

LUST FOOD.

Rev. James M. Taylor.

It seems that we have reached a time when mothers and sisters would rather have pictures they call "fine art," which is more like lust-food, than pure sons and brothers. The world has gone wild for pictures upon which no man on earth can allow his eyes to rest long without thoughts he ought not to have, and cannot entertain and keep pure in his inward being.

It is hard to enter a home these days where lust-breeding, character-blighting, suggestions are not found in pictures on the walls. Do we love pictures more than character? Home, shop, street, office are lined with that which carries with it thoughts of the impure and sensual, and arouses an uncontrollable passion which burns like fire in the breast until the victim is under its heel.

We have the alarming facts before us that at least 100,000 mother's daughters go to a fallen women's grave each year. To match this army it is said there are at least 500,000 male prostitute graves every year. Let me ask the reader, especially the mother, wife or sister where these 500,000 American sons make their start to a life of impurity? They do not go into vice deliberately; but, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the seeds of lust have been sown before they enter the red-light district. We insist that it in the hands of mothers, wives and sisters to check at least 75 per cent. of the impurity of men and boys in the land.

Let our homes be decorated with the pure and ennobling, even down to the calendars that adorn the walls; and let the women, with whom our young men associate, be "adorned with modest apparel," and enough of it to make them look modest; and we will have destroyed more than half the lust seed.

Pray tell me if a young man is to look at a young lady in the choir or in the parlor dressed decolette, how can we consider it dangerous to his morals to look on some half nude "woman of the town" on some other occasions?

A ministerial friend of mine went to the mayor of a Western city where some indecent shows were being carried on, and requested that they be discontinued. The mayor replied:

"No one on that stage is more indecently dressed than lady members of your church on the Sabbath Day."

Three young men stood on the street one morning as people were going to church. A company of young women passed dressed in a way that, had they been harlots, they would have been arrested; but these were Christian (?) girls, so it was all right. The young men looked, and followed on, not to go to church, but to go as an ox to the slaughter. Pure women had sown the seed of lust.—Pictures on the wall.

We clipped the above article from a little full salvation paper called The Crusader. It has been taken from a booklet written by James M. Taylor, entitled "Pictures on the Wall." We endorse most heartily every idea expressed in the article.

We have long intended to write an article on this subject, but now send in the above instead as it expresses about what we would have said, and does it better. No doubt that next to the dress abomination the lewd and suggestive pictures which are so common furnish the largest amount of lust food. There are not very many homes but have pictures on the walls that should not be there. About half of the calendars and advertisements of soaps and toilet powders, and the like are nothing more nor less than lust breeders. The only place for them is in the fire. It would be a service to God and humanity if some one should start on a crusade about the country to gather up and burn the suggestive and immodest pictures. Souls would be saved from vice and immorality and Hell. We know that there are always some "nice" folks to sneer and make fun when anyone writes or says anything on these matters, but we long since learned that those who sneer do not prove by it their innocence and virtue. The most sarcastic "knock" we have yet received from anyone for taking a stand on the dress question was from a person shortly to go to ruin on the very lines we were fighting against. So this has taught me a sufficient lesson not to keep silent because someone sneers. I have heard ministers preach against young men carrying obscene pictures in their pockets while perhaps it never occurred to them that they ought to go home and burn a lot of pictures that hung on their walls.

We happened to see a few times some of the vile pictures that some boys delight to carry in their pockets, but can truthfully say that, with one exception, we never saw worse than we have seen hundreds of times in the homes of professing Christians.

That vice and crime is yearly increasing no thoughtful person can deny, and back of it all lies the lack of real Christian modesty, and the deluge of suggestive dress, pictures and literature. No doubt a lot of blame can be laid at the door of the moving picture house. We thank God that it is little we know about the inside of a picture show but judging from what is posted outside we don't wonder that lust is on the increase and that chaste marriages are becoming in some quarters a rarity.

H. C. MULLEN.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved to live with all my life while I do live;

Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another;

Resolved, never to do anything out of revenge;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.—Jonathan Edwards.

When Alexander had bestowed a very valuable present on a poor man, his modesty would have declined it. "It is too much," said he, "for me to receive." "But," said the emperor, "it is not too much for me to give."

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

A prominent minister, discussing the state of the poor, declared that he had repeatedly found among the outcasts in the slums of London, women who had been members of churches, Sunday school teachers and tract-distributors, but who, from marrying ungodly men, had been brought down into the depths of poverty, wretchedness and degradation. This witness is not alone in his experience. There are houseless, homeless and hopeless ones who have in years gone by sat among the bright-faced children in the Sunday School, or mingled in religious circles with those who were tenderly nurtured and carefully trained.

The sin of unequal yoking with unbelievers, is one that very frequently brings its own swift and bitter punishment. Many a fair face has been clouded with anguish and despair through disregard of the divine precept. When a Christian woman joins hands with an ungodly man she turns her back on many of the choicest joys of life, and runs a fearful risk of making shipwreck of all her hopes for time and eternity.

Let those who are still free from this snare of Satan take heed lest they become entangled, and mourn when too late over their sad and fatal mistake. Let them seek counsel and guidance of God, and He can give them the desire of their hearts, and save them from the dangers that lie along the path of waywardness and disobedience.—H. L. Hastings.

NOT ALL SWEETNESS.

Sometimes when holy men are urged to do things of a doubtful character they are found to be very stubborn for the right. This quality of character is likely to make the person who wants them to join in questionable things very uncomfortable. The next step is to discourse on the sweetness of holiness and follow this by accusations against the professor of holiness who will not yield the point and do doubtful things. The fact in every such case is that holiness is not entirely sweetness. There are other elements in it, or it would not be worth anything. There is backbone in it, strength of character and tenacity of purpose in it, vigorous opposition to sin and all questionable things in it. The flabby or soft character which never differs from any one is not the holy man or woman. Holiness would do a mighty work of improvement for such soft and worthless persons.—Sel.

AT LAST.

He had been going from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally on Christmas Eve he stepped into a little church just as the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done the things which we ought not to have done."

"The man dropped into the nearest pew with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I've found my crowd at last."