

Temperance Column

AMERICA'S OLD-TIME CURSE

Do You Want It Back?

The saloon is a running sore on the body politic, a moral cancer on the conscience of the nation, an ulcer on the home. It is more destructive than the three curses of war, pestilence and famine.

The saloon is debauching, debasing and defiling; it is vicious, vile and villainous; it is false, foul and filthy. The saloon is the hotbed of immorality and impurity; the source of poverty and pollution; the cesspool of cruelty, crime and corruption; and the cause of riot, revelry and ruin.

The evils of the saloon affect public order and public health; public morals and public decency; they affect every man and every home, every business and every community.

The saloon sits supreme in the halls of Congress, and almost every state legislature; it is a governing power in many courts of justice; it makes officers of the law its lackeys; it silences in some pulpits the minister of the gospel; it sits by some editors on the tripod, and dictates their leading articles.

It is destroying this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and turning it into a government of the saloon, by the saloon, and for the saloon.

It is a boa-constrictor that coils itself around its prey, and squeezes all noble, manly principles out of him.

It is a slimy snake, that bites like a serpent and stings like an adder. It is a jackel and hyena, a wolf, tiger and bloodhound. It is a buzzard, a vulture that feeds on the carcasses of slain humanity.

It is the defier of God, the destroyer of man, the mother of woe and death and hell. It is the child of the devil and the parent of vice, its first-born is "Death!" and its last-born is "Despair."

It is the foul and filthy fount of shame, the source of crime, the foe of man and the enemy of God.

It is a cruel despot, a heartless tyrant, an unfeeling master and an insatiable monster. It respects no law, regards no person, worships no God but Mammon, defiles the week days, and remembers no Lord's Day. It makes sober men drunkards, rich men poor, honest men thieves, and business men rascals.

It ruins character, engenders strife, encourages vice, creates criminals, desolates homes, blights the purity of men, blasts the virtue of women; it wrecks bodies, ruins brains, poisons morality and debauches humanity.

The saloon is a pirate that preys on the wrecks of human hearts and homes. It is the rendezvous of criminals, where anarchists plot their deviltry, and burglars plan their work, and thieves concoct their schemes, and gamblers ply their trade. There the harlot spreads her net to allure young men to the gates of hell. There criminals and paupers are bred; their vice is fondled and fed. The saloon is the recruiting office of the devil, and the drill room for young cadets in sin and shame.

It is a snare and pitfall, a decoy and a delusion; a man-trap and death-trap, a fraud and a sham. It is the burden on every back, and blight on every industry; it is heartless and cruel; it traffics in tears and groans and blood; in vice and crime and misery.

It bribes legislators, bulldozes officers, muz-

zles ministers, dictates to editors, and controls church members.

It is a physical curse. It blears the eye, blisters the tongue, blights the body, bloats the face and burns the brain. It poisons the blood, paralyzes the nerves, and puts its victims into premature graves.

It is a financial curse. It drains the pocket, diminishes comfort and depletes the bank account; it makes business men bankrupts and its patrons paupers.

It is dishonest. For your money it gives nothing but a maddened mind, a tyrant's temper, a devilish disposition.

It is a moral curse. It deadens conscience, dims character, damages reputations, destroys will, dethrones reason, degrades morals, diseases bodies, and damns souls.

It is a domestic curse. It makes wives widows, fathers fiends, and children criminals. It deprives men of manhood, boys of brains, homes of happiness and lives of love.

O! the happy homes it has blighted, the expectations it has blasted, and the bright hopes it has buried! The grand minds it has dulled, the intellects it has dimmed and the souls it has damned.

If you would see its blighting and blasting, its debasing and degrading, its deadening and damning work, look at the rivers of human tears, the agony of broken hearts, and the wretchedness of drunkard's homes.

The saloon is the sum of all villainies, the source of most crime, the fountain of most misery, the devil's best friend and man's worst enemy.

Strong drink jingles the burglar's key, whets the assassin's knife, lights the torch of the incendiary, fans the flame of anger, arouses the basest passions, instigates crime, provokes violence, disturbs order, fomenting strife, incites murder, fills jails, crowds prisons, sends its victims to the gallows, and their souls to hell.

It scorches and scathes, burns and blackens, corrodes and consumes everything it touches.

It destroys health, happiness and homes. It fills prisons, poorhouses and penitentiaries. It causes struggles, strifes and suicides, as well as suffering, shame and sorrow. It is the author of misfortune, misery and murder, as well as wretchedness, wickedness and woe. It leads to prodigality, poverty and penury, and ends in degradation, death and damnation.

It invades every community and demands tribute from every home. It lies in ambush to decoy, delude and destroy young men.

The open saloon is a constant invitation to the appetite of the man who is trying to reform, to indulge again. It is like a devil fish with its grasping suckers reaching out day and night to draw in and crush its victims.

The saloon wields great political power. It controls legislation by its leagues and lobbies. It rules our nation. Candidates for political positions must consult the wishes of the liquor gods. The law is a dead letter so far as the enforcement of the liquor law is concerned.

The evils of the saloon can never be exaggerated. Who can describe the drunkard's home? Who can paint the wife's misery, the widow's woe, the mother's broken heart, and the sufferings of orphan children? Who can picture the prison bars, the felon's cell, the ghastly gallows?

Its history is a history of shame, sin and suffering; of cruelty, crime and corruption; of disease, death and damnation. It turns the home into a hovel, and the palace into a poorhouse.

Dare the saloon keepers go out on dress pa-

rade and exhibit samples of their degrading work? What a spectacle! Walking beer barrels, two-legged demi-johns, lopsided whisky jugs, drunken debauchees, loathsome libertines, leering lunatics, ragged ruffians, thugs and thieves, brutes and burglars.

Open the prisons and poorhouses and let their inmates increase their number. Let the sewers of society, the sluice-gates of vice, the barrooms and brothels, swell the procession. This is not all; following the rear, see the long procession of ruined homes, heartbroken mothers, wives, widows and orphans.—Rev. J. W. Vachary, in "The National Ripsaw," April, 1908.—The Standard Bearer.

PERSONALITY VERSUS

THE HOLY SPIRIT

(Continued from Page 1)

appearance." And in the same connection he quotes others as saying of him, "His personal presence is unimpressive, and as for eloquence, he has none." 2 Cor. 10:10. Paul did not depend upon his personality nor eloquence but upon God alone, for he said again, "I came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God, for I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." He evidently drove straight to truth, and trusted to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to win men to God. If this combination fails to bring people to the feet of Jesus and to get them saved and into the church, then they are no good if they are got into the church by any other means.

MARRIED

O'Brien—Power

At the residence of the groom, Lakeville, Westmorland, Co., N. B., Saturday, December 10th, 1932, at 5.00 o'clock p. m., in the presence of immediate relatives, Frank W. O'Brien, of Lakeville, West. Co., N. B., was united in marriage to Delia B. Power, of Stewiack, N. S., by Rev. P. J. Trafton of the Reformed Baptist Church, Moncton, N. B.

The groom is a valued employee of the C. N. R. at Moncton, and the bride was a popular employee of the E. Eaton Co. There were many beautiful presents. Their many friends extend best wishes for a happy married life.

NOTE—This should have appeared in the issue of December 15th, 1932. It was an oversight of the editor.

ON THE PASSING OF A FRIEND

He sleeps; And on his calm unworried brow
There glows a peaceful rest, unknown till now;
The bounding noble heart is stilled, and yet
A memory lives for those who can't forget.

He sleeps; Unmindful of care or years,
He journeys on unharmed by earthly fears;
For death is but a gate whose opening gives
Eternal life unto he who lives.

This vale of tears is but a start
Along the path that forms a part
Of that pure life beyond the grave
And none can take but He who gave.

He sleeps; And now no more
We'll hear his voice like years before.
Have faith; Let God His word fulfil.
Weep not nor mourn for he lives still.

R. T. SMALL