

Temperance Column

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

It is amazing and disgusting to see how many automobile accidents are the result of drunken drivers, and to note how few of the accidents are charged up to that cause, when the cases have been tried in court. Only last week a drunken driver, with eight passengers in his car, including his mother, driving at a very fast rate of speed, ran his car off the main highway, turned over, and broke his mother's neck. The unfortunate mother left a family of sixteen children, including a little one a year old. This writer was at the place of the accident a short while after it occurred, and also with another preacher called at the home of the bereaved family to see if we could render any assistance. And a nurse there who was also called to minister to some other members of the family who were in the car, and were hurt, but escaped death, told us that the son who was the driver of the car, was drunk. The following day an inquest was held, the coroner called a jury to set on the case, and after hearing the witnesses, which included the driver who admitted that he was drinking, the jury on the recommendation of the presiding magistrate, brought in a verdict that the mother's death was accidental, and recommended that some more signs be placed along the highway. They, nor the presiding officer made no reference to, nor criticized the young man for driving his car while under the influence of intoxicating drink. So he is permitted to hold his driver's license, go on drinking and driving and endangering the lives and property of any other persons who happen to be in his way when he is on the road. Not so long ago one of our preachers who had his little boy with him was run down by a drinking driver in another car. Our brother's car was badly broken, and he and his boy shaken up. He called the police, laid his charge, but they said that the drunken driver was not worth anything, so did not even arrest him. Our brother had to pay for repairing his car which was no small sum, and got nothing. I read in today's paper where a man was arrested for driving his car while drunk, and was tried in court, and received as a penalty by the judge, ten days in jail, just long enough to sober up, rest a bit, and be ready for another blow out. Still allowed to keep his driver's license. In view of these facts and thousands of others like them not mentioned, I am wondering what the citizens of this country are going to do for self protection while travelling on our highways. Be as careful as you will, you don't know when some crazy drunken driver is going to run you down. And one cannot expect any protection from the law under the Still allowed to keep his driver's license. It seems that the whole liquor business, the brewers, the governments that sell the rum have such a strangle hold on the courts of our country, that judges and magistrates don't dare place the blame for accidents that take a toll of thousands of lives every year on our highways where it belongs, namely, at the door of the government who sells the rum and the man who drinks it. If they did, these office holders who are receiving big salaries from the rum-selling governments might lose their jobs, and they know it. Hence the mighty lax enforcement of law, notwithstanding their oath of office to administer justice. Without mentioning the hundreds of thousands of our

young men who become drunkards every year, we say, when a mother's life has been sacrificed, and a large family of helpless children, and babies are left to the merciless care of a drunken fathers, and drunken brothers, just to get revenue for a godless government, and godless politicians to sport on, we think it is high time that honest people living under such conditions, rose up, and did something to change matters.

God save us from this awful curse.

H. S. DOW

DON'TS FOR THE PULPIT

Don't mumble your words. Chew your food but not your language.

Don't preach too long. Better leave the people longing than loathing.

Don't preach old sermons without revision. Grown men look awkward in boys' clothes.

Don't indulge in mannerism. Simplicity is desirable in high places—the pulpit especially.

Don't speak in a monotone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't catch the pulpit twang. Talk to men in as natural a tone as you talk with them.

Don't indulge in long pulpit prayers. Always remember the stranger.

Don't introduce politics into the pulpit.

Don't neglect closet prayer. The finest pipes can give forth no music till filled with the divine breath.

Don't scold your congregation. Attack measures and hit people only when they stand between you and the devil.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word has given ample choice of themes.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sentence. Men have as much need to hear the end as the beginning.—Author Unknown.

THE BIBLE IN OUR SCHOOLS

In Chattanooga, Tennessee, reports Sunday School Times, ninety-eight per cent of the 9,220 pupils are enrolled in Bible classes. A consecrated corps of ten trained teachers carry on the work, which is now being extended to the 2,000 white and colored children in rural sections surrounding Chattanooga.

According to Religious Digest, over 1,000 communities in the United States conduct religious education for public school children, and the movement is increasing rapidly as the necessity of moral training becomes evident. How futile it is for a nation to build armies for the preservation of "Christian principles if it fails to build characters in which those Christian principles are known and obeyed!"—Pentecostal Evangel.

WE NEED THE CHURCH

A nation grown weary of political plans for the salvation of the individual and for the country as a whole was pictured by Representative Bruce Barton in an address before 2,500 laymen at the annual corporate communion breakfast of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island in the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn. "People all across the country are flocking back to the churches," he said. "What they want is spiritual food; the one thing we cannot get outside the church, its great monopoly, a message of faith. No matter how many bureaus we set up or how much legislation we have, the people will perish without the church."—Methodist Protestant Recorder.

A DEED OF KINDNESS

By Agnes Burden Dustin in Kind Words

A boy of eighteen left his country home in Kentucky to travel to the nearest city to look for work. It was his first venture into the great world to search for fame and fortune.

To save expense, he travelled twenty miles on foot to the nearest town on the stage-coach line, carrying his clothes in a carpetbag, and spent the night at the inn, helping the hostler to pay for supper and breakfast.

His fare took the last dollar from his purse, but that fact was not disturbing; and it was with a feeling of exultation that he stowed away his bag and swung himself up to the seat beside the driver in the stagecoach.

The driver had gathered up his reins when a woman, with a shabby bonnet and shawl, rushed up to the coach and implored a seat.

"Can't take you this time, madam," the driver refused civilly. "Every seat is taken. There isn't room to squeeze in a cat."

"But I must go! I must!" begged the woman, tears choking her voice, "I have word that my son is terribly sick, and he's alone in the city, and he'll die! And he's all I have!"

The driver got down and looked inside the coach. He shook his head as he slowly climbed back to his seat. As he had said there was no room.

The boy could not bear the tragic despair of the woman's worn face. With a bound he was on the ground beside her, rescued his bag, and, thrusting his ticket into her toil-roughened fingers, helped her to his seat. Not a word was said, the driver cracked his long whip; the coach rolled away in a cloud of dust, leaving the boy standing alone in the road.

He was turning away, bag in hand, whistling to keep up his courage, when a man who had witnessed the little transaction from the walk, stepped up and accosted him. He soon learned the facts in the case, and, after studying the boy's face thoughtfully, said:

"Young man, how would you like to study law?"

"Like it? Of course I'd like it," declared the boy, for that was one of his dreams for the future.

"Then you come into my office," decided the man. "I think we'll suit each other."

That was the beginning. The boy recognized his opportunity when it came and made the most of it. Later in life he became a successful lawyer in that city to which he did not travel as a boy; served two terms in the United States Senate; and was elected governor of his state.

Now I don't mean to say that every boy whose actions are ruled by compassion and kindness will meet with the prompt appreciation and help that came to this country boy; but courtesy and kindness are great factors in a successful life, and often pay larger dividends than we know.

PLIGHT OF THE PERSECUTED

If the evacuation of Jews and non-Aryan Christians from Germany proceeds at the same rate as hitherto, an official of the Christian Council for Refugees points out, the last party of fugitives will not get out till the year 1951. In the first six years after Hitler came into power, only 350,000 of the 1,100,000 then in residence succeeded in escaping.—The Christian (London).