

loss recently in the person of our President, Miss Hilda Doyle, who has moved to Amherst. Brother Sanders was appointed President in her place. The aim of our Society is to bring souls to a knowledge of Jesus, and we expect to press on and be used of God for this purpose.

MINNIE L. RUSHTON, Reporter

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.
THEY CANNOT BE REPEALED

Rev. W. C. Lovin.

Men may repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, but they can never repeal:

1. The millions of heartaches that have been prevented by prohibition.
2. The millions of dollars that have been saved by prohibition.
3. The thousands of noble and honest men that have been made of boys by prohibition who would have filled jails, penitentiaries, electric chairs and gallows, and a devil's hell by the curse of drink.
4. The thousands of homes that have been made happy and comfortable by prohibition.
5. The multitude of healthy bodies made so by prohibition that would have been diseased and invalidated by the poison of alcohol.
6. The record of diminishing crime all over our country by prohibition.
7. The compelled closing of institutions brought into existence for the purpose of caring for those addicted to the drink habit, by prohibition.
8. The thousands of children that have been spared the terrible misfortune of being born of drinking parents and often rendered physically deformed through life.
9. The many facts and figures that have been made by prohibition proving to reasonable men and women that it is far better for our country to be without liquor than with it.
10. The blessing of prosperity that has come to many individuals and communities by the hand of prohibition that had been cursed by poverty because of the drink habit.
11. The unqualified statements of some of the greatest men and women that our country has ever produced denouncing this awful curse that is threatening to overspread our land again.
12. God's acknowledgment of the cries and prayers of His people everywhere, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts, and children that He will in some way intervene and save us the calamity that the return of whiskey would bring.
13. The many plain, emphatic statements of God's Word denouncing this evil, pronouncing a curse upon the people who have anything to do with it in any way, and promising many blessings upon those who are against it, and use their influence against its encroachments upon our land and people.—Wesleyan Methodist.
Kings Mountain, N. C.

THE LOVELY CHRIST

How beautiful the character of the Lord Jesus. There is not a single flaw in His life. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, a friend of sinners, the fairest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely. The more we think about Him, the better we become. The closer we walk by His side, the safer we are. As we commune with Him earthly things lose their attraction and heaven seems nearer and dearer. From Him we get inspiration to pursue our course toward the regions eternal. As we contemplate His condescension in leaving the heavenlies to suffer in our stead, our hearts swell with gratitude and our lips speak His

praise. Oh, to be like Him is the ambition of our souls, and to walk in His steps the purpose of our lives.

Bishop Matthew Simpson once gave expression to the sentiment of his heart concerning Him in the following language:

What a glorious fact it is that there is one life that can be held up before the eyes of humanity as a perfect pattern! There were lips that never spoke unkindness, that never uttered an untruth; there were eyes that never looked aught but love and purity and bliss; there were arms that never closed against wretchedness or penitence; there was a bosom which never throbbed with sin, nor ever was excited by unholy impulse; there was a man free from all undue selfishness, and whose life was spent in going about doing good. There was One who loved all mankind, and who loved them more than Himself, and who gave Himself to die that they might live; there was One who went into the gates of death, that the gates of death might never hold us in; there was One who lay in the grave to take its dampness, its coldness, its chill, and its horror, and taught humanity how it might ascend above the grave; there was One who, though He walked on earth, had His conversation in heaven, and took away the curtain that hid immortality from view, and presented us the Father God in all His glory and in all His love. Such an One is the standard held up in the church of Christ; it is a church that rallies round the cross and that gathers around Jesus; and it is because He is attractive and lovely and glorious that they are coming from the ends of the earth to see the salvation of God. — The Free Methodist.

FAITH

"In these days of disillusionment and despair, I find myself in need of something I have hitherto ignored. I think it is what you call faith. Tell me what it is, and what it does for you."—*(Extract from a letter.)—Heart and Life.*

Right glad am I to tell you of my faith,
Though words may fail, for words are feeble things
To image forth the secrets of the soul.
You ask me, What is faith?
It is a bridge across a darkened stream;
A pathway through the woods;
A hand that beckons when the trail is lost—
That leads and lifts me when my strength is gone;
A Voice that calls and calls, "This is the way";
A rainbow arching an abysmal gulf;
A tide that ebbs and flows
But bears my laboring craft upon its breast;
A wind that blows from far-off shores
And brings me odors from a garden fair;
A well of water in a desert place;
A tree whose branches brush the sky,
Though rooted in the unshaken earth;
A star that shines when other lights are dead;
A vast horizon which recedes
As I approach, and tempts me on
To lands these eyes have never seen,
That lie beyond the journey's end.
All this is faith—and more—
Food for the fainting heart—
Wine for the spirit's thirst—
Music not born of earth—
Strength in the ceaseless strife—
Peace at the heart of storm—
Vision of things unseen—
Joy in the certain sense
That life, brief and begirt with fears,
Is, spite of all, within the care of God.
—Charles Carroll Albertson in Ex.

THE OLD HYMN BOOK

Yes, wife, we're going to move once more,
The last time, I declare,
Until the everlasting shore
Sends word it wants us there!

Some things this time with us we'll take,
Some leave here in disgust,
And some we'll lose, and some we'll break,
As movers always must.

The family Bible we will find
Devoutly carried through;
But also, wife, don't fail to mind
And save the hymn-book, too!

Though finger-marked and cupboard-worn
And shabby in its looks,
I prize that volume, soiled and torn,
Next to the Book of books.

When David trimmed his golden lyre
With song forget-me-nots,
He left a flame of sacred fire
For Wesley and for Watts.

And many other singers, wife,
Have made God's glory known
In hymns and tunes that drew their life
From echoes round the throne!

I've sung them when, on lofty track,
My heart soar'd through the sky,
And every word and tone brought back
A telegraph reply;

I've hummed them when my soul with grief
Feared all its prayers were vain,
Till they have braced up my belief,
And soothed my doubting pain;

I've told them to the woods, and stirred
The trees up to rejoice;
I've joined in meetings where God heard
Ten thousand in one voice!

I've paused—those sacred words to hear—
When life was gay and bright,
And every sound that charmed the ear
Brought glory to the sight.

I've heard them when the sexton's spade
Had cut my life in two,
And my sad heart, by their sweet aid,
Has walked the valley through

Ah, wife! when heaven's great music burst
Awakes my senses dim,
I humbly hope they'll give me first,
A good old-fashioned hymn!

I trust, when our last moving day
Has shown us God's good love,
And we have settled down to stay
In colonies above,

We'll find a hundred earthly things
Our hearts had twined about
And which—so tight the memory clings—
Heaven wouldn't be heaven without;

And somewhere in that blessed place,
God grant I may behold,
Near by the precious Word of grace,
My hymn-book bound in gold.
—Will Carleton, in Michigan Christian Advocate

Wisdom begins with willingness to be taught.