

TEMPERANCE

A Woman's View

The following are pointed extracts from a letter written by 'a woman' and published in Denver (Texas) News in reply to a Texas lawyer. It is worth reading:

Now, I am a woman, and one who knows what she is talking about; yes, knows through the bitter lesson of experience, and I am going to deal in plain facts and truths.

The promoters of the liquor business are trespassing upon the personal liberty of the women and children of this country by robbing them of their happiness, their peace of mind and the very necessities of life, and robbing the man who drinks their liquor of his intellect, his health, his time, his money and his manhood.

Did you ever stand, as I have, at the open grave and see the body of a beloved son lowered therein, who died by his own hand, drunk? Yet at one time this same son was an innocent youth, the liquor promoters sold him his first glass and today an aged mother, a widow and a beautiful little girl visit the grave of a drunkard.

Did you ever, as I have done, stand at an open grave and see the body of a father laid therein, a bullet in his brain, put there by his own hand as the result of liquor and drugs? This same man was once a man of brilliant intellect but now laid low by the liquor tyrant, and the same aged mother who visits the drunkard's grave of her son visits the grave of this, her husband.

Did you ever have a daughter who sat up, as I have done, the night long through horrified and terror stricken alone, waiting for news of her drunken husband and finally get a message at three in the morning that he was in jail for drunkenness and disturbing the peace? Did she ever, as I have done, stand over her husband and fight off the enemy of death in the long silent watches of the night inch by inch when he was in a dying condition from drink?

Now, these are not far fetched, for they are in my own family, and I am the wife of the last mentioned. They are not 'weak or depraved' people, but one of our best families in the south. These men simply took the first drink in a land where liquor is sold, and the appetite grew until they were bound in the chains of the tyrant whiskey, and where was the personal liberty then? So it has been everywhere, and so it will always be as long as the accursed stuff is sold, and I am only reciting a similar experience of thousands of other women.

'Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend.'

It is just a case of whose house it is afire. If it's strangers, you don't even ask about it. If it's yours you are not only vitally interested, but you act and you act quickly.

If it's the other fellow's son who goes into a drunkard's grave you are not concerned, but if it happens to be your first born, the pride and hope of your heart, you will wish from the depth of your soul that Texas had the prohibition before his young manhood was destroyed.

Now, if a thief comes into my house and steals my watch or anything of value there is a law to punish him if the officers can catch him. Now when the saloon man sold the liquor to my husband which made him drunk and nearly caused his death, and robbed me of my happiness and respect for my husband, which are far dearer to me than a piece of jewelry, I have no recourse whatever.

What recourse has the mother and wife first referred to, whose son today lies in a drunkard's grave? What good has liquor ever done for our people? On the other hand what evil is it responsible for? For suicides and murder; for broken hearts and for more divorces than any other cause.

WHY HE QUIT.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," replied a bank president, quoted by a Chicago paper, as his host at luncheon tendered him a cigar. "Yes I used to," he continued, "but I quit it because I wouldn't be annoyed by the craving for tobacco at times when it wasn't proper for me to smoke.

"I made a rule in the bank, you

see, that none of the clerks should smoke during business hours. And of course I had to keep the rule myself. And I would all the while be wanting a cigar so bad, and be so anxious for business hours to be over so I could get at my cigar, that I was miserably uncomfortable all the time. I could hardly hold my mind to my work.

"So one day I got completely disgusted at the everlasting annoyance of it, and I said to myself, 'Here's where this nuisance quits,' and I haven't smoked since. I stopped with a half a boxful of cigars in my desk and they are there yet.

"No it wasn't as much of a hardship as I expected. When once I made up my mind that there wasn't any more smoking for me, the wish for it did not last long. In just a few days I was working along without any bother whatever."—Exchange.

A Model Boy

"I never think of what the Bible is to a man," says Rev Sam Jones, "but what I think of a little boy. He was the good boy of the town, and all of the boys recognized him as a good, upright youth, and set their trap to get him drunk. They sent the shrewdest of the bad boys to him, and he met him on the street and said; 'Johnny, come into the saloon and have a mint julep.' Johnny said; 'O no, I can't go in there.' 'Well, why?' 'Well, my book says, 'Look not upon the wine, when it is red,' much less drink it.'"

The bad boy said: "I know the book says, that, but come in and take one drink."

He replied: "I cannot do that."

"Well, why?"

"Because my book says, 'At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

"Yes, I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink."

"No," he said, "My Bible says, 'When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

The bad boy turned off and left him, and went over to his companions and they said; "Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"Did you get him to drink?"

"No, I could not get him into the saloon."

"Why?"

"Because," replied the bad boy, "that fellow was just as chuck full of the Bible as he could be, and I could not do anything with him."—Ssl.

"Chinese Slaves Freed."

The Gospel and Christian civilization are having effect upon many nations of the earth and in heathen lands. Notable among these is China. Some great reform measures have been adopted the past few years. We call attention to the following decree recently made in that land that is awakening and shaking herself and preparing for higher and holier things:

"The Chinese government by imperial rescript has abolished slavery throughout the empire and has prohibited henceforth the purchase and sale of human beings under any pretext. The reform however is not altogether complete, as by the rescript certain forms of slavery will still be tolerated. In a report made to the State Department it is said that the retaining of Manchu princes was not to be emancipated, but it is forbidden to call them slaves. They have long enjoyed educational and other privileges, although still bound to their hereditary masters.

"The household slaves of the Manchus are also refused emancipation, but their status under the new law is improved. They are to be regarded as hired servants, but their services are due for an unlimited term of years, so that they are in reality perpetual slaves. Under this rescript the practice of selling children in China in times of famine is abolished, although they may be bound for a specified term, but never beyond the age of twenty-five.

"Concubinage is still to be permitted, but there is to be no bargain and sale. Such concubines

A Daily Thought

There is a curious little spider in South America that has a home under the water.

It forms a bubble about itself which like a diving bell, it sinks to the bottom, and remains there for hours, living below, yet breathing the air from the world above. It is found to be perfectly dry, not the slightest moisture having penetrated the atmosphere in which it lives. Even so we may live in the world by breathing the air of heaven and keep our garments clean while walking the street of Sardis.—W W. Weeks.

Too Much Machinery or Lack of Power

WM C A MASTERS.

A striking illustration is given in the following:

Some mechanics were having difficulty in locating a serious defect in a large saw mill which was giving much trouble by refusing to cut as it should, breaking belts, stopping transfers and general inefficiency. At length one ventured to suggest: "Too much machinery." An investigation was made and it was decided: "We have not enough power to run our machinery."

How very true this is in spiritual matters! This is the day of big things. Very few are satisfied with doing the little things. Large trusts, mighty combines, gigantic corporations, immense organizations, until even the church is so influenced by these things that she is foolishly following with little or no oil in her lamps.

Attend conventions, meetings and assemblies of large, and even small bodies and behold the "Red Tape," the variety the changes, apparently, to attract attention and attendance, and maybe for display. Has the time come when we are so influenced by these things that we are ensnared in this awful trap? Only attend a Camp meeting, a Conference, a Convention, and behold! what mine own eyes have seen and not another.

Time is so short; yes, that is true. Yes, too short to be in a haste about everything. Wesley's motto is a good one: "Always in a hurry but never in a haste."

In a bit of ancient manuscript set by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the senate of Rome, were written these words:

"There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character. His personal appearance, his words and his work are those of an exalted being. His hair in marvelous colors, which no united shades can match, falls in graceful curls below his ears, parting upon the crown of his head. His forehead is smooth and large. His eyes are clear and serene. His cheek without spot save that of a love y red. His nose and mouth are formed with matchless symmetry. His beard is thick reaching below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork.

He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and persuades in language the most tender and touching. No man has ever seen him laugh, but he is seen to weep frequently, and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain in joining in sympathy with him. He is persistent in all well doing, he heals the sick, restores sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, and often without word or touch. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to be able to call back the dead from their graves. His love is as light of the sun, and is vouchsafed to the poorest of men. The power of truth is in his every utterance and in his every act. His followers are a true common people, and they hear him gladly.

I am told that he is only the son of a poor carpenter, and in the market place when they peak his name, they do it with gentle tenderness; with reverence.

They say; "That is the man standing ynder, of whom I told you yesternight, and he tarried long in the cottage of the stricken widow that he might comfort her, and wipe away her falling tears.

They say the name of this man is, 'Je us.'

are to be married with proper legal formalities and they will enjoy the protection of the law, but in reality they will be no better than perpetual slaves to the principal wife.

"The rescript is said to be a compromise measure, but it will eventually give freedom to millions of human beings, and is declared to mark a distinct advance in civilization."—Free Methodist.

THE BURDEN BEARER

By Florence A Willard.

You say my burden looks heavy; Well! so perhaps it may be, But I've lost the sense of its pressure,

I've help that you cannot see. One time my burden was crushing I fell like a helpless child, O'ercome by its weight and the darkness

And lost in life's tempest wild. Then 'mid the dark and its terror, "Saviour have pity," I prayed, And soon the shadows were scattered,

I was no longer afraid; My burden was gently taken, Another was given to me And I was bidden, "Go forward— My grace is sufficient for thee."

So now 'tis my Master's burden I'm carrying day by day— A burden of love and comfort That helps me on the way. 'Tis he that carries my burden, It is no longer my own. Bearing together, we journey, To where I shall bow at his throne

Uujust and Unwise Criticisms

We have heard much of "Higher Criticism," and there is an element of danger in all criticism in the course of progress and improvement. However it is necessary to discern between evil and good, and useful and more useful; There is a tendency toward too many masters, or teachers; and one may criticize another and tell "how it should be done," though they may not lift a finger toward really helping in a practical way, thinking, perhaps, they are doing all the Lord requires of them in giving advice to the other.

God's children may lose the gist of a sermon and nullify the work of the Holy Spirit; both in their own admonition and that of others, by criticizing flaws in the preacher's rhetoric or grammar; or some thought that is not perhaps, just as it should be. But in thus looking to the minutia, they pass over mercy and truth and the love of God.

Here is an infallible rule for a "good meeting" with all that is implied in the term. Keep your heart and mind on the worship of God, in a spirit of prayer for one another, and all men, especially for the one that speaks, in fervent charity, that God may help him to help all in ministering the Spirit, whether in preaching or testimony. The meeting may be "held" and bound by over-anxiousness or fear that it may drag, or something unwise be said, and while you may be told to "be free," your mind is drawn from the true worship of God to an individual, or to the surroundings, and you see that the chain of "liberty," is very short. "Charity never faileth." We all have knowledge, but we need not be puffed up. We have known of even children of holiness parents warding off the conviction of the Holy Spirit by judging the speaker, or the people "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgement."—Frank L Hall.

"When you have determined to pray, other things will seem weighty and demand your immediate attention, but never mind—pray." "He who robs himself of heaven commits a theft for which he can never be pardoned."

"When you have determined to pray, other things will seem weighty and demand your immediate attention, but never mind—pray."

When we put as much energy and enterprise into missions as we put into our business, the world will be won to Christ.—George Sherwood Eddy.

Bulah On The St John

Have you ever visited Bulah Camp Ground? If you have you can never forget it; if you have not, you have missed what could not fail to be to you a most delightful experience.

If one were to attempt to describe "Bulah" they would hardly know where to begin, but a most concise and fitting description is found in the words of the poet, which may be applied to Bulah:

"A thing of beauty,
And a joy forever."
Bulah Camp Ground has been consecrated to the service of God, and the holy influence is felt as soon as we enter the gate, and both saint and sinner can not but feel upon their souls the impression of its sacred atmosphere, even before their eyes fall upon the inscriptions printed here and there upon the stones throughout the grounds. "These Grounds are sacred."

Sometimes in our walks we will pause and a stone will say to us: "Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

Yes, at Bulah we have "sermons in stones," while the beautiful fountains remind us of the words of Jesus: "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Everything about this beautiful spot is artistic. There are gravel walks edged with stones running here and there among the trees and we feel that we must follow them up one at a time to see what new, unexpected spot they will lead us to.

Often we will come upon a fountain whose waters fall gracefully upon the ferns and flowers around its stone encircled edge. Some of the walks will lead us to Mount Horeb, the mount of God which is sometimes so sacred and quiet with its fountain playing upon its rocky surface, and sometimes it is hallowed with a volume of prayer and praise when a company of God's earthly saints meet here to beseege the throne in behalf of lost souls for whom Christ died.

Following one of the gravel walks, we come unexpectedly upon a little path winding among the trees which have been so neatly trimmed, that we feel it must certainly lead us to some new spot of beauty; indulging our impulse to follow it we come in a few moments to an artificial lake with its beautiful fountain sending its waters high toward heaven and across it, and to add to its charm, is a rustic bridge in the form of an arch.

As we stand enjoying its quiet beauty it makes us think of peace: "the peace of God that passeth knowledge."

Overlooking the lake is the new hotel, which is modern in all its appointments and does much credit to the architect.

To appreciate "Bulah" you must visit it. Rev. E. F. Walker, of California the present speaker, as well as many other preachers, who have visited many of the camp grounds in this country, says that "Bulah on the St. John is the best equipped and most delightful camp-ground in America."

We have said that everything about Bulah is artistic, and this is true to the minutest details. All who love Bulah recognize with much pleasure and deep appreciation that we are indebted for its beauty and charm to Bro. John Bullock of St. John who loves God and holiness and who has expended here much careful thought, time and means, that God might be glorified and His children spiritually refreshed.

Year after year the committee in charge of the services has endeavored to obtain as speaker the most deeply spiritual, intellectual and orthodox men known in the holiness movement and as a result God's truth has been presented, clearly, forcefully, fearlessly in its entirety.

Many people have come to Bulah carelessly, thoughtlessly, without a thought of God or their soul's eternal interests, and under its holy influence and powerful presentation of the truth of God have gone away "a new man in Christ Jesus." Written at Mount Horeb, Bulah Camp Ground, July 5th, 1910. —Dispatch.

"Some have very clear ideas of what a minister ought to be, but seem to fail to get any comprehension of what they ought to be as members. The whole body needs to be 'fitly framed together in order to grow unto a holy temple in the Lord.'"

It is amazing to witness the extent to which the church has practically lost sight of the necessity of this endowment of power. O for a conviction of the necessity of this endowment of power and faith in the promise of Christ.—President Finney.