

Temperance Column

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

BEER, BREAD AND BEEF

Effect of Repeal on Prices and Consumption of Farm Products

By W. G. Calderwood

In the last four months beer has paid into the public treasury around \$50,000,000. That's something! To produce the \$50,000,000 those who bought beer paid to the manufacturers and sellers more than \$350,000,000. Probably some of these beer buyers did not have enough money left to buy bread, beefsteak, vegetables and milk. If so, the grain farmer, the live stock farmer, the truck farmer and the dairy farmer will suffer.

The reports of the National Dairy products Corporation show that for the first six months in 1932, without beer, its total income was \$10,292,597, while during the first six months of 1933, the income of the Corporation slumped to \$8,101,311, or a loss of over 20 per cent. During half of this period beer was collecting some hundreds of millions from beer drinkers. And the millions spent for beer would not be spent for milk—nor meat, nor bread, nor vegetables, nor any other needed thing.

The press reported that in Minneapolis, which is the center of the western dairy industry, milk sales fell off at the rate of 75,000 quarts per month.

One of the reasons for the depression is the upset of the economic balance. Eaters are starving for want of food; food is rotting for want of eaters. If beer diverts into the bloated coffers of the affluent brewers money which was going into the pockets of impoverished farmers it is aggravating rather than relieving the nation's dilemma, even though it pays into the public treasury one out of every seven dollars which it thus diverts.

And the repeal of the prohibition amendment, thus legalizing hard liquors, will intensify this economic distress.—Twentieth Century Progress, Washington, D. C.

"BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE"

By Rev. J. M. Hames.

"Now abideth faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." I Cor. 13:13. (R. V.)

I could not well speak of love and brotherhood without first noticing her twin sisters "faith and hope." Faith is the basic in life. Every act is a venture on faith. Faith turns defeat into victory. Darkness is dissolved in dawn. When the shadows of death fall upon those we love, our loss is made endurable, and we smile through the gathering gloom with faith that personality exists beyond the tomb. Faith turns the impossible into splendid accomplishment. No power can permanently defeat the man who believes. God made man for victory. We are destined to triumph. Faith works wonders; faith is the divine potency within, and likewise brings calm to troubled souls.

Hope also is essential to larger life. It is hope, a near-kinsman of faith flowing forth of faith that sustain us when life is difficult. It is the lantern that was hung on Columbus' vessel. When others wanted to turn back and give up hope cried, "Sail on, sail on and on," until hope was rewarded with sighting a new world.

The last of this golden trinity of life's inspiring concepts is love. Love is the fundamental

thing in life; without its warm life-giving presence within, the light of faith and hope would burn very dim. Love is behind every heroic deed and worthwhile thing in life. It is that which makes home the sweetest spot on earth. Without love there could be no home, no sympathy, no brotherhood or milk of human kindness. I point you to the land of Russia as a proof of this. Love is the divine sweetening factor in experience. It sweetens life; driving forth the hobgoblins of malice, envy, jealousy and hate. Love turns the rough path to rose-entwined flowers; warms the heart chilled amidst life's blighting and bitter experiences, making the desert places verily to blossom as the rose. Love is the secret spring behind every noble, self-sacrificing life. It gives the mother superhuman patience in watching over the cradle, nursing to health, sacrificing, giving, suffering, fighting, praying, bleeding, until at length a strong man rises up to call her blessed and surround her declining years with the tender devotion of a dutiful son. Love is refining and uplifting and makes life worth while. We should radiate love to others like a rose radiates fragrance. One more thing about this outstanding angel called love; the great apostle says it "never faileth." This is the crown of all blessings. In the midst of a world of changes, heartaches, heartbreaks, closed banks and riches taking to themselves wings and fleeing away, this crowning blessing never faileth. The time is coming when not only earthly scenes will change but the very heavens will be shaken, the sun will turn black, the moon shall turn to blood, the stars will fall, the earth reel, the graves will open and the Judge shall descend, but amidst the reeling worlds and falling stars, and open graves this sweet-voiced, soft-toned gentle-spirited, long-suffering, non-combative, boundless love will never fail.—Wesleyan Methodist.

Greer, South Carolina.

"ALWAYS THINKING OF HIMSELF"

"Always thinking of himself," is a frequent criticism. Yet the young person is wise who thinks of himself a great deal. Suppose we each devoted ten minutes a day to thinking about ourselves . . .

We might inquire: What's good about me? What's bad about me? What old habits can I break, and what new habits can I cultivate that will make me more agreeable and useful? Am I wasting too much time? Do I talk too much? Am I spending too much? Am I doing as well as I can, or am I drifting?

Some people make it their business to know all about others . . . Let them think more about themselves in order that they may understand themselves.

We see plenty of room for improvement in our friends and neighbors. This one is lazy; that one is mean; the man down the street is stupid. This woman neglects her children, and that woman is sulky.

But what about you? You know what people criticize in you. You know your faults. Don't excuse yourself by saying that people must take you as you are.

A dirty man can always find a dirty restaurant where a dirty waiter will serve him. Dull, lazy people find dull, lazy friends. But there isn't much satisfaction in it. We all want the respect of clean, ambitious, intelligent people. We can get it if we make ourselves agreeable to them.—Imperial Type Metal Magazine.

"Let no man despise thy youth."—Bible.

LOST OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity is a small word with a great meaning. Lost is a smaller word with as great a meaning. Put the two together, and they spell tragedy.

Opportunity is not a tangible thing,—something that can be lost and found again. Once lost, it is gone forever! Another opportunity may present itself, but what if it should not? And if it should, would we have learned the lesson well enough in the school of experience to take advantage of it when it comes?

There was once a young lady to whom God had been marvelously good. She had a good home, Christian parents, and every opportunity for an education. God had even given her a special talent which she neither appreciated nor tried to cultivate.

Finally, she received a very clear and definite call to missions. But did she obey God? She did not. She was not even grateful to Him.

As life went on, the responsibilities of womanhood fell heavily upon her shoulders. God gave her another chance, and mercifully saved her soul. But there is now no opportunity in her busy life to forge ahead for Jesus as she might have done in the freedom of young womanhood. Her education is incomplete; the talent she should have used for God lies buried, and home ties hold her close.

She is grateful now, and thankful to have God's second best happy to do the little things she can for Him, but how profound a regret she feels for wilfully turning aside from His first plan for her!

If only folk could realize in their youth the value of the quickly passing years. It has been truly said that:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

—Wesleyan Methodist.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tears,
We shall plant assurance in place of fears,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
And clothe and feed the poor of earth.
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap much joy in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in these idle dreams to bask,
But here and now, do we do our task?
Yet, this is the thing our souls must ask,
Oh, what have we done TODAY?—Sel.

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.

—E. H. Parker.