



Scientific Temperance Teaching.

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

LESSON XXVIII. — TOBACCO CHEWING.

1. Is tobacco a food?

No. Tobacco is not in any way a food. It stunts the growth instead of making the body grow, and weakens instead of strengthening it.

2. Why, then, do people put it in their mouths?

Only to spit it out again, and because the body, when it has grown used to it, has a craving for it.

3. Which is worse, to smoke or to chew tobacco?

Chewing is more harmful.

4. In what way does it do harm?

In several ways. First it makes the saliva flow too freely, and, as it is wasted by spitting, the body is robbed of its needed quantity of saliva.

5. What is the consequence of this?

An unnatural thirst, which cannot be satisfied by water or any natural drink, and which, in a great number of cases, leads to the use of alcoholic liquors.

6. What other consequence is there?

The body is very much weakened by the loss of so much material as the chewer spits away. One physician says, 'Can we wonder that the chewer is haggard when he spits away his own weight in less than six months?'

7. How does the loss of saliva affect the digestion of food?

The saliva is necessary to the proper digestion of the food. Without it the food cannot be so changed as to strengthen the body. Anything which wastes the saliva hinders the digestion, and, of course, the strengthening of the body.

8. Does the tobacco do any other harm?

Yes, some of the juice of the tobacco is sure to be swallowed, and its poison irritates and makes sore the delicate surface of the stomach. From the stomach the poison enters the blood, and is carried by it to all the other organs of the body.

9. What do physicians say of the effects of tobacco on boys?

They tell us of all sorts of dreadful effects, and that 'no one who uses tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong, vigorous man.'

10. Is tobacco-using a gentlemanly habit?

No. It makes people careless about other habits. It is a filthy and disgusting habit, and those who indulge in it grow indifferent to cleanliness and purity in other ways, and to the comfort of other people.

11. And how do they show this?

They take no pains to protect other people from their foul breath and disagreeable ways; spitting on floors and sidewalks, and continually annoying sensitive people.

12. What other evils grow out of the use of tobacco?

Evil company. Tobacco users naturally go together, and, as the worst boys always use it, better boys come to associate with them, and so to grow bad. They learn to swear and drink, and do all kinds of evil things.

13. Do you think it is a sin, then, to use tobacco?

It certainly is a sin, because it harms the body which God made, and which he declares to be his own temple, and because it leads to other sins.

14. What, then, is the only safe course to pursue?

To abstain wholly and always from the use of tobacco.

Hints to Teachers.

This lesson is so simple as to require little simplifying. Question the children regarding the process of digestion, to be sure they understand the office of the saliva, and the importance of preserving its purity and abundance. Their own observation will show them the filthiness of the habit. Governor Morris was once asked 'if gentlemen smoked in France.' He replied, 'Gentlemen, sir, smoke nowhere!'

A little book, 'Facts About Tobacco,' issued

by the National Temperance Society, will be found exceedingly helpful in teaching this lesson and several yet to follow.

Making a Record.

(Prize Story, in 'Ram's Horn,' by Henry M. Chalfant.)

Wilson Allyn was the leading dry goods merchant of the town in which he lived, and was justly rated as one of its best citizens. In the church his standing was high, and his influence great. This was right, for he was every inch what the world believed him to be. In business he was honest, in church zealous and liberal, while arising from his family altar there was daily heard the voice of prayer. His wife was a model matron, a queenly and godly mother—justly proud of her three children and taking great delight in leading them in paths of righteousness.

Ray was the only son. Having a bright mind and winning ways, he was an object of the strongest possible admiration as well as deepest solicitude in that happy home. Having finished a high school course, the day of his departure for a distant college came. The same loving words of counsel which have fallen on the ears of many a noble lad under similar circumstances were now given to him; and he was away, to live under new surroundings, find new companions and form new habits.

Four years soon glided by, the coveted 'sheepskin' was placed in his hands, and returning to his native town he entered an office and commenced to study law. But how changed after the varied experiences of a few years' college course. His lack of profound religious conviction led him to choose as his college companions those who gave little heed to the church and its teachings. He soon found himself in the 'swim' with the gay four hundred of the college town. At the end of the course he was proficient in the accomplishments of the four hundred—dancing, card playing, the social glass. To his beloved ones these facts had never become known until he had graduated and entered upon the study of law. He then prided himself upon his social attainments, and smiled at the piety of his sisters.

It was with the deepest solicitude that his mother began now to notice his downward course in society. How earnestly did she pour out her soul to God for the salvation of her boy! How tenderly she pleaded with him to walk in the good way! But all seemed in vain.

He loved her dearly, yet laughingly protested that her fears were groundless, that he was simply sowing a little wild oats, and that in the race of life he was sure to be a winner. But that did not satisfy her mother heart. She seldom had the comfort of seeing him in his place in the house of God. She trembled as she began to read in his eyes the story of the social glass run to excess. Her pillow wet with tears, she many a night awakened from a dream wherein she saw him seated by a table in company with gamblers. But worst of all, she thought of the possibility of his being hastened into the presence of the Great Judge clothed not in righteous garments.

A very few years passed by and friends began to notice how rapidly Mrs. Allyn was aging. Her hair was becoming silvered, and furrows ever deepening appeared on her brow. The glow of health faded from her cheek and her step was that of a weary woman. People said she was dying of consumption. One day she took to her bed, never to rise again. The doctors consulted together, looked grave, and said: 'A bad case of nervous prostration.' Ray was faithful in his attention to her, but found some excuse for deserting her presence when she spoke to him of the better life.

It was a splendid evening in May when her venerable pastor, Dr. Brumfield, called, and found the entire family in the sick room. For forty years this beloved man of God had ministered to the sick and dying. With mighty power he seemed to plead, when he came to God burdened with the welfare of a precious human soul. On this particular evening he prayed but briefly for the sick. He then prayed for mercy on the wayward son. Deepest solemnity seized upon every heart. Divine power was present and felt in every soul.

Ray approached his mother's bedside. The expression which met her gaze she had never met in the same face before. It was the look of sheer despair.

'Mother,' said he, in trembling tones, 'it's

an awful life I've led and a shameful record I've made. If God will have mercy—and there the man who had been so hard of heart fell on his knees, and in broken tones was calling on the Lord for mercy. A moment more, and the whole company was in prayer, while every voice was heard.

Ray's repentance was genuine, his desire for salvation intense, and his purpose to forsake sin and lead a godly life complete. Rising from prayer, the changed countenance told the mother the changed life within. There was joy beyond description that night in the mother's heart—in fact, greater joy than her distressed body could endure. She wept for joy, she laughed for joy, she sang songs of praise. But before the dawn of another day, the cold, clammy finger of death was upon her, and she slept.

Two days later Ray stood gazing for the last time into his mother's face, but her eyes saw him not, neither did her voice greet him. True, he was fully conscious of his acceptance with God—endowed with a new spirit and travelling a new road. Standing over her, he saw the deep wrinkles, the silvered hair, the sunken cheek. For the first time he fully realized what hand it was that had so indelibly written them on this once fair face and brow. Then he was almost overwhelmed and ready to sink down under the thought that even his reformation and conversion had not altered the record. It was made by years of folly and could not be changed. Even in the cold clay all the world could read the writing of a foolish hand. As Ray walked to the silent tomb and home again and for many days and years, there came frequently flashing before his mind a record which was unchangeable and imperishable. To this day the words of a certain governor come often to his mind as he remembers the silvered hair, the furrowed brow, the sunken cheek: 'What I have written, I have written.'

Tobacco or Evangelization Which?

The sender of forty-five dollars, contributed by a few individuals for Telugu evangelization, says: 'In this amount you have ten dollars that used to be spent in tobacco.' Which is the better use to make of the Lord's money, to spend it on tobacco or in giving the gospel to perishing men? A good many are giving tobacco the preference. They have money for tobacco, (that is, they deliberately take the Lord's money to buy it), but the times are too hard for them to give anything for evangelizing the heathen world. They will be able to say at last to their Lord that they could not do the work that he gave them to do because their tobacco cost them so much.—Canadian Baptist.

Consistency.

(By Bessie Baker, in 'Union Signal'.)

You 'believe in prohibition?'

A most excellent position;

But, if anxious to promote it,

Why not straighten up, and vote it? w

But to show a tender feeling,

For the victim who goes reeling,

Through the streets, unmanned by gin,

Which your ballot voted in,

What is it but sham and sin?

You've 'no use for temperance cranks,

Never join fanatics' ranks';

And the W. C. T. U.'s,

Whom the whiskeyites abuse,

Recognition you refuse;

Which intelligence construes,

(Should it not?) as opposition,

To the cause of prohibition.

'What is zeal or agitation,

Fervent prayers for men's salvation,

But a farce—a mere profession —

While you daily make concession

To the rum fiend in possession,

And, by ballots at the polls,

Set a price on human souls?

'Stop and think! O Christian voter!

Can you stand as a promoter,

Of a traffic so destructive,

Blighting everything productive,

And to every vice seductive,

Bearing only saddest sorrow

On its tide to-day, to-morrow,

While you pray, 'Thy kingdom come,

And Thy will on earth be done?'

—Vandalla, Ill.