

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and smewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
He has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—Longfellow.

Will the "Coming" Youth Use Tobacco?

BY THE REV. D. W. SCOTT, A.M.

THE "coming youth" is the ideal youth—of strong physique, good brain, and proper habits—a specimen of well-poised young manhood a possibility even in this last quarter of the nineteenth century.

"Tobacco" is said to be a word of Spanish origin, and was the name, not of the narcotic herb, but of the "pipe" in which it was smoked. By the law of association it came to be applied to the herb itself. It was first used as a snuff, but now, alas! in many forms.

Some time in the early portion of the seventeenth century, the smoking of tobacco came into practice—for one evil leads to another. One writer says: "Very shortly after its appearance in Europe it was prohibited by law. The physicians declared it hurtful to health, and the priests denounced it as sinful." The Sultan of Turkey punished smokers with death, and the penalty paid in Russia was the amputation of the nose.

The most I have against that elegant courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, is that he introduced the habit of smoking into England. We are told by tourists that in Raleigh's old house, at Islington, can still be seen a shield bearing his arms, with a tobacco-plant at the top. Now, as England is the "mother country," how natural and easy for the manners and customs of that land to be transferred to this!

To return now to the question at the head of this paper: Will the coming youth—the ideal, the model youth—use tobacco? I answer No! Because—

(1) It destroys health. What young person does not "enjoy" good health? And none would destroy it. Will tobacco-using work this ruin? Poisons destroy life. One drop of the oil of tobacco will kill a cat, three drops a dog, ten drops a cow. Tobacco is a poison to animals—quadrupeds surely. Will it poison bipeds of the genus *homo*? Let us see. We might present a symposium of medical experts to prove it. We will call but two or three witnesses. One says: "Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and disorders the heart." Another, "It is the cause of the alarming frequency of apoplexy, epilepsy, and other diseases of the nervous system." Says Dr. Willard Parker, "The users of tobacco recover soon and in a healthy manner from cases of injury and fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis."

Here three famous physicians testify to the deadly injury of tobacco. Out of thirty-eight cases of youths who smoked, every one—on examination by the doctor—was pronounced in ill health. Which is worse, smoking or chewing? Both. "Smoking" distributes the poisonous nicotine throughout the body. Absorbed by the membranes, it stupefies and destroys. "Chewing" keeps the "mill" moving all the day long—from seven a.m. to nine p.m.—constantly destroying vital force. Witness the emaciated appearance so frequent with tobacco-users. No! the coming youth will not use tobacco, for the sake of health.

(2) He will not, from considerations of cleanliness. Our youth, whom I am considering, has an ambition to look and to be neat and clean. Will tobacco defile? Need I ask the question? A tobacco-user is a disagreeable person to have around. He pollutes the atmosphere in which he moves. One has truthfully said, "Two whiffs of his breath will scent a room. You may scent him before he takes his seat. Of this offensiveness he is entirely unconscious."

A physician writes, "I have been followed around a large office-table by them, backing continually to escape the nuisance, till I had made a revolution or two before my movement was perceived." Horace Greeley called tobacco-smoke "a profane stench." And Daniel Webster said, "If men must smoke, let them take the horse shed." Dr. Nott, former President of Union College, asked four of his student boys why they smoked. They gave just as good excuses as any man can give. One said, "Because it cures water-brash." A second, "Because it prevents water-brash." A third, "It cures tooth-ache." And a fourth, "Smoked for corns!"

(3) The coming youth will not use tobacco because of his influence. He will value and guard his influence and example. Many are led to use tobacco, not, perhaps, that they really enjoy it, but because of the social invitation and the example of those who are older.

A gentleman once told me that, when he was a boy, he used to see a man of wealth take a silver tobacco-box from his pocket, take out a pinch of "solace," and close the box with a snap. "Ah!" said he, "I said I'll do that when I get old enough." And he did.

Rev. Dr. — told me that he was once addicted to the tobacco habit. While walking on Tremont Street one morning, enjoying his fragrant cigar, he noticed two gamins, about ten years old, drawing on stubs they had picked from the gutter. One said to his comrade:

"Jimmy, why do you smoke?"
"Oh," said Jimmy, "Dr. — smokes and I smoke."

Out went the doctor's cigar into the street, and he declared, with great emphasis, "No boy shall quote me again."

(4) He will also refrain from the tobacco habit and from the financial waste which it entails. The tobacco-bill of the United States is \$600,000,000. This is a million dollars more than we spend for bread, twice as much as we spend for meat, three times as much as we spend for cotton goods, and almost six times as much as we spend for our schools, and one hundred times as much as we spend for foreign missions! One who has made the estimate says:

"Give me the money wasted on tobacco, and I will clothe, feed, and shelter all the poor on the continent"

A merchant put aside for a series of years the amount of money he had formerly spent for tobacco, and put it at compound interest, and at length bought a country seat, costing \$29,000!

Boys! which will you have: "A home without smoking, or smoking without a home!" It ought not to take long to settle that question? For the reasons presented, and others which might be added, the "coming youth" will not use tobacco.

Hasten the time when the "coming youth" may be here and everywhere. So shall God's blessing rest on his purse and person.

Bits of Fun.

—"I hear you were rescued from the clutches of a grizzly last summer. Narrow escape, that."

"Yes; it was a pretty tight squeeze."

—A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it, and told to say "presume" instead. One day, on telling a caller how her mother made her aprons, she said,

"Mamma doesn't cut my dresses and aprons by a pattern. She just looks at me and presumes."

—Some members of the Ordnance Survey were touring in the south of Scotland. In the prosecution of their calling they entered a field belonging to a crusty old farmer. Seeing the strangers manœuvring in a way he could not understand the farmer approached.

"What are ye wantin' in the field?" he cried.

"O, we have a right to go anywhere," returned one of the company. "We are surveying, and here are our government papers."

"Paper here or paper there," returned the farmer, "oot ye gang—oot o' my field!"

"No, we shan't," returned the man: "and you are rendering yourself liable to prosecution for interrupting us."

The farmer said no more, but went over to a shed opening into the field and let out a savage bull. The bull no sooner saw the red-coats than he "went for" them as if mad. The surveyors snatched up their theodolite and flew for their lives, while the old farmer, in great glee, yelled after them,

"What are ye running for? Can ye no show the bull yer government papers?"

—A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"O," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

"Well, I can't understand it at all," remarked Mrs. Snags, after the caller, Mr. Watertight, had taken his departure.

"Can't understand what?" asked her husband. "Mr. Watertight says he took a saloon passage to England and back; and he's such a strong Prohibitionist, too."