

college education, but we can improve upon the opportunities which we have. If we do this we can serve better when we are called upon.

We could mention many other things which men today hold to be highly important. True, many of them have their value and are a great asset to the possessor, but most people fail to include the most important thing of all. Matthew 6:33 says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you". We should strive after the important things of life, and I believe that God will hold us to account if we do not. But first seek and find the most important thing of all—SALVATION. Remember, man, by his own efforts can only fail, even though he may achieve a certain measure of success in life.

There are more important things than education; there are more important things than riches and social position. But nothing is more important than a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established", challenges the ancient writer. And Christ said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."—Wesleyan Methodist.

"JUST OLD FOOLS"

(Mail and Empire)

Juvenile delinquency has been traced by social investigators to numerous sources. They all agree that defective home life is the principal contributor. New light on this feature of modern civilization has been thrown by Judge McKinley, of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court, Ottawa. In an address before the Home and School Club, Smith's Falls, the Judge is reported by the Record-News to have stated that the danger period in married life occurred some fifteen years after marriage. Then the woman who had been a good mother to her children suddenly developed the dance and euchre craze. The man of from 49 to 56 years of age suddenly began to spruce up and to be certain that all the girls were crazy about him. "Just old fools," Judge McKinley commented.

THE BEASTS AT JUDGMENT

"And he was there in the wilderness forty days . . . and was with the wild beasts . . ."
—Mark 1:13.

We are the friendly beasts—
We knew this Jesus well.
Full forty days and nights
The Lord with us did dwell.

Lean limb and padded paw,
We followed in his track—
And not a claw unsheathed
And not a lip writhed back!

We watched with gentle eyes
When down he laid him;
No jackal in the land,
Would have betrayed him!

Our tongues had licked the dust
From his worn sandal—
We brought our round-eyed young
For him to fondle.

Lion and leopard and wolf—
We would have ministered to him,
We were the friendly beasts—
His own kind slew him!

—Sara Henderson Hay in Christian Science Monitor.

Temperance Column

Another promise of prosperity after the repeal of the prohibition law has failed.

The brewers, liquor men, wets, and all their sympathizers in political circles both in Canada and the United States promised great prosperity to potato growers after repeal of prohibition laws. Because, as they said, "There would be such a demand for grain to supply the brewers", that much more ground would be used to raise grain, and less for potatoes, which of course would mean less potatoes grown and a much higher price for them to the farmer. Well the prohibition laws were repealed by vote of the people. And what is the result? The farmers of Carleton Co. N. B., are receiving 20 cents per bbl. for grade one stock and the potato growers of Aroostook Co., Maine, are receiving 40 cents for the finest table stock. And not much demand for them at those prices. When men spend their money for strong drink, they can't spend it again for potatoes or anything else. The whole liquor business is a robber that robs every other business. A leech sucks the life blood from everything it touches, it robs helpless children and defenceless women of their rights, and puts ill-gotten gain into the pockets of a few conscienceless men.

H. S. DOW

THE SALOON BAR

(Contributed)

A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin, and grief and shame.
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A bar to honored useful life,
A door to sin and grief and strife.
A bar to all that's true and brave
A door to every drunkard's grave
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts.
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor
drink that putteth thy bottle to him, and
makest him drunken also.—Hab. 2:15

TOO MUCH INTOXICATION

Conditions have become so wretched in Jamaica Plain that a score of churches and other organizations have protested against the granting of additional licenses there, saying that the total is too large already. One clergyman reports that he has "never seen so much drunkenness, especially among young men." That does not look good for the discretion with which the well paid members of the Boston licensing board are executing their extensive authority.

A Dorchester priest testifies that street scenes in his neighborhood parish have become disgraceful and that many residents have appealed to him for assistance. That, again, indicates a lack of the vigilance with which it was supposed the license laws would be administered.

There is considerably more intoxication in the city proper than formerly. The number of arrests for drunkenness is larger than was anticipated when prohibition was repealed.

The sight of intoxicated men entering and leaving drinking places is common.

The number of hard liquor licenses revoked or suspended by the Boston licensing board seems extremely small in view of these conditions. The total cannot be learned, but apparently it is not more than fifteen or twenty. That is some evidence of either the unwillingness of the board to take corrective action boldly or its lack of knowledge of the manner in which proprietors are observing the law.—Boston Traveller.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD

I love to tell the sweet story of old
Of Jesus the crucified one,
Who invites us to come with our poor broken
hearts;
And enter His heavenly fold.

There are mansions untold prepared in that fold.
And our sins are all washed away;
There is rest, sweetest rest, for all of us there
And the streets are all paved with pure gold.

The Father awaits on that beautiful shore
And He calls all His children by name,
Oh! How sweet to be there and rest evermore;
When our work here on earth is all o'er.

Are you giving your thoughts to the fairest of
lands?

Or are you neglecting His love?
Eternity's day soon may pass by
Are you one of this Heavenly band?

—Matilda Walker Hunter.

"GOD'S GARDEN OF PRAYER"

Borne out on the tide of the dreamland seas,
My soul wafted on, took its flight,
And in fancy, I roamed where the elysium
breeze
Made fragrant, the wings of the night.

An Angel stood there, on the border way,
To guide my wandering feet,
And I saw, in their beauty, rare flowers sway,
Ethereal, resplendent, complete.

The angel then touched my sleep dimmed eyes,
And in ecstasy I beheld,
Sweet visions of beauty, I felt their rise,
Flood over my soul, unquelled.

These white petalled lillies so pure, said he,
Their essence perfumes all the air.
What are they I cried? And he answered me
"The breath of a little child's prayer."

Then borders of roses, all richly red,
They clustered my pathway o'er,
The prayers of good mothers, you see, he said,
Their fragrance will last evermore.

The Angel paused, but I pressed ahead
To a spot where some frail flowers grew,
They were few, and scattered, some withered and
dead
These belong, said my guide, to you.

What! These are my prayers, I said, in amaze,
Oh why were they left to die?
You always forgot to water with praise,
The "petitions" you sent to the sky."

I cried then, in anguish, Oh, let me return
"I'll retrieve all these misspent days.
He answered "'Tis well, but the lesson learn
Prayer's essence of fragrance is Praise."

—M. McBrien.