

A SALOON CATECHISM.

In a discussion of the Sunday saloon closing problem in Chicago, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Bartlett, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Washington boulevard and Ann street, in a short address presented what may be called the saloon catechism, of which he is the author, and which reads as follows:

What curses the unborn babe? The saloon

What robs the little child of clothing, food and love? The saloon.

What takes the tender youth out of school, sending him to work? The saloon.

What causes the manly boy to blush for his father? The saloon.

What lures young girls into its dens for vile purposes? The saloon.

What thief takes pictures, furniture and comforts from the home? The saloon.

What sends a mother out to scrub? The saloon.

What turns a deaf ear to the pleading wife? The saloon.

What impoverishes but never helps? The saloon.

What is the only business built up by debauchery? The saloon.

What fills the jails, reformatories and prisons? The saloon.

What hides the thief, holdups and murderers? The saloon.

What constantly defies the law. The saloon.

What costs the country, city and state more than all other things? The saloon.

What backs up dance halls and houses of ill-fame? The saloon.

What bribes legislators, cities and corporations? The saloon.

What furnishes free drinks for the police? The saloon.

What ruins body, mind and soul? The saloon.

What makes a man make a fool of himself in public? The saloon.

What makes a man a demon in private? The saloon.

What fools the citizens by talk of revenue? The saloon.

What would reduce our taxes and replenish pocketbooks and banks? The banishment of the saloon.—Tract.

"Holiness is not a luxury but a necessity."

"The possession of inward holiness can only be made known to others by its counterpart, outward holiness."

"How shall we demonstrate holiness to the world? First—experimentally—by getting it, living it, and telling it. Secondly—from the Scriptures, for the Bible is the text book on holiness."

Holiness is a divine principle and an essential attribute of God. The holiness of God is what God is in Himself as to nature and character. The holiness of man is the divine nature imparted to him by the grace and benevolence of God, as the result of which he is conformed to the will of God in character and conduct.—Sel.

Abraham Lincoln said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for the day."

A TWENTY-MINUTE LIMIT.

How long should a speaker take to deliver an ordinary sermon or address? This has long been a vexed question, especially with those of us who are naturally, or by acquisition, a little long-winded. We like to think that the length of a sermon does not make much difference either one way or the other, that it is quality alone which counts. And within certain limits we are right. If a man has a message for men he should talk long enough to deliver that message; but—and here's the rub—he should quit when he has said what he has said what he wanted to say.

Back of all the complaints concerning long sermons there lies the conviction that the sermon is long because the preacher didn't quit when he was through. William Jennings Bryan told the following at a luncheon in Pittsburgh, Pa. He said: "Some time ago I was speaking at Harvard. Before I began I asked the chairman how much time I was to have. 'There is no limit,' he answered, 'but recently we went over the records of all the speakers we have had. We found that none of them said anything after the first twenty minutes.'" Those who know W. J. Bryan will realize that he would have to do not a little curtailing to confine any of his ordinary discourses to twenty minutes; but evidently he realized the force of the criticism.

It is easy for a speaker usually to "spread himself." It is easy to occupy a dozen or two dozen sentences to explain, or amplify, or illustrate one sentence; but it is hard, to some men seemingly impossible, after we have once amplified and illustrated a subject, to cut down our remarks to half or two-thirds their length.

And yet there isn't one of us who has not time and again objected to a speaker because he repeated himself. He didn't quit when he was through. The trouble was not so much that there were too many words, but rather that there was too little thought. And this may occur in the first twenty minutes as well as in the last.—Christian Guardian.

PREACH HOLINESS.

Bishop Asbury wrote from a bed of sickness, "I have found by secret search that I have not held up the theme of holiness as I should, and if I am restored, this shall be my theme more than ever, God being my helper. My earnest prayer is that nothing contrary to holiness may live in me." He wrote to a minister: "O purity! O Christian perfection! O sanctification! It is heaven below to feel all sin removed. Preach it, whether they will hear or forbear. Preach it."

"To be holy is to be like Christ. What a charm to the soul to think of the possibility of being like Him! He commands it, not to tantalize us, but to assure us of the immediate possibility of its realization."

Obey the word applied by the Spirit of God. The one point that requires obedience which you will not attend to will not attend to the nine points which do not test your obedience.—David Lambert.

NEWS ITEM FOR THE PRESS.

Post Office Department, Canada,
Ottawa, January 23, 1918.

Up to the present it has been permissible to send letters destined for persons in an enemy country or a country in the occupation of the enemy subject to censorship through the medium of an intermediary in a neutral country. An arrangement has now been made whereby such correspondence can be forwarded through the medium of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, 530 St. Catherine St., W. Montreal, in connection with the authority received by their London House from the British Government to undertake the transmission of such correspondence.

The letters to be forwarded must relate only to private news and must not contain any reference to military or naval movements, to political and economic conditions or the like. The letter should be enclosed in an envelope legibly addressed to its ultimate destination, and must be left open in accordance with the censorship regulations of enemy countries. This should then be placed in another envelope addressed to Thos. Cook & Son, 530 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, together with a slip bearing, legibly written, the name of the sender and also a postal note for twenty-five cents to cover the charges.

This amount covers the expense of transmitting the letter to a neutral country from thence to an enemy country and the reply. The arrangements of any reply from the correspondents in enemy countries will be made by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, necessary to ensure the transmission to the writers.

There are certain towns to which on account of restrictions imposed by the enemy Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son cannot forward correspondence and in other cases they are only able to transmit the letter without making arrangements for the reply. Full particulars, however, may be obtained from Thos. Cook & Son on writing to them at 530 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

Letters addressed to enemy and enemy occupied territory can only be sent in this manner and any which are being forwarded through other than this authorized channel will be returned to the sender. This does not affect in any way correspondence addressed to Prisoners of War in enemy or enemy occupied territory which is to be forwarded in accordance with the Prisoner of War regulations.

THE AGE OF HASTE.

Mrs. D. C. Eby.

We live in an age of feverish haste:
Its hurry, hurry all day,
Passing swiftly from task to task,
At night we're too tired to pray.

No time for the beauty around us—
The charms that the seasons bring;
No time for a rose-tinted sunset;
No—not even time to sing.

In the rosy dawn of the morning,
In the evening's sunset glow,
There might be a message from heaven,
If we paused a moment or so.

Our souls feel the lack of communion,
And everything seems to go wrong;
Our minds are deprived of the culture,
Of books and music and song.

The domestic life is caught in this whirl,
And robbed of its joy we find;
Our children, perhaps, are suffering most,
Starved in both soul and mind.

Let us draw aside from the maddening
rush,
And meditate for a day;
Then let us live for the things that count,
For the years are passing away.

If you would be a deep divine. I recommend unto you sanctification.—Rutherford.