

## Temperance Column

### RETURNING

#### I am returning

Introduced by the Government, welcomed by hundreds of citizens.

Opposed by the Temperance Alliance and dreaded by thousands.

Thrice rejected by the electors, I am invited by those elected.

#### I am returning

Denounced by the Church I was driven from society.

By the favor of the World I will resume my work. My under-ground propaganda has prevailed.

#### I am returning

It seems but yesterday that I was forced to retire.

My best friends of former days are all gone. Diligent persistence will create new customers.

#### I am returning

Dead men tell no tales.

Neighbors of dead men readily forget.

There are boys and girls from which to build unsuspected strength.

#### I am returning

Former appearances being distasteful, I am given a new suit.

Speaking personally, I would prefer my brothel name—"Saloon."

Government patronage clothes me now, and my name is "Store."

#### I am returning

Respectable religious people lead me by the hand.

They say I must be nice and quiet and law-abiding and merciful.

Camouflage it is; but they are helping me—and I submit just now.

#### I am returning

Degenerates, drunkards, profligates, and fools will recognize me.

Any who may doubt my identity may smell my breath.

Those who investigate will soon find that it is I indeed.

#### I am returning

This is no vacation visit; I mean business—my business.

Let who will consider my return as anticipating happiness and "fun."

Happiness is heavenly and not associated with my business.

#### I am returning

Let fathers frown and mothers weep and children cry.

Let Christians pray and pastors preach against my presence.

Let the hungry starve, death grow fat, and the grave be satisfied.

#### I am returning

I have business in Parliament, in Court, in School, and in the Church.

I will debauch them all if given reasonable time. I mean to do so.

I refuse to hear the pitiful cry of those who suffer. To hell with them!

#### I am returning

Seek me in a respectable store on the busiest street.

Let me have a part in ruining your life and character.

I am the agent of the Devil, who will receive you when I am done.

#### I am returning

To the beautiful Province of New Brunswick. To seek its best sons and daughters for my master.

I am the beverage sale of intoxicating liquor.

—The Temperance Bulletin.

In Ontario the Liquor stores are open, and the scenes in the vicinity have been characterized by the press as altogether shameful. One Toronto paper says: "The thirsty queues of humanity stretching to every liquor store, including men and women, are not only not edifying, but are disgraceful street scenes, a spectacle long to be remembered by a youthful generation which has not learned about booze."

At the same time the manufacturers of liquor are increasing their out-put in anticipation of the "true temperance" which they know is going to follow the opening of the stores.—Temperance Bulletin.

### BE RIGHT WITH GOD!

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of the trouble of your Christian life?" If you are compelled to say, "Yes, those worries do affect me; cause impatient words, disturb the deep peace of soul promised in God's precious Word, bring me under deep conviction that I have not got the keeping power of Jesus as 'my own'—do not think that these worries are not important things. They are of the utmost importance. The only cure is to say I am going to see, going to meet my God in every trouble that comes—the greatest and the least.

You have learned it about great troubles. You have learned to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Though you say it with a weeping, bleeding heart, you would still say, "It is His will." But the little troubles are God's will as much as the great ones. So I have to say to you, as to that minster's wife, God wants you to get right first. Do not let us pray about your husband.

She could not agree with me, and said, "I do not think that is right," but at last she was convinced.

Three weeks after, she said, "I cannot thank you enough for what you have told me about the will of God, for God was all the time dealing with me! Wanting to teach me a lesson of perfect love. Things all came right. He just of himself gave up the morning ride."—Rev. Andrew Murray.

### "THE IRON GATE"

They came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of its own accord.—Acts 12:10.

This chapter begins with the story of the persecution of the infant Christian Church. "Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church. And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." Peter also had been imprisoned and cast into the innermost dungeon. One can hear door after door shut behind him with a re-echoing clang; and then to make assurance doubly sure he is chained to two soldiers, as was Paul afterwards in Rome. Herod was determined to stamp out this superstition of belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, just as many others have attempted to do in the centuries which have followed.

It recalls a passage in "Emperor and Galilean" by the Norwegian dramatist, Ibsen. Julian the Apostate fights a losing battle against Christ. On the night before his last battle he soliloquizes:

#### "Where Is He Now?"

"Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since that happened at Golgotha? I dreamed of Him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of Him should be rooted out of the earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space until my feet rested on another world. But behold—there came a procession to me on that strange earth where I stood, and in the midst of the slow-moving array was the Galilean, alive, and bearing a cross on His back. Then I called to Him, 'Whither away, Galilean?' But He turned His head toward me, smiled and nodded slowly, 'To the place of the skull.' Where is He now? What if He goes on and on, and suffers and dies and conquers again and again from world to world!"

Well, if there are other worlds to conquer the Galilean will conquer them. Before Him

the Herods and the Julians will go down to destruction and shame. He must reign in all parts of the universe. No iron gate can shut Him out. No present or future civilization can escape His conquest. No people but must stand before His judgment seat. The dying words of Julian the Apostate were, "Thou hast conquered, Galilean."

### The Iron Gates of Life

In the night Peter was released from his bonds and conducted to the great iron gate. There seemed to be no possibility of getting past that iron gate. In a sense we are all fellow-prisoners with Peter. There seem to be great iron gates which shut us in; frowning, sullen, grim, they stand across life's pathways.

There is the iron gate of mystery. Life itself is a problem which we can not understand. There are so many things in religion which we do not comprehend. That only proves that it is a Divine revelation, for if we understood it all it would be no greater than our own little minds. Jesus said, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not understand them now," and He has been saying them to successive generations and will continue to say them, until we shall see Him face to face, and know even as we are known.

There is the iron gate of sin with which all are acquainted. It shuts us into the prison house of guilt. "Wretched man who I am," exclaimed Paul, "who shall deliver me from the body of this guilt?" No hand has ever opened that gate except the pierced hand of the Crucified, who gave Himself for us.

There is the iron gate of sorrow. Many are shut within that prison, weighed down with its heavy fetters. We cry with the Psalmist, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee O Lord. Lord hear my voice; let Thine ears be attentive unto the voice of my supplications." He hears and answers: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden." "I come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." "Because I live, ye shall live also." The glory of God's love shines about us and opens the gate of sorrow unto everlasting life.

### How These Gates are Opened

How was Peter's iron gate opened? "They came unto the iron gate, which opened to them of its own accord." We are so shortsighted in these matters, and so was Peter. He thought the gate opened of its own accord. Go back in the chapter to the fifth verse, and there we find that the little Church in Jerusalem was gathered together in prayer for Peter in prison.

In all things we realize the value of co-operation—in diplomacy, in industry, in war, in commercial enterprises. If men stand together and work together there is no despotism, no injustice, no wrong that can endure. The disciples in Jerusalem met this crisis in the infant church with precisely this co-operation in prayer. Probably none of them expected just such an answer to their prayer. There seemed to be no possibility of escape for Peter, and none were more astounded than those who had prayed most earnestly when Peter appeared a free man. The truth is that God's answers are so much greater than our prayers. He gives so much more than we ever dare to ask. Is there no iron gate in your life which no hand can open except the hand of God? Prayer is a mighty power which moves the arm of the Almighty whose love and care is ever over His children.