

The blandishments of the Rumseller draw, and the insatiable thirst superinduced by Tobacco drives the poor victim to the cup,—the cup of devils!—gamblers playing into each other's hands.

Under the influence of this drug my brother, you may ignore the powerful affiliation which binds up these vices in almost indissoluble union. If so, tell us how it is, that drunkards are tobacco users, nine to ten probably, ninety nine to a hundred? Tell us how it is, that drunkenness on distilled liquors, and this habit were about contemporaneous, and began the world together? Tell us how it is, that dram-shops and Tobacco-shops are generally one and the same? Tell us how it is that men of science, reliable physicians, Mussey, Woodward, Brodie, and a host in Europe, hold it to be a physiological doctrine, that one artificial appetite generates another, and that Tobacco, by wasting saliva, parching the throat, and inflaming the chest, creates thirst for strong drink, and paves the way to downright drunkenness?

Temperance lecturers—slaves to Tobacco—are becoming scarce with us; they are as Horace Greeley might say, "white blackbirds," and if well informed high-spirited Englishmen can tolerate such inconsistent lecturers and preachers, they must be largely endowed with the "patience of the saints."

Drop your cigar, Dear Brother. Wheel your pulpit as a goodly battle-ship into action against this destructive narcotic and you will accomplish a grand work for Temperance and our suffering, perishing race.

3rd. The habit is filthy, its victims as well as others denounce it as filthy, and men who bear the "vessels of the Lord" are required to be cleanly in a special sense. The most intelligent, most refined, most Godly people in our churches are wont to recoil from a snuffing, chewing Pastor. Tobacco is an aromatic which penetrates blood and bone and sends its profane stench through all the avenues of social life.

The rank smoker, find him where you may, in stage car, hall or church, breaking bread at the Lord's table, or bent in prayer at the bed of a dying saint polutes and poisons the common air. Said a Boston merchant, "I wish you would call on my Pastor Dr S. and cure him of smoking." Do you know that he smokes? "Yes, I know it by the stench about him. He baptized me and as he led me to the Baptistery I was pained I was disgusted, I was almost indignant, and as true as you live I was on the point of breaking from his arms and resisting baptism at his hands." Oh the abominable odor!

"Come into my study," said a Brother Clergyman; when there, what do you smell?" he asked. After a pause I exclaimed, "Smoke! tobacco smoke!" "Fresh smoke or stale?" "Not fresh surely. Old, old enough!" he laughed, and added, "My predecessor was a smoker, he quit this study two years ago, and I am sorry to say, that this abominable scent is the most tangible evidence we have of his ministry."

Alas my brother, dear Saints in the agonies of death, have with pale and trembling hand waved Tobacco using pastors from their bedsides, Pastors they loved!

Pardon us, if we say to the young men you are educating for the ministry,—dear young brethren,

"Affect, in things about thee, cleanliness, That all may gladly board thee as a flower."

4. The habit tends to waste the Lord's money and the preacher's salary. This may be comparatively an inconsiderable item we admit, but as you ignore it utterly, it might be gratifying to know, dear sir, what proportion of that \$70,000,000 which the English pay year by year for Tobacco, is chargeable to your account? To your own Master you stand or fall we admit, but we are impelled to ask, do you not spend a sum upon this poison, sufficient to support a needy widow?—an orphan child?—or perhaps to educate some noble boy for a missionary—some young Carey, Buchanan or Judson? Your personal expenditure may not be worth naming, but the tendency of your example is to waste money enough to give the Gospel to every creature under heaven! Is it right to waste the Lord's money,—is it right by our example to tempt others to waste it upon a narcotic which, says Dr.

Franklin, does a well man not the least imaginable good!

5. You tell us, my dear Sir, that this habit is not sinful or a sin, and challenge its assailants to show any command or law of God against it. Are not rational creatures environed by law, laws within, above, beneath and around? And what are these laws, these laws of nature, but the laws of God! If constituted like other men, you sinned surely by self abuse when you began to smoke. The normal, unabused physical nature, repudiated the nauseous, noxious abomination, and cried aloud, I will spue thee out of my mouth. You now "thank God for a good cigar"—but did you thus thank Him when retching, plunging and tumbling, in taking the first lesson in this accomplishment? There are exceptions, we admit. Here and there a victim inherits the appetite, but these cases are in fact anomalous, monstrosities, and we ask in such a case, who sinned. This man or his father, that he was born with such a loathsome appetite, an appetite which would even diminish our respect for a dog? Who sinned, this man or his father? *Sin is here somewhere.* A law is broken. You demand chapter and verse in condemnation of your habit. Know ye not my Brother that the Bible is essentially a book of principles, and that it is left to common sense and honesty, to apply the principles. The scope, the reason, intent, the spirit of law, is the law, the letter killeth.

Know ye not my Brother, that according to the English proverb, "The man who squares his conscience by the letter of the law is the synonym of a wretch?"

Why call for an explicit command against your impure habit? Is not the whole Levitical economy against uncleanness, and were it now in operation would it not come down like an avalanche, and expel every devotee of this abominable poison from the ministry?

Tell us not, my Brother, that the Bible has nothing against your habit. The Bible enjoins benevolence from beginning to end. The Tobacco habit is selfish, intensely selfish, it is a public as well as an individual curse. The smoker has as good a right to poison his neighbor's well as to poison the air he breathes. All this obtrusion of saliva, smoke and stench upon the public is a violation, a gross violation of the law of love, love which constitutes the very web and woof of the word of God.

Smokers whilst smokers are hard to convert, and if they cling to their idol when converted, they are prone to become drones in the church or pitiable backsliders. Facts, mournful facts, would rather substantiate this statement in America. How is it with you? Devoted christians of the Whitfield and Wesley type with us are not smokers. Our evangelists and missionaries of the Apostolic order are not smokers. We have good men who use Tobacco, but men of devoted self-denying piety, who have laid aside the sins that easily beset them, who stand fast in the liberty of Christ are in no such bondage.

You praise the virtues of your cigar as a soporific—it puts you to sleep. Yes, my Brother, here is the world-wide mischief of this narcotic. Thousands of young men hear you preach, are awakened, resolve to become Christians, thank God for a good cigar which allays their convictions, and their good resolutions evaporate in smoke.

Church members hear you preach on sanctification and resolve to abandon their sins and go on unto perfection; they resort to a good cigar, and enveloped in its lethean fumes, come to the conclusion that they cannot abandon every sin, and leave Death and the Grave to finish up the work.

Yes, my Brother, Tobacco is a soul-destructive soporific to millions. It stupifies the sensibilities, sears the conscience, paralyses the will, and renders millions absolutely unable to obey God and embrace Christ.

The project of converting the world by the gospel of Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and by Man's free agency is not a humbug, but a rational, scriptural, glorious project, eclipsing every other. The idea of converting the world whilst Rum, Opium and Tobacco are its Master, is a humbug.

*With this unfinished sentence the life-work of the Anti-Tobacco Apostle closed. He died with the proof-sheet in his hand, making the last correction on the sentence ending, "The letter killeth." The remainder has been copied without alteration from the original manuscript.

The Pilgrimage of Sorrowful.

By ELIZABETH PATTEN HUNT. Edited by Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

CHAPTER XX.

Then said Salvation to Sorrowful: How sweet to you must be this promise of your Lord, the fulfilment of which you have just experienced:—"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength?"

Everlasting-Love. "And here is another promise that you should ever treasure in your heart:—"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee: yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Grace. "Dwell much on his precious words to you: for then this enemy, Fear, who is always accompanied by Torment, will gain no influence over you. Your Lord says, (and He says it for you),—Behold, all they that were incensed against thee, shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought; and they that strive with thee shall perish; they that war against thee shall be as nothing; for I thy Lord will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee: Fear not; I will help thee, I will be with thee in six troubles and in seven no evil shall come nigh thee?"

Salvation. "And He has also said:—"I will go before thee." And this is always the case; you have climbed no mountain, descended into no valley, passed no river, taken not a single step into Temptation, but He has done it all before, and for your sake. Wherever you have been, He has been, your sinful wanderings only excepted. So that He knows when you need help, and how much you need, and has provided accordingly. He knows, too, when rest is necessary; and when that is the case, you will always find a lodge and suitable entertainment. When it is necessary that you should pass a river by descending into its waters, you will never find a boat, but when a boat is needed, you will always find one provided for you. Thus, you need fear no danger, nor be at all anxious concerning your future path. And here is another promise calculated to dissipate all anxiety:—"Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you? Thy God will guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought." And whenever any difficulty is in the way, which you may not know how to surmount then remember His words:—"Behold, my Salvation cometh!"

Sorrowful. "O! may I never forget this." May Grace continually remind me of it. May it be written in my heart, may it dwell upon my lips, even until I reach the Holy Land, when I shall behold Salvation for ever." She opened her book and read:—"Thy Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed."

She now arrived at the other side of the river, and Salvation set her safely on dry ground. Now although she rejoiced at being thus happily over, yet she could willingly have sailed much farther with such delightful companions, whose conversation had been so much blessed to her. She still enjoyed the help of Grace and Everlasting-Love, and still went on rejoicing in the goodness of her Lord. For many days she was very little interrupted by any of her enemies. But at length, one morning when she was happier than usual, Pride drew near, and told her that she might expect some very great blessing, after having walked so steadily for such a length of time. But she knew him, and entreated Grace to help her against him. When he saw himself discovered, he said:

"You yourself, however you may attempt to hide it, believe what I have said. You often please yourself with the idea that something very extraordinary is at hand, as a reward for your past consistency."

Sorrowful. "That such thoughts have come to my mind, I cannot deny; but I should not encourage them. I hate them, for I know that my having of late been so happy, is entirely owing to the goodness of my Lord, and the influence and care of His Grace and Everlasting-Love."

Pride would have spoken again, which when Sorrowful perceived, she exclaimed aloud:

"Not unto me, not unto me, O Lord, but unto Thy name, be all the glory."

And this she continued to repeat, until Pride had withdrawn out of sight.

One morning, as she was at a lodge breakfasting with her two friends, her Lord Himself suddenly entered and said to her:

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

These words Sorrowful repeated again and again to herself as she went on her journey. After she had proceeded some distance, a stranger overtook her and thus addressed her:

"Hail, thou highly favored traveller! What a gracious visit hast thou this morning received from thy Lord! And that visit is but the forerunner of still brighter, still better things. Look before you at yonder house; that house is yours; your Lord is about to give you possession of it. Here you are to remain until your Lord shall take you in triumph to the Holy Land. Your travelling on foot is nearly ended. In that house you will find every comfort. You are now reaping the fruits of having turned a deaf ear to Plausible; had you turned aside with him, you had never seen this happy day, but would have been completely wretched and miserable during the rest of your life. Your Lord had a reference to this house when He spoke to you this morning."

Sorrowful looked before her, beheld the house, and felt much pleased with its appearance, but before giving herself up to Content inquired:

"Does my Lord often visit it? For if He does not, notwithstanding all its beauties and comforts, it has no charm for me."

Stranger. "Yes, He is a daily visitor there."

Sorrowful. "Hark! I hear singing!"

Stranger. "The sound is that of the voices of pilgrims with whom you will there meet."

Sorrowful. "They are, no doubt, singing the praises of their Lord, the songs of Zion, the feeling experience of their own hearts. O! how I long to join them!"

Having said this, she quickened her pace, hoping now to enjoy rest for a long period. She thought she saw the gates thrown open by pilgrims who appeared to be waiting to receive her. But as she was hastening towards them Grace said:

"This is not your rest, it is polluted. Your direct road lies straight before you."

In all Sorrowful's travels, she had not experienced such a sudden shock as these words occasioned. For a few moments she stood motionless, and then mutely fixing her eyes on Everlasting-Love, seemed to inquire:

"O! why is this?"

While she thus stood, Consternation and Perplexity rushed out of the house she had been so much admiring; they seized her, and would have led her away, but Grace and Everlasting-Love snatched her from them. Her Lord at the same time appeared in his princely robes, and said to her:

"All things work together for good to them that Love God."

Sorrowful. "O! My Lord, Thy will be done in all that concerneth me! Bid me go whither Thou wilt; but grant me Thy presence. Let Thy Grace and Everlasting-Love ever be with me."

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Christian Messenger.

From Ontario.

WEATHER UNPRECEDENTED. THE COMMON AND HIGH SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO. THIRTY YEARS PROGRESS. ORTHODOXY AND FREE THOUGHT, &c.

Extremes meet in weather I suppose as in other things. Certainly, when we place our still vivid recollections of the intense frost and biting blasts of January last, beside our every day experience during the last four weeks, we cannot but feel sure that the extremes have somehow got side by side in the Canadian cycle. For a month the ground has been almost bare as in summer, and the plough has been busy for days at a time in January, the heart of the terrible "Canadian winter." I do not think there have been more than three or

four days of frosty weather in as many weeks. The average of the thermometer in Toronto for December, 1875, was several degrees higher than in any December previously recorded. What may be in store for us, by way of compensation, in the coming weeks, we know not, and shall not spoil the present enjoyment by conjecturing.

I have just been reading some interesting statistics in connection with the Common and High Schools of Ontario for 1874, and have thought a very small specimen of the tabulated results might not be uninteresting to a people so much in earnest in Educational matters as the readers of the Messenger. Why the Chief Superintendents' report should be a full year behind time, I know not. Perhaps the officials will work faster under the regime of the New Minister of Education. But to the facts, First, to illustrate thirty year's progress, we have placed side by side by the Globe a few facts from the reports of '44 and '74 respectively. Money expended in public schools in the former year \$275,000 in the latter over \$2,865,000. The receipts for public purposes in 1874 were nearly three and a quarter millions of dollars. The aggregate number of pupils in '74 was over 460,000 against 96,000 thirty years ago. There are still however more than 10,000 children of School age not attending any school, a number considerably diminished since the previous year, but yet far too large. Another grievous evil is the irregularity in the attendance of those whose names are upon the rolls, more than half of them having been present less than 100 days during the year. Teacher's salaries are improving but are yet far too small. They range from near \$800 all the way down to \$100. There were in '75, but 166 Catholic Separate schools in operation, a decrease of four from the year previous. These had an attendance of less than 23,000, which is probably not one-third of the Roman Catholic children in actual attendance at the public schools.

The number of High Schools in 1874 was 108, with 7871 pupils and 248 teachers. The average salaries of masters in these has risen from \$691 to \$930, and those of Assistants from \$362 to \$664, in ten years. It is to be noticed however, that a very small proportion of those in attendance at these schools were in the third and fourth forms, showing that the great majority of High School pupils have their aspirations, or those of their parents, satisfied during the first or second year. With regard to the smallness of the numbers in attendance at the High Schools, it must be borne in mind that pupils are now admitted to them only on passing a tolerably rigid entrance examination. As to the future work of the High School boys it is stated that 99 matriculated in various universities, 544 entered into mercantile life, 319 agriculture, and 321 the learned professions, the remainder, other pursuits. The larger proportion crowding into mercantile and professional lines and the comparatively small number devoting themselves to farming, and that too in a country which must ever be agricultural in a pre-eminent degree, suggest to the student of political economy and social science tendencies which are not without elements of danger. With regard to the operations and fruits of our school system as a whole, I may just add, as one who has some opportunities for judging, that while I believe there is a constant and marked improvement in methods, and the so-called teaching is every year becoming more worthy the name of culture, there is still I fear a vast amount of lifeless mechanism and worse than useless routine in the processes to which the great majority of the young minds of Ontario are subjected.

The ferment of religious (?) thought that has been going on for years past in certain circles across the ocean, seems to have now reached our shores. The discussion awakened by Rev. Mr. McConnell's sermon on the doctrine of Future Punishments, to which I alluded in my last, is still kept up in our dailies and weeklies, while every number of the Canadian Monthly for some time past has had one or more articles upon such topics as, "The Prayer Question," "Modern Culture and Christianity," &c. In these discussions both the Orthodox and the "free thought" views have been ably advocated by different writers. May I venture, though, to say with reference to one of your distinguished citizens,