

ing the last year to sing the gospel while I preached it. Many a man has come to me after the meeting to say, 'It was your daughter's song that brought me to Christ.' Gertrude sings with her soul."

What a wonderful field! A young girl with one talent, a voice, adding stars to her crown because she sings "with her soul"! How many girls there are who sing—sing gay little songs for the company at home, sing in other homes, sing at the entertainment and concert—but who never sing the gospel. Oh, where is the girl who will sing that "with her soul", to bring others to Christ? There is great need of that girl; opportunities are waiting for her, and rich rewards. What has been more wonderfully used than the human voice in tenderly appealing to those out of Christ? Many who have not the gift long for it that they may use it for the Master; many who have it are careless and do not realize the great blessings which may be theirs. The young people's meeting, the special meeting, the shut-in chamber, are all asking for effective gospel music. The precisely executed and elaborate music that is often rendered falls far short of the need. Oh, where is the girl who will sing "with her soul"?

Frances Ridley Havergal, that beautiful Christian woman of England, both a singer and composer, said once to her sister, in talking about singing for Jesus, "At Leamington, the first large party I went to, they asked me to sing, and I sang, 'Whom having not seen, I love'. Every one seemed astonished, and especially some Christian girls who had begun to think music could not be for the King's service, and were rather rebelling at their daily practice. They had never thought of consecrating their voices and fingers but began from thenceforth. I would advise any one **thoroughly** to master one song, make it a part of yourself, throw your whole soul into it, then pray it may be His message, and it will be all right. For myself, I have more confidence in singing scripture words than any other, because they are His. And, Marie dear, as I sing I am praying, too, that it may soothe or reach some one, though I may never know whom."

—Selected.

#### YOU WILL BE GLAD

At that last dread hour, when you are slipping out alone into eternity, you will be glad—  
If you have given your heart to the Lord.  
If you have walked in all the light you have had.  
If you have asked forgiveness.  
If you have made the restitution.  
If you have been a true friend of the church.  
If you have given of your means for the support and the spread of the gospel.  
If you have denied yourself and taken up your cross and followed Him.  
If you have brought some one into the Kingdom.  
If He can say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

—The Free Methodist.

#### EMPLOYMENT IN HEAVEN

A Heaven of action, freed from strife,  
With ampler ether for the scope  
Of an immeasurable life  
And our unbaffled, boundless hope.  
A Heaven wherein all discords cease,  
Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil;  
The core of whose majestic peace  
Is godlike power of ceaseless toil.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

## Temperance Column

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

### I LIVE ON DEATH AVENUE

It is Wednesday morning and I am looking out on Death Avenue. It is a pleasant thoroughfare which something primordial and brutal in human nature has transformed into a highway of slaughter.

I live on Death Avenue, but two Death Streets cross it at right angles, and between the two, I live.

Early on a recent Sabbath morning on one of these death streets within four blocks of my house a woman was killed by an automobile running on the left side of the street without lights—an automobile that went on into the night and is still unidentified.

On the evening of the next day, within five blocks of my home on the other death street, I found the wreckage in which a man had killed himself by driving on the left hand side of the street head-on into a trolley car.

On Monday evening, a week later, at five-thirty o'clock, I was stopped on Death Avenue within eight blocks of my home by a crowd assembled around a car that was half up on the sidewalk. Beside the car lay the unconscious form of a man who had been hit.

Last night at six o'clock I left my door on Death Avenue to find an automobile across the curb on my own lawn, the streets blocked in every direction with suspended traffic, and the still form of a 70-year-old woman lying under a blanket on the frozen street.

And this morning I am asking myself how I can go on living in such a world and save my soul. I am praying to God that I may not get used to it. I am asking that He will help me to cry aloud and keep on crying out until no one around me can live in peace with it.

The brutalizing effect of this daily slaughter is so terrible that nothing Christian can survive a generation that gets used to it. God pity us if we do not demand that some obvious things be done. Get rid of the liquor traffic, that in driver and pedestrian alike, has appallingly increased the hazard of life on our streets.

As the psalmist said of Jerusalem, let me say of this, if I get used to this gross slaughter on our streets, "let my right hand forget her cunning . . . and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."—Franklin J. Kennedy in *The Christian Advocate*.

### "I MAY HAVE DONE IT"

This is what a thirty-one-year-old man told the police of Salt Lake City, Utah, a week or so ago when he was picked up on the street after a shooting affray which claimed three lives, leaving five children orphans, and sent two others to the hospital critically wounded.

"I may have done it", he told the police in his confession. "When I take one or two drinks I go cuckoo. I don't know what I'm doing". When he comes to trial, no doubt, the fact that he "goes cuckoo" when he takes a drink will be used as a basis for a plea for leniency.

Liquor is responsible, as it always has been, for a large part of the crime committed. It is responsible for most of the highway accidents which make it almost a dangerous adventure to cross the street. But, apparently, these are minor considerations with those who declared how necessary it was to bring back prosperity and to make the "poor workingman" contented.

"Happy Days Are Here Again", you will remember, was the theme song of the party which

pictured such a glowing picture of what would happen when the Eighteenth Amendment was out of the way, as they met in the frenzied convention of July, 1932. We know from evidence on every hand that drinking days are here again and with them the crime, poverty and misery which have always followed liquor's trail. Judge for yourself about the "happiness".—Gospel Banner.

### HAPPY DISCONTENTMENT

E. E. Shelhamer

This sounds like a contradiction, but it is not. For, only as one becomes dissatisfied with present attainments will he grow and develop. What a pity that so many good people have either never caught the vision, or if so, have for fear of opposition settled back to live and die on the same plane with others.

Not so with Daniel and a few others. Hear him: "I alone saw the vision: for the men that were with me saw not the vision; but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves." The same thing that gladdened Daniel frightened those who were on a lower plane. Brother, when you are content to be so orthodox that you will not catch visions beyond your contemporaries, you have begun to die in mind and soul with dry rot.

Macaulay, the great English historian says: "It may at first sight seem strange that society, while moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking back with tender regret. Both spring from impatience of the state in which we actually are. It is in some sense unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with the condition which we are constantly improving. But in truth there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that being dissatisfied with the present, we should form too favorable an estimate of the past."

A greater than Macaulay said: "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Hallelujah!

### CONTENTMENT

A bishop who was contented and cheerful through a long period of trial, and asked the secret of his contentment, said—

"I will tell you. I made a right use of my eyes."

"Please explain."

"Most willingly", was the answer. "First, I look up to heaven and remember that my principal business is to get there."

"Then I look down upon the earth and think how small a place I shall occupy when I am dead and buried."

"Then I look around and see the many who are in all respects much worse off than I am."

"Then I learn where true happiness lies, where all our care ends, and how little reason I have to complain."—Selected.

All those who journey, soon or late,  
Must pass within the garden's gate;  
Must kneel alone in darkness there,  
And battle with some fierce despair.  
God pity those who cannot say,  
"Not mine, but Thine"—who only pray,  
"Let this cup pass", and cannot see  
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.