

me twenty years with a Hallelujah in my heart and on my lips. Through the blood of Jesus, both the friendly cigarette and his partner were defeated.

My friend, just as you put forth your hand and took this tract, just so put forth your hand of faith and take God at His word. The gift of God's love is Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Romans 10:9-10.

- A. W. PRESS



# A Cigarette Speaks

by Elizabeth Hassel

*I'm just a friendly cigarette –  
Don't be afraid of me!  
Why, all the advertisers say  
I'm harmless as can be!  
They tell you that I'm your best friend  
(I like that cunning lie)  
And say you'll "walk a mile" for me  
Because I "satisfy."*

*So come on, girlie, be a sport  
Why longer hesitate?  
With me between your pretty lips,  
You'll be quite up-to-date:  
You may not like me right at first,  
But very soon I'll bet,  
You'll find you can't get along  
Without a cigarette!*

*You've smoked one pack, and so I know  
I've nothing now to fear;*

*When once I get a grip on girls,  
They're mine for life, my dear!  
Your freedom you began to lose,  
The very day we met,  
When I convinced you it was smart  
To smoke a cigarette!*

*The color's fading in your cheeks;  
Your fingertips are stained;  
And now you'd like to give me up  
But, sister, you are chained!  
You even took a drink last night! –  
I thought you would ere long,  
For those whom I enslave soon lose  
Their sense of right and wrong.*

*Year after year I've fettered you,  
And led you blindly on  
Till now you're just a bunch of nerves  
With looks and health both gone.  
You're pale and thin, and have a cough –  
The doctor says, "T.B."  
He says you can't expect to live  
Much longer, thanks to me!*

*But it's too late to worry now;  
When you became my slave  
You should have known the chances were  
You'd fill an early grave.  
And now that I have done my best  
To send your soul to Hell,  
I'll leave you with my partner, DEATH –  
He's come for you, FAREWELL.*

**T**he testimony of the friendly cigarette is true. I, the undersigned, who as a child thought it quite smart to smoke a cigarette, soon became a slave to them. I would sooner smoke than eat and it was not long before I was drinking too. One sin always leads to another sin and as sin added to sin, it was not long before I was headed to an early grave.

There I was, a worn out sinner with looks and health both gone – just a bundle of skin and bones and nerves, with loved ones expecting the end to come any minute and the old Death angel waiting to take my sin sick soul to Hell.

Up to this time no one could speak to me about my soul's salvation, but now my dear brother felt he must. He told me about Jesus. He told me that Jesus wanted to save me and forgive me of all my sins. That day I accepted Jesus, the gift of love.

He saved me. He delivered me from the cigarette habit and the sinful powers that bound me. He put flesh on my bones. He has taken me off a death bed and given