

GOOD ADVICE

The following is too good to be passed by. Will you please read it and reduce it to practice?

"Make no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, declare it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave yourself out of the pulpit, and take Jesus in. Defend the Gospel and let the Lord defend you and your character.

"Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your remarks. Engine driving wheels whirl fast on an icy track, but when loaded go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer wet and cool. Do not bawl and scream. Too much water stops mill-wheels, and too much noise drowns sense. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Powder is not shot. Thunder is harmless, lightning kills.

"If you have lightning, you can afford to thunder. Don't scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful sons who come to meeting on rainy days, because others are too lazy to attend. Preach the best to the smallest assemblies; Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria out to hear him the next time."—A minister.

GIVING AND FORGIVING

"What makes life worth living
Is our giving and forgiving,
Giving tiny bits of kindness
That will leave a joy behind us,
And forgiving trifles
That the right word often stifles.
For the little things are bigger
Than we often stop to figure.
What makes life worth living,
Is the giving and forgiving."

THE PAST

It is because so much of the past still exists in our lives that it is so dear to us These are compensations for the loss of youth and fresh impressions; and one learns little by little that a thing is not over because it is not happening with noise and shape or outward sign; its roots are in our hearts; and every now and then they send forth a shoot which blossoms and bears fruits still.—Anne Ritchie.

LIFE'S SWEETNESS

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The land of wealth is not the empire of peace. Joy is not bounded on the north by poverty, on the east by obscurity, on the west by simplicity, and on the south by servitude. It runs far over these borders on every side. The lowliest, plainest, narrowest life may be the sweetest.—H. V. D.

The peace of God ruling in the heart makes it stronger far than any guarded town.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—Emerson.

Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—Thoreau.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.

Temperance Column

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

"LESS WE FORGET"

A Parable on the Liquor Traffic
By Oral Green

The annual business meeting was in session. Sitting around the vast cavern were many forms, barely discernable in the dim light, for the room was in inky blackness, except for the light which came from the smoking fires burning here and there, fires that continued to burn without refueling, and throwing out a lucid glow that lighted the room sufficiently to carry on the business session.

There was much muttering and low talking as those beings continued to assemble together and mingled with this subdued mumbling were groans and sighs that can only come from broken hearted humanity.

Suddenly a mighty noise like thunder crashed through the room to echo and re-echo through the eternal confines of evil spirits, for it was here the "powers of darkness" were gathered together. A deathlike stillness fell upon the entire assembly. Nothing was heard save those wails that seemed to come from a distance. All eyes were fixed on the speaker or president of the company as he slowly rose from his seat. His form but dimly seen through the gloom was of gigantic stature and his face, as the fire light played upon it was altogether fiendish and could not be compared with anything on earth.

"My servants," as he spoke his voice rumbled through the cavern as distant thunder roared and lightning flashed at frequent intervals, lighting for an instant its dark and gloomy interior, only to leave it darker than before. "My servants, I am now ready to hear the different reports as to how our work is progressing." There was a slight stir among the listeners and much interest was shown as the reports were brought. As they were read on murder, theft, lying and many others, too numerous to give in detail, much pleasure was expressed by the leader, and the workers were encouraged to keep at their various duties until the end of time. Then the last reporter was called. "We will now hear the alcohol fiend bring his report," was the command. From his seat near the door a tall figure arose. His garments were black and flowing, his face of a pale ashy hue, and so diabolical was his expression it could only be found in that abode where lost spirits dwell. As he moves about the groans and wails of men and women could be heard, and mingled with these were the cries and sobs of little children. Thus he opened his speech: "Most wise master, we have little to report in the way of progress. The saloons have become so disgusting to humanity they were not patronized as formerly, and now a law has been passed prohibiting their use." At these words their leader uttered a snarl of rage, while thunder crashed and lightning flashed, until it seemed the very foundation of their council chamber must be shaken. After the confusion abated somewhat the reporter continued, "If I am still allowed to work in the future I shall work on the following plan. I will use the same alcohol and the same curse will be upon it, the results will be the same, but I will dress it in a new garb and clothe it as a gentleman. I will give it a note of refinement and call it respectable. Where it used to be controlled by the lower element of society we will bring it into the highest circle and it will be distributed under their approval. Having studied this problem from

every angle and human nature as well, I believe this plan will work and am bringing it to you for your approval."

A thundrous applause broke through the room and loud shouts of cheer if they could be thus called, rang out from those unearthly beings. The leader speaks. "A fine plan, my servant, a fine plan destined to succeed. How could it fail with such an intelligent leader and such faithful servants. So, my servants, go do your worst, ruin and blight lives, destroy the innocent and pure, wreck homes, and break hearts, do not show mercy, turn a deaf ear to pleadings and prayers alike, pay no attention to human suffering or pain. Remember all hell stands back of you and the curse of Almighty God rests on your work.

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THE SIN OF SLANDER
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THREE GATES

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

Three narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answers; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell, nor even fear
What the result of speech may be.

A certain lady told some stories that she knew were not true, about her pastor. After a time she came to him and confessed, also asking forgiveness. He heartily forgave her, but wishing to teach her a lesson, he asked her if she would do something for him. She replied that she would, whereupon he told her to take a basket of feathers and stand in the wind, and let the feathers go one at a time. She did as she was asked, and after she had finished, the pastor then told her to go and regather all the feathers. She exclaimed, "Why it's impossible!"

"That is true," replied the pastor. "You cannot regather those feathers any more than you can the tales you have told about me." The lady had learned a lesson. We all can learn a lesson from it. Remember! The words you say once, can never be recovered.

VARIED STUDY

He that studies only men, will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books, the soul without the body. He that to what he sees, adds observation, and to what he reads, reflection, is in the right road to knowledge, provided that in scrutinizing the heart of others, he neglects not his own.—Colton.

DEEDS GIVE PROOF

To prove that we have goodness within us, it must blossom into deeds. A tree that yields no bloom and bears no fruit, of what use is it? Even the sturdy pine drops its beautiful symmetrical cones, and the grand old oak its dainty acorns,—proofs that each not only lends shelter and grace to the world, but that it is showering down its treasures in token of growth and strength.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.