

Two Boys.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Two boys came into the world one day;
And each gave joy to a mother's heart.
The one was sad, the other gay,
And both were fitted to play their part,
One was sober, quiet, and sad;
But quick and bright was the other lad.

One went out with his flag unfurled
To meet the breeze; and was swiftly borne
To the Friendly Isles, and there gaily whirled
Over the breakers from night till morn;
Young and careless and full of joy,
All hearts made room for the lovely boy.

His handsome face and his merry glance,
His ready wit and good-natured wiles,
Made even the distant ones advance
To bask in the light of his sunny smiles,
Ah, he was flattered and much caressed,
And many a glass to his lips was pressed.

Many a glass of a poisoned sweet,
Fearing thought, did he drain, in truth,
That in slippery places draw the feet
Of the friendly and unsuspecting youth;
And down and down he began to go;
Caught in the treacherous undertow.

The other boy, of a quiet turn,
Of awkward manners and solemn looks
And surly speech, cared little to learn
The lessons of life not found in books;
Cross, ill-natured, severe and grim,
Little of joy could be had with him.

His friends were few; but 'twas all the same,
What did he care for a smile or a frown?
He'd his way to make—a decided aim;
And no one living could put him down;
Lord of himself, stubborn and proud,
He kept his place 'mid the jostling crowd.

No heed to those who would lead astray,
No heed to the siren spell he gave;
But went right on in an earnest way
Till he rode at ease on the topmost wave;
And those who thought him a churl began
To respect and honour the self-made man.

'Tis thus that the children play their part
And the boys we love for their liveliness
Who hold our hearts from the very start,
Seldom if ever attain success,
Easily tempted they are, and so
Caught in life's treacherous undertow.

—Independent.

Whatsoever Things are Pure.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, CORNWALL.

"Whatsoever things are pure . . .
think on these things."—Phil. iv. 8.

THE Band of Hope recently formed
in town has a pledge which binds its
members to keep free from three things
—from intoxicants, from tobacco, and
from profanity.

At the first meeting hold a few
weeks ago, several of the boys present
hesitated to join, and some refused
pout-blank. And when asked why,
they said because tobacco was forbidden.
And when asked if any of them used
it some said they did, and among them
were boys as young as ten and twelve.
And when asked if they would give
it up at once, some shook their heads
and said they would not promise.

The meeting brought out the start-
ling fact that attending day school and
Sabbath-school are a good many little
fellows who now use tobacco and love
it too well to give it up.

Now, I have chosen this beautiful
text this morning because if you obey
it fully not a quid or a cigar shall
enter your mouth.

"Whatsoever things are pure, think
on these things."

1. The first point I make is this:—
Tobacco used in any form, in snuffing,
chewing, or smoking is not a pure
thing.

I know that some very good men use
tobacco, some of the best and greatest
in the world do; some teachers and
professors and Sabbath-school superin-
tendents, some judges and members of
Parliament and kings, some elders and

deacons, and even ministers of the
Gospel do, but they would be far
better without it. Many of them
wish they had never begun, and almost
all would give the advice: "Boys, do
not do as I do in this matter."

No, tobacco is not one of the pure
things for us to use

Tobacco-breath, is that a pure and
sweet smell? Tobacco-juice, as it trickles
down the mouth and stains lips and
teeth, is that a pure and lovely colour?

As it is cast upon floor or carpet or
handkerchief, is it a sight for angels to
delight in, for Christ to admire?

King James I. of England thought
not. At the beginning of the seven-
teenth century it was all the fashion to
smoke. The king asked the clergy to
preach against it, but no one would
venture to speak out against the pre-
vailing custom. So royalty took up
the pen himself and wrote a book
which he called "A Counterblast to
Tobacco." And how strongly he felt
you can judge from this sentence:

"It is a custom loathsome to the eye,
hateful to the nose, harmful to the
brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in
the black fumes thereof nearest resem-
bling the horrible Stygian smoke of
the pit that is bottomless."

Pretty strong language is it not?
Some may think it too strong, but one
thing is certain, if no one would taste
tobacco but those who like it naturally,
few, very few, would ever use it, for
most people only like it after they have
sickened themselves into it. And if
no one would smoke or chew but those
who need it as a medicine (which some
do) not one pound would be used for a
hundred that now are.

But more important than King
James' opinion or that of any other
mere man is the mind and will of
King Jesus. Now, what would He
have you do with tobacco? Were He
now on earth growing up a lad, say
here in our town, would He use
tobacco, think you? Would it be like
Christ, the holy, perfect Jesus so to do?

To find out you open your Bible
and read His life in the Gospels from
first to last, but not a word about
tobacco; nor can you find the word
anywhere in His Book.

What, then, is your conclusion?
Are you in doubt on what side to
count Christ? If you are, you have
simply to ask whether tobacco injures
boys in their health, in their intellect.
in their religious tendency? Whether
it creates a taste for strong drink?
Whether it does in any way whatever
mar your body, which God has made
and given you as the sacred home of
your soul?

2. Now, this suggests the second
point I make viz.:—That tobacco is
very hurtful to the body of young
people and also to their intellect.

You know that what would scarcely
affect the health of an adult may ruin
the health of a child. Work, for
example, which a man would enjoy
and which would do him good, would
break down a boy of eight or ten.

A quantity, which would scarcely
affect a man of twenty-one, would play
havoc with a soft boy of ten or twelve.
It will check his growth and change
his complexion and tend to liver com-
plaint and heart disease, and create a
craving for strong drink.

If one is determined to use tobacco
let him not begin before he is of age
to marry, and by that time few will
begin at all, as ere that they will have
too much good sense to begin then.

Then the effect on the intellect is
alarming in the case of young lads.

It weakens mind and memory, blunts
perception, and impairs all the mental
faculties.

This has been thoroughly tested by
careful examination, and there is no
doubt about it.

In a celebrated college in Paris,
France, the students, when they en-
tered, and all through their course,
were divided into two classes, smokers
and non-smokers, and a correct record
of all their examinations kept, and it
was found that those who did not use
tobacco took the lead all through, while
they came out with a far higher aver-
age of health. The same thing has
been tested in Germany and with the
same result.

If parents, then, want their children
to do their very best at school, let
them keep them from tobacco. If
teachers want their pupils to excel let
them war against tobacco.

3. The third point I make is this:—
Tobacco is enormously costly, and
should be on that account shunned,
too.

In Christian lands to-day ten times
as much is spent in tobacco as is given
for all missionary purposes and for all
Bible Societies put together, and what
good comes out of it?

I saw a young man with a cigar and
asked him if he smoked much, and he
said: "Not now, that he had cut
down one-half." "And how much do
you use now?" I asked. "Only three
cigars a day. I keep to that now."
"What did you average before you
cut down?" "Well, about six a day."
"And what do they cost you, about
five cents a piece, I suppose?" "Yes,
the cheapest five cents, better ones ten
cents." "Well, say the cheapest, five
cents a piece, that is fifteen cents a day
now," I said. "Yes." "But you
sometimes go beyond that, don't you?"
I asked. "Oh, yes, when in company."
"And you give some away, don't you?"
"Yes, of course," he said. "Now,
what would that amount to? Fifteen
cents a day at the very lowest price,
and if you never gave one away that
is about \$55 a year. But you do use
some ten cent cigars you say, and you
do go beyond three a day sometimes,
and you treat a friend to one occasion-
ally, so you probably run up to \$75 or
\$80 a year?" "Well, I guess I do."

Now, just think of it, a young man
on a small income spends from \$50 to
\$80 a year on tobacco. But ask him
to give the half of it for his pew in
church or to the missions and he would
be shocked. "Can't afford it, nor the
half of it." But he is actually spend-
ing that large amount for a thing
which neither does himself nor anyone
else a particle of good.

Here's my proposal, viz., that every
lad and young man in this congregation,
who uses tobacco, shall give it up this
week, and hand over the amount he
has thus been spending to pay for our
new church, and I tell you you'll never
have reason to regret the change.

Your intellect belongs to God, to-
bacco hurts your intellect, therefore
God would have you give it up.

Your body belongs to God, and
tobacco is injurious to your body,
therefore God would have you give it
up.

God would have you all be like
Christ Himself in heart and life.
Christ would not use tobacco, surely,
were He now on earth, therefore God
would have you give it up.

The *Times* of the *Sunday School Times*.
In a late issue, in answer
to a certain question: "Tobacco is
one-fourth poison and three-fourths
filth," and does not the text say:
"Whatsoever things are pure, think
on these things?" And therefore God
would have you keep clear of tobacco.

Three Words of Strength.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn.
Put off the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one;
But man, as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt
find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

Self-Sacrifice.

THE tower door of St. Leonard's
Church, Bridgenorth, England, was left
open, and two young boys, wandering
in, were tempted to mount up into the
upper part and scramble from beam to
beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The
beam on which they were standing be-
came displaced. The older had just
time to grasp it when falling, while the
younger, slipping over his body, caught
hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads
hung, crying vainly for help, for no
one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the
beam became exhausted. He could no
longer support the double weight. He
called out to the lad below that they
were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were
to loose you?" replied the little lad.
"I think I could," returned the
older.

"Then, good-bye, and God bless
you!" cried the little fellow, loosing
his hold.

Another second, and he was dashed
to pieces on the stone floor below, his
companion clambering to a place of
safety.

This is a true story. The record of
it is preserved in the Bodleian Library
at Oxford. Some tales of heroism ex-
cite one to pour forth one's admiration,
one's approbation, in many words;
but this one strikes us dumb. This
little fellow unwittingly had followed
so closely in the steps of his most
beloved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord,
spoken while the disciple whom He
loved was leaning on His breast:
"This is my commandment, That ye
love one another as I have loved you.
Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his
friends."

Surely, this little boy, in this one
brief, awful act of self-sacrifice, had
found his way to keep his Lord's com-
mandment.—*Ex.*

"WHAT is philosophy?" It is
something which enables a rich man to
say there is no disgrace in being poor.