

## Temperance Column

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

### HE WAS EMBARRASSED

"You have placed me in a very embarrassing position," wrote the minister of the largest Protestant church in a mid-western city, in reply to a request that he place a prohibition speaker in his pulpit on a Sunday morning.

"You see," he frankly replied, "the chairman of my board is the president of a local bank. He has at least 25 or 30 large accounts of retail and wholesale liquor concerns in his bank.

"The treasurer of my board," he went on, "is a real estate broker, who collects rentals for his clients from several liquor selling concerns; and one of the women on the board has a son who recently went to work as a traveling salesman for a large distillery. They all claim to be as dry as I am, but they say that a temperance sermon in our church would greatly embarrass them."

Thus we see the deadness of modern churchianity. The devil has spun his web about the whole machinery of the decadent present-day churches. The lack, or rather the absence, of holy zeal among the preachers and their members accounts for the resurrection and pernicious activity of old John Barleycorn. God give us more men like John the Baptist, who with the holy fire burning in their hearts will lay the axe to the root of the trees, men who will call sin by its right name and not blush while doing it, men who will drive the corrupt money mongers, compromisers, and the liquor barons from their safe retreat within the temple, without fear or regard for their salaries. These cowardly, time-serving, compromising hirelings in the ministry will have much to account for in the day when the hearts of men are tried in the true balances of a just God.—Ex.

### ALCOHOL, THE DESTROYER

The history of alcohol used as a beverage during the Great War, and my knowledge of it from close personal contact and experience, leads me to the conclusion that if ever this country again becomes embroiled in a fight for its existence . . . the manufacture, sale, and consumption of all spirits should be controlled by law. Many colonels, majors, captains and subalterns, to my knowledge, rendered themselves useless for war at various times in France, owing to their taking too much strong drink. Through education, the truth is now dawning on the population that we should be better off without the brewer and the distiller, and when that truth has sunk into the majority of the population, then, these useless purveyors of untold misery will be brushed aside forever.—Impression and Recollections by General Crozier, of the British Army.

### A SONGFUL RELIGION

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful: but Judaism said, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;" and when Christ came, the shepherds greeted His birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fulness and strength of voice with each century.—Sel.

### CAMP MEETING OR MEETING FOR BATTLE

Camp Meetings should be an allied inter-church effort with one aim, and that, to combine all spiritual forces in a ten days of mighty prayer to God, rugged unvarnished Scriptural preaching, and a general conflict against the powers of darkness. Who can question the value of such concentrated effort? The enemy of God and righteousness will no more yield to feeble effort than an army will yield to a few attacking soldiers be they ever so desperate. A Camp Meeting may be ever so well attended, have a blessed spirit of fellowship among the people, but unless there is that united burden of prayer, burden for the battle, and that desperately entering in to move things for God, there will be no lasting results.

Backsliders, deceived souls, shallow professors, and those with shaky experiences will usually make up a good percentage of the average Camp Meeting of any size. This is cause enough for every true follower of Christ to be at his best when he comes to Camp. Many souls will be bound by the tyrant Satan and sin. Many are led captive at his will, and paralyzed to the extent that they cannot conceive their true condition. They need awakening, not comfort and flattery. This resting place of Satan needs to be thoroughly shaken blasted, and turned upside down. God leaves it up to His people to lay siege against this awful condition that prevails in men's hearts. Camp Meetings have been instituted of God for this very purpose.

If the greater the number engaged against sin and for the salvation of souls, means the greater victory, then we as God's people and His warriors are responsible and should attend Camp Meeting somewhere and help in the fight. There is no drafting, no compulsion in this warfare, except the compulsion of love and expediency.

It is always blessed and encouraging when the saints meet on the Camp Grounds, shake hands and extend Christian greetings, but this must not be the order throughout the Camp. Salutations and greetings should be quickly followed by mighty prayer, and the assembling together in the tabernacle to sing in the Spirit, testify in the Spirit, and preach God's mighty Word in the Spirit. This means of grace and warfare should never abate one bit throughout the ten days, but on the other hand, the battle should wax hotter and hotter until hell's entrenchments are blasted out of the way of God's onward marching hosts. It will take this, and nothing short of this, if any Camp is to succeed in its undertaking.

Ye of the Lord, go to Camp Meeting this summer with courage, faith, and with a determination to let God have His way with you. Your obedience to God may be the very thing that will turn the tide of battle. Gideon's little band obeyed and did the simple and otherwise foolish, but it brought the victory. If God says: shout—fast—exhort—give all, risk all—DO IT. If all obey, the enemy will be weakened and routed. "An hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight."—Immanuel Missionary.

A good newspaper and Bible in every house, a good schoolhouse in every district, and a church in every neighborhood, all appreciated as they deserve, are the chief support of virtue, morality, civil liberty and religion.—Franklin.

### MR. CHANG BECOMES A CHRISTIAN

For over twenty years, Mr. Chang had taught the classics. His scholarly presentation of the wisdom of Confucius had been an inspiration to many a Chinese youth, and in his tolerance and forbearance, the spirit of the great philosopher of China had seemed to live again. Life for Mr. Chang was quiet and serene. But then came evil days—War. Funds from the University were cut off and the buildings taken over by the invader. His sons joined the Chinese army. His wife was killed by the bomb that destroyed their home. What little money he had soon was spent, and homeless and hungry he walked about the streets of the city, forgetting his own grief in the mountain tragedy which he saw about him.

The students of the University had set their faces toward the western provinces, but at that time Mr. Chang had thought he was too old to make a journey. Now he decided he was too old to stay behind. Alone, he started to trek westward.

Outside the city, two of his former students hailed him. They, too, were travelling west. "You must not try to travel alone," they told him. "Come and join our group. We are Christians now, and there is a company of us from our church who are moving on. We are poor, but we share what we have and get along. We have some supplies and funds from American Christians to help us on our journey. You will be most welcome."

So Mr. Chang joined in with the Christian refugees as they traveled across China. They moved slowly, for there were little children and old folks in the group. There were a few pigs and some ducks; also household goods and books to be transported. They cooked rice and bean curd beside the road, and at night slept where they could find shelter. Sometimes it was a ruined temple; sometimes a deserted pig sty. And always, after night had fallen, some one of the travellers would produce a bit of candle which was lighted and placed in the centre of the group. By its flickering light, a passage of Scripture was read—usually from the Gospels, while all listened intently. And then there was a prayer, and sometimes a hymn.

At first Mr. Chang sat apart, outside the circle who took part in this little rite of worship. He was not unfamiliar with the words of the Gospels—he had studied them as a young man and frequently referred to them in his lectures. But as he listened to them read by these poor people as they huddled together for comfort and mutual encouragement, something of the spirit of the days in which those Scriptures were written took hold of his imagination. Something of their meaning for the present world dawned on his keen mind. Something of the kindness and fellowship and faith of that little group drew him closer and closer within the circle.

At last, one day, he called aside one of the young men who had first invited him to join them in their journey. "I, too, wish to become a Christian," he said, simply. "Can it be arranged?"

"We shall be most happy to welcome you," replied his companion. "But tell me—you used to teach that the philosophy of Confucius was all men needed for the good life."

"That was long ago," mused the teacher. "For times like this, the wisdom of Confucius is not enough. Nothing but the love of Christ will do."—The Presbyterian.