

Temperance Column

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

THE OLD SALOON IS GONE—THE NEW DEAL SALOON SELLS RUM DROPS AND CHAMPAGNE ICE CREAM TO CHILDREN

The old saloon is gone; the New Deal tavern, inn, and liquor store, with shelves, bins and counters loaded with bottled poison, have come. They are simply the old saloon called by new names,—the big, bad wolf in sheep's clothing. It was not the name of the place that did the devilment in the old saloon; it was the liquor that was sold in it. If it were sold in heaven, it would raise hell.

We were promised by the wet organizations, the politicians and party platforms that the saloon should not come back. But the New Deal saloon is back with the grocery, cafeteria, beerateria, department store, drug store, confectionery and gasoline sign over the door!

The old saloon was satisfied with the boys. The New Deal saloon bids for the girls, too. The old saloon sold rum to men. The New Deal saloon is selling rum buns, rum drops and champagne ice cream to children. How dare the president, who took his oath to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, bring back this alcoholic blight upon the nation in the name of Recovery? The recovery of a beverage that neither ox nor ass, dog nor hog will drink! Will that mean the "more abundant life" called for by the president?—Clinton N. Howard, in the National Voice.

"Jonathan Rigdon died a very poor man, didn't he, deacon?" I asked.

"Yes, they buried him in a pauper's grave. He spent his whole life and a big fortune building a monument to another man."

"Was the monument ever finished, deacon?"

"Yes, and Jonathan did it."

"How?"

"Well", said the deacon, sadly, "He commenced it early. He commenced putting money into the monument at seventeen, and finished it at fifty."

"Did he give his whole time to it?"

"Yes; he worked night and day. He seemed to be in a great hurry to get it done. He spent all the money he earned upon it—some say fifty thousand dollars. Then he borrowed all he could, and when no one would loan him any more he would take his wife's dresses and bedclothes and other valuable things and sell them to get money to finish it."

"How self-sacrificing!"

"Yes, he spent everything for this monument", said the deacon sadly. "He went home one day and was just about to take the blankets from over his sleeping baby, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist, knocked her down, went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor, heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet Jonathan kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him—he was so worn, his clothes were all in tatters, and his face and nose were terribly swollen, his tongue had somehow become very thick."

"But the good man finally did accomplish his great work?" I asked.

"Yes, he finished it. There it is—look at it!"

said the deacon, pointing to a beautiful mansion. "See—it is high and large, with great halls and fireplaces, and such velvet carpets, and oh, what mirrors!"

"Who lives in it, deacon?"

"Why, the man who sold Jonathan Rigdon nearly all the whisky he drank. He lives there with his family, and—"

"And poor Jonathan?"

"Why, he's in the pauper's graveyard. Alas!" sighed the deacon. "The world is full of such monuments,—built by poor drunkards who broke the hearts of devoted wives and sweet children to do it.—Publisher Unknown.

OBITUARY

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Revelation 14:13.

Ives Ellen Culligan

The community of Marysville was saddened at the sudden passing of little Ives Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Culligan at the age of seven years and eight months.

She leaves to mourn, besides her parents, a little baby brother, her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Culligan, and a number of other near relatives and friends.

The funeral service was largely attended, and a profusion of lovely flowers bore silent testimony to the sympathy of kind neighbors and friends for the bereaved.

Rev. Steadman Smith had charge of the service, assisted by Lic. Harold Pond and Rev. F. A. Dunlop.

Mrs. Charles Stean

Funeral services for Mrs. Charles Stean, widow of the late Charles Stean, who passed away at Kingston, N. B., were held at Head of Millstream. Rev. P. W. Briggs officiated. The Briggs Sisters sang: "Nearer my God to Thee," and "Crossing the Bar." Mrs. Stean formerly lived at Head of Millstream and was 50 years of age. She leaves to mourn, one son and five daughters. To these we extend our prayers and sympathy.

P. W. BRIGGS

Charles Henry Hayes

The death of Charles Henry Hayes on Saturday, July 25th, came as a great shock to this community and surrounding country. He had been in his usual health until about 8 a. m. on the day of his death when he was seized with a sudden heart attack. Brother Hayes was 65 years old. He was born at Head of Millstream and spent his entire life here. He was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church where he was held in high esteem and greatly beloved and where he will be sadly missed.

The evening before his death he was at prayer meeting, gave a glowing testimony to the goodness of God in redeeming him safe from destruction, and a glorious hope of seeing his blessed Saviour when done with this life. He exhorted the Christians to keep true and sinners to get saved while there was time.

Funeral service was held at the Reformed Baptist Church at Head of Millstream. The writer conducted the service, using as a text Acts 11:24. For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith, and much people was added unto the Lord. So great was the number assembled at the church that not half those wishing to have part in the service could gain admission, bespeaking the high esteem in which our brother was held, tribute

not only of sorrow for the one that was gone, but of sympathy for those bereaved of so kind a husband and father, and of a godly brother taken from our midst. Two selections were sung by the choir, and the Briggs Sisters sang "Zion's Hill." Brother Hayes leaves to mourn, his wife, six sons and eight daughters, five brothers and twenty-five grand-children. All of these relatives were able to be at the funeral except one tiny grandchild.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our sympathy and prayers. P. W. BRIGGS

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

Dr. Thompson Seton and the late Dan Crawford, of African fame were seated together at a London dinner where these two stories were told as recorded in The Christian World: Mr. Thompson Seton told a story of an old Red Indian to whom he showed the wonders of New York, and who on leaving for his reservation said, "We have no bridges to span over great rivers, no great white ways to spoil the darkness of our nights, no trains under the land and over the land, but we, Mr. Thompson Seton, we have peace of mind." Dan Crawford enjoyed the story, and then told us of a Bantu who sat with him one night in his African hut and listened to Crawford's catalogue of the wonders of England, of water from taps, electric lights, big ships, and railway trains. When the inventory was completed, the Bantu slowly and gravely said: "Well, Mr. Crawford, you know, to be better off is not to be better." It is next to impossible for us Americans to learn the wisdom that is bound up in the old Bantu's philosophy. The things that we have cannot take place of what we are.—Dr. A. W. Plyler in N. C. Christian Advocate.

THROWS LIGHT BEYOND THE GRAVE

The eulogy pronounced over the dead body of the brother of Col. Ingersoll, by the Colonel himself, assures us that "we cry aloud, but no answer comes to us save the echo of our wailing cry. Life is a narrow vale between the barren peaks of two eternities, and soon or later a wreck must mark the end of each and all."

This may be very comforting to those who hold such ideas, but we prefer to believe in the more sure word of prophecy, which informs us that, in answer to our cry for light concerning duty and destiny, the Spirit will be given to "guide us into all truth:" that life is broad enough to enable each and all to prepare for a glorious immortality; and that at life's close we may triumphantly enter the haven of eternal rest.

Every hour I am in as imminent and solemn relations to my Heavenly Father as if I were in the act of dying, and have just as much need of preparation for the former as the latter. In an important sense I am now in heaven or hell. I am either reconciled to God, I am personally united to Christ, his kingdom is set up over my affections and passions; or I am in rebellion, I am out of the kingdom of heaven, I am not a subject of eternal life. I should have no more harmony with the services and joys of heaven than I now have with Christ's purposes and holy plans upon the earth. This is eternal life—the life of God in the soul—disclosed by his supernatural power in renewing and sanctifying it, in bringing it into loving harmony with himself—his appointed mission for us on the earth—and securing for us a victory over the enticements of the world, the temptations of our perverted nature, and the wiles of the adversary.—Zion's Herald.