

## Temperance Column

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

### ALCOHOL ACCIDENTS

The Chicago Daily News, quoting a report of the "American Business Men's Research Foundation," says:

"Liquor is a factor in at least twenty-five per cent. of the automobile accidents which are today killing 740 and maiming in excess of 25,000 persons each week. Alcohol beverages last year caused 9,000 traffic deaths and were a factor in more than 300,000 automobile accidents."

Also there is included in the News the following statement:

"Dr. Kenneth G. Koelstadt, assistant superintendent of the Indianapolis State Hospital, mentioned in the report, said that 'approximately one-third of all persons involved in traffic accidents and taken to the Indianapolis City Hospital are definitely drunk, and another third have been drinking.'"

With wrong national leadership in moral questions, the American people seem to have lost interest in the moral phases of the liquor problem. But the awful toll taken by the traffic in property and life will arouse the country unless the news of the facts is effectually suppressed. Liquor organizations are doing what they can to keep the truth from the public.—Free Methodist.

### WITH REPEAL

An exchange reports: "Since repeal there has been a tremendous increase of social diseases. A world fight against this evil has been carried on in all civilized nations with fine results, except in a few European and South American countries. Now the United States seems to have started in the other direction. 'No people can defy the verdict of experience.' With the increase in liquor comes an increase in venereal diseases. The sad part of it is that it brings shame and disgrace to the helpless, unsuspecting and innocent as well as the guilty."

### THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

"Thou wilt show me the path of life" (Psalm 16:11).

- I. The Guide—"Thou"—Jesus Christ.
  1. His Qualifications—wise, kind, etc.
  2. His Experience—been over the road.
  3. His Interest—He died for me.
- II. The Traveler—"Me."
  1. Must take the journey.
  2. Have not had experience.
  3. Need just such a guide.
- III. The Road—"Path."
  1. One of many.
  2. Is a narrow road.
  3. Not many going this way.
- IV. The Destination—"Life."
  1. Contrast with death.
  2. A delightful anticipation.
  3. A glorious consummation.—William M. Smith.

In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.—J. G. Holland.

Take thy self-denials gaily and cheerfully, and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike, like the sunshine of the Almighty.—James Freeman Clarke.

### MORBUS SABBATICUS

Morbus 'Sabbaticus, or Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly on Sundays; no symptoms are felt on Saturday nights; the patient sleeps well and awakens feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until the services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner.

In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, automobile ride, go visiting, talk politics and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays home. He retires early, sleeps well, and awakens on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work. He does not have any return of the symptoms until the following Sunday.

The peculiar features are as follows:

1. It attacks members of a church.
2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath.
3. The symptoms vary, but never interfere with the appetite or sleep.
4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.
5. It generally takes the head of the family and continues to spread until every member is affected.
6. No physician is ever called.
7. It always proves fatal in the end to the soul.
8. No remedy is known for it except repentance and prayer.
9. Real heartfelt salvation is the only antidote.
10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.—Sunday School Banner.

### STIR ME.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord, I care not how,  
But stir my heart in passion for the world;  
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;  
Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled  
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,  
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord, till all my heart  
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls,  
Till thy compelling 'must' drives me to prayer;  
Till thy constraining love reach to the poles,  
Far North and South, in burning deep desire;  
Till East and West are caught in love's great fire.

"Stir me, O Lord! Thy heart was stirred  
By love's intensest fire, till Thou did'st give  
Thine only Son, Thy best-beloved One,  
E'en to the dreadful Cross that I might live;  
Stir me to give myself so back to Thee  
That Thou can'st give Thyself again  
through me.

"Stir me, O stir me, Lord; for I can see  
Thy glorious triumph day begin to break;  
The dawn already gilds the Eastern sky!  
O Church of Christ, Awake! Awake!  
O, stir us, Lord, as heralds of that day!  
The night is past, our King is on His way!"  
—Selected

The true past departs not. Nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—Carlyle.

### A SIN OF THE PRESS

Some time ago a young man was convicted of murder and sentenced to die in the electric chair. Immediately a newspaper campaign was started to create public opinion in favor of leniency and commutation of the sentence. Two methods were used. In the first place whole pages of pictures were printed showing relatives of the youth in all sorts of attitudes, consulting lawyers, planning appeals, weeping, and so forth. This appeal was evidently to sentiment. There was not a word of pity for the victim of this youth's folly, or for his relatives. Pity was lopsided.

The second method was quite as bad. It was an attempt to make a hero out of this criminal. He was given high-sounded names. His wife was spoken of in the same way. The boy's exploits were told with fervor, almost with admiration. The judge who sat on the case said he had known the prisoner for years and that for the most part he was dull and slow-witted. None of the newspapers' names were ever his in real life. They were pure bunk.

This is the sort of thing that brings a certain section of the American press into disrepute. There is no regard for truth. Justice is quite unknown. The one aim seems to be to make interesting reading matter.

In England a law was recently passed prohibiting newspapers from printing details of divorce cases. Perhaps the day will come when newspapers will force the decent part of the public, which is yet in a majority, to pass a law that will keep the horrible and often untrue details of crime out of the daily press. Some of us are getting tired of having filth spattered over us all the time.—Christian Endeavor World.

### PASTORAL CALLING

It is true that some men will never be great preachers, no matter how hard they try. It is also true that most preachers, whether they can do great preaching or not, can do pastoral work if they will. Then it is safe to go a step farther, saying that hardly one preacher in five makes the most of this gracious opportunity for contact with the people.

How easy it is to slip into easy-going habits! One can tinker with the automobile, build a shed, go to town, read the newspaper, help with the washing, care for the children—part or all of which may be his responsibility—and find that he has not done the calling that he should. He has let incidental things so consume his time that a main obligation has been crowded out.

A pastor should make from fifteen to forty calls a week, not in a perfunctory and formal way so that he can report at district conferences that he has made so many calls, but conscientiously as under the eye of the Lord. If he will do this there will be blessed returns to the work by it.

Pastor, are you attending to this part of your work? The Lord is not interested in your excuses. And the work will not grow on your excuses. Are you doing your calling?—Free Methodist.

Robert Moffatt was once offered, when a young man, a very good position as a gardener for wealthy people if he would give up his enthusiastic religion and cease attending spiritual services. To the offerer he made the memorable answer: "I would rather have my God than white and yellow ore."—Selected.