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NO SMOKING ON THE UPPER DECK
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01 -- H. H. HADLEY'S TESTIMONY ABOUT QUITTING TOBACCO

Shortly after my conversion, at which time I took all the saloon and brewery advertisements out of my paper, I received an "ad" of St. George's "Fall of Babylon" [apparently a river boat named the "Fall of Babylon"] of Staten Island with a letter from Major Williams, the manager, saying: "Bring over your bill and get your money."

Advertisements were acceptable just then, so I thanked the Lord for it, and in a day or two presented the bill to the Major at the extreme farther end of the long row of private seats, underneath which were various rooms, including his offices. He greeted me cordially; spoke of his enterprise and cheerfully drew a check for \$40, as per bill. Said he: "Take a look about the

place," which we did. "It's hot, step in this way," and he opened a door into a long compartment under the reserved boxes. He was making his way straight towards a bar, when I stopped, saying:

"Why, Major, I'm not going into any more saloons, nor am I going to advertise any of them."

"Well, said he, "this is no part of the 'Fall of Babylon,' this man has had this privilege rented all along., But he listened attentively as I told him I had stopped drinking, was now a Christian and would never train with the old crowd again.

I thought he looked as if he wished he was there, too, but he didn't say so. He took out his cigar case and handing me a beauty, that hadn't cost less than a quarter, said: "You've got to have something, anyway, for coming away over here," and shaking hands warmly, we parted.

Lighting my fragrant Havana, I strolled down to the boat, just landed, and anticipating a good smoke in the open air, secured a seat forward just off the cabin.

I had hardly settled down comfortably when a large fine looking cleaning woman with a feather duster and a big apron came along the upper deck.

"You'll have to go away from hear, mister, sure, if you want to smoke."

"How's that," I said.

"There are the rules," and she pointed to a gold lettered sign on the bulkhead, which read: "No Smoking on the Upper Deck."

"Why, madam," I said, coaxingly, "there's no one here, yet."

She stopped dusting and turned square at me with her big arms: "I'm hear, and there's the rules, and if you want to smoke you have got to go below now!"

"That settled it; either throw away my 'rena victoria,' or go below, and below I went, in not a very amiable mood, made no sweeter by the cleaning woman's look of exultation as she made the duster fly in and around the seats.

As the boat steamed back to New York, I sat on the lower deck, thinking. I reproached myself for being nettled at the woman who was only doing her duty, and wondered how anyone could object to cigar smoke in the open air, and pitied the crank who did. I didn't feel comfortable, and looking down at the roughs, shocked at their profanity and vulgar manner, my head aching for some reason -- perhaps the cigar was too strong -- my conscience said:

"Now, Henry, you see what this cigar has made you do, you have been converted; saved from rum, sin and old associates, the desire to drink has been taken away, why don't you ask the same kind Father to take away the desire to smoke."

"I don't want it taken away," I said, mentally, "it is one of God's gifts to men. It doesn't make a man drunk or sinful, and besides, I can reach fellows by a cigar who would not listen to me if they knew I was one of these non-smoking cranks."

"Oh!" said conscience, "so they listen to you for the cigar, do they?"

"No, but a cigar disarms their prejudice," I answered, "can't a fellow have any comfort at all without being an extremist. Doesn't Rev. Dr. _____ smoke, and Rev. Dr. So and So, and this church member and that one? If I get to be as good a Christian as they are I guess I'll do." Then mentally excusing myself I said half aloud:

"There are none perfect, anyway, in this world."

"How do you know?" answered conscience.

"What does the Bible say? It never tells us to do anything that we can't do."

But I silenced conscience by reminding Him that my conversion from drink was a miracle, anyhow, and that was enough to expect from one man -- and had I not brought this one and that one to give up drink and become Christians?

Yet I didn't feel happy or satisfied. I had sacrificed the upper deck and its well-dressed company, beautiful view and fine air, for the lower deck full of profane, half drunken loafers and rough characters with the smell of whiskey all around me.

All this for the privilege of smoking a cigar -- and I had lost my temper, too, so I felt mean enough.

As I finished it and threw the stump overboard and ascended the stairs when the steamer neared Governor's Island, I again read the sign: "No Smoking on the Upper Deck," and remembering the emphatic words of the matron: "If you want to smoke you've got to go below." I wondered if that didn't apply to the future as well. Then conscience whispered:

"Surely there will be smoke enough below. You had better try to make the upper deck where there will be no smoke. Then as a final reminder He suggested that it would be bad for me to enter into Eternal Life with desires that could not be gratified, and that no man, no matter how good he was, could successfully teach free salvation to others while he was himself a slave to habit. These were my first doubts on this subject.

A short time afterward a friend asked me if I did not think tobacco a hindrance, and I told him no, quoting Romans 14:22 -- "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

My friend said: "That 'he' means the true inner man -- the conscience; the only way you can tell whether the conscience condemns its use, or not, is to stop using it for a while and let

conscience work. Make the sacrifice for Christ. So long as you continue its use," he said "the Holy Ghost has not a fair chance to enlighten conscience."

"Surely it can do no harm," I said, "why, down south nearly all of the church members, deacons and preachers, too, chew and smoke; even the women, many of them smoke and 'rub' snuff."

"Whew!" he said, and walked away.

On the 25th of January, within three days of six months after my conversion, I started, as usual, for the services at the Water Street Mission.

It was a long road, but I traveled it every night after the Lord had helped me to change my life at that blessed Mission.

No one will ever know how dear that spot was and is to me.

When I reached Third avenue there was no car in sight, and I waited right opposite the corner saloon, where I had taken my last drink, nearly six months before.

O what a change had come over me, and in me, during that short, happy six months. Devotedly did I thank God, from my heart that I no longer wanted to enter that side gate and come in by the back door and spend the afternoon and evening -- yes, and the night there.

While I was thus thinking and praying, a tap on the glass attracted my attention.

Looking around, I saw several of my former companions near the window, on the inside, with filled glasses, beckoning me to come in and join them. I shook my head and pointed upward with my umbrella. They repeated the invitation by signs until they found it was in vain, and then all gathered at the window and laughingly touched glasses and drank my health.

Then one of them raised the window, and holding out a box of cigars, said: "That's all right, Colonel, old boy, but you can take a cigar with me anyway, without coming in.

Of course I could not consistently take a cigar handed me out of a saloon window when I had heretofore refused to enter a saloon to buy one or to light one, so I replied in some haste and confusion:

"No, thank you, the car is coming, good-bye," and walked down to the car track.

But the car was not in sight, and I knew it when I said so.

What had I done? I had just been praying; now I had lied, or pretty close to it, and my old companions for whom I had often prayed stood looking at me out of the window and saw that the car was not coming. Where now would be my influence with him. I could see by his looks that he thought I was simply putting on style, and scorned me.

It seemed as though that street car never would come along, but when it did I went up to meet it and stood smoking on the platform as it rattled down towards Harlem Bridge. I felt condemned and wretched. Conscience talked loudly and told me if I had not been a smoker it would not have happened, for then I would have had the best reason in the world to refuse a cigar.

How often I had said that if tobacco ever came between Christ and me, I would stop its use. Here now it had indeed come between Him and me. His face was hid; only a few minutes before He was so near and so precious; how could I live without Him. O, how dreary and lonely! "O that I might find Him."

Something must be done at once.

Conscience said: "Stop, for good and for all."

Satan said: "There's nothing gained by haste. Remember that pretty little tub of smoking tobacco not half gone yet, and that meerschaum [meerschaum n. 1 a soft white form of hydrated magnesium silicate, chiefly found in Turkey, which resembles clay. 2 a tobacco-pipe with the bowl made from this.] only half colored, and that beautiful black ivory and amber cigar holder, and the nice cigarette holder and those unbroken bunches of Honoradaz cigarettes, besides the half dollar's worth of cigars you bought yesterday. Don't be a fool and stop with all these on hand, wait till you smoke them up, anyhow."

The sly old devil nearly got me on that, but dear conscience prevented and begged me to lay the habit aside for a month, even a week, and to pray over it and see if it were not a sin instead of a weight, reminding me that we were required to lay aside, even "every weight" as well as "the sin that doth so easily beset us."

Satan asked me how I could stop after smoking daily, and sometimes hourly for twenty-six years.

"If God tells me to stop," I answered, "He will not let it kill me."

"I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," whispered a voice that I knew was His.

"God help me," said I, and Satan began to run, but came back and said:

"All right, stop it for a week and pray over it, but wait till the 28th, when you will have been converted just six months; that will be just the time to do it."

I thought that would be about the thing to do, but the voice said: "Grieve not the Spirit, now is the time." "It pays to sacrifice for God."

O how I prayed all the way down on the elevated train, determined, if God showed me it was wrong, never to touch tobacco again.

Before I reached the Mission, He did show me that for many reasons it was wrong, and I had concluded to stop forever.

It had been no sacrifice, six months before to give up drink -- had I not often said I would give my right arm to know that I never would touch another drop? and when I was willing to bear the appetite for His sake, had He not taken it away?

But to stop smoking was indeed a sacrifice, and when I concluded to make it for Him, then He came back again, and I would not then have given up His precious presence for all the tobacco in Kentucky.

When I testified at the Mission that day I told the experience I had just passed through, and was greatly blessed.

I firmly believe that the Christian who has never sacrificed any pet habit for Christ's sake does not know the real happiness of a Christian's life.

Besides this blessedness, however, I soon found that my tobacco money more than bought my coal -- so I let my stove do the smoking, for I have quit.

I am now on the upper deck all the time, actually and figuratively. Praise God!

Another thing, best of all perhaps: my dear beautiful boys who had begun tampering with cigarettes, have followed their father's example and stopped entirely. Thank God! O how much evil it will shield them from.

Every day in my work of winning men from drink and sin, I realize what a glorious thing it is that tobacco and I are quits.

And I'm not "going below to smoke." Christians who use tobacco do not realize that no matter how low a man may be, he often has a high standard for those who profess to love God, and that if they do not reach his standard they have no influence over him.

To illustrate this I will relate an incident.

One night I entered the Water Street Mission and laid my half smoked cigar on the window sill outside. When the meeting was over I struck a match and relighted it. A big vicious looking drunkard watched me and said:

"Didn't I hear you testify?"

"Yes."

"Didn't I hear you pray in there?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say you was converted?"

"Yes, what of it?" said I, a little nettled at the man's rough tone.

I will never forget the look of contempt he gave me as he replied: "A nice Christian you are, a smoking that butt!"

Whatever he was he thought he knew what a Christian ought to be.

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02 -- DO NOT DOUBT

Have sorrows been thy portion oft,
Till faith and hope are routed?
So hard hast thou found destiny
That God's great love is doubted?

Hast stemmed the tide so many years,
That hand and effort weaken?
Art blinded by so freezing tears,
Thou hast not seen the Beacon?

O doubter, tossed upon the tide,
Take heed what thou art saying:
Christ knows -- and on the mountain side
Alone, for thee is praying.

Soon He will make the storm to cease
And calm the raging waters;
And thou shalt know how great the peace
He gives his sons and daughters.

Oh, never doubt the Savior's care,
'Tis thine in measure double;
The heaviest burden He will bear,
Our "present help in trouble."

Whatever comes, still look above,
Nor murmur in thy blindness,
Nor question God's unmeasured love,
His tender loving kindness.

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03 -- WORDS OF INVITATION AND WARNING

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." -- Isa. 55:3, 6-7.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." -- Ecc. 12:13-14.

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THE END