is a true teacher, and he revealed to John that they could not serve God and drink of the deadly poison of which they were both so fond.

The honest fellow struggled for some time with the conviction, but at length, on coming home from an evening service, he went to the closet where the jug of whiskey was kept and brought it forth to the light.

Holding it up to his wife's tearful gaze, he earnestly asked, "Shall I break it?"

"Yes," she replied eagerly.

John dashed the jug from the window, and so vanquished the enemy which had so firmly held them in his grasp.

Now that they were ready, God soon showed them his way, and they rejoiced to walk therein.—American Messenger.

BOYS READ THIS!—Not long ago a lady visited one of our Eastern colleges to attend a Commencement, and bring her son home. At this college there was a young man that was in the front in his studies, abilities and good conduct; he was the pride of wealthy parents, and a hard student, but had acquired the habit of smoking cigarettes. He believed that it helped him in the labor of study, and the habit grew on him until he became a very slave to it, and his system became so terribly poisoned by it that it gave way, and he was struck down by paralysis as by lightning. It was heart-rending, said the lady who witnessed the meeting of the father and the mother at the college, whither they had been summoned to meet their son and be home. Some of the cigarettes which he smoked to so large an extent are analyzed, and the tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with arsenic, while the wrapper, which was wrapped in rice paper, was proved to be the ordinary of white paper, whitened with the poisons combined being present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker the habit of using opium, without being aware of it, and which craving can only be satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes. If only one wishes to be a slave, here is a chance for him to walk up and have the fetters riveted on. If not, let him beware of these silken threads which increase to galling bonds, and end in fetters of iron and brass. Signal.