



Temperance Department.

A TALK WITH OUR BOYS ABOUT TOBACCO.

When I was a lad, not so very long ago, a certain old lady used to say to me—"Be in at nine o'clock," "Neyer drink spirits," "Fear God," and many other wise words; but I took them like pills—needful, but nasty. Many a time have I shrugged my shoulders, and said—"I am tired of so many lectures." But she kept at it till I obeyed; and if I have done any good thing since, it can be traced to her words.

Now, lads, I am going to give you a lecture. It will be short, if not sweet. The wise ones among you will say—"Come, now, here is something from a man who was a boy himself not long since; let us hear what he has to say." Let me ask you before I go any farther—"Do you smoke?" Well, never begin, and you will become a nobler man for abstaining. But perhaps you answer "Yes." Well, I am not going to scold; but I would like to have a quiet talk with you. Now tell me—was not this the beginning of it?

You saw men smoking; some of your companions smoked; and you thought it would make you look manly to smoke. You did not find it pleasant at first, and besides, you were obliged to hide the thing. But there was a spice of romance which made you struggle against the voice of conscience; and so it has gone on till you find yourself a regular smoker.

But does it seem a very manly thing to spend money and time in learning to draw smoke into our mouth and then puff it out? The boy does not require it; he is generally sick before he can take it; he spends money which he cannot afford; puts a bad smell into rooms; makes his clothes offensive; annoys ladies and sick people; makes himself the slave of a bad habit; poisons his constitution; prepares the way for drunkenness; and often ends by ruining himself and character for life. Does that strike you as very manly?

I am not going to argue whether smoking is bad for men or not. It is so, and I can prove it. But it is bad for you. All men, whether smokers or non-smokers, whether doctors, or ministers, or teachers, or parents, or friends, agree that smoking is bad for boys. Your body is tender and easily influenced. Tobacco is a poison. It makes you smaller in size, feebler in mind, and leads to other bad habits; you find yourself in danger of getting lazy—lolling about when you ought to be at work, and finding out that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It deranges your body, and takes away the healthy appetite you once had for plain substantial food. It creates a very unnatural thirst, which some day you may begin to quench with beer, or gin, or even brandy. Thus it may lead you to become a drunkard.

Evil habits, like evil men, go in company. A great American statesman once remarked, "I don't say that every smoker is a blackguard, but I will give you a white blackbird for every blackguard you can show me who isn't a smoker." If you want to be healthy and happy, able to live on plain food; and to need no "stimulants," give up smoking. Only consider what an expensive habit you have acquired. There is an inscription on the monument of a great man in Peel Park, Salford, which you should look at carefully: "My wealth consists not in the abundance of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants."

There is a true saying that it is not what comes in, but what goes out which makes men rich. Those who have plenty now were generally poor enough one time, but they were careful—denied themselves many comforts to begin with, and by that means gained a little capital which has now become a great deal. Some men become rich by evil means, but you would not like to do so. Now the expensive habit of smoking will certainly keep you from getting on. And if you wish to make yourself a good and successful man, you will do well to begin by avoiding all unnecessary expense.

There is a very strange story which tells

about certain people who were punished by being made to carry water out of a well in a sieve. Now that is like some people; they are at a well from which they must draw water, but they make holes in the dish till it becomes a sieve, and the water flows out as fast as it comes in. Every fresh need which you make, such as smoking, wearing jewelry, expensive clothes, going to theatres and concerts, is making so many more holes, and as fast as your salary comes in, it goes out again. This will do you much harm, and bring you into many difficulties. I knew a man who went into debt from which he found it hard to recover. He borrowed money, but it was no use—the more he got, the more he wanted; till his friends were tired, and gave him the cold shoulder. He fell into low spirits, became consumptive, and died in debt. He began his own ruin by learning to smoke. What a wretched thing it is for a man to be a trouble to his friends! It takes the man out of him and leaves him only a wreck.

So, my lads, if you are going to do work, count the cost before you begin. Determine to give up everything you can do without. Be content with necessaries; the less you care about dress and food and amusement the surer you are of true success. Remember Sir Isaac Newton, who, when asked to smoke, made the noble answer, "I will make no necessities to myself."

But perhaps you will say—"My father smokes, my teacher smokes, our minister smokes, and why should not I?" Well, I confess there seems some force in that, and I do not wonder that you should be influenced by them. But ask your father, teacher or minister if smoking is good for you, or if they would like to see you smoke! They will all say, "No; I am sorry I ever learned to smoke myself, and would be very glad to give it up, but I cannot."

If your minister or teacher lisps, do you think you ought to lisp? Certainly not, you answer; it is bad to lisp, even if the minister does. Smoking ought to be one of these things; and even if your minister should say, "There is no harm in a pipe," don't believe him till you have thought over the matter for yourself.

But you say, "It must be a very nice thing to smoke, or so many people would not do so. We have heard men tell what a luxury it is to sit down of an evening to a quiet pipe; how it soothes the brain, and how much better they feel after it." That is all very fine. There are other people who say they cannot go to sleep without their "night cap," meaning so much strong drink. They have used themselves to it. Only think of that. Now, it is the same with those who indulge themselves in smoking. The smoker puts his body into an unnatural state. When he is tired, he finds that rest will not come by resting; so to get rest at once he takes what will make him more restless and out of sorts next day. All that sounds very queer, but it is quite true. The man who never smokes becomes less tired, and can read and speak and write of an evening far better than if he smoked.

No doubt there is a certain kind of coarse pleasure in smoking, but "Is it good for one? and are there not far purer pleasures?" It is with smoking as with all kinds of stimulants—they are pleasant, but dangerous. They spur up a man for a short time, but they leave him weak and useless, beside wearing out the wheels of his nature. High-pressure men like high-pressure boilers, are unsafe. Fast men, like fast trains, are in danger of jumping off the rails. When a man talks next time about his quiet pipe of an evening, ask him why he cannot, like every toiling, hard-worked mother, have a quiet evening without his pipe.

There is something else yet. Have you ever noticed how selfish a man is with his pipe? When it is in his mouth he cannot speak. When in a room he will indulge in it, although he knows there are some present who will be annoyed. On our railways, even though smoking apartments are provided, the man who wants his pipe generally takes it out anywhere and begins to smoke; if any one objects, he scowls or insults him. He cares only for himself.

What a pitiable sight! To the already numerous trials of railway travelling, he has made for himself that of being in discomfort for want of a pipe; and if he removes his own discomfort by smoking, he adds to his selfishness by making other people uncomfortable. What a position to be in! Truly the way of transgressors is hard.

If you wish to become a successful mis-

sionary to others, you must say to people, "My hands are clean. I am an abstainer from drink and tobacco and all kinds of extravagance." Begin your life, then, by setting before you as an aim—the doing of good. Many lads begin by thinking how to make money for its own sake, or for the selfish pleasures it will buy them. Now money grubs are the curse of our times. The love of money is the root of all evil. We want some brave lads who will give up the things of this life for the sake of others. Having a right aim, then set about to accomplish it. Resolve to give up smoking at once. Become a total abstainer, and you will be stronger in body, clearer in brain, and braver in purpose.—*Band of Hope Review.*

SIR WILFRID LAWSON ON COMPENSATION FOR PUBLICANS.

Perhaps they may get compensation when the thing comes to be settled, and I sometimes look forward to the pleasing sight of a retired licensed vicualler. I fancy I see him sitting in a garden in his old age, with his little grandchildren playing around him. One says "Grandfather, what used you to do in former days?" He would say, "I was one of the grand army of licensed victuallers; there were 140,000 of us." She would ask, "What were you fighting about?" And he would reply, "Ah, if you had read Mr. Buxton the great brewer's book, you would have seen that we were carrying on the war of hell against heaven. We fought vigorously; great honor was paid to us; princes and peers and members of Parliament used to attend our banquets; great monuments were set up in our honor—workhouses and gaols and lunatic asylums—and we did such a quantity of business that in one year we disabled 350,000 people, and handed them over to the police to take charge of them. For there was a great army of police, who waited on our movements and attended our manoeuvres. The Legislature was in our favor, laws were passed to promote the welfare of this great army, and nobody had any fault to find with us except Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who condemned us; but nobody paid any attention to him, for he was a bad character, except the Good Templars, who were distinctly mad." And then the little child would ask, "How did it end?" And he would say, "Oh, the Good Templars did not do us any harm. The nation got tired of us at last, but we were held in such honor and had done such good service we were entitled to compensation, and I got a handsome pension, and here I sit in my own garden, under my own vine and fig tree, the very type and embodiment of 'Peace with honor.'"

NO CHILD'S PLAY.

"He's a nice fellow—it's a pity he drinks." The phrase is not without significance, even in our own country; but it means much more in England than it does with us. There is an influential tone in American life which makes drinking disgraceful to a degree which is not true in England; and while there is, unfortunately, quite enough intemperance in the United States, it is confined almost always to certain classes. It does not touch our clergy, for example; it does touch the English clergy. A tipping divine in America would be looked upon with horror, and would not be tolerated; in England a tipping divine would not be especially a subject of pity and object of reproach except to professed teetotalers, and he would be such even to them only in a mild degree unless he were a downright drunkard. The reforming Briton who has made up his mind to deal with the drink-scurge finds that his work is no child's play. Not only is there measurably lacking that moral influence which is so precious as a supporting power to the reformer, but the evil he combats is so universal that he seems to be at war with every sort of man. It requires all that British perseverance and obstinacy we so heartily admire when it is used in a good cause to fight a vice which literally pervades all classes. At the conclusion of one of John B. Gough's lectures in London lately a clergyman of the Church of England was found dead drunk under one of the benches. A "belted earl," one whose ancestral line stretches back to the Plantagenets, has recently been the talk of all London for his drunken caprices, now ordering special trains at various railways, none of which he uses; again, as colonel marching his regiment to church, reeling at every step, only to leave

his men at the church-door to repair to a neighboring pot-house, where he was found tossing sovereigns with grooms and stable-boys in drunken jollity. My wife's little pink-ribboned Devonshire maid, with eyes like diamonds and cheeks like the rose, seeing her mistress provided her with neither beer nor beer-money, said frankly, "Well, but what am I to drink, ma'am, at my dinner?" With this universal idea everywhere prevalent that water is not a fit drink by itself; with the imperial revenue an immense gainer by the liquor-swilling, and therefore (it is to be presumed) not anxious to take the teetotalers' view of the question; with millionnaires in the brewing and banking business who through the drink-traffic have realized "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice;" with "drinking your health, Your Honor," and "a trifle for beer" thoroughly ingrained as customs in the social fabric of the land; but, above all, with the well-defined appetite of all classes and ages of people, even children, for strong beer,—the reformers have had a veritable stone wall of China to pierce before they could make any headway in their toilsome march of progress.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

DRUNKARD'S CRAMP.—I have had men come to me over and over again and say, "Doctor, I have such distressing sensations all about my heart, and at times I have painful cramps all over. What can it be?" And knowing well the over-fast lives they led, I have answered bluntly but quietly—"Chronic alcoholic blood-poisoning. If more stimulant than the body can 'consume' or 'work off'—take whatever verb suits your belief—is imbibed, the over-plus affects the quality of the blood—i.e., poisons it. Well then, although the heart is an organ which supplies blood to the whole body, it also partakes of what it gives; it supplies itself, and if then the muscular walls of this vital organ be nourished with inferior blood, can you wonder that it grieves, and that you feel strange and painful sensations in and around it? And as to the cramps, they proceed from the nerves supplied to the different muscles under their command. They are merely complaining very loudly, that it is impossible to do their duty properly on the inferior blood supplied them." Cramp is, I believe, usually caused by a deficiency in the supply of blood, but I have seen many marked and most painful cases of what I might term "drunkard's cramp," in tall muscular, full-blooded men. But oh! if this cramp should attack the heart and *angina pectoris* should occur without a moment's warning, with its fearful suffocating agony of pain, and its terrible sense of impending death, how the patient is to be pitted!—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING ANGEL.—Dominic H. was one of the oldtimes circuit riders, whose rough exterior had somewhat non-society ways often obscured his real goodness of heart. One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and, going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door. A sharp looking old dame answered his summons. He asked for shelter. "I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously. "Remember the Scriptures," said the dominic. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." "You needn't say that," quickly returned the other; "no angel would come down here with a big quid of tobacco in his mouth!" She shut the door in his face, leaving the good man to the mercy of the rain and his own reflections.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

DR. RICHARDSON gave it as his opinion, some time ago, that "were England converted to temperance, the vitality of the nation would be increased one-third in value; or, in other words, nearly 227,000 lives would be saved to us every year." This is a startling statement; but, after careful investigation, Dr. Kerr thinks it is much nearer the truth than many were supposed to believe. His own calculations give 200,000 as the number of deaths resulting from drinking, of which 128,000 may be traced to drunkenness and the rest to more or less moderate uses of alcohol.—*League Journal.*

EX-PROVOST LYLE, Greenock, has offered to the Greenock Town Council to erect an ornamental fountain in the centre of the principal public square in that town at a cost of about £500.