

Temperance Column

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

IS TEMPERANCE NOTHING TO ME?

"It is nothing to me," the Beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head,
"The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning
tears
When her husband came with fiendish frown
And hand upraised to strike her down.

"It is nothing to me," the mother said;
"I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name."

It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was easily won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl,
A ruined body and sin-wrecked soul.

"It is nothing to me," the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head.
"I'm busy today with tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret."

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre:
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train
And his wife and child were among the slain.

"It is nothing to me," the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride.
"I heed not the dreadful things ye tell;
I can rule myself I know full well."

'Twas something to him when in prison he
lay,
A murderer doomed to death next day.
And he thought of his wretched child and
wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

"It is nothing to me," the Voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread.
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards
made.

It was something to him in after life
When his daughter became a drunkard's
wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

The conflict we must wage today
Needs warriors true and brave,
To fight on moral battlefields
Our country's homes to save
From wickedness and woe.
You count your highest earthly joy,
Your winsome lovely boy;
But let the gay saloons beguile
And you may lose your boy.

Lose him from all that's good and true;
Lose him from home's safe nest;
Lose him from virtue's shining path;
Lose him from all that's best
In home and school and life's long road;
Of honor, truth and fame,
From health and wealth and happiness,
A good and honored name.

Away with such an enemy
To love and joy and peace;
Arise! good people, shout aloud;
"This trade in souls must cease."
Protect your boys and girls, we plead;
No longer let her shade the profit that seeks
Its future to insure by luring to the trap of
death,
The boy whose soul is pure.

Shall he be lost and you not care?
No! voter hear me—No!
Is it nothing to the idle who sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep
To gather the young and thoughtless in
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes all—for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand,
To learn to labor, love and fight
On the side of God and the changeless
right.

—F. W. E. Harper

DONATION AND HOUSE WARMING

The good folks of Westchester Reformed Baptist Church and congregation to the number of 160 gathered on the evening of the 25th of August at the parsonage to welcome their new pastor and wife, Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Owens to their new field of labor. A good spirit of brotherly love and kindness pervaded the atmosphere of which the singing of the good old hymns of praise and prayer attested too. The kitchen table was generously loaded with provisions, making it possible to keep the wolf from the door for many a day. It also happened to be on the new pastor's and son Charles' birthday, so a double purpose was served. The ladies showed their skill in the art of cookery, when they served a fine lunch of ice cream and cake. The pastor's mother-in-law, who was visiting her daughter, made a beautiful three-layered cake, that, when it was cut, numbered a piece for a year that Pastor and son Charles was old.

Thank you, come again.

A TRIBUTE

Another of the old land marks of our denomination has been removed in the death of Brother P. B. Hurlbert, which occurred at the Yarmouth City Hospital not long since. I had known our departed brother for a long time, as he and my late parents were very close friends and as a consequence we were very friendly. There was the closer tie of Christian fellowship in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How he loved to talk about the things of the Kingdom and what God had done for his soul.

It was my privilege to visit him many times while pastor at Port Maitland, and our fellowship was very sweet as we conversed and sang and prayed, heaven came down our souls to greet and glory crowned the mercy seat.

There comes to one a sense of loss and we feel a bit lonesome as these old saints leave the shore of time and sail away into eternity, to be with Jesus forever. His hope was an anchor to his soul, sure and steadfast. He was ready to depart and be with Christ. His memory to us is sweet. To his lonely widow and sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.—P. J. T.

Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. John 7:37.

CIGARETTE SMOKE ANALYZED

An analysis of cigarette smoke shows that it contains the following poisons:

1. Nicotine: A violent poison, one drop of which is said to be sufficient to kill an adult.
2. Prussic Acid: Vapors intensely poisonous. It is used in the manufacture of military poison gas.
3. Ammonia: A colorless gas, poisonous when breathed in quantity; it destroys the mucous membranes.
4. Carbolic Acid: Strong, corrosive poison.
5. Acrolein: Poisonous, with disagreeable choking odor; has violent action on the eyes. Also used in the manufacture of military poison gas.
6. Carbon Monoxide: Highly poisonous gas; producing giddiness and ultimately, asphyxiation when inhaled. One ounce of tobacco develops about one pint of carbon monoxide.
7. Formic Aldehyde: Poisonous, with suffocating, pungent odor.
8. Methlyamine: Colorless gas, with a strong ammoniacal odor.
9. Marsh Gas: Colorless gas, which often occurs in coal mines, when it is known as "fire damp."
10. Furfural: A poison estimated to be fifty times as poisonous as ordinary alcohol.
11. Parvolin:: Obtained as a ptomaine in the decaying flesh of the mackerel or the horse.

Besides these, there are eight other less-known poisons.—Selected.

A DONATION

On the evening of August 31st a number of the good folk of the church and congregation of the Hartland Church gathered at the parsonage. A very pleasant evening was spent, at the close of which an address of welcome was given the pastor and wife, also a purse of money.

The pastor and wife can truly say that they have much appreciated the reception that they have been given on this field. Much blessing has been upon the services thus far and there have been some indications of progress. We are looking for seasons of refreshing from the Lord.

H. C. AND MRS. MULLEN

MARRIED

Greenlaw-Kent

At 212½ North St., Milltown, Me., on August 29th, Rev. H. S. Wilson united in marriage Miss Helen Kent and Mr. James Greenlaw, both of Lubec, Me. The happy young couple will reside in Lubec.

Robbins-Perkins

At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Perkins, Alexander, Me., on August 30th, Miss Vivian Perkins was united in marriage to Mr. Stanley Robbins, of New Vineyard, Me. The double ring service was used. The happy couple will reside in New Vineyard.

H. S. WILSON

Orser-Clair

On Sept. 2nd at the home of the bride's parents, Coldstream, N. B., Freda Frances, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Clair, was united in marriage to Basil William Orser of Carlisle, N. B. Rev. H. C. Mullen performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of invited guests.