

mon, and the peculiar motion of a snake is well imitated in these kites, which are sometimes thirty feet long. Another device is to have four or five hawks so attached to a central hoop that they are made to hover over it by separate cords and pulled in and out as if contending over a quarry. Most persons resort to the hills on this day chiefly to enjoy the diversion and have a picnic. Just before returning home they prepare their kite, on which a felicitous sign, the name of a lucky star, or a fine sentence is attached, and send it up. When sky-high the string is cut, and the kite is supposed to carry with it all the evils impending over the family away into the wilderness. This superstitious notion is probably common, but does not explain the general popularity of this diversion, which is owing to its fascinating variety, sport, and beauty. Mr. Doolittle mentions one of great size, made up of many smaller ones resembling domino blocks, held to the main stem, and each block adorned with a rush at each end four or five feet long. Small ones like butterflies and snakes furnish amusement and practice to children, who, as they grow up, try their skill on larger ones.

Silk, tough mulberry paper, or grasscloth, stretched over light frames of bamboo and rattan, constitute the principal materials of kites. The æolian attachment is made in various ways. Sometimes it is done by fastening on a hammer cut on the principle of a whistle; at other times a series of thin reeds is so placed that the wind sweeps through them as through a row of harp-strings; and, again, a few loose splints of rattan noisily vibrate as the kite is held against the breeze. When one hears ten or twenty of these aerial harpsichords at once, as is often the case at Canton on a winter's day, the effect is singularly pleasant.

A legend referring to these singing kites is related in Chinese history. It is connected with Lin Pang, one of their great heroes, who subdued the empire to his sway, B. C. 209, and founded the dynasty of Han. He had enclosed the general of the opposing army in such a way that he felt sure of victory on the morrow. The beleaguered captain was in despair of help, when the device of flying a great number of buzzing kites over the other host during the night was suggested in order to startle them from their sleep. As the wind brought the kites over the sleeping camp, they seemed to say, "Fu-han! fu-han!" (Han, beware! Han, beware!) This was taken as a timely warning of sudden peril, and away the soldiers of Lin Pang fled, to the delight of their foes, thus rescued from their dilemma.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

**FOUR GOOD REASONS.**—Here are Dr. Thomas Guthrie's excellent reasons for being a total abstainer: "I have tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in good spirits because I take no spirits: I am hale because I use no ale; I take no antidote in the form of drugs, because I take no poison in the form of drinks. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one. 1. My health is stronger. 2. My head is clearer. 3. My heart is lighter. 4. My purse is heavier."

**LEAVES, PLANTS AND ROOTS.**—Here is a remedy for the ills of flesh and spirit, which, if taken without a wry face, will make any person respectable and happy:

Leave off smoking and drinking.  
Leave off chewing and snuffing.  
Leave off swearing.  
Plant your pleasures in the home circle.  
Plant your business in some honorable employment.  
Plant your faith in truth.  
Root your habits in industry.  
Root your feelings in benevolence.  
Root your affections in God.  
For directions see the Holy Scriptures—*Christian Sun.*



Temperance Department.

MR. CAMPBELL FOSTER, Q.C., ON TOBACCO.

Writing to the chairman of a meeting on Juvenile Smoking, held in Manchester, Mr. Campbell Foster said:—

The resolutions you propose to offer to the meeting may do some good; but they cannot be thoroughly effective so long as grown up fathers perpetually indulge in smoking in the presence and knowledge of their sons.

Lads and young men are by nature imitative, and full of emulation. They will imitate their fathers, because they think, naturally enough, it must be right to do so, and that it is clever to do as their fathers and other grown-up men do.

They find it a nauseous and difficult task at first, and their emulation is fired to try and master the difficulty.

Strong grown-up men, habituated to smoking, may not be conscious of much harm from an indulgence in the habit. But, nevertheless, in the end they will find out—in dyspepsia and all its evils; in accelerated age; in loss of both mental and physical vigor, and in an enfeebled constitution—what a daily dose of narcotic poison has done for them.

But for lads and very young men to smoke is a far more serious, rapid, perceptible, and permanent mischief. Lads and very young men are growing—their bones and muscles and brain have to grow bigger. They require much and nourishing food to enable this natural process to go on. Stop the adequate food, or its nourishing quality, and the bones and muscles and brain cease to grow. The lad becomes a stunted, undersized, sickly-looking, and feeble-minded young man; and as long as he lives, that is his type of manhood. The doctors will tell you that food, in order to be nourishing, must be well digested; that undigested food is rather harmful than otherwise, and destroys the appetite for more, for the stomach cannot get rid of that which is already in it. Digestion is partly a mechanical and partly a chemical process. The food is kept moving round in the stomach by a peculiar muscular action of the stomach itself, and in so doing all parts of it are exposed to, and mixed up with, certain chemical agents which tend to dissolve and digest it. These agents are the saliva exuded by certain glands of the mouth, and intended by nature to be mixed with the food while eating; and the gastric juices exuded by the coats of the stomach itself. It is a mere common-sense deduction that if you excite the salivary glands by smoking and spit out and waste the saliva which nature intended to assist in digesting the food taken, you partly destroy one of the chemical agents which is to digest it. But that is not all; nicotine, the poison contained in the fumes of tobacco, partially paralyzes the nerves of the stomach, acts violently upon its lining membrane—so much so, as frequently to produce sickness in young men after smoking—and thus partially destroys the proper supply of the gastric juices by the stomach, the other chemical agent that was intended by nature to perfect the digestion of the food. It does more than this; the same paralyzing effect of the narcotic poison absorbed by the coats of the stomach, weakens and injures the peculiar muscular action of the stomach, which has the effect of turning the food round and round and mixing it up with the chemical agents which nature intended to dissolve and digest it. From these various causes the digestion of the food taken is imperfectly performed, and the food taken in consequence lacks nourishment, or, as the phrase is, the young man's "food does him no good." Hence lads and young men who smoke, from the certain operation of the above law of nature, cease to grow, become pallid, and stunted in their figure, and their brain like their body wants the vigor and the elasticity and the spring which are the peculiar charm and high privilege of youth; and your just grown-up lad sinks into that peculiarly offensive individual, a prematurely old and blase young man.

Tobacco smoking, too, in young men, leads

to drinking. A young man who has made himself half sick by smoking, and incapable, in consequence, of properly fulfilling any duty he has to perform, will resort to drains of raw spirit, if he can get them, to put himself "right" and make himself feel comfortable again; or to a draught of beer for the same purpose. These habits grow upon him. Thus the young man, whom nature intended for a fine, manly, brisk, and clever young fellow, becomes from the pernicious vice of smoking, an undersized, pallid, sodden-looking, stupid, and feeble-minded youth, of whom his relatives and friends have every reason to feel ashamed.—*Anti Narcotic League.*

#### A HOUSE OF DEATH.

Some months ago, the author was walking through the beautiful village of O—, North Riding of Yorkshire, in company with a farmer who had resided all his life upon a farm in the neighborhood. The rural scenery around was very beautiful, with here and there touches of the romantic; presently we came to a very respectable looking public-house by the roadside. The landlady, who was a widow, stood at the door, and recognizing my companion, nodded to him, and he returned the salutation. The landlady was a fine portly looking dame, with black silk dress and gold chain hanging down to the waist, and altogether in keeping with the house. I remarked to my companion, "That certainly is a very respectable looking public-house, and a very courteous and respectable landlady, too." My companion replied, "You are quite correct; that public-house is the most respectably conducted house in this neighborhood, and that landlady is a most respectable woman; but I wish to tell you something about that house. Thirty years ago that house was licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquor, and year after year that license has been renewed. Now, during those thirty years, how many victims think you have perished in consequence of the drink obtained at that house?" Not liking to hazard a guess, he said, "Well, then, I will tell you. In the course of those thirty years, to my certain knowledge, thirty victims have perished most miserably in consequence of the liquor obtained at that house. Some of them were opulent farmers belonging to this neighborhood, and others were gentlemen of independent fortunes. Some of them, before their death, were reduced almost to penury, and most of them died young, or in the prime of life. Two or three of them were carried out of that house insensible, and died shortly afterward in their own homes, and others of them died of fever, or of *delirium tremens* supervening on a debauch at that house."

If so much misery be inflicted and so many deaths be occasioned by a public-house, said to be respectably conducted, and situated amid beautiful scenery, so well calculated to withdraw men from vice and noisy revelry to the quiet contemplation of God's works, then what must be the misery inflicted, and the deaths occasioned, in connection with those public-houses not so respectably conducted, and situated in the neighborhood of factories, or in the densely crowded portions of our large towns?—*Bacchus Dethroned.*

#### WHERE DOES THE SIN COMMENCE?

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state furthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin; at what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober, who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin; awful sin; for "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass,

at the first step toward complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth! Is not every step from the natural state of the system toward the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul?—*John Bright.*

#### A SCANTY DINNER.

They who forsake their homes that they may enjoy the pleasures of convivial life and dissolute companionship, seem to know little and care less for the sorrows and privations endured by those whom they are bound to love and honor and cherish and provide for. They spend their time and means in idle amusements and riotous living, while at the home there is hunger and poverty and want and woe. Usually such men seem determined to drown all sense of obligation to the unholy delights to which they have yielded their souls, and it is difficult to rouse them from the stupor into which they have been thrown by the combined influence of vicious indulgence and alcoholic and narcotic stimulants.

Sometimes a spirited and energetic woman will express her opinion in some way which will lead them to consider; and it is hard to make any lesson too pungent and personal in its application to the wayward and dissolute votaries of vice and sin. An instance is recorded where a man was in the habit of spending his days and nights lounging about saloons and grogshops, gambling and indulging in the various gross amusements that pertain to such a life. One day while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the saloon bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise while she said,

"I thought, husband, that as you were so busy and had not time to come home to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you;" and setting the dish upon the table she quietly retired.

Calling his associates around him he invited them to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written:

"Dear husband: I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is of the same kind that your wife and children have at home."

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftless man.

How many men there are through the length and breadth of the land who are pursuing the same wretched course. Would that some voice of God speaking within their souls, might awake them to a sense of their obligations and their sins, and turn their feet unto the testimonies of the Lord.—*The Safeguard.*

#### SLAVES YET!

"What! slaves now?"

"Yes, Harry, there are slaves now. I saw one yesterday who was completely under the control of his master."

"Not in Rhode Island?"

"Yes, in the cars. His master kept him away from the rest of the company, in a car provided for such slaves. Although quite a young man, his face has a sallow, dried-up look, with sleepy, watery eyes."

"He wasn't black, then?"

"No; he would have been as white as you are, if he hadn't had such a smoked look."

"Oh, I guess I know what you mean, mother. Was he a slave to smoking?"

"Yes, Harry, that is what I mean. His master is a little, black, dirty cigar. And he is as much under its control as the veriest slave down South was ever under the control of his master. He is lively, social, and likes society; but as he is not admitted into the company of refined ladies and gentlemen, if his master is with him, he prefers lower associates, with whom he can enjoy his master's presence."

"Isn't it a kind of slavery that is enjoyable, then, mother?"

"It is only that kind of enjoyment, when the lowest or animal part of his nature says to the higher, or heavenly part, 'Get down here and let me trample on you and crush you under my feet.'"

"No boy is born a slave to smoking or drinking, or any of those bad masters. Every man who is steeping his brain in tobacco smoke or liquor, walks right into slavery himself."—*The Rev. A. Sims.*