



Temperance Department.

THE USE OF TOBACCO BY BOYS.

The New York Tribune of a recent date notes as an ill omen that the internal revenue receipts for the year ending June 30th will exceed those of previous years by the sum of \$10,000,000, owing chiefly to the collections on cigarettes—this increase being chiefly due to the spread of cigarette-smoking among the boys. It is said that the women and girls also make every year a larger contribution to the revenue derived from cigarettes. These facts about boys and girls smoking ought to be the signal for war all along the line, among those who have to do with the young, against this growing evil. We are glad to note in this connection a fact, not new, but unknown to many, that in the Government Naval School at Annapolis tobacco is prohibited, and the Board of Visitors at West Point some time since recommended a similar rule for that institution. If we are to have military men of strong bodies and steady nerves, tobacco must be kept from them, at least during the period of growth. Tobacco is also prohibited to the students of Girard College, Philadelphia. General Grant, when visiting there, being informed of this fact, said, "That's right. They are not so apt to take it after they get out then." Most men who are themselves tobacco users would, if possible, prevent their sons and all other boys from getting into the same habit. While the use of tobacco undoubtedly injures men, it is much more injurious to those who have not yet attained their growth. It cuts off from the height of stature, and also from the length of life. The "British Medical Journal" says that a certain doctor, noticing that a very large number of boys under fifteen years of age were tobacco users, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he observed injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of circulation, digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding at the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Scientific investigation show also that the use of tobacco by boys is decidedly injurious to the brain and mind. In 1862 the Emperor Napoleon, learning that paralysis had increased with the increase of the tobacco revenue, ordered an examination of the schools and colleges, and finding that the average standing in both scholarship and character was lower among those who used the weed than among the abstainers, issued an edict forbidding its use in all the national institutions.

"Chambers's Journal" says: "A learned professor of medicine in one of the universities some time ago made a remark that those students who passed through his hands rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves if they were habitual users of tobacco. Smoking of cigars or pipes seemed to dull their faculties, and have the effect of preventing them from sedulously gathering facts sufficient to excel in examinations for degrees." Put with this the statement, which comes to us on what we deem good authority, that within half a century no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard College.

While tobacco in ordinary forms produces such damaging results in body and brain, it is a well established fact that cigarette-smoking is more injurious than any other form of smoking. A valuable little tract on "Disease in Cigarettes" has been published for general circulation by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York, showing by numerous facts the poisonous qualities of cigarettes themselves and the paper in which they are wrapped.

Since a man, however strong his intellectual faculties, can accomplish his life-work

but imperfectly if he has not a sound body as well as a sound mind, every parent and pastor and teacher in the land should join in an earnest and persistent crusade, by authority and argument and precept and example, against this widespread evil.—*Christian Union.*

OLD SANDY'S STORY.

"I'd take it very kind, Miss, if you would give me a drink of water; I've travelled from Branton this morning—"

"Oh yes, I'll bring you a drink this moment," cried little Amy, first looking at the old man who sat opposite the garden gate, and then running off to the house to get what he wanted.

Poor old Sandy sighed and leaned wearily against the trunk of the great beech-tree under which he sat. He had trudged thirteen miles that morning along the hot dusty road, with the July sunshine beating down on him all the way, and then, faint and parched, sat down under the first shade he came to, too tired even to pursue his usual trade and offer his buttons and lace at the cottage opposite.

In a minute the little girl came quickly down the garden again with a tumbler of whiskey and water in her hand.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him, "Mamma thought you'd like this better when you were so tired. Here!" she said again as the old man did not take it.

"No, no, thank you, little Miss, and thank your mother all the same; but if she had come through what I have, all owing to that stuff, she'd never offer it to anyone again. But I'd take some water, and be thankful to you, Miss."

"Oh, very well," said Amy good naturedly, once more running off to the cottage and coming back this time with a glass in one hand and a big jug of water in the other. Then, as she watched him drink, and again filled the tumbler, she said rather shyly, "What did you mean a little ago, about coming through? Would you mind telling me?"

The old man looked up sadly at the little face before him. "I can't tell you, but if you like, I'll tell you why I can't bear the sight of that stuff. I had a bonny, bonny boy once, just about five years old he was; him and his mother were as like as could be. Well, one night I stepped into the 'Raven,' just to hear the news like, for I never were bad for the drink, and while I were chattering in the parlor, some fellows came into the bar. In a little bit there was such a roarin' and laughin', I went to see what was up. My little Jim had followed me, Miss, and they'd caught him, and given him the cursed stuff till he could hardly stand. I knocked two of 'em down, and took my boy home, but they'd poisoned him, Miss. He always were a delicate little chap, and had been aillin', and that finished him. He never were no better after that. Poor little Jim."

Amy waited, her eyes filled with tears, and presently the old man went on, "My wife weren't strong, and she couldn't bear it, and now I'm a lonesome old man with little cheer, but if ever I take that to try and forget things I'll deserve all I've borne twice over! Don't you touch it, little Miss. I'm not the first by many a one as could tell you of the pain and sorrow it brings them as meddle with it. Good day, Missy, and thank you."

The old man rose and trudged wearily away, and Amy ran in to tell her mother about the queer old man's story and his advice. "And I never shall touch it, mother," said Amy stoutly, "never."—*Adviser.*

NOT A HELP, BUT A HINDERANCE.

Dr. Andrew Clark, for twenty-five years physician to one of the largest hospitals in England, and who accompanied the Princess Louise in her voyage to Canada, in a speech delivered in London at a recent meeting, in connection with the Parochial Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, related the following experiment to show the fallacy of the popular idea that beer strengthens a man and makes him better able to work:—

The most loyal, careful, faithful, and truthful of observers whom ever it was my good fortune to know—the late Dr. Parkes of Netley—began life as a physician in London, and would have risen, I have no doubt, had

he remained there, to be one of the first physicians of this metropolis, but his health was not good, and he went down to Netley. He was an earnest lover of truth, and this question of alcohol exercised his mind continually, and he tried in various shapes and ways to bring the question to such a test that even the most sceptical might be convinced by the results of his experiments. He performed this one amongst others. He got a number of soldiers of the same age, of the same type of constitution, living under the same circumstances, eating the same food, breathing the same atmosphere, and he did this that the experiment might be fair, and he divided the soldiers into two gangs—an alcoholic gang and a non-alcoholic gang—and he engaged these two gangs in certain works for which they were to be paid extra. He watched these gangs and took the result of their work, and it turned out that the alcoholic gang went far ahead at first. They had buckets of beer by their side, and as they got a little tired they took beer, and the non-alcoholic gang were in an hour or two left nowhere; but he waited and watched as I told you, and as the experiment went on, the energies of the beer drinkers speedily began to flag, and do what they would, before the end of the day the non-alcoholic gang had left them far behind. When this had gone on for some days the alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang that they might earn a little more money; but Dr. Parkes, in order to make the experiment clenching and conclusive, transposed the gangs. He made the alcoholic gang the non-alcoholic gang, and vice versa—the men being very willing to lend themselves to the experiment, and the results were exactly the same. The alcoholic gang beat the non-alcoholic gang at the starting, and failed utterly toward the end of the day. This is the most conclusive and, I think, by far the most crucial experiment that I know of upon the question of the relation of alcohol to work. With that I will set aside this question by saying, from personal experience and from experiments most carefully conducted over large bodies of men, it is capable of proof, beyond all possibility of question, only does not help work, but it is a serious hinderance of work.

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.—A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. A. F. NEWTON.

A short time ago I was visiting in New York city with a friend who is studying medicine. One afternoon we went to one of the large hospitals where the medical students study surgery by witnessing operations performed by the professors. It had been published that there was to be an amputation, and the large lecture room was crowded with students and physicians.

Everything was finely arranged so as to promote all possible cleanliness and comfort. At the appointed hour the professor entered the amphitheatre. The lady nurses, with their clean white caps and white aprons, flitted noiselessly about their duties. In a few moments the assistant wheeled into the room the patient who was to undergo the operation. There was a breathless stillness as they gently placed the unconscious sufferer on the amputating-table.

How little can we realize the wonderful mercy of ether! What blessings its discovery has bestowed! After the patient was placed in the proper position and the surgeon had put on a long white apron everything was ready. The operation required the amputation of the leg just below the knee-joint. The bandages were removed. Oh! such a horrid sight we never saw before. The poor fellow's foot was a purplish black. The flesh was raw and putrid, and the infection was working toward the knee. The mass of corruption hardly looked like a human foot. Every remedy had been applied to save the limb, but in vain. The leg was carefully and firmly bound above the knee with rubber tubing. The ether was again administered. The heavy breathing of the patient indicated his unconsciousness. And then the surgeon took his knife. With great care and skill he cut through the skin to the bone, entirely circling the leg in the shape of two semicircles, so as to give a good lap over the ends. With a single sweep of the knife the flesh was severed. Then the saw severed the bones, and the foot was carried away by an assistant. The arteries were carefully tied, the flesh lapped over the end, the blood was gently wiped away, the bandages carefully

adjusted, and the man with a footless leg was wheeled back to his cot in the hospital ward. To one who never saw an amputation before all that I have described was terribly real. It was no easy matter to convince myself that the surgeon's knife was not felt by the patient. At the first sight of the terrible gash it seemed as though the man must groan with the pain. But the blessed ether saved him from pain then.

But what accident injured that foot; what disease corrupted that human flesh? It was not an accident, it was not a disease; it was the awful result of frost. Yes, during the terribly cold nights just before New Year's the young man got drunk. Some friends picked him out of the gutter beastly intoxicated. He was kindly placed in a wagon and carried to the hospital. During the night he had lost his shoe, and his foot was so frozen that nothing could save his life except the surgeon's knife.

What a warning for the youth who is smiling over his first social glass! What a lesson on temperance that poor fellow will experience when the pain of the healing limb is felt! As he hobbles through the world his regrets will not restore his foot. His friends may aid him, but they cannot undo the work of that awful night. Oh! how true, how true of the wine-glass, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When you are tempted do not touch the accursed glass; there may be lurking in that glass woe and suffering, even the surgeon's knife.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.

As the public just now are exhibiting some little anxiety to satisfy themselves whether or not tobacco smoking is a pleasant and harmless amusement, or the terribly gradual and subtle destroyer of the constitution that many affirm it to be, I will narrate the result of my experience—my case probably not being an isolated one, as it seems pretty generally conceded that immoderate smoking is more or less injurious according to individual temperament, and moderate smoking positively injurious to some, and very likely smoking, I had enjoyed almost uniform good health. The habit once acquired, I rapidly passed in its indulgence from moderation to excess, and a gradual breaking up of my good health ensued. My color, previously fresh, became pale and sallow, and after a series of more or less distressing symptoms of decaying health, which I cannot well describe, a running tumor formed in my back, which resisted every attempt at cure for a period of three years. During all this time, so far from attributing my miserable condition to its real cause, I smoked incessantly. My eyes were at last opened. A friend very dear to me was gradually sinking into a state of a confirmed drunkard. Frequently I remonstrated with him on his folly, but of course without effect. At last, I suppose, wearied with my importunities, half in anger half in jest, he offered to abstain from drink for three months if I would cease from smoking for a similar period. Though somewhat startled with the challenge, I accepted it, and at the end of that time my back was so much better, and my general health so greatly improved, that I felt I had unintentionally unmasked my foe, and I resolved never to smoke again. This resolution I have adhered to, and now I am well again. I don't know whether this letter will be worth the space it will occupy in your columns, but the correspondence which has lately appeared seems to show that an anxious interest is being taken in this subject—one that is fast becoming of national importance. The injury done by drink seems to have been reduced to figures; is it impossible for some statistical genius to give us a bird's eye view of the injury done by tobacco?—*Cor. Manchester Examiner.*

MEDICAL MEN AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

Some years ago a medical man in Hertfordshire was applied to by a Friendly Society, banded together upon temperance principles, to undertake the medical department of the society. The doctor did not at first understand that they were temperance men, and asked rather high terms. The secretary said, "Are you aware, sir, that we are all total abstainers from intoxicating drinks?" "No," said the doctor, "I was not aware of that. If that is the case, I will take you all for one shilling per head a quarter, for I know you will not trouble me much."—*British Workman.*