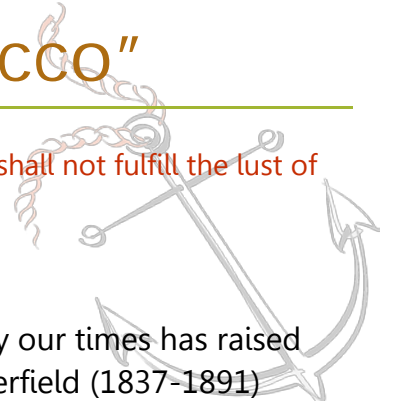




"Give Up Tobacco"

"I say then: Walk in the Spirit, and you shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh" (Gal. 5:16).



Please consider that using tobacco is not something that only our times has raised opposition against. This song (see page 2) by James A. Butterfield (1837-1891) predates all the modern research of this deadly poison and beckons men to man up and stop using it. Sound minded individuals who lived 135 years ago understood that tobacco use is addictive, has a shattering effect on the nerves, is a vile and poisonous weed, is something that even animals would not consume, and is something that is not appropriate for the Christian to use. This song also gives hope and encouragement for the Christian who is using it, to put it away and raise his voice against it. That is what true repentance would require.

Long before Butterfield's day, Paul warned Christians against the works of the flesh and stated that practicing even the "like things" to those listed would keep one out of the kingdom of God.

"Now the works of the flesh are evident, which are: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lewdness, idolatry, sorcery [includes drug use, sjw], hatred, contentions, jealousies, outbursts of wrath, selfish ambitions, dissensions, heresies, envy, murders, drunkenness, revelries, **and the like**; of which I tell you beforehand, just as I also told you in time past, that those who practice such things will not inherit the kingdom of God" (Gal. 5:19-21).

Pray for perseverance and press for purity!

—Steven J. Wallace



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42 **GIVE UP TOBACCO.** J. A. BUTTERFIELD, 1880.

mf (Male Quartette.)

1 Give up to-bac-co? Yes, I will; There's man enough left of me still
 2 Give up to-bac-co? why not now? No lon-ger at its shrine I'll bow;
 3 Give up to-bac-co? pois-'nous weed, For it I have no lon-ger need;
 4 Give up to-bac-co? 'll - thy weed, Up - on it scarce the beasts will feed;

To break a - way
 No lon-ger be
 My pals-ied arm
 They know too well

from its vile use,
 its conscous slave,
 and shattered nerves
 its dead-ly pow'r

f

With it I'll hold no word, no word of truce, Give up to - bac - co? Yes, I will! There's man e-nough left of me
 What's left of me I'll try, I'll try to save.
 Too plain-ly show what I, what I have served,
 But man ac - cepts its pre - cious, pre-cious dow'r.

ff

still; I'll raise my warn-ing voice on high A-gainst to - bac - co till I die.

still; Yes, there's man e-nough left still To raise, &c.

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