



## Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

### LESSON XXXIII.—THE COST OF TOBACCO.

1. Does the use of tobacco cost much money?

Not at first, perhaps; but the user comes to spend more and more for it as his appetite increases, till often it costs him hundreds of dollars a year.

2. How much tobacco is produced in the United States?

About 280,000 tons every year. Of this, more than half is used here, the rest being sold to other countries.

3. How much money is spent for tobacco in a year?

About six hundred millions of dollars.

4. Is this as much as is spent for schools? It is seven times as much as is spent for schools, and one hundred times what is spent for missions.

5. Do you think this is right?

No, indeed. The Lord Jesus commanded his people to teach everybody of his love, and they have no right to neglect to do this and spend their money for that which only does them harm.

6. In what other way is tobacco a great expense?

In the idleness it often induces. Tobacco stupifies the nerves and robs people of their ambition and activity, so that the tobacco-user is far less valuable for work than he would otherwise be.

7. Can you think of any other loss it causes?

Yes, hundreds of thousands of acres of land that ought to be used for the cultivation of good grain and vegetables are devoted to the tobacco crop, which only does harm. And hundreds of thousands of people, who should be doing useful things to make the world richer, and happier, are engaged in cultivating tobacco, and in its manufacture and sale.

8. What other expense does tobacco bring? It often leads on to drink, which is the most destructive and expensive of habits.

9. Do you know of any other loss caused by tobacco?

A very great number of fires are caused by the carelessness of smokers, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property are destroyed in this way.

10. Have you ever heard of such a case?

A plumber at work in a great manufactory lighted his pipe at noon and threw the match into what he thought was a pan of water, but which was something very explosive. Instantly the room was on fire, and five great blocks, worth a million of dollars, were burned.

11. What do insurance agents say about this matter?

One insurance agent has said that one-third or more of all the fires on his circuit are caused by cigars and pipes.

12. Why do not people give up tobacco when it is so harmful and costs so much?

Because their bodies are so used to tobacco that they are uncomfortable without it. If they leave it off, their bodies, not having to fight against the poison, feel tired and sick. Then there comes a complete cleaning-up of the body, and the man, not understanding the cause, thinks he is ill, and must have tobacco to cure him; and so he takes it up again.

13. Is there really any danger to be feared in leaving off the habit?

Not at all. The man should live simply, rest a good deal, and take excellent care of himself for a few days, until the body becomes accustomed to the loss of its old enemy. Sometimes a little medicine to strengthen the nerves will be needed. But soon the man will find himself rapidly growing strong and well.

14. And what should boys and girls do? Determine never to use tobacco at all. Then they will save their bodies from the poison, their purses from the waste, and their souls from the sin of tobacco.

## Hints to Teachers.

Many facts may be given to illustrate this lesson. A gentleman who had left off the use of tobacco put every month into the savings bank just the sum he had been accustomed to spend for it. After a few years he bought with the money thus saved a beautiful seaside cottage where he and his family could spend all the hot summer months. Many such instances are on record. Use every influence to form in the children's minds a fixed resolve never to use tobacco in any form.

## Personal Influence and the Temperance Question.

The last rays of the setting sun are lighting up the pictured shores and peninsulas of the Big Bras d'Or, as the staunch little steamer stops at a lonely pier, where a young man is bidding farewell to his mother and sisters. From this quiet corner of Cape Breton the lad is going forth into the big world to seek his fortune. He is glad of the chance, and excited by the mere idea of change of scene and opportunity for fresh activities; but the ties of home are strong and as he comes on board his eyes are still dim with the tears he would scorn to shed. His mother watches the boat until it vanishes in the darkness, and then goes home to spend the night in prayer for her boy. Will he remain as pure of heart and clean of hand as she believes he is to-night? Will he keep his promise to read the bible she has given him? Will he have strength to keep his solemn pledge not to drink wine or other intoxicating liquor? In the hamlet where his life has thus far been spent it has never been offered to him, and it is easy to promise never to touch that which he has never been tempted to touch. Will he be able to resist the attractions of the saloon, when he is lonely and homesick in the great city?

Meanwhile the young man finds his way to a sheltered corner of the deck and dreams of the great things he will do, and the name he will make for himself. He means to acquire wealth, to be a successful business man, and, yes, he will do as his mother wishes about the church and the keeping out of bad company. He is not an 'unusual' young man such as one occasionally finds in a Sunday-school novelle. He is simply an unsophisticated youth, with naturally good impulses, but easily influenced, loving his mother, and intending to obey her wishes, yet with a dawning suspicion that perhaps her ideas are a trifle old-fashioned.

In the third story of a cheap boarding-house in one of our large cities is a little hall bed-room with a dingy wall and scanty furnishings. Not a picture nor an easy chair suggests the comforts of a home. A bed, a washstand, and a plain wooden chair comprise its furnishings. It is a place where one can sleep, but from which one would choose to hasten in his waking hours.

This is the present home of our young man. For two years he has been employed in a grocery down town, and as we note his unsteady hands, the peculiar redness of his face, and the lack of clearness in the eyes which met ours so fearlessly, we grieve for that mother, and the young man's broken pledge. How did it happen?

It did not happen. It was the natural result of home-sickness, combined with the absence of good and the presence of bad personal influences. After a hard day's work there was only his dreary room to look forward to. In the brilliantly-lighted saloon on the corner there were warmth and companionship. He did not mean to drink, oh! no! only to accompany one of his fellow-clerks to some comfortable place where he could laugh and talk and forget that dreadful sense of loneliness.

Of course he did not like to be laughed at—what boy ever did! Still, for a time he kept his pledge. His environment was against him. The grocery store was one of those 'licensed' places where wine and liquors could be obtained as easily as flour or molasses, and well-dressed ladies bought the one as freely as the other. He began to have more than a suspicion that his mother was old-fashioned, and when a well-known clergyman argued in his hearing that 'wine was one of the good things of this earth, which it was our duty to use in moderation,' and especially when he called total abstainers 'fanatics,' the young clerk yielded, and

that night went to his room for the first time with unsteady step. There was no one to ask him if it were not wiser to be a fanatic on the safe side of the liquor question, nor to suggest that the clergyman's argument would apply equally well to the most virulent poisons.

The large front room has new inmates, and the young married couple who have come to make their home in the boarding-house note with pity the dissipated appearance of the young clerk. Earnest Christians as they are, they quietly decide that it is not only a duty but a privilege to strive to help him to lead a better life.

Wonderingly he accepts their friendly invitation to spend the evening with them in their room; presently he is seated in a comfortable easy-chair in a well lighted room. Over in the window there are flowering plants, and a canary is chirping and twittering before curling himself up into a little yellow ball for the night. It is so cheerful and homelike, with the bright fire and the big table of illustrated books and magazines, that he begins to feel more at ease. Some way, his mother seems more of a living presence to him to-night than she has for months. He thinks he will write to her soon and tell her of this evening. She will be pleased, and there do not seem to be many things in his present mode of life of which he cares to write. With music, pictures, and cheerful conversation, the evening passes all too quickly, and when he finally goes to his own little room he is astonished to find that he has almost promised to go to hear a famous temperance lecturer the next evening.

At the store next day many inquiries are made as to his absence from the saloon, and he feels a manly pride in alluding to his 'invitation out.' However, as the day wears on the thought of the temperance lecture is too much for him, and he stays away from the tea-table that the invitation may not be repeated. Naturally, he is a little ashamed of this way of dodging the question, and not a little relieved when his new friends continue to treat him with the utmost cordiality, and he readily consents to attend church with them on Sunday evening. For the first time in his life he hears an eloquent preacher discourse on temperance to a crowded house. The clergyman takes strong ground, demanding total abstinence from intoxicants as a duty every Christian owes not only to himself, but to his fellow-men. It is a revelation to the young man, who begins to see that his mother was not so old-fashioned as he thought. He supposes the other minister would call this one a 'fanatic,' but some way the word does not frighten him this time, and he begins to seriously reason with himself: 'It is safe not to touch wine. It is better to be on the safe side and take none at all.'

It would be pleasant to relate the various methods used by his new friends to gain an influence over the young clerk, and to describe his final victory over the peculiar temptations by which he was surrounded. He was led to see that he could no longer stay in a store where liquor was sold, and manifested courage in giving up his situation and searching for a situation his conscience would approve. But we must leave him here.—'The Silver Cross.'

I saw a calculation some time ago made from an observation of a price list of a whiskey distiller in Scotland, where the whiskey was advertised at 1s 4d per gallon. A gentleman made this calculation. If you took three hundred gallons of this whiskey and put it in a public-house in a village, that stock would cost you £20, but the moment this was proposed to be put into stock the government would add £150 for duty. Then there would have to be added one hundred and thirty-three gallons of water to make it of the right strength, and then it would be sold at 6d per gill. The whole result would be that this £20 worth of whiskey would sell for £362, and what does the village benefit? It has spent this enormous sum and has got absolutely nothing in return for it.—Alderman White, at Norwich.

When about to take his first drink, the young man should remember that every drunkard once stood where he stands. 'Ram's Horn.'