

## Temperance Column

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

### LIQUOR IN WASHINGTON

A recent issue of The Religious Telescope has the following to say concerning the liquor trade in the City of Washington, our nation's capital. It describes a most serious situation. "Our nation's capital has a population of 618,000. In 1917 it had 257 liquor selling places, today 1,872. It drinks 1983 gallons of liquor per capita (more than any other city of its size in America). It has four times as many places for selling liquor as the whole state of Virginia. In 1938, 18,246 people were arrested for intoxication, over eight per cent of these being women. There were in 1939, 10,347 alcoholic admissions to Gallinger Hospital. The city has 1,251 churches. If the same proportion held over the entire country we would have 83,932 churches and 394,207 saloons with 4,751,731 drunken men and women as fathers and mothers of the nation. This is the result of repeal."

As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.—Mrs. Sigourney.

### EFFECT OF CIGARETTE SMOKING

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm and the doctor laid the lean black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of shudder convulsed it and it fell to the floor dead.

"That's what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again." And the physician slapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or at least I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—New Zealand Outlook.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6:7.

"Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread?" Isa. 55:2.

"Prepare to meet thy God." Amos. 4:12.

### PRAYERLESS WEAKLINGS

Much of the weakness in Christian lives is traceable to the neglect of prayer, and much of the strength to the diligent cultivation of prayer. When we fail to dwell in an atmosphere of prayer, faith grows weak, zeal ebbs, and one is less and less able to meet successfully the temptations by which we are constantly confronted. It was because He knew the dangers of prayerlessness that our Lord taught the disciples to pray, and set them the example, emphasizing "that men ought always to pray and not to faint." It is for this reason, too, that throughout the New Testament Scriptures emphasis is laid upon our need to be much in prayer. We need in our daily life experience that keenness of spiritual insight which led the poet to write, "More things are wrought by prayer we must depend dreams of." Without prayer we must depend upon our own wisdom and strength, which are always inadequate. When we are faithful in our prayer life, it becomes possible for God to manifest His power in us and through us.—Christian Observer.

### A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

By Hazel Owens

'Tis of you mother dear  
I'm writing today;  
Your presence seems near,  
Tho' you're long miles away.

We never deserved  
Such a mother as you,  
And no doubt there were times  
When you felt that way, too.

I recall how you knelt with us  
Daily to pray,  
How you read from the Bible  
God's word, every day.

It seems but last night  
That you tucked me in bed  
And waited until  
My prayers I had said.

And altho' at your side,  
I could not always be,  
A guardian angel  
Seemed hovering o'er me.

And oft when surrounded  
By temptation and sin,  
The memory of you  
Helped me always to win.

If down thru my life  
I've kept clean and true,  
The reward will be given  
Dear mother, to you.

Because 'twas your life,  
That inspired me to be  
The kind of a girl  
You expected of me.

I hope you'll be spared to us  
Many years more,  
For mothers like you  
Are scarce to be sure.

And I long, oh, I long  
Such a mother to be,  
So my children in turn  
Can pay tribute to me.

### MOTHER

(In loving memory of Rebecca Cann, Brazil Lake, sent in by Gracie)

Mother was tired and weary,  
Weary with toil and with care;  
So she put by her glasses and crocheting,  
She'll never need them there.  
A mansion in Heaven she entered,  
There to be with her Lord,  
After long years with life's struggle,  
Mother has earned her reward.  
Near other loved ones we laid her,  
There 'neath green grasses to lie;  
Though saddened our hearts and near  
broken,  
We'll not question, "Why?"  
She has entered the mansion  
Her Savior had gone to prepare,  
Happy is she with her loved ones  
Who already are there.

The tired feet are at rest,  
And still are those dear, wrinkled hands.  
God's angels will gently guide her  
Through the heavenly lands.  
We could not keep her here  
When the Master called, "Child, come  
Home,  
You are weary with life's struggle;  
No more shall you roam."  
Faith in God was her anchor  
Through all these many years.  
This thought brings us comfort,  
Though our eyes are filled with tears:  
When our journey through life is ended,  
We shall again with her be;  
Not for a life's brief span of years,  
But through all eternity. —Sel.

### THOSE STORIES

Here is one: Isaac to his friend Abraham wrote, "Congratulations on making that \$40,000 in the furniture business in New York." Abraham replied, "My dear Isaac: Thank you for the congratulations. But this was not in New York but in Boston. And it was not in the furniture business but in the clothing business. Also the amount was not \$40,000 but \$20,000. And I did not make this money—I lost it!"

Recently a preacher told a friend a story about the editor and his wife. This man said that what he related was true, for a friend of his, an evangelist, who "positively knew," had told it to him. The story was a very pleasant one, much to our credit. There was only one sad thing about it—it was absolutely false from beginning to end. It was not even as true as the story that Isaac heard about Abraham.

Now wouldn't it be fine if all that is told about us were of this kind? Unfortunately, the bad stories which reflect adversely upon character or conduct are as likely to be told as the good ones. And they seem to travel with greater ease. Most of us have been the victims of these.

What is the moral of all this? The lessons are easy. First, be careful how you believe even the stories which are "positively known" to be true. There seems to be trouble with even these sometimes. Be doubly careful what you tell—if you must tell it, get it straight. But then, if you must tell stories, it is good to pass on only the nice ones, hoping they are true.—Free Methodist.