

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A stands for Alcohol, a fluid of fire, Which often brings death to the seller and buyer. B stands for Beer, sometimes sold by the barrel; Most all who love it love also to quarrel. C is for Cider; in these latter days It is called "Satan's kindling." It can make a big blaze. D stands for Drunkard. O! help him who can To reform, be converted, and live like a man. E stands for Eggnog, called an innocent drink. Made of milk, eggs, and brandy—is it innocent, think? F stands for Fight, which is easy for those Who of brandy and beer take a liberal dose. G stands for Gutter, and also for Gin; Who use much of the latter, the former get in. H stands for Hops, a vine much abused; By those who make ale, beer, and porter, its used. I is for Idler, no work will he do. J is for Jug, his companion and foe. K is for Kindness; how little is shown To those who through liquor have desperate grown! L is for Loafer, who, after much drinking, Stands on the corner, apparently thinking. M stands for Maniac, his reason all gone; His family heart-broken. Pray, who did the wrong? N is for Night, the time for dark deeds. O is for outcast, who on crumbs and husks feeds. P is for Pipes, which you always will find In places where liquor is sold, every kind. Q questions us whether 'tis prudent or wise To smoke and to drink. There can be no disguise. R runs shows itself sooner and later in all; Flee the tempter. O! how he'd rejoice in your fall. S stands for Station-house, where in sad plight, Poor drunkards are, frequently taken at night. T for Tobacco, used in various ways, To rob men of their strength and shorten their days. U stands for Ueury; this ADDS to the woes Of rum's victim when to the pawn-broker he goes. V is for Vine; whose innocent fruit Is made to help man sink below the poor brute. W for Whisky, a very mean drink; When any take to this they very soon sink. X's one, two and three, are used to describe A drink by which many thousands have died. Y stands for Youth; O! be wise and beware, Yield not to the tempter and die in despair. Z stands for zeal, which helps us to win Many souls from the power of Satan, and sin. —Virginia J. Kent in Nat. Tem. Advocate

HOW A BOSTON D. D. GAVE UP TOBACCO.

The devotee of tobacco who trifles with the habit is a slave laughing in his chains. The man who pours scorn on the anti-tobacco reform shows a pitiable ignorance of what is indispensable to elevate and save our race. In my abject slavery I was not given to smoke. An English gentleman once offered Orestes Bronson his snuff-box. "No, no!" said the Catholic priest. "I don't serve the devil in that shape; I chew." I came under the same category with Orestes, and belonged to that portion of the animal creation that "chew the cud." I rolled the sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue twenty years and more. It gave me as a city pastor, intolerable annoyance; and as I may say in truth, a blighting curse upon my ministry. My sorrows and tribulations in this quarter were many and it may not be amiss to state a few as examples. In my parochial duties, I would sometimes be walking up Washington street and see a deacon of my church with whom I must come into close quarters, and in so doing expose my abominable habit. Indignant, chagrined, I would spitefully eject my quid, resolve never to resume its use, do my best to cleanse my mouth and protect my breath, and cordially greet my deacon. The evening would pass, the night would pass, with but little trouble. The morning, however, would come with unearthy and insatiable cravings; and it seemed as though I would "give my kingdom" for a bit of pig-tail or Cavendish! I would take to my study feverish and half delirious, or drive for a sermon or lecture. But it was all in vain; all thought was spell bound. I would walk the diagonal of my room, rub my throbbing temples, and at last in utter despair, rap upon the banister and cry, "John! John! give me some tobacco!" The tobacco would be brought, and I would eat it as greedily as an ox eats green clover. My delirium tremens would pass away, my mind would become clear and calm, and I would drive on my sermon respecting self-denial or consecration to God, or battling "the world, the flesh and the devil," in Jehu style! O

how I hate tobacco! It makes hypocrites of ministers; it made a hypocrite of me.

A short time would pass on, and a similar flare-up would occur. I would see before me in my walks some sister of my church, who would expect a few kind words from her pastor, in an interview rather unavoidable. But the thought would occur, O! she will see my mouth! She will detect a habit which she loathes, and which I try to despise. I would cast out the abomination; I would resolve never to use another particle—never; and with the apparent innocency of a child greet the sister with usual salutations as her pastor and friend. I repeat it, I abhor tobacco; it made me a hypocrite!

These are the specimens of my battles with this popular poison on the globe. At length, however, I fought the last battle with this Apollyon. It was on this wise. I called on a dying man, a member of my church. The good brother, on the verge of the grave made many confessions; and among the rest he said: "Tobacco has been an idol with me. It has brought me to this death-bed, and I shall die a happier man if I leave my testimony against it; and I wish my testimony to be written." I wrote from his dictation. We raised him from his pillow; and the last time he ever used his pen he affixed his name to a humble confession that he had sinned against God in ruining his health and cutting short his life by the use of tobacco.

This was a trying moment. My reflections were painful. I was in agony. A dying brother giving his testimony against a sin of which I, his pastor was guilty! I resolved then as I never resolved before. I called God to witness that I renounced tobacco totally and forever; and God be thanked! I can now say in truth, I renounced it totally and forever.

The next morning I took my study. The conflict was terrible. Hell seemed to be let loose upon my soul. Delirium tremens was getting the complete mastery. I saw, or I thought I saw, Satan enter my study and present to my choice "Cavendish," "Ladies' Twist," "Honey Dew," and all the infernal paraphernalia of a fashionable tobacco saloon. I heard him, or I thought I heard him say: "Come doctor, why do you spurn me? Try me again. You can think, you can write, if you try me again." At this point God gave me unwonted courage and resolution. I remembered Luther's successful conflict when he hurled his inkstand at the devil, and I cried aloud: "You black, slimy, nauseous fiend, begone, begone." And the tobacco demon left my study, and left me forever; an epoch in my ministry.

Reader, if you never used tobacco, but sit in judgment upon my statement and count it visionary, allow me to tell you that you are as ignorant as a Hottentot about this whole matter. On the other hand, if you are a victim of the "weed," and call us extravagant, we ask you to make the experiment—give it up as a finality, once and forever. Otherwise good friend hold your peace. N. Y. Independent.

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