



## No Smoking on the Upper Deck.

(Col. Hadley, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

Let me tell you how I came to give up tobacco.

About six months after I was saved from drink at the old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, I visited Major George Williams, who was one of the staff of the New York 'Herald,' and his spectacular exhibition, 'The Fall of Babylon,' at St. George's, Staten Island.

After explaining the mysteries of the entertainment, the Major, as we parted, handed me a magnificent cigar, which must have cost at least a quarter.

Lighting the fragrant Havana, I strolled down to the boat, which was presently to start to New York city—a lovely sail of an hour from St. George's to the Battery at the foot of Whitehall street.

As I went to the boat, I thanked God for the bright day, and for the grace that enabled me to part with the convivial Major without returning his treat by asking him to the nearby saloon to take a drink as in times gone by, for we were formerly 'good fellows' when we met, and there is always a convenient saloon waiting for the patronage of 'good fellows.'

But most of all I thanked God for the boldness he had given me to tell the Major of my conversion and thus be a witness for him and possibly the means of the salvation of my friend.

Ascending to the upper deck of the beautiful steamer, I puffed away at the fragrant cigar and really thought I was enjoying myself.

I first learned to smoke when a boy by rolling up a little cigarette made of beech leaves, with a very little tobacco leaf rolled in it with from a tobacco patch nearby, and from that I learned to love the pipe and cigar, and when I was converted and gave up drink and profanity I was not convinced that smoking was wrong. I have since learned that tobacco and whiskey are twins, and that the pendulum of appetite will swing from the narcotic to the stimulant.

Well, as I sat there smoking on the boat, which was named 'The Richmond Queen,' along came a dusky maiden, who was the deck-stewardess, and she said:

'See, hea, Mista, you's got-a-go below if you's wants to smoke, for they's no smokin' allow'd on the uppa deck on this bote.'

I felt annoyed and nettled and reminded the brown girl that I was out of doors and surely the smoke of so fine a cigar could do no harm out there on the deck, but she grew excited and repeated with many gestures:

'No, sah! ef you's wants to smoke, jes go below.'

And as I descended the stairs to the lower deck I saw the sign, sure enough:

'No smoking on the upper deck.'

When I reached the 'below' I found myself in company with Italians, who smoked, and gamblers who swore, and brewers who drank, and thieves who stole, and, indeed, the same sort of a gang that I formerly associated with when I was a reckless drinking man.

I realized that to remain was to backslide. So I threw away my half-smoked cigar, and ascended to the upper deck. There the atmosphere was clear and the birds sang a welcome from the numerous cages that hung all about. There were music and singing and pretty-faced girls and sweet-voiced women.

Compared to the lower deck the upper deck was heaven, and compared with it the lower deck was hell.

I intend to remain on the upper deck

all I can during this life and all the time in the life to come and not 'go below' to smoke through all eternity.

## Poem on Strong Drink.

My dear 'Northern Messenger,'—I am sending you herewith a Pledge with some of my scholars' names affixed. May God bless you in the attempt to save the young from the awful curse of strong drink! I am also sending you a poem which one of my boys sent to me, which I think is very good. I thought perhaps you would like to print it, as well as the remarks at the end by him. You are at liberty to use any or all of the letter.. His name is Franklin Dixon. Praying God's blessing upon you, I remain, sincerely yours, C. J. Hanlenbeek, 286A Vanderbilt avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 27.

(The letter referred to is as follows:)

Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 25, 1902.

Dear Teacher,—Enclosed you will find the poem which I promised to write. It is called 'The Sign-Board':

I will paint you a sign, rum-sell  
And hang it above your door,  
A truer and better sign-board  
Than ever you had before.

I will paint with the skill of a master  
And many shall pause to see  
This wonderful piece of painting  
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,  
As you wait for that fair young boy,  
Just in the morn of manhood,  
A mother's pride and joy.

He has no thought of stopping,  
But you greet him with a smile,  
And you seem so blithe and friendly  
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller,  
I will paint you as you stand,  
With a foaming glass of liquor  
Holding in either hand.

He wavers, but you urge him,  
'Drink, pledge me just this one'  
And he lifts the glass and drains it,  
And the hellish work is done,

And I next will paint a drunkard;  
Only a year has flown,  
But into this loathsome creature,  
The fair young boy has grown.

The work was quick and rapid,  
I will paint him as he lies,  
In a torpid, drunken slumber,  
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother  
As she kneels at her darling's side,  
Her beautiful boy that was dearer  
Than all the world beside.

I will paint the shape of a coffin,  
Labelled with one word—'Lost!'  
I will paint all this, rum-seller,  
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin, and the same, and sorrow,  
The crime, and want, and woe  
That are born there in your rum-shop,  
No one can paint, you know.

But I'll paint you a sign, rum-seller,  
And many shall pause to view,  
This wonderful swinging sign-board,  
So terribly, fearfully true.

Thanks to the efforts of the British Medical Temperance Association, not the least encouraging feature of the movement during the last few years has been the spread of total abstinence in medical student life. 'Thirty years ago,' it is stated in a pamphlet issued by the Association, 'an abstainer among medical students was indeed a rara avis. Now, in every school they are so common as to have ceased to attract obser-

## Pledge Crusade.

OVER FIFTY-FIVE THOUSAND SIGNATURES RECEIVED.

We have great pleasure in announcing that 55,091 signatures to the pledges have been received from all over the Dominion; also some from the United States. These names will be registered with the Dominion Alliance. We congratulate the signers and also those devoted temperance workers who have secured this large number of pledges. It would, indeed, be pleasing to get up to one hundred thousand by the end of another month.

Pledge blanks will be mailed free of charge on application to John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal.

The Rev J. S. Williamson, of Burlington, Ont., whose portrait we publish this week, was credited in last issue with having sent 281 signatures. The signatures were secured by making it a special day,



preaching twice on Sunday on temperance, and an address to the Sunday-school. The pledges were placed near the door of the church, and all were urged to sign the pledge on leaving the building. In the Sunday-school the pledges were taken to each class, resulting in the securing of 281 pledge signers in all.

## Selections from Dr. Norman Kerr.

(The Temperance Record.)

'Take warm milk, coffee, or tea, and there you have not only a little food but a quick and satisfactory stimulant.'

'We had amongst us a physical agent and a physical danger, and until the Christian Church cleared herself of this she could never be said in every sense and in every circumstance to be a safe refuge for the penitent inebriate.'

'Hardly a day passes that I am not implored by the friends of intemperate doctors, lawyers, clergymen, naval and military officers, teachers, or other educated persons, to advise the ensnared ones how to break through the net that so closely and securely enwraps them.'

'Even when a drinker myself, I have never allowed any reformed drunkard to go near a communion service where alcoholic wine was employed. I would as soon have thought of putting a loaded pistol in the hands of a maniac in a lucid interval, and telling him to take care not to shoot himself.'

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.