



### Temperance Department.

#### DARE TO SAY "NO."

Dare to say "No," when you're tempted to drink,  
Pause for a moment, my boy, and think—  
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost;

Think of the mother who bore you in pain;  
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;  
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow;  
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;  
Think of the danger to body and soul;  
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;  
Look at them now, and at once answer "No."

Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;  
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;  
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,  
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No!"

Think of lone grave, both unwept and unknown,  
Hiding for hopes that were fair as your own;  
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,  
That still might be here had they learned to say "No!"

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
Driving to ruin both body and soul;  
Think of all this as life's journey you go,  
And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

—Exchange.

#### ELLEN MORLEY'S SECRET.

It's almost forty-three years ago since father, mother, and myself lived here; we were comfortable enough for poor folks; there was the large garden and orchard at the back, and that nearly kept the house, then we'd fowls and pigs and bees, and I took in some fine needlework, for my parents never would let me leave home, as I was their only child, and they did not think I was strong enough for service, besides they always said they could not do without me, so we all lived together, and were very happy; the only trouble that father and mother had, was that I was engaged to John Morley, and though I had no intention of leaving them, still they fretted for my sake, thinking they were holding me back from happiness.

My father and mother were God-fearing, industrious, and sober people; I must tell you that in those days there was not much talk about teetotalers: people drank as much as they liked, and no one said anything to them; drunkards were plentiful, but somehow I think they're more plentiful now; you see drink is cheaper, and every corner you turn there's a great flaring public staring in your face, and certain it is that the people who frequent them only think of the quickest way of turning themselves into beasts. Mother and I never touched anything—not that we thought it wrong, but it didn't agree with us; father always had his pint at dinner and the same at supper; he always said he'd far rather go without a meal than miss his quart of ale in the day, and mother and I would have thought something was going to happen if he had refused it. But I never knew him to take more, or any other kind of liquor; he told me he never had but one glass of spirits in his life, and that was when he was about twenty years of age; a friend persuaded him, but it flew to his head at once, and made him so blind that he took a green-grown duck-pond for a field, and when he thought to lie down and recover himself a bit, he got such a ducking that it gave him an attack of rheumatism for many a day.

As father advanced in years mother and I saw that his pint of ale did not suit him as it did once; always after dinner, instead of going out to the garden, he used to fall asleep for hours, and instead of waking up refreshed, he was dazed and giddy the whole evening after; the same after supper; he could scarcely see his way up to bed, and I walked behind him for fear he might stumble; but I must shorten this part of my story if I am to tell you about my secret.

It seems but a year ago since that beautiful summer evening which saw the last of happiness in our dear little home for many a long day. The sun was shining so brightly, the birds singing so gaily, and our large old-fashioned garden was all aglow with rich-colored, sweet-

smelling flowers. Father came slowly out after his usual sleep, with that dazed look on his face that always made my heart tremble with fear; he leaned heavily on his stick, so I gave him my arm, and we took a turn round the garden. The fresh air did him good; his head got clearer, and he called to mother to come and walk with us; they were so fond of one another, and had long ago learned the secret of a happy married life; it is summed up in two words, "Bear, forbear." He was so fond of making the cottage look pretty; it was covered with climbing plants of every kind, some trailing over the thatched roof to the chimney-top; looking suddenly up, he saw that his favorite rose was hanging down; he had been training it in the morning, and had not finished it when he was called in to dinner; the ladder was still in its place, so he said he must go up and finish it, for he was sure there was a storm coming on that would pull it down altogether. Now I must tell you that for some time dear mother had so managed it, that whatever climbing there was, was done before dinner, for she knew that his head was not to be trusted after that, and he always gave in so sweetly, saying he must remember he was getting to be an old man, but this evening nothing would turn him: he would not let me mount the ladder, though I had often done so for him; the tears ran down mother's cheeks, as she begged and prayed of him to be guided by her, but it was no use; he had got one of his rare fits of wilfulness on him, and he would only do what he liked. He went up, and for a few minutes all seemed to go well; he had almost finished, poor mother had begun to say, "Thank God, he's safe," when he suddenly loosed his hold, clasped his head with his hands, swung round and down on the top of my dear mother, who was gazing up at him with her soul in her face. They fell together and she never moved again; her neck was broken, and he lived a few hours, but never a parting word, never a parting smile for the breaking heart that that day's sun set on, and as if my cup of sorrow was not full enough, the doctor said to me, "Ah, if my poor old friend would have been advised by me, and had given up his daily quart of ale, it is more than probable you would have had him for many a year, for as I told him his brain was not able to bear the pressure he put upon it."

John stood by me in my dark hour; he did everything, spared me in all ways, sent one of his sisters to stop with me, until I could be persuaded to become his wife; but I believe I should have gone melancholy mad, if I had not been obliged to give up the cottage and go far away to a manufacturing town; it was such a dreadful blow, and the manner of it too, a quart of ale, had made me a homeless orphan; it was always before me; a bitter hatred grew up in my heart to the very name of drink: the sight of a public-house made me shudder; the smell of drink made me sick and faint, and the thought of that John was like father, and took his beer every day, so preyed upon my mind, that I believe if I had not been in a kind of stupid state when I married him, I should never have been his wife. The first Saturday night after we were married he brought home his money and laid it on the table before me. "Now, wife," he said, "this is my general weekly wage, two pounds ten, sometimes more, sometimes less. When it's not under this I always keep ten shillings for myself; there's my beer, clubs, and other things that a man must always keep money in his pocket for, the rest I hand over to you to keep the house with. I know you will save if you can; but I like everything comfortable, and while I can work I mean to have comfort; but out of this two pounds, remember you are to take two and sixpence for your beer every week. I take mine, and my wife shall have hers too."

"I hate its very name," was the only reply I could make, for tears choked my voice.

"Poor soul!" he said pityingly, as he drew my head down to his shoulder, "You'll get better of that in time; any way, the money is yours to do what you like with, buy beer or woman's fal-dals, I'll never ask you what you've done with it."

I thought a great deal of what John said to me, and after a few days made up my mind what I was to do with this weekly two and sixpence, £8 1s 8d a year, a large sum for a workingman's wife to call her own, either to swallow, or waste in finery; it was clear I would not do the first, and as to the second, my dear parents had brought me up to consider that sinful waste made woe for want, and that poor men's wives and daughters were all the worse for apeing those above them; for if they hadn't money to waste on dress, they trod in crooked ways to find it. So I determined to save this money and put it into the savings' bank week by week, keeping it quite separate from any other I might be able to put by out of the remainder of John's wages, and this was my secret, which I would not share with any one, not even my husband. Why I decided not to tell him, I can scarcely say; I dearly loved him and trusted him, and surely never husband was kinder to wife than

he was to me. I believe my chief thought was that some day there might come a great need, when this money would prove with God's blessing our salvation, and this helped me to keep the only secret I ever kept from my husband. Our life passed by smoothly and happily; we had one child, a boy, and he was the idol of his father's heart; that he was not mine as well, was only owing to this, that I was always praying against the temptation, and watching lest my great love should make me forget my duty as a parent, and that would be a poor selfish kind of love, and our darling grew up wonderfully unspoiled for an only child. But when he was about fourteen years of age he began to get very delicate; we did everything we could for him, but he did not get any stronger, so I called in the doctor, and he told me there was something wrong with the spine; still he hoped with great care he might be spared to us; but when John heard of it he completely broke down; his health had not been very good for some time, and an illness seized upon him which brought him to the very gates of the grave. Doctors' medicine and expensive nourishment had to be provided, and no two pounds a week coming in, so I thankfully turned to the little I had been able to save during the twenty years of our married life and once more began to take in fine needlework; but it was very hard to keep the wolf from the door. You will wonder I did not go to the savings bank and draw on my nest-egg; but I could not bear to do it, for I wanted the money for my boy's start in life, and I prayed God to help me. Well, He restored my husband, but our darling was fading away; so one day the doctor told us there was no hope unless we could put him under a course of treatment that would cost a great deal of money, and he named the sum; my poor John turned away with a heart-broken look, but I smiled as I unlocked my desk, brought out my bank book and pointing to a certain page, said, "Here is what you want; cure my boy, and the blessing of God be with you." I think the doctor and John thought that I had gone mad from trouble, but I soon showed them the contrary, for I said "Here's £124 14s 2d, the price of twenty years' pin's of beer, and the interest on the money; 7,800 pints at fourpence each." There it was before them plain to be seen. Surely I was the most thankful woman England held that day; but the crowning point had to come yet, for when John came home that night he drew a piece of paper out of his pocket, held it up before my eyes, and said, "I am a pledged teetotaler from this day forward: God bless you, wife, you have shown me a grand example." Our boy recovered, and quickly too; it didn't take half the money, and what was left, with what John and I saved together, was enough in two years to put him out in the world, and with the first money he ever saved he bought this cottage for his father and me, and now you have the story of Ellen Morley's Secret.—*Scottish Temperance League Tract.*

#### TOBACCO-SMOKING.

BY REV. B. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

I beg, as a favor, that young men and boys who do not smoke will read carefully what I am now writing. You have not yet used tobacco. Perhaps you do not intend to do so; but the practice is so common that you are in danger of being enticed to try if you cannot manage a pipe or a cigar. If you could, you will be told, it would be something rather clever and to be talked about. Before you yield, ponder carefully the following statements, not made before being well considered.

1. It is a fact that large numbers who use tobacco, in different ways, deeply regret having formed such a habit. I have heard scores of smokers so express themselves. I know a gentleman who would have given a large sum of money if he could have thrown off the habit without a severer struggle than he was prepared to engage in. It is a serious matter, forming a habit. Habits are said to be "second nature," and there is much truth in the saying. Their chains are sometimes very difficult to break. Pause, therefore, and think, before forming a habit which you would be almost sure to regret, yes, even, it may be, to hate.

2. It is a fact that tobacco has been found to be very injurious. It has been proved again and again, most clearly, that it injures the eyes; brings on diseases of the lip and tongue; causes heart complaints; depresses most fearfully the spirits; weakens the general strength of both body and mind; brings on fits, and even leads to insanity. I was once acquainted with a man who lost his reason entirely through injury to his nerves and brain arising from the use of tobacco. This was fully ascertained. I heard him say, when being taken to the asylum, "It's all the pipe! the pipe!" Medical men know this, and some of the most learned and skilful in the profession say that tobacco is nothing more or less than a poison. This, to some of you, may sound strange. It may be altogether new, indeed. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, referring to the subject, and to the

opinion of the medical profession and eminent chemists, writes: "So far there is no controversy. All are agreed as to the deadly nature of the plant (tobacco plant). There is no dispute as to the poisonous action of nicotine." Again: "Nicotine, as the essential principle of tobacco is called, is a liquid alkaloid of such deadly properties that less than the tenth of a grain will kill a middle-sized dog in three minutes. In a single cigar there is sufficient nicotine, if administered pure, to kill two strong men. And thus, in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, the risk must be run of introducing into the system two grains or more of one of the most subtle of all known poisons." Think of that. Of course it does not operate as quickly, as it is usually taken, as some poisons. But it does operate in time, to the injury of all who use it, in a greater or less degree. Therefore beware.

3. It is a fact that the practice of using tobacco is a very expensive one; much more expensive, I have no doubt, than you are aware of. Indeed, the money wasted in this way, when we set ourselves to reckon it up in a few instances, is seen to amount to something almost surpassing belief. It is so, because it is a constant waste of money in small sums, in most cases. We are apt not to think much of what goes in the shape of "coppers," but when it is a constant "drop," in years it amounts to much more than we supposed was being spent. I knew a poor man in a workhouse, who was seventy-nine years of age when I saw him last. He had been what is considered a moderate smoker fifty-five years. His tobacco had cost him, on an average, a shilling a week. In fifty years his habit, from which he had not derived the slightest real benefit, had cost him £130. How useful that to a poor man! Had it been taken care of, in place of being wasted in that way, it would have saved him from the workhouse. And is it not probable there are thousands of such cases?

But many spend much more than a shilling a week on tobacco. If you form the habit, it may cost you a larger sum. And more, your love of it may become so strong as to interfere with the discharge of high and holy duties. It is not improbable that the cost of tobacco diverts money from religious purposes. Indeed, I am certain it does.

4. It is a fact that smoking often leads to drinking, to loose companionships, and the frequenting of places which all young people should be most careful to shun. There is not much solitary smoking from choice. Company, I suppose, gives zest to the pipe. And few will deny that it often leads to the glass. From the one to the other has been found a short path, soon and easily travelled. Nor is this surprising, as its tendency is to induce or cause a thirst and longing for stimulants. In this way double expense and double danger to health and life are incurred. Suffer a few words of warning here. I will suppose you are a member of a Christian church, or an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and that you stand well in society and wish to continue to do so. Avoid, then, the pipe. Not doing so, you will be in danger. It has been a snare to thousands. A well-known temperance advocate writes: "I have known members of churches break the pledge, but it has nearly always been the case that such have been smokers, and have blamed the pipe for it. So far as I have observed, more members of our temperance societies fall from being caught in this snare, than in any other."

5. It is a fact that the use of tobacco is becoming more and more uncommon in good company, and is highly disapproved of by persons of cleanly habits, as an offensive and repulsive practice. It is beginning to be a custom in large and respectable houses not to allow it at all. And this will most certainly extend, as the impression is gaining ground amongst this class that the use of tobacco is mischievous, especially in the case of young men and boys. And the impression appears to be justified by facts. An eminent minister in London long ago remarked, "As a statistical fact, ninety per cent. of the smoking young men are irreligious." Another declared, some years ago, "The first cigar a young man puts into his mouth is often his first step in a career of vice." No doubt of it.

6. It is a fact that most sensible men, even many who themselves use tobacco, because they imagine they cannot get loose from the fetters of the habit, condemn the formation of such a habit by the young. I have heard such say something very much like the following, when speaking to young people on the subject:

"If you have not begun to smoke, do not do so. It will not do you one bit of good. It is an expensive habit, an injurious habit, a dangerous habit, and not at all a clean one."

This is what many smokers are quite ready to admit. And they are right, only very inconsistent. Think of these six facts and let your resolve be that you will not use tobacco in any form. Let your motto be, in the presence of all temptations—"I will not yield."—*Band of Hope Review.*