



Three Excuses for Smoking.

(Uncle Edward, in the 'Irish Temperance League Journal'.)

A waiting room, six bonnie lads;
A pleasant, lively set;
Four out of six are puffing hard
Their pipe or cigarette.

An ancient 'Uncle' saunters in.
All know him as their friend;
They've heard his constant 'good advice'—
His warnings—without end.

Teetotal, all—with one consent
They advocate 'NO DRINK';
But from the deadly cigarette
Two only seem to shrink.

They're wise enough to see the woe
That alcohol has wrought;
But when tobacco is exposed
They exercise no thought.

The paralyzing, deadly fumes
Have seared their common sense;
And though they have no pounds to waste,
They throw away their pence.

Forgetful of the wise old 'saw,'
That gold will never stay
Where modest little 'penny browns'
Are let to slip away.

The 'Uncle' soon with friendly chat
Their merry wit provoked;
He praised the two who shunned the weed,
And warned the four who smoked.

Then pleasantly he asked of each—
'Pray tell me why you smoke?'
But of the four smoke-laden tongues,
Three only silence broke.

The first said gaily—'PASS THE TIME!'
The second—'CLEAR THE CHEST!'
The third—'CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT NOW.'
With faltering tone confessed.

We'll take these three young men's replies.
And put aside all fun,
And weigh in solemn earnestness
Each answer one by one.

The first reply is—'PASS THE TIME!'
Or 'RUSH IT THROUGH IN HASTE';
As though this quickly fleeting life
Had countless hours to waste!

As though we had a thousand lives
To frivolously spend;
As though it mattered not a straw
How soon this life would end.

Ah! POOR EXCUSE. It will not stand
God's scrutinizing eye;
Would any dare to offer it
When on the point to die?

To 'PASS THE TIME.' Oh! strange indeed
That LIFE—so sadly short—
Should ever thus be wasted out
In smoke, or drink, or sport.

ONE LIFE TO LIVE, and ONLY ONE,
Before we reach the grave;
ONE life to live, or FLING AWAY,
ONE SOUL TO LOSE, OR SAVE!

And now we'll take the next excuse;
A paltry one at best.
What is there worth a moment's thought
In smoke 'TO CLEAR YOUR CHEST?'

And now we'll take the next excuse;
If boys of seventeen
Have 'chests' choked up unhealthily,
And lean on nicotine.

Use Temperance and exercise,
Breathe wholesome air—take rest;
Let God be first in all your thoughts—
Invite Him for a guest.

And not a single ailment then
Need mar your perfect health;
Sound hearts will throb in all your 'chests';
That's better far than wealth.

The last excuse—CAN'T DO WITHOUT—
Is saddest of the three;
It speaks a fettered, conquered will,
And life-long misery.

Oh! stop, young man. STOP NOW, STOP NOW!

No time will ever be
So suitable for breaking off
This hateful yoke. BE FREE!

Then hurrying hours and hastening days,
And years as on they fly,
Will bring resolve for purer joys,
And Heaven by and bye.

The Paper Patsy Found.

(J. M'Nair Wright, in the 'Youth's Temperance Banner'.)

'Mother! mother! come here; I've found a paper that I think is pretty nice,' cried Patsy Gray.

Mrs. Gray left her ironing and came to the porch door. Patsy had just come from school; his book and cap lay beside him, and he was spelling out the words on a clean, stiff paper.

'I found it in the street; it's clean and new and no name on it.'

'It is a temperance pledge,' said his mother. 'And do you put your name here in the corner, to do as it reads, never to use wine, beer, cider, or any intoxicating drinks?'

'Yes; that is what it is for. I heard a gentleman was here to start a temperance society, and this must be one of his pledges.'

'And folks sign it and belong to the society?'

'Yes; that is it. And when one signs such a pledge, one must keep it sacred, on honor, and that can be done by God's help only.'

'Would you like me to sign?' said Patsy.

'Indeed I would,' said his mother. 'I am a widow, and you are my only son, my hope and comfort. If you go wrong my heart will break. If you are a good, true man, it will sing for joy.'

'I wouldn't want you to sit crying like Mrs. Green, because her boy drinks and went to jail.'

'I hope not!' exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

'Suppose I sign this, and go and hunt up the gentleman, and ask him to let me belong to his society?'

'That will be a good plan. He is at our preacher's house.'

'That will be fine. Perhaps there can be enough to form a band. If some of you boys form a good strong band, and have meetings and keep it up year after year, and become earnest temperance men, think how much good you can do; you may change the character of this village, and drive out all liquor selling. Then our little village would grow into a rich, happy, safe town!'

'Can boys do all that?' shouted Patsy.

'Yes; the boys of now are the men of by and bye. If all the boys thirty years ago had been real strong temperance boys, I think the question of temperance would be settled for this country.'

'Well, now, mother, I'll sign this pledge, and take it to school, and tell the teacher and the boys; and after school a lot of us will go to find the temperance man.'

'Very good! Perhaps your teacher will be the president of the society, and you can have your meetings in the school-house.'

'Whoop! ain't you the one to plan!' cried Patsy. 'Here goes for signing, and I'm off to school as soon as I have a bite of dinner. When I get to be a man, I'll see that you have a big dinner every day and a hired girl to cook it for you!'

Some Effects of Alcohol.

(Dr. Saleeby, in the London 'Mail'.)

How does it come about that many people take alcohol to keep out the cold? Simply because the nerves of our sense of temperature end in the skin. Be our skin well supplied with warm blood we say we are warm, and vice versa. Furthermore, we normally lose heat and keep our temperature at the

proper level by radiation from the skin. Any drug that dilates the blood vessels of the skin will therefore tend to make us feel warmer and be colder.

Infinitely more important than all these considerations is the action of alcohol on the nervous system. I have no business at this moment with the records of insanity or of crime, but it is worth while to dispel another popular fallacy as to the influence of alcohol on the mental processes.

Numberless tests have been carried out with such processes as adding up a column of figures, writing an account of a simple occurrence, discriminating between colors, and so forth. And the singular result, well established and confirmed, is that alcohol delays the rapidity and impairs the accuracy of all these processes while producing the most convincing illusion of ease and rapidity. The calculator has a subjective impression of facility which the cold clock entirely fails to confirm.

How I Became a Total Abstainer.

When I was about fourteen years of age, my parents went to England on account of my mother's health. I was left in charge of friends. There was a dear young girl in this family nearly the same age as mine, to whom I was much attached, indeed we were as one. We had, I found, the run of the cider barrel, and we helped ourselves freely. This was in September. Later in the season, there was a barrel of small beer placed in the pantry, to which we also had access. A very sad habit was being thus formed, of which for some time we did not stop to think. But one evening I read an account of a woman, a wife, and a mother, who became a drunkard, and neglected her family, her home, and everything, for the sake of drink. I was struck with a dreadful fear, and thought my friend and I were in danger. The next day, when we started to go to that beer barrel, at the pantry door we stopped, and I said to my friend, 'Annie, let's form a Temperance Society right here, in our hearts, that we will not touch this beer any more.' We both pledged ourselves then and there, and kept it, too. The next Sunday the pledge was passed round in our Sunday school, of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N.Y., and I gladly signed, and have ever since believed it a sacred duty to sign every pledge, whenever passed, and, not only to keep from cider and beer, but every other alcoholic stimulant of every kind. I firmly believe our Blessed Lord arrested us and saved us from the terrible habit we little girls had formed in our blindness, and the too great freedom allowed us from parental restraint.—F.S.

Alcohol in Cooking.

The 'Wesleyan Methodist' says: It is surprising to one who has noted the evils which come to homes from the presence of alcohol beverages and various concoctions that any mother can bring herself to tolerate the stuff in the home for an hour. It is undoubtedly true that thousands of boys have had their start towards a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell from the cider barrel in the father's cellar. Very closely associated with the feature of evil is the use of brandy or any other form of alcohol in cooking. We would just as soon set the dreadful poison before our children in cups or glasses as in the dressing for puddings, or in mince pies, and we have no less detestation for the use of hard cider for the pies than we have for the brandy. It is the alcohol which does the damage in any case, and it is present in the cider as well as in the more aristocratic drinks.

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