



**Boy Smokers in Japan.**

(The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.)

The following communication has been received by the secretary of the Scottish Anti-Tobacco Society in reply to a letter addressed to his Excellency the Japanese Minister as to the legislation at present in force in Japan for the restriction of the use and sale of tobacco to juveniles:

Japanese Legation, London, March 10, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by Viscount Hayashi to answer your letter of the 9th inst. There is such a law in Japan prohibiting persons in minority to smoke. The points of the stipulation are as follows:

(1) Persons in minority—that is, under twenty—are prohibited to smoke. If they are found smoking the police will confiscate the smoking instruments as well as the tobacco.

(2) If parents or guardians of youths under their knowledge allow their charges to smoke they will be punished with a fine not exceeding one yen (about two shillings).

(3) Tobacco dealers who under their knowledge sell smoking instruments or tobacco to a youth for his personal use will be punished with a fine not exceeding ten yen (about £1).

The above law passed the House March, 1900, and was subsequently promulgated.

Truly yours,

(Signed), TAKAYASHI.

**An Easter Miracle.**

(Cora G. Sadler, in the 'New Voice.')

(Concluded.)

Hardly were the words spoken when the door swung silently open, and a gaunt, ragged boy stood before him.

'I've come to show you these,' he said, in a dreamy voice, rolling back the miserable clothing and disclosing many livid and bleeding marks. 'When father came home from your place last night he beat me until he almost killed me. Perhaps he would if the neighbors hadn't heard me scream and rushed in. And yet father used to love us children and be kind to us. We used to have enough to eat and wear until you came here and opened the saloon. What right have you to take my father's money, so that we all go hungry?'

'Right, boy, what right?' The words came in an unnatural voice from the man's lips. 'I pay for my license to sell. If your father buys, that isn't my fault. Nobody makes him. If he lets me alone I will let him alone.'

'But he can't help it, with the sight and smell right near him all the time. If it wasn't there he wouldn't want it. Is it right to keep it before him?'

The boy was pushed aside and an old, bent man, with sparse, white locks and bleared eyes stood in his place. The manhood was gone from his face, the strength from his life. He trembled excessively as he extended a shaking hand.

'If it is hard for the young, who are strong in mind and body, to resist appetite, how much harder, think you, for the old men whose bodies are worn by time and disease? Yet I thought the old craving for drink was dead and I lived an honorable life for many years till you came. You put the liquor where I must pass it every day. Many nights I closed my eyes and held my breath to run past your door. But one day I drank, and now I must have it every day. Who stole the happiness from my home and my hope of heaven beside? My sin is heavy, heavy, but O—how great is your crime before God!'

A woman entered, haggard, ragged, desperate, her hand raised threateningly.

'Where is the money to buy food for my babes?' she demanded, sternly. 'And medicine for the one that is sick? But no,' her voice sank to a whisper as she bent nearer him, 'he will need no more medicine, for he died last

night. Died in my arms while it rained, and there was no light. I don't know when he died, but when morning came he was dead.'

Another woman pushed her aside and confronted the stupefied man.

'Dead? Then may you be thankful, indeed, mother. But, O—my boy, my boy, that I cradled in these arms years ago, whose face I have kissed hundreds of times, whom I loved with all the strength of a mother's heart—do you know where my boy is to-day?'

He could not answer, only look at her intently and wait for her to go on.

'In a prison cell, sentenced for twenty years. He killed a man against whom he had no quarrel, but O—the drink crazed his brain and he knew not what he had done until he was told. Murder has been done, but, O—whose was the sin? Who was the one who gave him liquor?'

The man tried to answer, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. The accusing faces multiplied around him—desperate men, pale, haggard, deformed, and stunted children. The air was full of wailing and mourning.

An uncontrollable trembling seized him and the cold perspiration started from every pore. With a supreme effort he sprang from his chair, and awoke.

The Easter bells were ringing jubilantly, as if they would beat away sin and sorrow and heartache from the world.

Mr. Brainerd shivered. 'That was a frightful dream,' he muttered. 'Let's see. How many of them were there? Was Hurlstun's child in the dream or was she real? Mrs. Burns,' he called to the housekeeper as she passed.

'Sir?' She was standing on the threshold where the uninvited dream people had stood.

'Did you—er—has anybody been here to-day?'

'No one but John Hurlstun's little girl, sir.'

'No one else? Thank you. That will do.'

Left to himself, a strange influence took possession of him. He was still cold and terrified. He turned the key in the lock and began walking to and fro.

One, two hours. The bell rang for lunch, but he did not heed it. Three, four hours, in ever deepening agony of conscience. He unlocked a drawer from his desk and drew out a photograph of a young woman with a fair, sweet face.

'Twenty years,' he thought, 'since the earth hid her face from me. She died happy in her faith and praying for me. O for some light on the question of a hereafter!'

He placed another face beside the likeness of her who had been his wife—a kind, old face, his mother's.

'She, too, prayed for me,' he mused. 'Many times she told me that some day her prayers would be answered. What has come over me? What power controls me to-day? Is it superstition or is it—the Spirit of God?' Then a miracle was wrought. This hard, proud, and wicked man knelt by the window, his face in his hands, and of him it might be said, as of one of old, 'Behold, he prayeth.'

It was a very resolute man who, an hour later, knocked at the Hurlstun cottage. The house was full of men and women, who shrank back as he stepped into their midst.

'Friends,' he said, 'there will be no more liquor sold in the building yonder. To-morrow the sign shall be taken down and the room cleared for other purposes. To-day, this Easter Sabbath, God has shown me and forgiven me my sins, which are very great. The rest of my life shall be devoted, as far as possible, to undoing the misery I have caused. I have come to sit by Hurlstun to-night, and when this attack is over I will help him to regain his manhood. Some of you take the wife and child away and care for them. Clear the house and do not fear to leave me with this man.'

That night, striving to quiet the frenzy of a drunkard's delirium, was the seal to James Brainerd's vow. Nothing else could so fearfully have set his crime before him, and so humbled him with a sense of the greatness of God's mercy in forgiving sin like his.

Slowly John Hurlstun came back to life and manhood and the light returned to Katherine's eyes. The little home was beautified in many ways. The saloon was banished forever from Norton. On its site stands a memorial church, with its upward pointing cross, with its great window in rich tones, marvellously picturing the morning of the resurrection.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**The Best Things.**

I said it on the meadow path,  
I say it on the mountain stairs,  
The best things any mortal hath  
Are those that every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,  
For rest it yields to unnumbered feet;  
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,  
Because she makes the whole world  
sweet.

And up the radiant, peopled way,  
That opens into worlds unknown,  
It will be life's delight to say,  
'Heaven is not heaven to me alone.'

—Exchange.

**The Other Side.**

Under this heading, the New York 'Christian Herald' gives a very fair presentation by one of its readers of a subject that is always of practical interest, particularly to town and city people. Parents might well think over this view of the question. The letter says:—

I have been reading much of late in criticism of the long-suffering landlord and hotel-keeper, as to their refusal to consider as applicants 'families with children.' Is there not a word to be said in their defence? Is there not 'method in their madness?'

Having been brought up in an atmosphere of house and apartment letting, I am inclined to believe there is. My early home was in a large city, where my school years were passed, but all holidays and vacations were spent with my grandparents in a neighboring town. My grandfather was a real-estate owner, and was continually repairing tenements for reletting. I can well remember my childish delight when allowed to assist in the selection of wall-paper and 'bordering,' as it was then called, samples of which were sent from the shops for grandma's approval, as her taste in such matters (as in all others, we thought—dear old grandma) was unquestionable.

In those days the 'bordering' had to be cut and trimmed about the pattern before it could be applied, and as this made too much delay in the busy paperer's valuable time, grandma, two aunts, and my own dear mother, would sit down after breakfast, and instead of the usual sewing or reading, would all 'cut bordering.' How important and happy I was when a full roll of the pretty-colored border was given me to cut all by myself, and how proudly I would compare my work with that of the others, to my own entire satisfaction. The conversation at such times would naturally turn to the subject of repairs, the frequency and expense of which was deplored, because necessitated by the Browns' or the Smiths' lawless children, who had been allowed to run riot, tear off wall paper, dig into paint, and otherwise behave to the detriment of things in general.

Then, too, the garden space at the front and the rear of the house, which grandfather had tried to make beautiful for the benefit of his tenants, would present a sorry appearance; bushes pulled up and flowers strewn about, apparently for the pure pleasure of destroying something.

Even as I write, a sad-faced young friend comes in to tell me of some repairs she is obliged to make on her house (and which she can ill afford), because the family to whom she rented it had children who were little vandals. Not long since, my friend lost a husband who was her constant companion and friend. This house had been their happy home. It was discouraging enough to be obliged to leave it, and see it occupied by careless strangers.

I have in mind a demure little maid of two summers, whose home is in an apartment house in which I have an interest. No one objects to the presence of this sweet little lady (who was

**Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.**

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. D. M. Bye for his Balm Oil to cure them of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, send for home treatment. A free book is sent, telling what they say of the treatment. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind. If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.