



Stop Before You Begin.

Success depends as much in not doing as upon doing; in other words, 'Stop before you begin,' has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

'Another time hold in your horse before he starts.'

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing:

'No, I thank you.'

If John, at that time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a saloon, 'No, I thank you,' he would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said, 'No, I thank you,' he would to-day have been perhaps an honored officer in the church, instead of occupying a cell in the State prison.

Had William, when at school, said, when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school, and sign his father's name, 'No, I thank you,' he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this, that resisting the devil in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous.

'Avoid the beginnings of evil' is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, lusts and bad appetites had driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down the hill; learn now to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they may come, 'No, I thank you,' and, in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.—Golden Days.

Little Things Are Greater Than People Sometimes Think.

There are some boys and girls, says an exchange, who are not very particular about little things. They think that the size of things makes them large. But this is not always so. Little things appear sometimes to be unworthy of notice, but oftentimes they cause great results. A little spark has often been the means of causing a great fire. The great ocean is made up of little drops. When a boy or girl is careless in their habits and say, 'Oh, it is a little thing—too little to pay any attention to,' they make a great mistake. The little acts make habits which are almost impossible to be broken. We

once heard a story of a man who lost a throne and his life by a little act—very trivial indeed, some people might think. It was on this wise. Many years ago there was a king of France, whose name was Louis Philippe. His eldest son was heir to the throne at his father's death. He was a very fine young man, kind, affectionate and generous. Everybody loved him and people took pleasure in saying, 'What a fine king he will make.'

He had command of a regiment of soldiers in the French army: He had been ordered to join his regiment, but before he went he was invited to dine with some friends and say good-bye to them. There was wine on the table and they all drank some. He had never been intoxicated in all his life. He knew just how much wine he could take with safety and he always stopped there. But some one of the party invited him to 'take just one glass more.' He refused. But the friend urged him so much, that he took just another little glass of wine and then sprang into his carriage and bid his friends good-bye. He began to feel the effects of the wine as the carriage drove along until it came to the place where he was to stop. He opened the door, jumped from the steps, but his head was confused. He hardly knew what he was doing. He stumbled and fell. His head struck the pavement and he was taken up senseless and bleeding and died in a very short time. For one glass of wine he lost his life, the throne of France and millions of dollars of property. So one glass of wine is not very small after all. One bad action is not so small as we think. As God sees it, all little actions are big actions.

Let us resolve that we will be true to God in all the little affairs of life. If we do God will bless us. If we do not, the little sins of life will be so many weights to sink us down to eternal death.

The Cigarette Evil.

That this evil is rapidly spreading in almost every community must be apparent to every observant citizen, and the daily press furnish abundant evidence of the deadly effect of the cigarette habit.

The Rev. Mr. Kidder, writing in the 'Advance,' refers to a Wisconsin city of 6,000 population in which a recent investigation revealed the fact that a single dealer retailed on an average 300 cigarettes per day, or between one and two thousand by the various dealers of the town.

In Lansing, Mich., Superintendent Laird and others made a systematic canvass of the schools, and the habit of using tobacco was found to have been formed by many boys. Some of them had gone so far as to forge their parents' names in order to procure the weed. A principal in Chicago says the sale of cigarettes to children has been steadily increasing, and that she actually found a boy of eleven years smoking in her office, his desire to smoke being so strong that he ran the risk of indulging even there. Many are ruined by this habit, their lives cut short and their mental and moral power so weakened as to render them unfit for any service. Said a teacher of large experience: 'A boy that has the cigarette habit upon him can do nothing in the schoolroom. He must either quit the habit or quit the school.'

Superintendent Laird, of Lansing, said that he knew of instances where boys, naturally bright, had become stupid and indolent to such an extent they could not keep up in their studies, and their falling off in mental ability he believed can be directly traced to cigarettes. This is the testimony from Maino to California, and yet measures against their use in the public schools, accompanied by

vigorous prosecution of the sellers, are only occasional and spasmodic.

Churches as well as temperance organizations should lift up a warning voice against this crying evil, and parents should unite with superintendents of schools and teachers in adopting vigorous preventive measures, according to authoritative statistics. The entire output for the 1895 was 4,042,391,640; and the profits are enormous. The American Tobacco Trust claims that in one year it made a clear profit of \$4,000,000 from the sales of cigarettes alone.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Father Mathew.

Father Mathew has thus left an unparalleled record of temperance labors, and though many of those who signed the pledge went back some remained faithful. He certainly stands forth as one of the most illustrious of temperance reformers, and perhaps if he had worked less he might have accomplished more. He attempted to do what was beyond even the staying power of his vigorous constitution. There were, of course, a number of zealous temperance reformers at that time, but none able to take his place and do his work. Father Mathew was a man of singular endowments, alike of intellect and heart and manner, and thus wielded a unique influence over others, however much they might differ from him in their religious opinions. 'Father Mathew,' said one to whom he was administering the pledge, 'here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me.' 'God bless you, my dear; I didn't care if you were a Lemonman,' was his answer. 'Father Mathew,' exclaimed a respectable lady, a leading Methodist, 'I pray daily that the Lord may preserve you in humility; has he done so?' 'Yes, ma'am,' was Father Mathew's reply. When living Father Mathew won the respect and admiration of all classes in the kingdom for his work's sake, and now that revolving time has nearly brought round his centennial, reformers throughout the world to recall his beneficent career and catch inspiration from his great example.—'League Journal.'

Habits.

Our bodies are the 'temple of the Holy Ghost.' 'Therefore,' says Paul to the Corinthians; 'glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.' The use of alcohol upon the body is most destructive. It brutalizes, degrades and destroys. It is no less destructive to all the mental powers. Once that it has gained the mastery, it is almost impossible to overcome the desire for it. Everything is sacrificed for it. Home, and all that we hold most dear in it, yields to its accursed sway. There is nothing so dear, nothing so sacred, that it is not cast away before it. Theotimus, an ancient Greek, on being told by his physician that he must give up his wine cup or lose his eyesight, replied, 'Farewell, then, sweet light.' There is no greater conquerer in this world than he who gains the mastery over himself. Habits however lightly they may seem at first to set upon us, soon acquire a strength, and become so powerful as to be oftentimes entirely beyond our control, when, at last, in the effort to be free, we discover their fatal hold upon us.—Lima J. Walbe.

'Mental suasion for the man who thinks,
Moral suasion for the man who drinks,
Legal suasion for the drunkard-maker,
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.'