

## 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.