

THE TOBACCO QUESTION.

F. I. Thornton.

I have read several articles in the Wesleyan about the Tobacco Question, some for the amendment and some against it. I am sorry indeed that there is any division of opinion among Wesleyan Methodists, especially about as sorry a thing as tobacco—one of as great evil habits as there is in this world. Surely those in its favor must not know as much about it as we in the South do. I know whole families where all members use the weed, from the baby two years old up to the gray-haired grandmother. Many lack clothes and shoes, to say nothing of their lack of salvation that Jesus came to bring. I believe we as a Church ought to be against everything that is hurtful to humanity and we ought to have a high standard and clean members. Only those who are out of the mire can help others out.

The burden of our country will soon be on the rising generation, and if any one can show me where the use of tobacco has ever helped any one, made them more intelligent, or helped to qualify them in any way to render better service, in the mills, stores, shops, farms, school houses or in the Church, then I will never open my mouth any more against it; but will say, let us do all we can for it, encourage its use, insist on our farmers turning their wheat fields into tobacco farms and grow all we can, chew all we can, smoke all we can, and snuff all we can.

The Wesleyan Church is the only church that stands against it in this country. I have been in churches in this section where they have holes bored in the floor for the old brethren to spit through, and they will pass around their brown wad while the preacher is trying to comfort their souls, and I am satisfied they get more juice out of their tobacco than they do from the sermon.

If we look upon this thing as an evil, let us use all of our ransomed powers to stamp it out of existence. It has always looked tame to me not to allow a preacher to use tobacco and let his wife use it if she so chooses and belong to the same church. I have known these things to be.

When I was pastor, I have had evangelists to come on my work and hold meetings and take members into the church who were tobacco users, but I have never known the church to be helped yet by it. Instead of being a help, it has always been a pull back. I long to see amendment pass by an overwhelming vote. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." God bless the Wesleyan family.—Wesleyan Methodist.

OUR GREATEST WORK.

Prayer is the greatest work that God lets us do. To pray is to summon and use the working power, the omnipotence of God himself. Mr. Frost, of the China Inland Mission, in a forthcoming book on "Men Who Prayed," after pointing out that the man who prays is the most potential man in the world, and that what we need most is prayer, searchingly adds: "And what is necessary to obtain prayer is to secure men who will pray—not men who will think about prayer or will talk about prayer or will purpose some time or other to take time for prayer, but who will now and continually pray." Our belief in the power of prayer may be unbounded, but it accomplishes nothing until we pray. Are we faithful to-day to the greatest work that God has laid upon us?—Sunday School Times.



Sister Sanders and Family at Balmoral Farm, South Africa.

BALMORAL (MISSIONARY) FARM FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,801.06. Total amount now needed, \$1,403.94, towards which we have received:

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Lutz Mountain Reformed Baptist S.S.	5.00
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THROWN AWAY PIECEMEAL.

We are all throwers. One man throws away a fortune. Thousands of people throw away their health. Some of us throw away our friends, and plenty of people throw away time.

There are few of us that do not throw away strength, chances of improvement—something valuable.

But the most prodigal of wasters is the man that is throwing away his better, nobler self. Here's a chance to drive a close bargain. Away goes a piece of conscience. It will never be picked up again. An appeal for brotherly helpfulness clashes with self love. Sympathy is flung to the winds, and the heart begins to shrivel. Political preferment offers a bribe for conformity to the world's standards of honor; pluck out a piece of backbone and throw it away. Society sets out the wine-glass and cards. Throw overboard principle.

Some day the cry goes up. "A man lost!" Where did he go down? Neither here nor there. He threw himself away by piecemeal. He did not become a castaway in a minute. Look out for the small bits of manhood, and the man will take care of himself.—Selected.

It speaks highly of a pastor when his people are zealous in the missionary work.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

The attempt to cover up sin and wrongdoing is as old as the race. And the astonishing thing is that it so seldom succeeds. Often those who attempt it, are skilled in deception.

"How much do you own in that direction?" asked the chaplain, pointing up.

The man shook his head.

"I'm afraid," he said, "I don't own anything there."

To be poor in that direction is to be poor indeed. To have no spiritual treasure even though material possessions are many, is to have that which counts for very little.

A criminal in one of our prisons said: "If I had worked one-half as hard to do right as I have to do wrong and to cover up my wrong I might have not only earned my living, but built up a business."

A detective said: "We have always the man's conscience to reckon with, and it is on our side. For instance, if I have reason to suspect that a criminal whom I am pursuing is in a certain hotel lobby or railroad train, I take a position where I can observe him while I seem to be reading my paper. He is not at ease. He is continually expecting the clutch of a policeman on his arm. He is nervous when newcomers board the train, especially if they give him a second look. His effort at self-control is very apparent. Why? Because he knows that 'murder will out,' and however well he has covered his tracks he is in danger of being caught."

In the old palace of Whitehall, London, are some interesting relics of the army and navy. One of the strangest is a glass case containing the jaws of a shark and a bundle of papers. England was at war and was keeping a sharp outlook for vessels belonging to the enemy. A ship was captured and sent to the nearest British port. The captain swore the vessel belonged to a neutral nation. He thought he was quite safe for he had produced false papers after throwing overboard the real papers. While the suit was being tried the captain of another British ship produced the real papers of the captured ship. These showed that the vessel belonged to the enemy. He obtained the papers thus: He was cruising near the port in company with another ship, and that morning signalled the captain of another ship to come over and breakfast with him. While waiting for him to row across he watched his men catch a shark. On account of its size, he ordered his men to preserve the jaws. When they were cut open the papers of the captured ship were found in the jaws. What must have been the feelings of the men whose ship was on trial when these papers were produced? The captain thought he had got rid of the evidence of the true character of his brig, but he had not reckoned on the shark.—Selected.

Mr. Baker,

Dear Sir—Please find enclosed renewal for the Highway and contribution for Balmoral Fund from a friend.

I enjoy the Highway very much. I enjoy the good holiness sermons, as also many other helpful articles it contains.

I am, yours truly,

Mrs. A. H. Gough.

If the label on your Highway is marked below 16, resolve to renew today.