

ready and kept looking to Him and He has sent new ones in. Our average in S. S. is right around 100 or better. The Sunday morning services are well attended and the Sunday evening services are fairly well attended. Our prayer services have been wonderful this fall and winter. With the exception of a few stormy nights the crowds have been quite large and the blessing has been better felt than told.

Some of our folk have been on the sick list during the fall and a few people are still sick. Brother John Manter passed away this week. He shall be greatly missed by his pastor and church. "One by one their seats are emptied." We held two funerals in our church in two days this week. Both of the departed ones had testified for Christ. How we need to keep ready, and how we need to labor and pray to get others ready for His call.

We wish to thank our many friends for their kind remembrances in gifts and cards at Christmas. May this be a blessed year in spiritual things for this great Highway family and for all of God's children everywhere. Jesus is unspeakably precious these days.

Yours in Christian fellowship,
REV. & MRS. G. A. ROGERS

Temperance Column

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

OUR BARMAIDS

How would you like to have your daughter serve as a barmaid in a beer joint that keeps open until the wee small hours of the morning? You know, even if you have never been on the inside of one, what those joints are like. The jazz music, the cigar and cigarette smoke, the low-grade patrons, the coarse and even vile language, besotted men and women, for no one patronizes a place like that who knows or cares anything about moral or physical restraints. Such places are little removed from the inferno, but they are a common feature of our wonderful "repeal" era.

And yet somebody's daughter must find employment in such a place. Of course, you would almost as soon see your daughter laid in her grave as to see her employed at that sort of labor and in such surroundings. But those girls who must find such employment are as precious in somebody's eyes as your daughters are in yours. To begin with they must have work. They belong to the great class of working girls among whom are as pure and noble souls as are to be found anywhere. They must accept the job that is offered—or remain idle and without support.

And what are their wages in the beer joint? Be assured that their jobs are not given them as a matter of philanthropy by the liquor dispensers, and that they are not paid a cent more than the employer deems absolutely necessary. The liquor business is in the field to make money. It may crush bodies and damn any number of souls that may be in its path of procedure. It cares nothing for the comfort or purity or innocence of daughters, or the prayers or tears of parents. It may turn a paradise into a hell, but it must make money. And as it pays its barmaids as low as four dollars a week for six days a week, eight to ten hours a day. Maybe some do better—when they have to.

But here's a testimony from a barmaid herself. It was published in a recent issue of a

Detroit paper. "I am just a beer garden waitress," she wrote to her paper. "But I speak for hundreds of others in this city. We are working eight to ten hours each day and six days a week. We receive four or five dollars salary. Out of that most places are now asking their girls to pay for their own meals. . . . I thought our President had put through a code to protect girls like us. If so, what has become of it? We shall soon be working for nothing. The house expects the girls to accept any drinks offered. . . . Many places expect their girls to entertain also and sit at the table of any man taking a fancy to them. You just remove your apron, and, presto, you are a hostess."

There is more of similar import in this girl's plea, and we are willing to give even the most hopeful passage from the rather extended letter in order to be absolutely fair in this presentation. "Not all places are like this, I hear," she proceeded to say. "But where do you find the other kind? I've tried at least fifteen in the last eight months."

What further comment could one make? Let any one investigate before declaring that the girl's story isn't true. That is a condition created by those who argued that prohibition didn't prohibit, and that they wanted repeal in order to have "true temperance!" In the face of such situations, how must an honest person feel who yielded to the pressure of the "hypocrites" and voted for repeal? And what is this Nation going to do to redeem itself?—Religious Telescope.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

What is the Bible? The inspired word of God. It is God's instruction book of life. The Bible is divine.

The Bible is one book made up of many books. It was written in three different languages during fifteen centuries, by more than fifty separate authors. It exists in two Testaments, one containing thirty-nine volumes and the other twenty-seven volumes. These sixty-six books were written by men of different races and tongues and culture. Each of these books have a definite message and stands apparently complete in itself. The Bible is not only many books—it is literature, history, poetry, prophecy, philosophy, theology, oratory, humor, sarcasm, irony, music, drama, tragedy, love, tales, war talks, travelogues, laws, songs, sermons, warnings and prayers.

It breaks the silence with "In the beginning God," and it hushes the universe to sleep with "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." The Bible breaks at dawn with God's voice saying, "Let there be light." It sets at dark with God's truth proclaiming, "Let there be life." Between the two, speak all voices that can breathe a prayer, plead a need, confess a sin, utter a warning, sob a sorrow, or sigh a penitent's tear. Between the two, are the tragedies of hate, the follies of fear, the stain of shame and sin, the paralysis of doubt, the torment of despair and the choke of fog which ends it all.

Why do we study the Bible? We study it to learn how to live and how to be saved.

What are we to be saved from? SIN! When God created the world and placed man in it there was no sin. Adam and Eve were pure and the world was a paradise to them. Man was created in the image of God in having a rational nature or personality, and in having a moral nature or holiness. He was mature and perfect and capable of unlimit-

ed development. He was free to choose and therefore free to disobey God. Otherwise he could not have developed as a human personality capable of character and capable of loving fellowship with his maker.

When and where did sin begin? Sin began when some created being set his or her will against God's will. So far as the human race is concerned the Bible tells us that sin began in the Garden of Eden when Eve, yielding to the serpent's wrod instead of God's word and disobeyed God's will by eating of the fruit of the tree that God had forbidden. Adam followed with a similar act of disobedience and thus sin entered and wrecked the human race. By one man sin entered into the world and death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Romans 5:12.

What is sin? Many of us would concede that murder, theft, lying, adultery and bad temper were sin, and so they are. Few would be likely to give the definition implied throughout the Gospels that sin is independence toward God. I. Cor. 3:16-17. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. Paul wrote to the Christians at Corinth. If any man defile this temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. But there is a remedy for sin. In Romans 5-20 we read where sin aboundeth, grace did much more abound. In I. John 1-7 we are told that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin and the conditions upon which we are cleansed from sin are found in verse nine of the same chapter. "If we confess our sins; he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, also in John 3-16: For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever should believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Given by Bernie M. Pelkey at the Sunday School Convention at Marysville

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL

The evening shades are gathering fast,
There comes no ray of light;
No merry voice dispels the gloom,
Alone, alone tonight!
But no, I am not quite alone,
Death has not taken all;
For still I have one treasure left—
The Picture on the Wall.

Sweet summer and with its hopes
That beam so bright and fair;
No chilling blast it seemed could burst
Upon us happy pair.
Alas, one bright mid-summer day,
A messenger there came
Into our happy, peaceful home,
Blighting a life cherished aim.

And now the flowers bud and bloom
And birds sing in their glee;
The rippling streamlet glideth on,
Yet they've no charm for me.
But sad and lone I'll journey on,
Awaiting for the call.
For I shall meet I trust
Whose picture's on the wall.

—Selected by A. B. Craig

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel
cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!
—Whittier.