

Other Men's Sons.

A saloon-keeper sat in his easy chair
And talked of his fixtures and store,
He told of the mirrors and paintings so fine,
And the plate-glass in window and door.

He talked of its carvings and marble floor,
And called it a "palace" within.
(The poor heart whose son was brought home to her
drunk,
She called it a palace of sin).

He told of his tables where cards were played,
"But never for money, you know,"
"Just innocent games, that would please all the boys,
And would keep them from groggeries low."

For his was a High License "legal" place,
And run just "according to law."
His "high moral character," really so fine,
It had not a shadow or flaw.

Or so one might judge who his license read;
And it seemed, as his glib tongue ran,
'Twere really an honour for parents to have
Their sons ruined by such a man.

He told of refinement; for those who came
Were young men of the "upper class."
Who ought to rejoice for so cozy a place
To partake of a "social glass."

And he "knew when a man had enough;"
The office of judge he assumed,
And "sent him in time to his sheltering home,"
(When cash was all gone, 'tis presumed).

Some one who got a word edgeways at last,
And a question squeezed into the space,
Said that he presumed the saloon-keeper's son
Spent most of his time in the place?

"My son—well, no—not exactly—I guess
I would not allow him in there,"
He answered, and hastened to speak of Maud S.,
How he "thought her a fast-trotting mare."

And the fine young son of the merchant prince,
Who had played his "innocent games"
Till the spirit of gambling his soul possessed,
As the fire-fiend enwraps in flames;

Who had drank his liquors in mirrored halls,
And had found, alas! but too true,
That they had just as surely maddened his brain
As the drinks of the groggeries do;

And more; for in groggeries mean and low,
He never would once have been;
'Tis the "high-toned" places with marble floors
That allure by their silver and sheen—

When he heard this, he said, "If all these fine things
Are for sons of other men kept!
If he set his snares for the innocent ones,
And sowed tares while their guardians slept,

"He is black as the master he serves so well;
And from now and forever more,
I will seek the way of the people of God,
And ne'er again darken his door."

—The Pioneer.

Smoking Condemned,

We give place to the following communications
—or selections therefrom—recently printed in the
New York Herald. They are worthy of very
careful consideration:—

SMOKING IS A VICE.

"No clergyman ought to smoke, because smoking
is a vice. It is a vice, because it is master of la-
bour, time, attention, and health. I believe that
intoxicating liquor and tobacco are the two chief
enemies of the human race. It seems, therefore,
as clear as the sun in heaven, that no clergyman
can be held guiltless who does not set a personal
example in opposition to them both.

"WILLIAM R. ALGER."

AN ARTIFICIAL WANT.

"Many who begin by smoking in moderation go
on to smoke in excess, and there they injure their

health very seriously. It seems to me that when
man has so many natural wants, it is not desirable
to add to them another want, which can only be
regarded as artificial. FRED. W. FARRAR."

CLERGYMEN SHOULD NOT SMOKE

"Clergymen certainly should not smoke. No
clergyman should do anything he does not expect
and wish the young men in his congregation and
Sabbath school to do. How can a man reprove
boys for smoking if he does it himself? No! Save
us from clergymen who smoke! I am glad the
Methodist Church has decided not to admit young
men to her ministry who are addicted to the prac-
tice. (Chaplain) C. C. McCARE."

FROM THE VEN. DR. McCOSH.

"Smoking will be put down when young ladies
declare that they will not look with favour on a
young man who smokes, and when congregations
declare that they will not take a minister who
smokes. JAMES McCOSH."

A FILTHY AND USELESS HABIT.

"I can give no opinion based on experience of
the effects of smoking, as the practice has always
seemed to me filthy and useless, and, therefore, in-
dulgence in it simply sensual. I think the practice
inexcusable, except in the case of those who have
begun it in an idiotic or vicious youth, and whose
system is so saturated with the poison that they
fear they will, through the shock the change would
give the brain, revert into idiocy should they cease
taking the usual supply of nicotine.

"WM. HAYES WARD."

NOT A WHOLESOME EXAMPLE.

"I never smoked a cigar or pipe in my life, and
never expect to do so. It is a matter to be left to
every minister's conscience and common sense. I
fear that some valuable lives have ended in smoke.
And there are times when a cigar in a minister's
mouth does not help the Gospel that comes out of
it, and is not a wholesome 'ensample to the flock.'

"THEODORE L. CUYLER."

SMOKING MINISTERS BAD EXAMPLES.

"More than one important religious denomina-
tion, notably the Methodist, now regularly makes
inquiry of candidates for the ministry as to their
habits concerning the use of tobacco. A large
number of conferences refuse to accept habitual
smokers as preachers. JOSEPH COOK."

CALLING ITS USE A SIN.

"Against unanswerable evidence of the wide-
spread evils—physical, intellectual, and moral—
many subject themselves to a habit of ruinous self-
indulgence, and do all that example can do to in-
duce others to do the same.

"EDWARD BRECHER."

A DIRTY AND UNHEALTHY HABIT.

"I began to smoke at eight years of age, and
left off the same day. The cano cut from the
hedge made me sick, and all my experience since
has made me more sick of what I regard a dirty,
costly, tyrannical, and unhealthy habit. Excuse
may be made for some elderly or afflicted smokers;
but the practice should be specially avoided by
ministers. There are in every church some who
will be pained by such an example; and some who may
be injured by following it. Smokers are liable to
become slaves to the habit, so that its indulgence
gets to be a necessity of life. They are uncomfort-
able without it. They become reckless of the com-
fort of others. They must smoke in the street—
in the car—in the house—in the bedroom. It
often leads to drinking, wastes time, and costs
money which is needed for better objects.

"NEWMAN HALL."

NO ARGUMENT FOR SMOKING

"The physical evils which result from the to-
bacco habit are notorious. The moral evils appear
to me also serious. Whatever may be the imagined
benefit of smoking to overworked men (and women?)
If it is a sedative, who need it more than the
wives and mothers (?), it is by substantially universal
consent an injury to the young. And yet not only
the young men in our stores and colleges, but the
boys in their teens, are inveterate smokers.

"LYMAN ABBOTT."

Bits of Fun.

"I'm looking for employment," said a young
man, entering a merchant's office.

"You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dic-
tionary over there—er—among the E's."

—Wife—"Why do you always get such ugly men
to carry our baggage? This one has a long, red
nose?"

Husband—"Don't you see? If he runs off with
the valise, the police will catch him easy enough."

—Irate passenger (as train is moving off—"Why
didn't you put my baggage in as I told you, you
old—"

Porter—"Eh, man! yer baggage es na sic a fule
as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train."

—We have a good many rising young men in this
country, but, somehow, you don't notice them in
the crowded horse-car, unless the woman who wants
to get on has more than an ordinary share of youth
and beauty.

—What would be a Good Name.—What would be
a good name for an Anarchist's wife?" asked the
snake editor.

"Don't know. What would?" asked the horse
editor.

"Well, I think Dinah might."

—"What do you think of the modern style of
writing-paper?" asked Cora. "Do you like it as
well as the old?"

"I'm afraid I'm not competent to form an
opinion," replied Merritt. I should judge that a
great deal can be said on both sides."

—Artist—"Why have you made my coat out of
this piece, and not from that I ordered?"

Tailor—"That would cost half as much again."

Artist—"What of that? I didn't ask you what
it cost."

Tailor—"True! You haven't even asked me yet
how much the coat cost I made for you last year."

—Not so big in Washington.—"You are a very
large man," said an avenue tailor to a new Con-
gressman, as he took his measure.

"Think so, do you?" replied the M. C.

"I certainly do."

"Well, you ought to see me when I'm at
home."

—An Unlucky "Reading Notice."—"Excuse me,
sir," said the business manager to the city editor,
"but you promised to print that puff of Smithers'
dry goods store just as I wrote it."

"Well, didn't I?"

"No, sir. It wasn't published at all."

"Did you write on one side of the paper only?"

"Certainly."

"Then I guess I must have published the wrong
side of the manuscript."

—A newly arrived Irishman walked a long distance
under the elevated road in New York. Meeting a
policeman he asked.

"Phere's the wather?"

Policeman—"There ain't none."

Irishman—"Shure, it's a long bridge for nary a
river."