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# CURIOSITY

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*Yours Truly*  
*Arba Lankton*

**PRICE, TEN CENTS.**

1881.

Published for Arba Lankton's Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Society, by  
The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., Hartford, Conn.

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ARBA LANKTON'S  
Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Society,  
HARTFORD, CONN.

Any person willing to give tracts or good papers for distribution, or to contribute money toward the expenses of Arba Lankton's Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Society, will please either hand the money to him, or send it by mail to Arba Lankton, President, Treasurer, and Secretary, and the amount shall be strictly devoted to the object for which it is given.

Temperance and anti-tobacco tracts and papers are needed for general distribution. The *field should* be occupied by the public speaker. Who then will be the first to give us some money to meet the necessary expenses of the work. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." How much will you give?

Arba Lankton, of Hartford, Conn., is prepared, and would be glad of opportunities to lecture, either in Churches or Halls, upon the following subjects:

1. Curiosity.
2. Halting.
3. Gospel Invitation.
4. Intemperance; or, Out of the Way.
5. Interesting Incidents in the Life of Arba Lankton and others.
6. Liberality is Self-Beneficial.
7. Stand Fast in the Faith.
8. Temperance and Anti-Tobacco; or, Who Should be the Most Thankful?
9. Wisdom of Temperance contrasted with the Folly of Intemperance.
10. Will it Pay?



# CURIOSITY

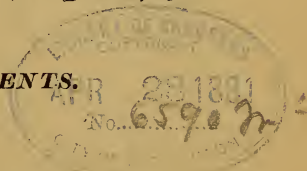


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## CURIOSITY.

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The subject of our present consideration is Curiosity.

Let us divide our subject into four parts.

1st, What is Curiosity?

2d, Who are Curious?

3d, Notice some of the *benefits* and also some of the *evils* resulting from Curiosity.

4th, When are we curious?

And first, let us inquire, What is Curiosity? Webster gives the definition of this word as, "A strong desire to see something novel, or to discover something unknown, either by research or inquiry; a desire to gratify the *senses* with a sight of what is new or unusual, or to gratify the mind with new discoveries; inquisitiveness." Again, a *Curiosity* is an OBJECT of Curiosity; that which excites a desire of seeing, as novel and extraordinary.

Curiosity in the mind springs from the faculty called causality. Fowler, the phrenologist, gives the definition of causality as perception and application of causation; ability to discover first principles and trace out the relation existing between causes and effects; a desire to know the why and wherefore of things, and investigate their laws; ability to reason from *causes* down to *effects*, and from *effects* to *causes*.

The faculty of causality is numbered 36 by Fowler, and is located at the outer portion of the upper part of the forehead. When amply developed it widens and expands the upper portion of the forehead, or causes it to project forward and hang over, as in the engravings of Tyndal and Locke. It is also very large in the engraving of Bacon, but small in that of the idiot. It is large in that of Herschel, as seen in the expanse of his forehead and the prominences at this point; but retreats in Burritt. In Franklin this organ was immensely developed, and his talents form an excellent example of the cast of mind which it imparts.

Causation reigns supreme throughout nature. Our world is made up of causes and effects. Every effect must have its specific cause, and every cause produces its own effect.

Uniformity and law govern everything. Without this arrangement all would be zig-zag chance. Man would rely on nothing; could effect nothing, and, therefore, enjoy nothing.

Curiosity inquires after the *cause* of *events*. If a boiler explodes everybody inquires, What made it blow up? If the cars run off the track, or break through a wire bridge, a general inquiry is made after the *cause* of the accident, and how many were killed or wounded; and the people are curious as to who is to blame for the accident, and to learn all about the affair possible. Wise and good men desire to know the *cause* of the accident, so that, if *possible*, to *prevent* its occurrence again.

Curiosity was illustrated in the picture representing a mother, who, with uplifted rod, stood over her boy

ready to punish him for cutting the bellows open, because he was *curious* to know where the *wind* came from. Again, it was curiosity that led the boy to come up behind his sister and look over her shoulder while she was seated on the park reading a letter from her lover.

What *intense Curiosity* we sometimes feel as we go to the post office *wondering* whether there is a *letter* or *newspaper* for us. If there *is* a letter Curiosity asks, Who is it from? and then, What do they say? Must we answer the letter? and When?

What curious things people sometimes say. "Bridget! Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. S., on the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen stairs. "Why, Marm," said Bridget, wiping the sweat from her face with her checked apron; "Why Marm, you see, the ice I put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn't melted yet, 'though its stirring it over the fire I've been for the last fifteen minutes or more." One man in speaking about his killing a cat said that he took her out and chopped off her head, and in the night she came into the house mewling with her head in her mouth.

A lawyer in court in defending a man who was charged with shooting a dog said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the witnesses state that they saw the prisoner aim the gun at the dog; also that they saw the flash from the gun, but *where*, Gentlemen of the Jury, *where*, I say, is the man who saw the *bullet* hit that dog?"

What Curiosity we feel when about to take a journey. What will be the weather? Shall we be

ready in time? Shall we have money enough to pay our expenses? And the more *important* the *occasion* of our journey is the greater will be the Curiosity felt concerning it.

When Mr. Morse was engaged in laying the first ocean telegraph wire, as the ship drew near the shore, so great was his *curiosity* and *excitement* as to whether the undertaking *would succeed* or not, that when at last it *did succeed*, and the two continents were thus united as never before, Mr. Morse fainted and fell back upon the ship's floor.

Let us now consider the second part of our subject—  
Who are Curious?

The merchant is curious. Every morning the curious question arises in his mind, What shall be my success to-day? And so with each week, month, and year as they pass, and the more diligent and hopeful he is the more *curious* he is as to the results. And as the periods of time pass by he, in curiosity, reviews the past, considers his success or failures, and endeavors to profit by his experience. And so it is with the public speaker. With what anxious curiosity does he look forward to the time of his speaking, wondering as to the results of his effort.

There is curiosity with the student, the preacher, the missionary, and, in fact, with everybody and everywhere. Fathers and mothers are curious about the welfare of their children. A good illustration of this is found in the history of David, and Absalom, his son. Ministers of the gospel are curious about the state of salvation in the souls of their congregations.

The Rev. Henry Morgan, in a lecture, once related

an incident of this kind. He spoke of a time when he went and called on an unconverted lady, and tried to lead her attention to serious conversation about religion. But she was careless and unmoved, having her attention taken up with her little boy, who was playing about the house. Quite a long time afterward Mr. Morgan again visited the place and called on this woman. He inquired after her soul's interest. She led him into the room where the bureau stood, and with tears in her eyes, she showed him the garments her little boy used to wear, and told him that, like as the shepherd who cannot drive the sheep into the fold, takes up the little lamb first and carries that into the fold, and then the sheep will follow. So when this lady would not give her heart to God He took her little boy, and thereby led her to give her heart to Christ and follow Him and prepare for the fold of heaven.

Curiosity is often manifested when people see children sign the temperance pledge. It is said that children do not know what they are doing. They won't keep the pledge. Said one, "I want to see the cause of temperance go forward, but I disapprove of your movement among the children." For what reason do you think? "Because," he says, "you ask them to sign the pledge, which is wrong, as they won't keep it." Our friend is a good man, but we think he is mistaken here. Children won't keep the pledge! I wish that all the adults kept the pledge as well as the boys and girls do; the world would exhibit much less backsliding and much less misery.

Children know and feel what they do when they sign the pledge much better than most people are

willing to give them credit for. Some years ago a gentleman in Virginia had a boy six years' of age who wanted to sign the pledge. But the father, feeling that his son did not understand the obligation he was about to take upon himself, refused to give him permission. But the boy was so importunate, and begged so hard, that he at last consented, though he felt sure, almost, that his son would break it. His father was a temperance man, and so were the rest of the family, and when this little boy had signed the pledge they were all totalers. Not long after this the father was traveling. The stage stopped at a tavern, and he called for some water. He waited some time and no answer. He called again; still no answer. At last the servant came, bringing a glass of cider instead. He was very thirsty, and being afraid he should get nothing else, drank it, in violation of his pledge. When he returned home he related the circumstance, and the little boy was there. After he had finished, the little boy went up to him, his lips quivering and his eyes full of tears. Said he, "Father, how far were you from James River when you drank that cider?" "I was fifteen miles from James River, my son." "Well, father, I'd have walked to James River and back again before I would have broken my pledge." That was a curious reply of a boy to his father.

Now let me put a curious question. What do you think will become of the little boy, about two years' old, whose father I saw at a Fenwick picnic hold a bottle of wine to his boy's mouth and let him drink two or three swallows, while about the same time two friends and also the father and mother drank of the same bottle? Truly, unless there is some great



change, that boy will grow up to be a drunkard and die an inebriate.

What good can it do  
 To smoke and to chew,  
 To swear and to drink,  
 And never to think.

What will the end be?

There was curiosity in the woman's mind when she asked a young man of her acquaintance at a party to take a glass of strong drink. At first he refused, but by banter and ridicule she persuaded him to take the drink. "And now," said he to a friend, "I drink until I die." He continued to go down, drinking excessively a few short weeks, and died a drunkard's death. Curiosity as to the results of our actions would lead that woman, when she heard of his death, to inquire reflectively, "Am I not responsible for that man's fall and death by drunkenness?"

A curious fact is related of an artist, who painted the picture of a most beautiful boy, and hung it up in his room. Many years afterward the same artist wanted to paint a picture for contrast to hang up in his room. He went down on to the street and selected a most miserably looking drunkard and brought him up into his room. After painting his picture he hung it up by the side of the picture of the little boy which had been taken many years before. When placed side by side the artist noticed some slight resemblance between the two pictures. It was soon ascertained that the two pictures were of the same person. The beautiful boy had afterward indulged in drinking strong drink, and followed this course until he became a poor, miserable drunkard.

As we gaze upon the drunkard staggering across our pathway, curiosity asks, what made this man such a wreck of humanity? One answer is, because he was not in youth pledged to total abstinence, and now he is but the wreck of his former self. And such a shocking wreck is he, with his tattered clothes, and his battered nose, and a gait like a ship at sea.

I once read a little temperance tract entitled Crystal's Prayer. She read some sweet promises in the new testament, and one, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," took strong hold of her little heart. "Why not the sin-sick as well?" she thought; and she believed it. She stole away to ask God to bless and save her dear father, and keep him from doing that which had long made them all very unhappy—not to let him drink any more rum. It was a very earnest wish she carried to her father above. Two fathers heard the prayer. God heard it from his high and holy throne, and her own poor father, whom she dearly loved, had opened the door and walked in so gently that Crystal did not know it, and with bowed head and eyes filled with tears, he had listened while his little daughter pleaded for his rescue. He was not ashamed to have Crystal know this, for when she came out of her little room he caught her in his arms and said, "You have saved me, Crystal; I shall sign the pledge."

I once read some poetry entitled "One glass more:"

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus  
 Thy sure destruction seal;  
 Within that cup there lurks a curse,  
 Which all who drink shall feel.

Disease and death forever nigh,  
 Stand ready at the door,  
 And eager wait to hear the cry  
 Of "Give me one glass more."

Go view the prisoners' gloomy cells,  
 There sin and misery scan;  
 Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells—  
 In drink their woes began.

Of yonder children bathed in tears,  
 Ask, why is mother poor?  
 They whisper in thy startled ears,  
 "'Twas father's one glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return!  
 Reflect upon thy fate;  
 The poisonous draught forever spurn;  
 Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.

Oh! fly the horrid ale-house then,  
 Nor linger at the door;  
 Lest thou perchance should'st sip again  
 The treach'rous one glass more.

Trust not to thy deceitful heart,  
 The Saviour's grace implore;  
 Through him from every sin depart,  
 And touch that glass no more.

Third, Let us notice some of the benefits and also some of the evils resulting from curiosity.

1st. Proper curiosity affords pleasure to the mind. It is said in holy writ, that "pleasant words doeth good like a medicine." Another benefit of curiosity is, that it acts in very much the same way as hope, to stimulate us to work and try to gain the great objects of life. It causes the medical student to examine the dead bodies of men and animals, in order to learn as much as possible concerning our human system. It was by curiosity that a young man became a good

astronomer, by watching the stars a little while every night after ringing the church bell for 9 o'clock. Botanists, geologists, and men of all professions are led on and helped by curiosity.

Consider what are some of the evils resulting from curiosity when not properly controlled. It leads us to pry into other people's affairs; to listen to and repeat the various scandals that are going around the neighborhood.

I once read some poetry entitled "Rumor's Growth:"

"Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,  
While shopping in the town,  
Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked,  
Smith bought his goods from Brown.

"Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,  
When buying her a gown,  
I've heard it said to-day, my dear,  
Smith got his goods of Brown.

"Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,  
With something of a frown,  
I've heard strange news—what do you think?  
Smith took his goods from Brown.

"Then Gossip Four to Gossip Five,  
Who blazed it round the town,  
I've heard to-day such shocking news!  
Smith stole his goods from Brown."

Curiosity must be governed by good common sense and a right principle within, or it will lead us to neglect our duty and become a snare to us. Many persons have been led by curiosity to begin reading a bad book, or immoral newspaper, and it has led on to much injury, both of the mind, the heart, and the character of the reader.

There is one more great evil resulting from excessive curiosity, in that it leads people to have too much regard for the opinions of others. The Bible tells us, that "the fear of man bringeth a snare." Many a person has been led to act the part of the base hypocrite, both in religion and in all the ordinary duties of life, from this excessive curiosity about what other people would think and say about it. It causes men to try to live in accordance with the customs of other people; bringing every power of the soul in subjection to the god of fashion to follow the pride of life, to the ruin of themselves, both for this life and for the world to come. But those who are too much inclined to indulge in curiosity should take hold with the iron hand of self-control, and with God's help, strive against this foolish notion.

Curiosity should be cultivated, for if properly developed, it will confer a capability of being very useful, both to ourselves and also to others. Its proper cultivation will be needed in studying human nature. Curiosity will lead us to note and spell out all the little things said and done. Here, especially, straws show which way the wind blows.

Little things will often put you on the track of the entire character and tell the hidden story effectually, because done unconsciously, whereas more important acts are guarded. As an illustrative anecdote, I once read of a horrible murder of a bank clerk, committed in Rochester, about 1839, in order to effect a robbery. The murderer was detected as follows: A citizen, whose individuality, comparison, and human nature were very large, in passing the door of the yet

unknown murderer, heard the latter order a cartman to take his trunk to the railroad, with an oath and in a harsh, peculiar manner, which arrested his attention. His human nature and comparison at once inquired what state of mind dictated the excited, imperative disposition manifested? The haste required could not have been caused by the near approach of the cars, and his whole manner indicated guilt, which suggested that this swearing youth might be the murderer. Thus reflecting, the citizen turned his steps to the depot, where he saw the luckless youth consulting stealthily and earnestly with his guilty participators in crime, which, with other combinations of his suspicions, he communicated to the bystanders, who, of course, narrowly scrutinized the murderous gang. The latter, seeing themselves thus closely eyed, took flight, and in attempting to flee and hide their booty, exposed and revealed the dreadful secret. As we consider this anecdote we see that it was curiosity rightly directed that detected the murderer.

Let us now consider the Fourth part of our subject, or, When are we Curious?

One time is when we go to visit the poor or unfortunate and see how they are situated. One cold winter day some persons went to visit a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl; what a cheerless life she has of it, they thought. "You never have any sun," one said to her. "Not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is

everything. I love the sun." "Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile they ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." The visitor looked surprised. "The Son of Righteousness," she said, softly. "Jesus; He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." They could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one they had seen for many a day. Yes, Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful, every home happy.

There is great curiosity sometimes at new improvements, discoveries, and inventions. I have read that the first newspaper established in North America was "The Boston News Letter," the first number of which appeared on Monday, April 24th, 1704. It was first issued by John Campbell, and was regularly published for nearly seventy-two years.

The first successful steam locomotive in the world was invented by George Stephenson, and is now on exhibition in a public square at Darlington, England. Mr. Stephenson was called the craziest man in England, on account of his trying to build a Steam Locomotive. A railroad for horse draught had been completed from Stockton to Darlington, on Sept. 27, 1825, and he was allowed to try his locomotive on said road. Six wagons loaded with coal and flour, a covered coach containing the Directors and their friends, twenty-one coal wagons filled with passengers, and six more wagons loaded with coal, were attached to the locomotive. A large number of people were present on horseback and on foot, who ridiculed the new-fangled enterprise, and were ready to make sport of his supposed failure.

Then, George Stephenson, inventor and builder of locomotive engine No. 1, headed the procession. The engine started off with this immense train of vehicles. A man who rode on horseback before the locomotive to herald the coming of the train, was compelled to leave the track. The arrival at Stockton excited very deep interest and admiration, and Mr. Stephenson was no longer the *craziest*, but one of the *smartest* men in all England, and in all the world.

The first steamboat in the world was invented and built in Philadelphia, Pa., by John Fitch, of Windsor, Conn.

After many disappointments and misfortunes in applying steam to the propulsion of vessels, Mr. Fitch finally triumphed over repeated failures. An engraving and description of the boat was prepared, and was published in the "*Columbian Magazine*" for December, 1786. Successful experiments on the Delaware River, Philadelphia, were made in the years 1786, '87, '88, '89, and in 1790 he run a regular packet by steam for passengers and freight on the Delaware river, which, for more than three months made regular successful trips between Philadelphia and certain towns on said river, with ease and safety, and without material stoppage, accident, or delay.

The second steamboat in the world was invented by Mr. Symington, in England. It was tried in 1788, but only practically succeeded in 1801.

The third steamboat in the world was invented by Robert Fulton, and his first experiments were made at Plombieres, in 1803, whilst his triumphs on the Hudson were delayed until 1807, twenty-one years



after Fitch propelled his first skiff steamboat on the Delaware river.

There was curiosity once in the mind of the captain of another ship, of whom I heard. His ship was on fire and they were making all possible speed toward the shore.

Said the Captain to the Pilot,

“John Maynard!”

“Aye, Aye, Sir.”

“Can you hold on for five minutes longer?”

“By the help of God I will, sir.”

And he did hold on. The burning ship drew nearer and nearer to the shore. At last it touched, in time for all to escape but the faithful pilot, who was surrounded by the flames, and burned to death.

But when is there Curiosity?

The little babe has Curiosity. As soon as it opens its eyes with understanding, it begins to wonder, and in an inquisitive spirit begins to ask, Who is that person? What is that thing? What are they doing? And these questions continue to arise in the mind of the human being, while life lasts.

People feel that they ought to become Christians, now; but delay in attending to this duty. There are curious excuses given for this delay. Some persons are young in life, and they want to enjoy themselves, but think that religion will lessen their happiness here on earth. But the truth is, that the Bible offers to Christians a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come Eternal Life. Some persons feel curious about some noted man, like Moody, Pentecost, or John Wesley, coming from abroad to their place.

Some people will plan to become christians when Moody comes. But may it not be a trick of Satan, to keep you in his service? Moody might never come; or you might die first, and be lost forever. It is never safe, nor right, to put off to the future, what ought to be done now. The effects of neglected religion were shown in an incident related at a Saybrook camp-meeting. A minister said that in a meeting he once gave out the invitation for those who wanted religion, to come forward to the altar, to be prayed for. A woman was standing by a post in the back part of the room, weeping. He went to her and invited her to come then to the altar. But, no, she had made an engagement to be married to an unconverted person, and she was not willing to give up the object of her love, for the sake of Christ and His cause. The meeting closed and she was still unconverted. Some years afterward, the minister was riding by a house on horseback, when he was spoken to, and requested to come into the house. When he entered the house, he saw the same woman upon a bed of sickness. She spoke up to her husband and said, Joseph, you must not let me die, I will not die. The minister tried to point her to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, but she exclaimed, "its too late," sank back and died.

Friends, the Scriptures ask the solemn question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Again it is said "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

The poet says,—

“No matter what my thoughts employ,  
 A moments' misery or joy ;  
 But Oh ! when both shall end,  
 Where shall I find my destined place ?  
 Shall I my everlasting days,  
 With fiends, or angels spend ?”

Men sometimes look back for five years, and consider what was their condition in life then, compared with their present condition. Some were comparatively rich, but now they are poor. Others were poor, but now they have enough for the present, and some in store for the future. Many there are both old and young, who could look back a few years, and say, then I stood much higher in my moral character than I do now. Then I was esteemed an honest man, but now, I have become a thief. Then I was a christian, but now I am a backslider. Then I loved to pray, to read the Bible, and attend the means of grace, but now, all this has been neglected, and my love for sacred things has become cold and indifferent, and I find that temptations have a greater power over me, and I am away down low in the ways of sin. It would be well if such persons would ask the question, “What shall the Harvest be?”

What Curiosity we feel when a person speaks about telling a story. I remember one told by a Baptist minister, up in Burke, N. Y. It might have been a fable, but it was a good illustration of the effect of little sins, so called. A large giant fell asleep on the ground, and some little beings, very small, tied up his hands and feet so strong with little strings, that when he awoke he was unable to get away. So with a young person beginning to drink strong drink, and

smoke, and chew tobacco, and form other bad habits. Each transgression binds the habit stronger and stronger, until it may be said, "Their sin is written with the point of a diamond." "He shall be holden with the cords of his sins." Only by God's help can we escape when once we have started down the broad road of disobedience.

Those who have reformed, are curious as they look back, perhaps for three months, a year, or five years. Then they were drunkards, but now they are sober. Then they were slaves to evil habit, but now they enjoy the benefits of reform; like the man I read of, who signed the pledge for one year, and having kept it to the end of the year, gained a lump on his side as he called it, when spoken to by the rumseller, and invited to drink, pulled out a bag of money, which was the lump he had spoken of. The rumseller had told him that the lump on his side came because he had stopped drinking, and that he would have another lump on the other side if he did not go to drinking again. The man laughed at the rumseller, and showing him the bag of money, said, "I guess I wont drink", and left him.

Again, some people with curiosity look back to the time when they led irreligious lives. Then they were unhappy. Then they were "without God and without hope in the world." Then the mother's prayers had not been answered. But now, they are trying to love and obey God, and they find that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Now they find that:

"'Tis religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live,  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die ;  
 After death, its joys shall be  
 Lasting as Eternity."

Young people are greatly curious about their future condition in life. As they look around them, they see that some people are rich, while others are poor. Some are sober, industrious, and happy, while others are drunken, slothful, and miserable.

The question naturally arises in the mind, what shall my condition be? Let such remember the words of the poet,

"Whate'er thy age would reap  
 Thy youth must sow ;  
 For the great seed-time of  
 Thy life, is now."

Also "what you sow to-day, you will sometime reap." We become very much what we earnestly desire to be, and we are, under God, what we make ourselves. We should therefore aim high. It has been said, — "though a man will not reach the sun, still he will reach higher to aim at the sun, than he would to aim at something on a level with himself."

It is wise for the young, to ask God for direction, and then to plan for the future. We should have some great, and noble object before us, to which we may desire to attain, some great work, like Christ's Mission, of which we shall exclaim, "how am I straightened, until it be accomplished." There have been many illustrations of successful men, who have lived with one aim and purpose before them, strug-

gling against difficulties and discouragements, until at last, through perseverance, and God's help, they have triumphed gloriously.

Dr. Kitto, in his youth, was right in supposing that he must make himself what he desired to be. Patronage could not do it. All the wealth in the world could not do it. The best mental faculties could not accomplish it without toil. His own undivided, earnest, self-denying efforts alone, could secure the end. He was a sagacious youth to perceive the truth, he was a wise one to reduce it to practice.

I once read a curious account of how a smoker got a home. He began to chew tobacco at the age of twelve. A few years later he commenced smoking. At length he united with the church. Very soon the question arose whether it was right to indulge in such a filthy and disgusting habit as chewing tobacco, and he was not long in deciding that it was not, and abandoned it, though it cost him a severe struggle. He still, however, enjoyed the cigar. Just at this time he met a friend who was studying for the ministry. Mr. H——, was puffing away at the cigar as usual, when his friend looked up with a countenance never to be forgotten, and said, "brother H——, it don't look well to see a member of the church smoking." "You are right," said the smoker, and taking the cigar from his mouth, threw it into the gutter. That was the last cigar he ever smoked. He then commenced saving the money that he had so long squandered for tobacco. After a number of years' saving, he found a pleasant place for sale, and he bought it with this anti-tobacco money, and made his family happy.

I will now close by repeating some curious poetry which I once read, entitled, "The One Crop, or The Wily Bargain Maker:"

"There came a man in days of old,  
To hire a piece of land for gold,  
And urged his suit in accents meek,  
*One Crop* alone, is all I seek ;  
That harvest o'er, my claim I yield,  
And to his lord return the field.

The owner some misgivings felt,  
And coldly with the comer dealt ;  
But found his last objection fail,  
And honeyed eloquence prevail,  
So took the proffered price in hand,  
And for *One Crop*, leased out the land.

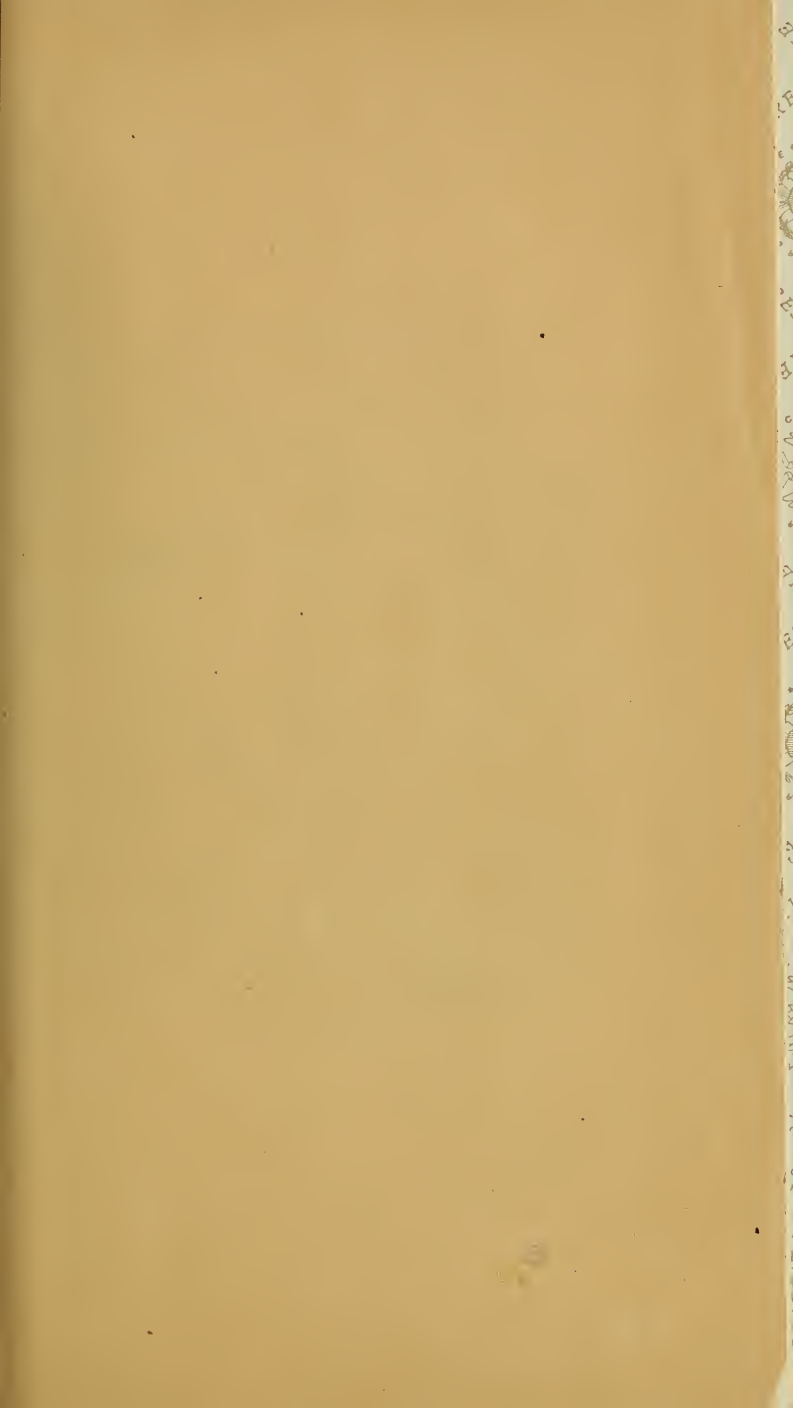
The wily tenant sneered with pride,  
And sowed the ground with acorns wide ;  
At first, with tiny shoots they grew,  
Then broad and wide their branches threw ;  
But long before those Oaks sublime,  
Aspiring, reached their forest prime,  
The cheated landlord mouldering lay,  
Forgotten with his kindred clay.

Oh ye whose years unfolding fair,  
Are fresh with temperance, free from care,  
Should the vile tempter e'er desire  
The garden of your heart to hire,  
No parley hold, reject his suit,  
Nor let *one seed* thy soul pollute.

Young friend, of the first glass beware,  
With firmness shun the insidious snare ;  
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve,  
Into a sun-excluding grove ;  
Thy sins, a dark o'er shadowing tree,  
Shut out the light of Heaven from thee."









IDLENESS IS SIN.

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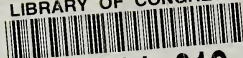


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