

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(Pierre Bernard.)

Our Father—
By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption;
Who art in Heaven—
The throne of our glory,
The portion of Thy children,
The temple of Thy angels;
Hallowed be Thy name—
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands;
Thy kingdom come—
Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us;
Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—
Toward us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension;
Give us this day our daily bread—
Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls;
And forgive us our trespasses—
Against the commands of Thy law,
Against the grace of Thy gospel;
As we forgive them that trespass against us—
By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons;
And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil—
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of error's seductions,
Of sinful affections;
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever—
Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all;
Amen—
As it is Thy purpose,
So it is Thy promises,
So it be our prayers,
So it shall be to the end.

CIGARETTES.

(Prof. R. B. McGregor.)

The cigarette saps the vitality of youth, weakens the will power, creates unlawful appetites, ruins the intellect, poisons the blood, injures the eyes, makes idiots, produces insanity, affects the action of the heart, poisons the cells of the lungs, shatters the nerves, hurts fatherhood, sends its venom into unborn generations, sticks its deadly fangs into every particle of the body, creates selfishness, weakens character, takes away ambition, degrades manhood, lessens morals, hinders success, produces thieves, manufactures liars, blights society, creates disrespect, develops a heathenish habit, brings disgrace on civilization, and damns souls.

The poisonous nicotine in an average cigarette will kill a rat in twenty minutes. It is said a dog has been killed by a single drop of nicotine; and yet the repulsive, poisonous, deadly smoke comes pouring out of the mouths and noses of thousands of intelligent beings.

Our business men are learning that the cigarette is an enemy to business and success. Some of them are putting the "little torch" on the prohibition list. In Detroit alone sixty merchants will not employ the cigarette smoker. In Chicago, Montgomery, Ward & Co., Hibbard, Spences and Bartlet, and others have said none of their employees under eighteen can smoke cigarettes. Marshall Field & Co., and the Morgan Wright Tire Co. have this rule: "No cigarettes can be smoked by our employees." One of the questions on the application blanks at Wanamaker's reads: "Do you use tobacco or cigarettes?" The superintendent of the Lindell Street Railway of St. Louis says, "Under no circumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarettes. He is as dangerous on the front of a motor as a man who drinks. In fact, he is more dangerous; his nerves are apt to give away at any moment." Mr. E. H. Hariman, who controls many more railroads than any other man in the world, is quoted as saying that they "might as well go to the lunatic asylum for their employees as to hire cigarette smokers."

The New York, New Haven and Hartford; The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; The Lehigh Valley; the Burlington, and many other leading railroad com-

panies of this country have issued orders positively forbidding the use of cigarettes by employes while on duty.

These things being true, let us then by common consent with will power and divine aid, if necessary, cease now and forever the use of the "little torch."

A PRODIGAL CLERGYMAN AND FATHER.

Luke 15:28; Luke 15:32; Acts 11:17.

I heard of a clergyman whose son was wild, and disgraced his father's name in the parish, and broke his mother's heart. But the lad was converted in a Salvation Army meeting. The father afterwards confessed that he felt less disgrace over his son being a reprobate than in his being converted amongst disreputable people. The lad stuck to the army and prayed for his father. And before long his father was gripped by the Holy Spirit. How he groaned, how he struggled, how he sat up nights and went without eating, until out of sheer weariness and weakness he fell into a troubled sleep. He dreamed that he saw very distinctly his own heart, a cramped, narrow, filthy chamber, and through the dirty window he saw his Savior, the Son of God, and he knew that he was waiting to come in, and he looked around upon the dirty condition of his habitation, and put his head between his hands and cried, 'I cannot; oh, I cannot!' Then he heard the footsteps of the Master coming nearer and heard the knock of a pierced hand. Seizing a broom he began to sweep and clean up before he would open the door. But the more he brushed, the dirtier the place seemed to get, and he sat down in despair. Again there came the knock, and the voice of the Savior, 'If any man will open, I can't,' he cried, 'The place is so dirty and my heart is so bad I can't.' Again he brushed about and tried to make himself fit; and again there came the knock. Finally with a desperate effort he lifted the latch, and the door swung open, and in came the blessed Master, and the presence of Jesus flooded the whole house with light. He took water and sprinkled it upon the walls, and upon the floors, and upon the ceiling, and upon the sin, and wherever he sprinkled it was clean. The man awoke and behold it was a dream. He went down on his knees and opened the door, and the dream became a fact. If any man will open, Christ will fill the temple with his presence and with his glory.—Samuel Chadwick.

BOYS READ AND HEED THIS

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I don't think!" will never be a reliable man, and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble generous man—a gentleman.—Sel.

The annual drink bill of the United States aggregates more than three billion dollars. This stupendous amount is shown by figures furnished by the manufacturers themselves. Every year there passes over the bars of our legalized saloons a sum of money which if paid into the national treasury would wipe out the public debt and leave seven hundred millions, lessen taxation and promote prosperity. O this monstrous evil, this blighting curse of the nation, this infinite woe of all the world. Down with the Rum Demon!—Sel.

"ONE MAN'S NO."

At the world's Y. M. C. A. gathering the following story was told by one who had traveled eight thousand miles to attend the meetings:

"My father was a rancher on a small scale in Australia. He had only a thousand sheep or so, and a couple of square miles of run for a pasture. He was an English emigrant of sturdy yeoman stock, and while the free life of a shepherd had taught him tolerance and kindness, he remained true in principal to the strict lessons of his early years.

"The nearest neighbor or station was ten miles away, but the ranchmen used to think nothing of riding thirty or forty miles to a centrally located farm on Saturdays to spend the night in carousal, and ride back on Sunday.

"The isolation was so depressing and the heat so exhausting, that when the men came together once a week in this way, drinking and gambling seemed inevitable. In the kindled passion and excitement of these coarse pleasures, they thought they might forget for a few hours the suffering and privation of their lot.

"At last it was my father's turn to entertain. He must invite the herders of the kraals and ranches within a radius of nearly fifty miles.

"'Boys,' said he to his two sons, my brother and myself, 'tis the parting of the ways. We either live as we have lived, in the fear of God, minding our business, paying our debts if we can, saving our money if possible, and being cut by every many round here, or we fall into the ways of our neighbors, and drink and gamble ourselves into perdition. I am not going to break your mother's heart, and I say 'No,' even if they burn us down.'

"It was the critical moment of our lives. I could have fallen at my father's feet and worshiped him when he made that decision. He looked like a god—determined and invincible.

"So it came about that my brother and I divided the circuit between us, and I rode to the north and he to the south. To every ranchman this message went: 'Father invites you for Saturday and Sunday as usual. There will be no cards or liquor—only a quiet talk about old England and the welfare of the colony.'

"We waited that Saturday afternoon with trembling, not expecting a single guest. But suddenly one rode up, and then another, and another, until the whole section was represented. There had never been so large a gathering. They came in curiosity and with respect.

"With mother opposite him, father said Grace at the table, and we boys saw tears flow down rugged cheeks. That night the men talked long about bushmen and rabbits and fences and drought, and how to stand by each other.

"The next morning, as he did every Sunday morning, father conducted prayers, this time before fifty of the roughest men I had ever seen assembled; and there was singing of hymns, broken here and there by sobs and by tears. When they parted, my father, although a recent comer among them, was the acknowledged leader in that community.

"That section became the most prosperous section in all the country round. And I thought if Christian courage could accomplish that, it was good enough for me to live and die by. My father's 'No,' was the one thing needed to save that community, and it saved it.—Selected.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE TOBACCO EVIL.

The origin of tobacco is not known. It is thought that the Chinese of many centuries ago were acquainted with the weed because of the likeness of its leaves which appears on some of their ancient sculpture. At any rate, mankind had lost sight of tobacco until the discovery of the continents and islands of the Western hemisphere. At this time the Indians were burning it as a kind of incense in religious worship. "In the belief of the ancient worshipers the Great Spirit smelled a sweet savor as the smoke of the sacred plant ascended to the heavens." In smoking it through their calumets or pipes of peace, the Indians seem to have recognized a common god, and the shortest, and in some cases the only, route to friendship and reciprocity among the Indians, was for the white man to join in the ceremony of sending up fragrant (?)

incense. From this, the white man learned to use it, and the forms of its use multiplied. A therapeutic crank in Europe, named Nicolo Menardes, advocated that it had medical value, and the use spread until it became a great nuisance; and as the people had known what it was to be free from the nuisance, they started a great anti-tobacco crusade, in hope of ridding the land of the curse.

"The Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent XI. fulminated against it the thunders of the church; the priests and Sultans of Turkey declared smoking a crime, Sultan Amuret IV. decreeing its punishment by the most cruel kinds of death; the pipes of smokers were thrust through their noses in Turkey; and in Russia the noses of smokers were cut off in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. King James I, of England issued a Counterblast to Tobacco, in which he described its use as 'a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.'

Thus did they barbarously treat the patrons of a habit that was too barbarous even for that barbarous age. The fires of a new crusade are beginning to burn against this universal curse, and we are fighting it in a more excellent way. The better method of today is education. Men who have sense are being taught the harm of it, scientifically; and children, in the study of their little books of physiology at school are learning that tobacco is an evil. Teachers who will not instill such facts into the minds of pupils are fast disappearing from our chairs of instruction. The still better method by which we seek to overthrow the evil today is from a religious standpoint. Hundreds of people every year are induced to quit for Christ's sake. The religious wing of this work has hitherto been confined largely to the holiness movement; but other christians are now joining the crusade, and soon there will be a popular cry against it. The time seems near at hand when a tobacco user will no more be tolerated in an evangelical pulpit than will a dram drinker. It hurts some movements to become popular, but it will not hurt the anti-tobacco movement to become popular, and we do not care how soon it becomes popular, nor how popular it becomes.—Pentecostal Herald.

WHAT A LEADING EDITOR SAYS.

The following clipping is taken from the New York Christian Advocate, the leading organ of the M. E. church, edited by Rev. J. M. Buckley, one of the most prominent men in that denomination: It is taken from "Answers to Inquiries:"

"Q. Is the use of tobacco injurious? And ought Ministers of the Gospel to use it?"

A. The use of tobacco—in the greatest moderation—may not do much harm; to some constitutions it may do no harm. But few use it or can use it in great moderation. The hold that it gets upon a person, the difficulty of shaking it off, is a demonstration that it has great power over the nerves. In excess it is a swift, or slow poison. One can give up meat and keep well on vegetables, or give up vegetables and live on meat; or both meat and vegetables and live on eggs and milk. But the average tobacco-user must have it. He can't substitute even rum for it, nor can the rum drinker substitute tobacco for alcohol. To feeble persons smoking is injurious, and chewing tobacco is pernicious to digestion. Cigaretts and cigars used by boys injure them much, and fasten the habit on them for life. More persons reform from the drinking habit than do from the tobacco using habit.

Ministers should not use tobacco, because their example has great influence. Many parents are trying to bring their children up free from the tobacco habit, and when their pastors smoke or chew tobacco, the children—if bright—will use the example of the minister against the instructions and pleadings of the mother or father. Ministers are obliged to visit all classes and conditions, and that in the sick room; and to have their clothing and breath saturated with the odor of tobacco smoke renders them disagreeable. Ministers are constantly appealing to the people—poor as well as rich—to economize so as to give to missions and other good causes. To be known as tobacco-

users is to be known as wasting what they might give to the cause they advocate, and doing it continually. It is a mother that sends us this question for the column. She deserves a candid answer and she has received it."

Nobody will dare charge this editor with being a tobacco crack, and certainly as conservative a man as Brother Buckley should be heard on this question—Clement C. Cary, in Pentecostal Herald.

BUYING A PAPER.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down tother block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have his block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—Anon.

HOPEFUL PARAGRAPHS.

(From the Associated Prohibition Press reports, etc.)

Pennsylvania and Washington are both scheduled for local-option legislation battles this winter and Prohibitionists are pushing the contest in each state.

"In four-fifths of the hundred and five counties of Kansas, the prohibitory law is as well enforced as other penal statutes."

It is stated on excellent authority that at least fifty bills relating to the saloon business will be introduced at the present session of the Legislature of Wisconsin.

Spurred by the growing popular interest in the Prohibition reform and the election of a large number of Prohibition party candidates, Governors and legislatures of many states are this year forgetting their long assumed indifference to moral questions and in various ways, some puerile, some well meant, and some admirable, have already recognized the liquor problem in their first official acts of 1907.

Thousands of petitions like the following are already being circulated and are being rapidly signed in every part of Missouri.

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the 44th General Assembly of the State of Missouri:

We, the undersigned citizens and voters of the State of Missouri, hereby petition your honorable body that you take such action as may be necessary to submit to the voters of this state at the general election in 1908, a constitutional amendment, prohibiting within the State of Missouri, the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes.

SPURGEON'S ESTIMATE OF THE BIBLE.

The following is Spurgeon's estimate of the Bible: "The Bible is the writing of the living God. Each word in it dropped from the everlasting lips; each sentence was dedicated by the Holy Spirit. Albert and Moses was employed to write the histories with his fiery pen, God guided the pen. It may be that David touched his harp and let sweet psalms of melody drop from his fingers, but God moved his hands over the strings of his golden harp. Solomon sang canticles of love and gave forth words of consummate wisdom, but God directed his lips and made the preacher eloquent. If I follow the thundering Nahum when the horses plow the water, or Habakkuk, when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction; if I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven; if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love, or the rugged chapters of Peter, who speaks of fire devouring God's enemies; if I turn to Jude, who launched forth anathemas upon the foes of God—everywhere I find God speaking. It is God's voice, not man's; the words are God's—the words of the Eternal, the Invisible, the Almighty, the Jehovah of ages. This is God's Bible; and when I see it I seem to hear a voice springing up from it, saying: 'I am the book of God; man, read me, I am God's writing; study my pages, for I was opened by God; love me, for He is my Author, and you will see Him visible and manifest everywhere.'—Sel.