

seeking salvation. One day I heard a young lady speak of a brother. 'He came and spoke to me,' she said, 'as I knelt at the altar. His breath made me sick—it was so foul with tobacco.' The words came to me with wondrous power. Perhaps people talk just so about me. I went to the Northport Camp-meeting. I said to my wife, 'I am going to quit smoking.' 'You can't do it: you have tried over and over again for years.' 'Well, I am going down to the grove. I mean to fall down on my knees, and *pray God for grace to help me. I shan't come back till I have conquered.*' I need not tell you how long I prayed. When I came back, I handed my old pipe, which had been my companion for years, to my wife. 'Put that on the mantel-piece,' I said; 'I am boss now.' I not only broke off smoking, but *the love of tobacco departed—not the least hankering remained.* Smokers and smoking are alike indifferent to me. I can walk among them as the holy three walked amid the flames of the furnace. It is now four years since I had the fight in the grove, and I conquered through believing prayer. To God be all the praise."

Let every victim of the weed who desires to be freed from the bondage of the practice, and from all appetite for the drug, go and do likewise. Let him not imagine that he can drop this habit by degrees. The idea of using less and less, until the habit tapers down to nothing, is well nigh ridiculous. Use little as you please, and you nourish an appetite which never dies, so long as fed with one morsel of ailment. We do not pluck out an eye, or cut off an arm, by a lingering process!

Further, don't *try* to give it up. Unless you have considerable grit, and a will of your own, you will find *trying* and *doing* different things in killing off this king of appetites.

Be *determined* that you *will* give up the foul weed now and forever. Go to God in prayer, cry mightily unto him for the appetite to be *destroyed*, as well as for grace to enable you to