

appearance and irregular development of the lips, when compared with the other features of chewers and smokers. The eye loses its natural fire, and becomes dull and unappreciative; its owner gazes vacantly, and often repels conversation by his stupidity. "The marks are there yet."

Look where you may into the families of tobacco sots, and sooner or later, in one form or another, you will find that "the marks are there yet."

THE PROFESSOR WHOSE PIPE WAS STRONGER THAN GOD!

OR, TOBACCO HINDERS SANCTIFICATION.

Just returned from addressing an audience of Methodist friends here in Jamestown. The subject was consecration to God, unreserved and complete, touching the whole man. We urged sanctification as *heartily* as the great Wesley ever did. We told them that habitual wrong-doing of any kind was in direct conflict with all acceptable prayer for this spiritual attainment. "Brethren," we inquired, "how are you daily employed? Are you manufacturing, selling, or using tobacco? Are you patronising deadly drugs and drinks, and swelling the curse of intemperance? If so, we beg you to change your course. You live in *known sin*, and your prayers for 'the higher life' are worse than vain, for they are an abomination at God's throne. Renounce every wrong practice, and even suspicious one; and then you may pray for sanctification consistently, and with a better grace." We had unusual freedom among these dear brethren, and it was an hour of marked solemnity and tenderness—a feast of Christian love.

As I withdrew to the vestibule, a well-looking brother approached me, under very strong excitement of mind. "You have struck the nail on the head once," he said, in trembling, tearful tones. "You have struck the nail on the head," he said again in a louder voice, and sobbed like a broken-hearted child. "Tell us, brother," we said, "what you mean." After a while he replied, "I have been praying for sanctification five or six years. There has always been an *Achan* in my soul—always something in my way; and you are the first that ever told me what it is. *It is my pipe.* When I have been praying in my closet for the blessing, something has raised me suddenly from my knees, and I have run to the mantle-piece for my pipe! *My pipe has been stronger than God!* And when reading the Bible in my family devotions, I have often cut short the exercise, and before I was aware, have run for my pipe. My pipe has been stronger than God!" he said again; then, straightening up with the dignity of a man, wiping the tears from his eyes, raising his hand, and looking upward, with much eloquence, he exclaimed:—

"The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

Then, suiting the action to the word, he drew his meerschaum from his pocket, dashed it down indignantly upon the steps of the church, and, like the baptized eunuch, went on his way rejoicing.

We hope this dear man obtained the blessing to which he aspired; but we parted there, and, as Bunyan said of a pilgrim, "we saw him no more."

REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.

With regret I often think
Of days that's past and gone,
With remorse my heart does shrink,
When I see what I've done.

The drink-curs'd fiend led me astray,
I lived a reckless life;
'Mong the thoughtless and the gay,
I heeded not my wife.

Fully three long years or more,
How awful to relate!
My wife I slighted, young and pure
Her love then turned to hate.

An affectionate and faithful wife,
With three children fair;
I left alone in life,
For them I did not care.

From day to day they mourn their loss;
In secret they would pray;
To Him who suffered on the cross,
He was their only stay.

The youngest of that family fair,
The mother's brightest gem,
Would hisp to God its infant prayer,
My downward course to stein.

But death seized this little bud,
Destined in heaven to bloom:
The last request made to God
Was "Send my father home."

My child, your prayer is heard:
Though years are past since then,
And as I write, the Lord
Himself now guides my pen.

My child with my own mother's name,
You have left this world of tears,
But your memory ever I'll retain,
And think of all your prayers.

While I recall your angel form,
I'll ne'er incline to roam,
And when I've weathered every storm,
My child, I'll then come home.

When this voyage of life is o'er,
My anchor I will cast,
In that peaceful harbour moor
And reign with you at last.

D. T.

OBITUARY.

On Lord's day, the 24th June, James Harman Collett fell asleep in Jesus. He was in the sixty-ninth year of his age. A native of Bromsgrove, county Worcester, England, for many years he has been a resident of this city, and a consistent member of the Congregational Church. During his protracted illness he made much progress in Divine knowledge, and witnessed a good confession. He had clear and comforting views of the Atonement of the Divine Saviour, and built all his hopes upon the finished work of the Cross. Death to him was great gain.

*He gave me on his death-bed,
Matthew Henry's Commentary
on the Bible in 3 Vols. G. Hall.*