

BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.



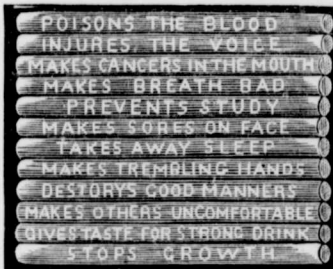
Boys and girls have seen all kinds of signs—large and small ones, funny ones and handsome ones, wooden ones, tin ones, paper ones, cloth ones, netted ones, moving ones; signs of all colors—red, blue, green yellow, white, black. Many interesting things are to be learned from signs. But in all that have ever attracted my attention the one which pleased me more than all others is the one of which I have given you a picture.

I found it in a drug-store one day when I had a long time to wait, and had nothing to do but to read the names on the bottles and the signs hung about the store.

I did not ask who had printed the sign, but I made up my mind that it must have been done by Mr. Solomon Wiseman.

"How many cigarettes can you buy for ten cents, boys?"

"Twelve." Well, I will make a picture of them and leave you to judge whether you can get the worth of your money.



These things are not printed on cigarettes as they are in my picture. Would that they were! for then I think boys would be afraid to buy them. But they are badly mixed, in a small quantity, in each cigarette.

A boy who has never seen a cigarette made, probably does not know how so much harm can be rolled up in a little piece of paper, so he must be told about it. Some cigarettes are made of the stub-ends of cigars which have been smoked by men whose mouths are filthy and diseased. Others have in them a poison called opium. The best of them are made from miserable tobacco, not fit to be put in cigars. The paper covering of the cigarette looks harmless, but it has mixed with it one of the worst of poisons, called "white lead." It is this which makes sores on the face and lips, and spoils the teeth.

Now, boys and girls, something

must be done, and right away, to break up cigarette-smoking. The girls must help, too, for there are girls who smoke cigarettes! This little sum will show you how fast boys and girls, and men too, are learning to use cigarettes:

"In one year 1,000,000 were smoked. In the next year 408,000,000 were smoked."

Not all of the druggists will put up the sign "No cigarettes sold to boys." Neither will all street-car conductors do as one I heard about. Two very small boys smoking cigarettes stopped the car one day and got on. They each offered the conductor half fare. "No," said he, "if you are large enough to smoke cigarettes you've got to pay full fare." And so they did.

"Well," I hear a boy say, "if cigarettes are such bad things, I will save my money and buy cigars." But cigars are dangerous, too. Senator Carpenter was in the habit of smoking twenty cigars a day, and it killed him. Senator Hill died only a short time ago with a cancer in his tongue that was brought on by always having a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Delmonico, a well-known restaurateur in New York, died within two years from smoking. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of similar cases might be mentioned. — *Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE TIME FOR REVENGE.

An Eastern story tells of the haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch, who, as he was passing, threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had thus insulted him, for he knew the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone, and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself, "the time for revenge will by-and-by come, and then I will repay him for it."

Not long afterward, this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets, on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace.

The dervish seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he still carried in his pocket, saying to himself, "the time for my revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct?" But after considering for a moment, he threw the stone

away, saying, "The time for revenge never comes! For if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

A better rule still is given by the Apostle in his letter to the Romans; "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome with evil; but overcome evil with good." — *Child's Paper.*

A WISE MOTHER.

I owe much to my mother's early instruction in truth and honesty. Lying, stealing, and drunkenness were crimes of which she impressed me with the utmost horror and disgust.

A poor boy, engaged in carrying a gentleman's letter-bag in our neighborhood, stole a letter with some money in it. I remember listening to the conversation of my father and mother on this subject; the grief and disgrace they painted in their description of the theft made a great impression on me.

I well remember, also, a circumstance which was of the greatest importance to me, and ever inspired me with gratitude to my mother. One day I entered our home eating a cake; my mother's quick eye fell upon it—she observed, too, that I made some attempt at concealment—so she questioned me:

"Who gave you that?" I answered, "The woman in the street who sells cakes."

She went into the corner of the room, where a rod was kept, then took me by the hand and led me to the woman.

"Did you give this little boy a cake?"

"No." Whereupon the rod was vigorously applied in the presence of the people in the street who were looking on. My mistress was great.

At evening prayers my father,

who had been informed of my disgrace, dwelt in a solemn manner on the sin I had committed—the great crime of theft and lies. That was my first theft, and my last, — *Life of John Gibson, R. A.*

"LET ME GO!"

Our old chief, Hnaisline Maré, who up to thirty years of age was a savage and a cannibal is dead. He died June 17th, 1881, very happily, after a painful illness of eight weeks. He continually exhorted his people, as they came around his dying bed, to cleave to the Word of God, and to help in every way they could both their missionary and their native pastors. Bula, the chief of Lifu, came to visit him. He called him and his son together, being two young men, and said, "Don't let the world deceive you, neither set your hearts upon wealth; cleave to the Word of God; that alone can establish you in your chieftainship." As he lay upon his bed, he was seen to be continually engaged in prayer. When prayer was being offered for him that he might recover, he said, "Why do you, the Lord's people, try to draw me back to earth? The Lord is drawing me up to Himself, and you are holding me back with your prayers, just like a rope drawn at both ends. Oh, let me go, that I may be at rest!" He said to his son, "I am going to leave you to fill my place; the Lord Jesus has come to call me." — *Rev. John Jones, Mare Island, South Seas.*

A USEFUL GANDER.—In a little village in Germany a gander used to lead a blind old woman to church every Sunday, dragging her along and holding her gown in its beak. As soon as she was seated in her pew the old fellow walked into the church-yard, where he stayed until the service was over: then he appeared at the door, ready to lead his mistress home. One day a friend called on the old lady, and was surprised to find that she had gone out. "Oh," said her little grandchild, "there is nothing to fear; the gander will take care of her."

