

Temperance Column

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

REPORT OF TEMPERANCE CONVENTION

We are sincerely regretful that conditions in our Maritime Provinces relating to the liquor traffic are such as render it impossible for us to bring an encouraging report. Nor can we discover any hopeful signs of improvement in the future, while the government of our land continues to supervise the sale of intoxicants for the purpose of increasing their revenue. Some anti-prohibitionists talk much about moderation and temperance, but because of insincerity, or a lack of appreciation of a true meaning of these terms, their actions denote a contrary spirit.

Prohibition has been exchanged for profiteering. The camouflage of pretended interest in public good, with which the government successfully smuggled into our statute books the present liquor law, has been removed, and now we plainly see the motive that created this unwelcome change.

Introduced as a friend who would co-operate in the best interests of the social and moral life of our communities, the spirit of this modern liquor law has been discovered as one with a constantly predominating thought—**Revenue and More Revenue.** Appearing with a lamb-like disposition of harmlessness, it has with wolfish greed and cruelty been sacrificing the strength of our land to feed its own unholy cravings. The **baker** wants to sell more bread, the **coal-man** wants to sell more coal, and let us not be deceived in thinking the liquor dealers want to diminish their sale of liquor.

When the law of Government Control was first enacted, there were certain restrictions placed upon the patrons, as to the quantity purchased, the age of the purchaser, as well as the hours open for business. These restrictions, however, have been forgotten or have ceased to be enforced.

Statistics prove that the sale and consumption of Government liquors have increased yearly since the law was introduced. This degenerating trade is working havoc with the moral life of our land. The increase of liquor sales is due chiefly to the development of the habit among the young people and women. This fact prophesies a complete moral breakdown in the near future.

As long as drunkenness is chiefly the sin of a minority who have become slaves of a habit they know is destroying them, there is hope for better conditions in the life of the next generation, but when the large majority not only of men but also of young people and mothers adopt this ruinous practice it is quite certain that the law of heredity will make our future state worse than the present.

These facts stir us again to the great necessity of action on the part of those who can and will oppose this evil. The situation is not hopeless as long as God is on the throne, and there are a few believing people who are zealous for righteousness. Therefore we believe that, as a denomination, we could continue to go on record as unanimously opposed to the present law of government control, or any other law that allows the sale of in-

toxicants as a beverage, and that we should tirelessly labour for complete abolition of the liquor traffic. Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

MRS. B. C. COCHRANE

HER GIFT

When the death of John B. Gough was announced, wagonloads of flowers were turned back from the door of his home with the orders that these flowers be distributed among the poor. When the vast congregation of people came to the funeral, there was not a flower upon the casket. The only decoration was a little, faded, tear-stained handkerchief, and the story of that handkerchief was this:

Many years before that a young lady had married a young man and they had gone to the city of New York to live.

After they had finally settled there, the wife found that he was a drunkard and gambler, and soon he began to leave her alone at night. Two little children came into their home, but he cared not for them, seemingly, for he would be out all night. Then he began to beat his family, curse them, and then began pawning the furniture. One by one the pieces of furniture that she had brought from old Kentucky were sent down to the pawnshop. After a while this poor woman had to go out and wash for a living, that her children might have bread to eat. She had one treasure left; that was the piano that her mother had given her on her wedding day. She would take her little tots and play on the piano, and sing to them, then they would say their prayers and go to bed.

She came home one night and her piano was gone. She knew what it meant. The last thing she had to tell of the old home had been pawned by her husband for drink. Her heart was breaking, but her babies came and asked her to sing. She put her arms around them and tried to sing the best she could without her piano.

For some reason, the whiskey had not tasted as good that night as usual. (Sometimes when mixed with a woman's tears, it gets a little bitter). Her husband came home not so drunk as usual. As he came around the house he looked in at the window and he saw the children in their little nighties and his wife was singing a lullaby song; then they prayed, kneeling down beside her. Each one asked God to bless them, to bless mamma, then to bless papa and help him to be good and to bring him home sober. He slipped softly in and kneeled down by his wife's side and said: "Wife if you'll forgive me I'll never do it again." She said: "Tom, will you sign the pledge tonight?" He said, "I will." They went down together to a hall where John B. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, was giving a lecture. Tom went up and put his name down.

One day, at the time of Mr. Gough's illness, there came to his home a woman, and she told her story to Mrs. Gough. She said: "I hoped I might give some presents to Mr. Gough, but I cannot do it. I have brought my handkerchief. I have not shed a tear since the night Tom signed the pledge. I brought this and thought I would give it to Mr. Gough." When Mr. Gough heard this he told his wife to send all flowers that might be sent to him at his funeral to the poor, and

put nothing but that little handkerchief on his casket, and tell the people that there was one soul on earth that he knew he had helped make better. When the people saw the little handkerchief on the casket of John B. Gough, it taught them a lesson all the flowers in the world couldn't.—Selected.

THE BIBLE AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE

If you take away the Bible from the young people, telling them that what the Bible calls sin is only a fragment of the beastial nature still remaining in them, and there is no future for them, either of rewards or punishment, what is there to restrain them? Their conscience has been drugged. So, two students murdered another student to get a new sensation. A promising student in a Modernist University committed suicide, because he was wrecked, body and soul, by the moral conditions surrounding him there. Many of these modernist colleges are hotbeds of infidelity. God help the young men and women who come under their influence. Evolution has never saved a single soul. It has ruined thousands. Christianity has lifted up millions. The Bible teaches regeneration; evolution leads to degeneration.—J. J. Sims, in Last Words of Great Science of Evolution.

PRAYER

Prayer is a small word for a tremendous thing. We often use it carelessly, because it is a familiar word. But the thought of speaking directly to God, the Maker of all the worlds, the Ruler of all the universe, sublime in power and majesty, has awe and terror in it. It is not to be wondered at, that in many cases it takes the extreme of sudden need to make a soul desperate enough to cry out to God. How can the mighty Creator listen to man? Yet not only does God listen to prayer, but He encourages it and answers it. He gives us this amazing privilege for use every day and every hour. The tiniest child can kneel and pray, sure of a hearing and of tender love. Prayer is a daily miracle whose wonder is ever renewed. It leads man into the actual presence of God.—Selected.

"When man and God draw nigh to each other, certain things are sure to result from the companionship, just as they occur in human relationships of closest intimacy. But God cannot have His character influenced detrimentally by friendships with His own children. So they will be lifted higher and higher from world influences and grow more like Him who is their friend-companion. The friend of God grows daily more like God; it cannot be otherwise."—Selected.

WHY "TRYING TO BE?"

J. A. Slimmon, afterward a missionary in China, met Lord Overtoun when in great distress of soul. Lord Overtoun asked, "Are you a Christian?" I am trying to be one," was the reply. Lord Overtoun turned to John 17:4, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do," and asked, "What work did He mean?" "The work of saving sinners." "Are you a sinner?" "Yes." "Then if He has finished the work of saving sinners, and you are a sinner, what are you trying to do?" And with that simple question the light came.—The Dawn.