

## Temperance Column

### LIQUOR CONTROL.

(Telegraph-Journal)

Sir:—In a full column of your issue of the 14th inst. there appears a report of an address at Moncton by R. G. Fulton, chairman of the New Brunswick Liquor Control Board. If you kindly permit, I should like to refer to some of his remarks. Were the liquor laws now in force in Canada here to stay, it would be useless to voice an opinion pro or con, but since they are not, and "truth crushed to earth shall rise again," I deem it high criminal to keep silent.

First, let me say that in general the liquor business is sought to be made respectable by having legislation to support it, and at its head one who has taken holy orders and declared himself to be called of God to preach the "unsearchable riches of Christ." As the "gifts and callings of God" are without repentance, we often wonder how any who have left the ranks of the gospel ministry for secular pursuits shall answer to the roll call above and what account shall they give?

Mr. Fulton mentions that "prohibition had bred disrespect for law and contempt for the sacred oath." Here if righteous indignation is permissible, we may have it to the full and be justified. The world was shocked when it learned that Germany regarded as a "scrap of paper" her pledges and sacred treaties, and by the course pursued threw the nations into war, with such terrible carnage, sorrow and shame—all for selfish interests—but what has been done in New Brunswick? Did we not have from those seeking election (now our government) pledges and promises that the prohibition law, then on the statute books, would be enforced and no changes made until and unless the voice of the people was heard? Were not these sacred? And what caused these to be broken? They were regarded as mere "scraps of paper." I venture to say that, if the so-called respect for the law and the multiplication of well-paid officers to enforce the law had prevailed under prohibition we should have had a province as near bone-dry from illicit sale as it is today, and minus the tremendous business done by the Commission.

I believe the main reason why the prohibition law was not enforced was to make it odious if possible and thus pave the way for the present system. The government control business is hailed with delight by the liquor manufacturers, which is obvious.

The speaker again implies that the revenue from the sale of liquor was the chief end. Herein, no doubt, he told the truth, simply a transfer of profits from citizen to government.

If it is with a view to finances, then why not the government go into the business wholesale; erect breweries, etc., and go at it in dead earnest, legislate the open saloon again, mail order business, advertise and conduct the nefarious business on modern lines. Surely it could reap a great revenue with such a monopoly.

And frankly, I believe this is what is "up the sleeve" at present. Has our government no better use for our citizens than to consume all the liquor it can sell to them—for one can make as many purchases as he can pay for.

China, a heathen nation, a number of years ago had her ports thrown open to the importation of opium simply to gratify the merchants in that damnable trade—a stain upon the char-

acter of England. For a moment reflect upon the fiends today as a result.

And in spite of ballot and sentiment, New Brunswick has foisted upon her the rum traffic which carries in its wake sorrow, shame, broken hearts and homes.

Continuing, Mr. Fulton speaks of "placing cards upon the table." I suppose he means fair play. We as citizens have not been fairly dealt with, we object to be made party to the rum business. We have been deceived. He lays the blame upon the temperance people since 1916 for non-enforcement of the prohibition law. Pray, who are the custodians of law that is once on the statute books with public sentiment behind it?

If the present government can, of its own accord, without ballot or sentiment, place upon our statute books a law and then enforce it, why could it not enforce the prohibition law?

And, may I ask, is the liquor business any more an honorable one because carried on by the government than by private interest?

The time was when the rum-seller was recognized as the lowest and most contemptible character to be found in the state; today a clergyman is at the head of the business, supported by law. A corpse well dressed is a corpse still.

There can be positively no justification of an evil so horrible as the one in question, which for centuries and all time has been associated with the downfall and destruction of individuals and nations.

In concluding, let me say that what we as civilized people need is government prohibition of manufacture, importation and sale of all intoxicating liquor except for laboratory, medicinal or sacramental (?) purposes. Let us take a stand with the United States and enforce such law, which can be done.

If our premier, Mr. Baxter, was the father of young men concerning whom he was very anxious, I believe he would think and see quite differently. I have three sons, one a young man, sons I should like to have remain in the province and Canada, but I shudder at the thought, for under present conditions the odds are against them, having a rum shop stuck under their noses almost wherever they turn.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, I am, yours for a sober and happy people.

Respectfully,

(REV.) L. T. SABINE.

Millville, N. B., Dec. 16, 1927.

### LIGHT FROM DARK AFRICA

H. F. Schmelzenbach

Once this part of Africa was in gross darkness indeed, but many years ago the missionaries came, and hundreds of natives are now clothed in modest dress. Owing to the work being in the far-removed districts our native Christians very rarely see any other white women other than our missionary ladies. Owing to the good example set by our women workers, there has been but very little change along the line of dress. However, since I have been travelling by motor-car I have been able to take our leading native evangelist with me. In fact, it came about like this: For years he has been confined to Swaziland with no opportunity to see the changing fashions of the world. When starting to Sabie, Transvaal, to visit our work, Brother Penn asked me to bring Joseph with me, for the blessing he would be in the services.

We took the road, and, after two days travelling, arrived at our destination. During our few days there this native evangelist, Joseph, went up town often, and, native-like, saw most everything there was to see. He, however, said little about the things which surprised him. The Lord blessed in the meetings, and many came to the altar, and numbers, we believe, found definite help. The following Monday we started for home, praising the Lord for the work going on at Sabie.

The first Sunday after arriving home it fell to Joseph to take the second service at Peniel. With the trip to the proud European town still lingering in his mind he arose before the congregation and read his appropriate Scripture. He took as his theme, "The Coming of the Lord." Every thing was silent, and all eyes were upon this servant of the Church. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon the listening Congregation, and the missionaries were convinced that the Lord was working and blessing the truth which came from this black man's lips. His firstly and secondly rang out in the native way in that little stone church with a force which would put to shame many of the homeland half-hearted preachers. Thirdly and lastly, the black preacher cried out, with earnestness which fairly stormed the fort: "My last proof that Jesus is soon coming back to earth again is that the white race which first received Jesus and Christianity are now backslidden and going naked, and know it not." There and then, with the brightness of countenance and flashing eyes, which proved God's presence, he set out to tell his hearers about his walk through the streets of Sabie. He said: "I, a religious, God-fearing black man, wanting to be modest, started to walk up the streets. To my surprise I met a white lady, and, at one glance, I saw her knees, her bare arms, and her low neck. Thinking that she would be grieved at me finding her unclothed, I turned and went up a side street, believing that she had appeared before putting on all her clothes. To my surprise, when seeking to escape from my first predicament, I met others, their hair cut just like men, flesh-color stockings with limbs showing through, arms bare, and neck low, and shadow cloth for a dress. As I came close to them they looked at me with so much courage, that I was convinced that they counted themselves clothed. Think of it, naked, and know it not! Congregation, Jesus' coming draweth nigh! I believe it, for the once God-fearing white people are backslidden and are today going unclothed. They are fast turning to be heathen." Addressing the congregation he turned to two of our workers and said, "These are still clothed. You would not realize in looking at them what I saw of the fashion in the town with my own eyes. I declare that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

Far be it from me, this preacher's missionary, to make any further comments.

Just a few lines to accompany this article of Brother Schmelzenbach's. It seems to me this is very timely. It came about most naturally, as nothing was said to this preacher either way; in fact, nothing was known about his feelings until the day this sermon was preached. Because of this fact, the article has much more force. This will show some of our American Christians what an African preacher, who has been out of heathenism but a short time, thinks of the modern fashions.—C. S. Jenkins.