

CIGARETTE, AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

I do most heartily and cordially indorse the anti-cigarette crusade. In the first place, of all things, I think the cigarette is the most offensive nuisance upon a public conveyance.

An experience that I had in our police court one morning would have alone cured me of the cigarette habit, had I been addicted to it. A little girl, ragged and dirty, was brought in by a police officer. She carried on her arm a basket filled with cigar stumps, which she had picked up around the saloons, hotels and barber shops, and from out of the cuspidors and gutters of the streets. When the judge asked her what she had them for, she replied, "Me fadder makes cigarets."

I once visited a celebrated tobacco manufactory in New Orleans. It was a very hot day, and the tobacco in large quantities was spread out upon the top floor where the heat of the sun was particularly oppressive at times, and where in this upper room, a number of bare-footed coloured boys with perspiration pouring out of them, were treading the seasoning into the tobacco. This seasoning was a preparation of licorice and some other substances which had been spread over the tobacco leaves, and these boys were treading it in with their bare feet. Since then I have had no desire for chewing tobacco. I mention these two instances of personal knowledge, thinking that perhaps they may be an argument to be used by your League against the use of either tobacco or cigarets.

There is no question in my mind that the use of cigarets is deteriorating the standard of manhood and the mental development of our young men. I believe the cigarette habit is mentally degrading and morally hurtful. I therefore, so far as it is in my power, heartily endorse the work that your League has in hand and wish you God speed.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK,

Secretary of the New York society for the Suppression of Vice.—The Crusader Monthly.

WHAT DR. CARRADINE SAYS ABOUT BEULAH.

My camp meetings this year, with the exception of one, have been unusually good. They have extended pretty well across the country, but remained in the boundaries where Heaven could and did bless and that abundantly.

In far away Canada we led Beulah Camp, owned by the Reformed Baptist Church. It is located on the St. John River, one of the broadest and most beautiful streams in America. Fully a mile and a half wide at Beulah, with its wide blue course sprinkled with every kind of sail and steam craft, and its opposite shore a landscape of waving groves and green fields rolling away in the distance, such a river is bound to make any spot attractive. The camp ground, however, is lovely in itself, part by nature, and part by the hand of man.

Very wisely the brethren have spared the trees and planted more. The gravelled roads and paths wind in and out among the shadowy depths, and a number of fountains shooting up here and there fall back with pleasing, soothing sound in their rocky beds.

The paths are named after the fruits and graces of the Christian life, and even some of the stones here and there have not been overlooked. We saw one with the word "Amen" printed on it, while another bore "Praise the Lord," and still a third rejoiced in the title of "Hallelujah." Evidently if the people would not do their duty, "the stones would cry out."

SELF.

JENNIE FOWLER-WILLING, PRINCIPAL NEW YORK EVANGELISTIC TRAINING SCHOOL.

Self is a tyrant, a despot, a demigod. It is enthroned in the centre of the being. It is most exacting of tribute. It is like the old robber chiefs who build their castles along the Rhine. Not a trader's boat could sail by that did not pay them a handsome toll. That was an excellent paper. Why? It spoke well of what I have done. A splendid meeting. Why? Myself was recognized, and honoured as a person of importance. Another with a similarly exacting self was ignored, and he pronounced it a stupid affair.

Some one wrote a novel that was not so very novel, because it gave every day glimpses of the inner life of a good man, a minister, who required everything to revolve around his own personality. It was called "His Majesty, Myself." Many of us might find that we had set for the picture.

We become thoroughly disgusted with our egoism. We are sick to death with our selfishness. We see how it cripples us. It constantly mars our happiness. It is in perpetual clash with other selves. Only one can be at the top; and we are quite sure not to be that one.

We hear about dying to self—self being crucified with Christ, and we greatly desire that Crucifixion. It must be beautiful to be able to say with the Apostle, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

What does that mean? Certainly not the destruction of the individual consciousness that differentiates one from all other human beings. I never read of any one but Richter, whom the Germans call "the only one" who could tell the exact hour when he became conscious that he was somebody who existed separate and apart from all others; when he could say, "Ich bin ein Ich." The destruction of that consciousness would be hypnotic mental murder—insanity. Who was ever more intensely alive, and personal, than the Apostle who wrote these words?

To be crucified with Christ must mean to be so given to him that the one thought will be, not what will please and glorify me; but will give him pleasure, and add to his glory. When personal interests seem to conflict with his, there will not be a moment's hesitation in putting our own aside. We choose that in all things he shall have the pre-eminence.

How can we thus die to self? Not by silence. That is common sense, not piety. It will make us more agreeable to other egoists, to avoid all reference to our own affairs, thus giving them a better chance

to air their own; but the smouldering fire usually burns the more deeply. We may seal the lips against the perpendicular pronoun, but the shut in thinking makes the egotism all the stronger and more dangerous.

Self cannot commit suicide. No matter how hard we work, we cannot destroy our own selfishness.

Neither can we die by pain. If penances could have purified the soul, from selfishness, the devotees of the Dark Ages would have been most gloriously saved. They spared themselves not an iota of agony, that they might be saints; but how dismally they failed falling into Pharisaism, bigotry and intolerance.

Indeed, every effort at self-crucifixion only makes self more prominent and robust, by fixing the attention on its vagaries, and causing the thought to revolve about its meanness. It is like a mutinous crew, shut down under the hatches, threatening constantly to break out, and carry all before it, or scuttle the ship, and sink the whole concern.

We cannot kill Self by cauterizing the tastes by which is loves to express individuality. Poor priests and nuns have carried that to the last extreme. As, for instance, that superb brother and sister, Blaise and Jaqueline Paschal. They put the extinguisher of self-immolation over the blaze of their genius, for fear of self glorying; depriving the world of the good the Lord ment them to do, and dying before their prime, from the awful struggle against talent and taste that refused to be cauterized, and demanded constantly to be sanctified to the highest uses of humanity, and God's blessed service.

I once asked Isabella Leonard why she did not write more for the press. She gave me to understand that it was from fear of intellectual pride. I knew that she was naturally brilliant; and I did not doubt that, in common with all poor humans, she had been proud of her talent; but what was grace for, except to cleanse away the pride. So I asked her whether she expected to be saved from it by penances and privations, or by the blood of Christ. The Holy Spirit gave her to "see the point," and she has written much since then that has been helpful, trusting Christ's blood to keep her motives pure. A few words, a little later, about how to die to Self.—Christian Witness.

FANATICISM.

There are different kinds of fanaticism, but I am fully persuaded that the fanaticism of conservatism sends more souls into the shades of eternal night than any other kind of fanaticism. What form of fanaticism could be worse than formality, coldness, and spiritual death? Paul says that in the last days perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof, from such turn away. The real work of the Holy Ghost is often branded as fanaticism.

Almost every church would like to have a revival, but they reject the very things that would produce or bring about a genuine, New Testament revival. They want the wagon without the noise. Most people are too stiff and conventional to allow the Holy Ghost to introduce them into the liberty of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. David said, "My heart is hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue." Lots of people profess religion, but the God that answers by fire, let Him be God. In the book of Revelation we read, "I would that thou wert cold or hot, so then because thou art luke warm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

There is a mighty pressure brought to bear upon the religious world these days, to keep them along earthly and materialistic lines. God intends that the church shall swing out and sail on the high seas of full salvation, and plant her batteries on the high vantage ground of holiness, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her.

When Moses saw the burning bush, he said, "I will turn aside and see this great sight." Get a church lit up with Holy Ghost light and fire and the people will turn aside to see the sight. In the days of the disciples and the early Church, the people were confounded and amazed at the mighty power of God. Mighty signs and wonders were wrought by the name of the holy child Jesus.

In the 19th chapter of Acts we read where Paul came to Ephesus and finding certain disciples (twelve converted men), he asked the question: "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" And they said, we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." They at once held a prayer meeting "Paul laid his hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost, and they spake with tongues and prophesied, and the same time there arose no small stir about that way."

This would be branded as fanaticism by large portion of the religious world today. Men and women who are full of faith and the Holy Ghost will stir up the devil, and actually bring things to pass in the name of the holy child Jesus.

Beloved, if we do not get our prayers answered there is something wrong. Let us quit mocking God. If God means what He says, let us have results. I believe in the kind of holiness that brings things to pass and makes the desert blossom as the rose.—Evangelical Messenger.

HOW I QUIT TOBACCO.

I mean the last time. Like many others, I had quit "for a little while" several times before, but had as often yielded to the tempting invitation of some friend (perhaps a brother minister) to "have a smoke." But somehow, I had never felt that smoking or chewing was the proper thing for me or any other preacher to engage in. I could never feel easy with a cigar in my mouth, and my own boys or those of my congregation looking on. How could I protest against their indulging in the hateful and injurious habit of cigarette-smoking, while using tobacco myself, was a question constantly pressing itself on my conscience. I fully realized that to do so would involve me in an inexplicable inconsistency. But struggle after struggle ended in simply postponing indefinitely my final breaking with the growing and gradually enslaving evil. Finally an evangelist was engaged for a meeting. He hailed from Waco, and had no compromise to offer tobacco users, or any other unnecessary and expensive indulgences. Being much together, he had many opportunities for observing my fondness for cigars, and for admonishing me against the evil habit. His admonitions were heard, but not

heeded. The meeting had continued more than a week, and had reached the entire community. Multitudes were attending upon the preaching. The preacher boldly and fearlessly rebuked sin, and lovingly invited the people to the sinner's Saviour. One night he seemed to enjoy more than his usual power and freedom.

"They all with one consent began to make excuse," was the text, and the flimsy excuses whereby people seek to justify evil practices were shown up with vigor and clearness. The dance, card parties and kindred vices were unmasked to our delight. We occupied a seat on the rostrum facing the immense congregation and occasionally cheered the preacher with a hearty "Amen." Without warning the preacher began to pay his respects to "cigar-smoking preachers." There I sat as dumb as an oyster, with the eyes of the people upon me, and a cheroot in my vest pocket. After waiting a moment I lifted my eyes to heaven and silently vowed that by God's help I would put myself where I could say "Amen" to that, too.

That was more than two and a half years ago, but no tobacco has passed between my lips since that night, and you are at liberty to carry the news to Jim Morrow.—The Rev. J. M. Mizzell in Exchange.

WHY A CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT IS WRONG.

Because there is no authority for it in the Bible.

Because it kills Spirituality and stifles worship.

Because it can not be prayed for in the public service without making religion ridiculous.

Because it never points any one to the cross of Christ.

Because it robs the Church of unity and harmony.

Because it leads people to think lightly of the promises of God in regard to the blessedness of giving.

Because it weakens the influence for spiritual good of those who engage in it.

Because it kills the revival spirit in every Church that upholds it.

Because it leads an army of young people into captivity to the world and its follies.

Because it robs religion of its good name, and makes the Church a beggar.

Because it perverts the truth, by teaching that there is a better way to raise money than God's way, viz., giving.

Because it is offering to God that which has upon it the image and superscription of Caesar.

Because it comes into the Church services, and kills the spirit of worship with its announcements, and begging appeals for patronage.

Because it disregards the admonition of Christ to take no step where the entire influence shall not be upon the side of God.

Because it does not avoid the appearance of evil.

Because it leads ungodly people to believe that they can buy the favour of God with money.—Selected.

HOW TO SAVE OUR BOYS.

MOTHER'S SUGGESTIONS AND FATHER'S REPLIES.

M "Our boy is out late nights."

F "Well, we must tax the saloon \$50."

M "Husband I believe John drinks."

F "We must put up that tax to \$100."

M "My dear husband, our boy is being ruined."

F "Try em a while at \$200."

M "Oh, my God, my boy came home drunk."

F "Well, well! We must make it \$300."

M "Just think, William, our boy in jail."

F "I'll fix those saloons. Tax 'em \$400."

M "My poor child is a confirmed drunkard."

F "Up with that tax and make it \$500."

M "Our once noble boy is a wreck."

F "Now I will stop 'em; make it \$600."

M "We carried our poor boy to a drunkard's grave today."

F "Well, I declare! We must regulate this traffic; we ought to have made that tax \$1,000."—Timely Talks.

ALCOHOL'S MERITS.

Alcohol regularly applied to a farmer's stomach will remove the boards from the

fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm and sow his field with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of his windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subdue hit reason and arouse passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family and topple him into a drunkard's grave.—Young Crusader.

A PASSION TO SAVE PEOPLE.

A holy ardor to lead persons into the kingdom of God is a gift of rarest excellence and a practice of supreme importance. When a minister has it, the constant burden of his desire is to save somebody, the thought never leaving him even for one moment. David Brainard possesses this ardor, and said: "I care not where I go or how I live or what I endure, so that I may save souls. When I sleep I dream of them; when I awake they are first in my thoughts." The preaching of such a man is sure to be direct, searching and earnest, reminding one of what the old Scotch woman said of Robert McCheyne: "He always preached as if he would be dyin' to see yees saved." Would God there were in the pulpit more of this downright earnestness to see sinners saved. And would God that more of the same spirit were in the pew. Laymen who ache in every fiber to lead souls to Christ would make the church something what she should be—a rescue mission, a house of salvation, a heavenly recruiting station. About ten years ago the late Dr. S. A. Keen testified as follows:

Within the last twenty-five years we have known nearly all the great soul winners—evangelist, pastoral and special, ministerial and lay—yet we think of the one as the most remarkable of them all. She was a Christian woman, a mother, an invalid, of meager education, seldom did she get to the house of God, yet every now and then some young person or some father and mother, and on two occasions whole families surprised us and our church by presenting themselves for membership on probation. When inquiry was made respecting their salvation, they said, "Sister W— came to see us, talked with us, prayed for us and we were converted." Here was a woman, scarcely known to the church in general of which she was a member, of frail health, of limited attainments, so fired with love for souls, so anointed with holy wisdom, and so clothed with divine effectiveness, as that visiting her neighbors, writing letters or talking to people, she was so used as to be currently winning souls and sending a stream of new accessions into the church of which she was a member. If one of the humblest, most circumscribed and least gifted of God's saints could thus be anointed with the Spirit of power, and of a sound mind, what believer is there that may not in like manner become a soul-winner?—Michigan Christian Advocate

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

One of the wisest poems ever written upon failure and success is this brief one by R. W. Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine: "He fails who climbs to power and place Up the pathway of disgrace. He fails not who makes truth his cause, Nor bends to win the crowd's applause. He fails not—he who stakes his all Upon the right, and dares to fall. What though the living bless or blame, For him the long success of fame."—Ch. Standard.

Says Paul Woodward, a condemned murderer in Camben jail. "Cigaretts have been my ruin. Since a small boy I have smoked those things and they have driven me crazy. I do things against my own will. Sometimes I feel some demon within me that impels me to do injury to my dearest friends. I am going to stop smoking cigaretts from now on. I want to be a different man before I die.—Sel.