

advantage to my health by becoming an absolute teetotaler, although all my life I had been a comparative one."

A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.—The teetotalers number upwards of a hundred, but their signal of distress has been hoisted in consequence of their not having a convenient place to meet in. A short time ago there was a very flourishing Band of Hope in connection with the society. Then both met in the vestry belonging to the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Greasley. Some of the preachers,—however, I am sorry to have to write it,—not exactly admiring the principles of sobriety, but being themselves lovers of "Sir John Barleycorn" and his "Palaces," thought proper in their wisdom to try what they could do to extend that noted Knight's influence by ejecting the Temperance Society from the premises. This they unfortunately accomplished, to the satisfaction of the publicans and drinkers in the neighbourhood. The result is that some who had been by the society plucked as brands from the burning have again fallen in their old habits, and filled their happy homes once more with sorrow and desolation. At whose door the "blood of these men" shall lie, in the day that God maketh up his account, I need not predict. The society can now point to numbers who have been raised from the lowest point of human degradation to occupy positions in society that might well make the hearts of philanthropic and Christian people overflow with joy, and the last thing to be expected was conduct so much the reverse. One of the reformed ones was brought to the verge of the grave through his drinking habits. His friends gave him up for lost. He himself thought that there was no hope. But the society, with a great deal of effort, got him to sign the pledge. Now, so far from being death-stricken, he is well and hearty, and the change in his home has been remarked for miles round. Another, who signed the pledge through the instrumentality of the worthy secretary, was in a similar position. He is now a sober man, and none rejoice more than his family at the gratifying change. The secretary's own case is worthy of note. For twenty years of married life he was, to use his own words, "a hard drinker, who knew nothing on this earth worth living for save the drink." Upon becoming a teetotaler he soon became a respectable man. As there was no Temperance house in the village he bought a beer-house and converted it into one. He took down the sign, sent it to the painter and had it altered. When the old customers came by they looked up. They expected to see in large letters "The Jolly Potters; Licensed to be drunk on the premises." They started back. "What! TEMPERANCE HOUSE! that won't suit us," and away they went. In addition to buying the house the secretary gratuitously allowed the landlord's widow to remain and board with him in her old home free of charge. Thus her latter days have been made more comfortable than they otherwise would have been. To myself she expressed her great gratification at this conduct. Turning her poor old withered face towards me with earnestness she exclaimed, "BLESS HIM, BLESS HIM; IF HE WAS MY OWN SON, HE COULDN'T HAVE DONE MORE.—*Journal of a Temperance Agent.*

A RUDE SON.—Daddy, I want to ask you a question. "Well, my son?" "Why is neighbour Smith's liquor-shop like a counterfeit shilling?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy.

BANEFUL EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE SMOKING.

With regard to time, we hold that no one is justified in smoking early in the day. The man's nervous system must be in a very disordered state who resorts to a pipe or a cigar in order to tranquillize himself, and induce an aptitude for the business of the commencing day. The mere fact of resorting to a pipe for such a purpose at once marks out a man as an excceder. The act is its own condemnation. Supposing, however, that it is done out of idleness, or a love of the narcotic effect, apart from a feeling of necessity; we would ask the man who smokes early in the day from motives, whether he is as fit for his duties after smoking as before?—whether he is not depressed, languid, and inclined to doze or—what is worse—to take an alcoholic stimulant? Whatever good effects result from a moderate use of tobacco are not required in the early part of the day. Unless a man be the victim of pernicious habits, he certainly requires neither a sedative nor a stimulant in the morning, beyond breakfast. No need can then exist for some agent to ward off or subdue the sense of muscular fatigue which follows a day's work. At this period of the twenty-four hours nothing is required to make the wheels of life move more rapidly or regularly. There can be no necessity for a drug to "fix the products of nutrition," at a time when a person has just arisen from seven, eight, or nine hours' sleep and physical reparation. In short, to smoke early in the day means one of three things; slavery to the habit, premeditated sensuality, or disease; and each of these signifies excess.

To the young man, and more especially to the student of medicine, in whom we are peculiarly interested, we would say—"Shun the habit of smoking as you would shun self-destruction. As you value your physical and moral well being, avoid a habit for which you can offer no advantage to compare with the dangers you incur by using it. The bright hopefulness of youth, its undaunted aspirations, and its ardent impulses, require no halo of smoke through which to look forward upon the approaching struggle of life. Your manner of living must be bad indeed, if you require anything further than—sleep, exercise, and diet, to fit you for your duties as students. Your minds must be emasculated indeed, and arrant cowards must you be, totally unfit for the stern realities of what is to come, if you cannot face your present few and comparatively small anxieties, without having recourse to the daily use of narcotics." We speak from a large experience of medical students, when we say that the intemperate smoker is the intemperate indulger, as a general rule, in all that partakes of the nature of sensual gratification. It matters not that many may, and do, pass through the ordeal unscathed. Vast numbers do not. Listless minds and bodies, slakeless thirst and shaking hands, delirium tremens, madness—and death—we have distinctly and surely seen to follow the unhalloved indulgence, in youths who began their studies with bright promise of success, with fair characters, and honest purpose.

Let us inquire further, whether the physiological effects produced in the course of smoking afford any indications as what constitutes excess. Profuse salivation can hardly be compatible with the idea of moderation. Perpetual irritation of a mucous membrane can hardly be kept up with impunity. A large proportion of smokers must be aware that heart-

burn, and aepsia, surely follow one or two pipes, one or two cigars, beyond the wonted allowance. The same excess is certainly followed by loss of appetite, and especially by loss of morning relish for food. Let the pulse be watched. Does it not decline in frequency below the moral standard, and is it not irregular after a very slight excess? Do not palpitation and precordial anxiety much of tenor annoy the habitual smoker than he would exactly like to confess? Is not the inclination to seek the recumbent posture, or to respire cold air of frequent occurrence, when the smoker would hardly like to own it? Do not giddiness, dimness of vision, tremore, nausea, clammy perspirations, and tinnitus aurium, frequently occur in the course of a long smoke? And do not each and all of these effects clearly and irrefragably establish excess in every case?

MEN OF GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.

The wonderful license law that adorns a portion of the code of North Carolina, requires of those wishing to engage in the sale of intoxicating liquors by the single drink, to prove themselves "men of good moral character" before letters patent are granted them to pursue unmolested the vocation of their choice. We shall not at present stop to question the necessity of such requirements, or to doubt the propriety; but it has been a matter of some conjecture with us why a good man is required to sell by the single drink, while the very worst and most corrupt man in the community can sell a whole quart or even a gallon, without his moral thorax being percutted by the fingers of the law to ascertain his degree of soundness and fitness to sell whiskey. This is a curious problem, and one that a man can vex himself no little in trying to solve. According to the usual parity of reasoning, the case would stand something like this: if it require a man of "good moral character" to sell a pint of spirits it would require a man of a "better moral character" to sell a quart. Or, to state it a little more mathematically: If a man with one moral character can sell a pint of whiskey, how many moral characters must a man have to sell a quart? A little figuring will show that he must have two moral characters. Now, cases are constantly occurring where men sell whole quarts from their carts at the public hustings, and jugs full to slaves at night for corn, wheat, bacon and chickens, and if they are in fee simple possession of more than one "good moral character," the records do not show it, while they should have several of unimpeachable stamp to make amends for the mischief they do, and enable them to bring out a fair balance sheet with society. This is a very vexing little problem.

The question keeps struggling at our nib: if good men are required to sell whiskey, why not the very best that can be had? Why not go into the church and license some pious mortals, some class-leaders, some deacons, or some body high in the Church, presuming them to be men of good moral character, and fit to adorn the profession of tapster? (Just here memory raps us over the knuckles, and impatiently asks if that hasn't already been done!) Why not detail a draft from the ranks of christian ministry, if good, moral men are actually required, and have whiskey retailed according to the true letter of the law? Let us have every gill sold made heavy with moral worth, if we can. Let the preachers sell whiskey. Why not? "Oh! it would