

Temperance Column

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

THE CURSE OF LEGALIZED LIQUOR

Legalized liquor has brought the United States to the status of blind Sampson grinding in the mills of the Philistines. Every day disease, degradation, debauchery, destruction and despair as the results of the insane traffic in alcoholic beverages, gives confirmation of this truth. Principles have been sold for pelf, and perjury of the national conscience is the consequence.

How can there be respect for law by the youths of our country when they are continually facing its absurdities in the legal manufacture and sale of the deadly concoctions that craze the brain and make debauchees, criminals, and brutes of our citizenry? All classes of people are practically forced to participate in the manufacture, sale, consumption, and distribution of liquors, and when many have been made criminals as the result they are sent to jails, penitentiaries, and to the electric chair or made subjects for the hangman's rope by the same government that is responsible for their condition. There can be no doubt, as statistics will show, that our nation has been blinded by the repeal of our prohibition laws and that Satanic powers are jubilant as the result.

The first step toward repentance is to stop the wheels of machinery that is running out the liquid fire of perdition to ruin, debauch, and brutalize the nation. And it is not too late if our American citizens who have the right use of their senses would arise to the occasion and use their God-given facilities in the repudiation of the liquor curse. Will they do this or continue to let King Alcohol wield the scepter in the destruction of the God-given heritage that has come to us in throwing off the yoke of the monarchical system of the Old World.

The corrupt political forces and the liquor powers offered the government in revenue large sums of money. They claimed repeal would curb the bootleggers, but the latter are more active than before repeal in every state in the Union. It must be remembered that the devil, who made promises through the liquor forces and corrupt politicians, is a liar and the father of lies as recorded in the Holy Writ, and has never been known to keep his promises, unless in some cases where they might prove advantageous in the advancement of his own cause. The promise was there should be no open saloons, but every promise has been broken; there has been no curbing of the traffic anywhere under the seal of the government. As it stands today the government sponsored liquor traffic is a hundred per cent more deadly and destructive than it was in the old saloon days. Advanced motor power and speed has contributed to this end. Can it be otherwise than that we are facing another great war as the result of our national sins in both Church and State?—Mrs. Alma White in the Dry Legion.

"Only melted gold is minted; only moistened wax receives the die; only broken hearts can take and keep the impress of heaven. If that is thy condition, wait beneath the pressure of the Holy Spirit. He shall leave the image of Jesus upon thee."—Finney.

FINNEY ON DRESS

Every Christian makes an impression by his conduct, and witnesses either for one side or the other. His looks, dress, whole demeanor, make a constant impression on one side or the other. He cannot help testifying for or against religion. He is either gathering with Christ or scattering abroad. Every step you take, you tread on cords that will vibrate to all eternity. Every time you move, you touch keys whose sound will re-echo over all the hills and dales of heaven and through all the dark caverns and vaults of hell. Every movement of your lives you are exerting a tremendous influence that will tell on the immortal interests of souls all around you. Are you asleep while all your conduct is exerting such an influence?

Are you going to walk in the street? Take care how you dress. What is that on your head? What does that gaudy ribbon and those ornaments upon your dress say to everyone that meets you? It makes the impression that you wish to be thought pretty. Take care! You might just as well write on your clothes, "No truth in religion." It says, "Give me dress, give me fashion, give me flattery, and I am happy." The world understands this testimony as you walk the streets. You are "living epistles, known and read of all men."

If you show pride, levity, bad temper, and the like, it is like tearing open the wounds of the Saviour. How Christ might weep to see professors of religion going about hanging up his cause to contempt at the corners of streets! Only "let the women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair or gold or pearls or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works;" only let them act consistently, and their conduct will tell on the world, heaven will rejoice, and hell groan at their influence.

But O, let them display vanity, try to be pretty, bow down to the goddess of fashion, fill their ears with ornaments and their fingers with rings. Let them put feathers in their hats and clasps upon their arms, lace themselves up till they can hardly breathe. Let them put on their "round tires and walk mincing as they go," and their influence is reversed. Heaven puts on the robes of mourning, and hell may hold a jubilee. Your spirit and deportment produce an influence on the world against religion. How shall the world believe religion when the witnesses are not agreed among themselves, and the sum of their whole testimony is, there is no need of being pious? O, how guilty! Perhaps hundreds of souls will meet you in the Judgment, and curse you (if they are allowed to speak) for leading them to hell by practically denying the truth of the gospel.

The life fellowship with God cannot be built up in a day. It begins with the habitual reference of all to Him, hour by hour, as Moses did in Egypt. But it moves on to more and longer periods of communication; and it finds its consummation and bliss in days and nights of intercession and waiting and holy intercourse.—F. B. Meyer.

The Christian who is not sanctified wholly may under favorable circumstances give hearty praise, but only the pure-hearted praise whole-heartedly.

THE SABBATH

Our Lord declared that the Sabbath was made for man. This puts obedience to God's spiritual laws on the basis of a practical recognition of the Divine plan for life. The "red-letter day" on our calendars is, first, a day of rest. It turns a corner. Our bodies cry for it as much as our souls. The Sabbath Day is for worship. The indifference with which many nominal Christians treat the worship of God might lead an observer from Mars to conclude that worship decreases with the purity of belief, for many heathen are far more faithful to their false and broken light than those who name the Name of Jesus. The Sabbath Day is a day of opportunity. The Lord's Day is the most significant day of the seven. Its occupations, ministries, joys, and labor tell what quality of life is being lived. When laziness takes the place of rest, when self-indulgence takes the place of worship, when the day becomes a waste-basket for undone duties of other days, for trivialities, for self-seeking, then the tone of life goes down, the home life suffers, children grow up to bring concern to their people, health and wealth lose their blessing, and things generally go wrong.—The Presbyterian.

CANNIBALISM

Dr. VanDyke once pictured evil-speaking in the following brief, pointed paragraph: "Cannibalism," he said, "is dying out among the barbarous tribes, but it still survives among the most highly civilized peoples. You might find yourself in some difficulty if you invited a company of friends to a feast in which the principal dish was a well-roasted neighbor. Everybody would refuse with horror. But if you wish to serve up somebody's character at a social entertainment, or pick the bones of somebody's reputation in a quiet corner, you will find ready guests and almost incredible appetites."—Selected.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

The strength of importuning prayer!

To wholly on the Lord depend

For needed grace in every test

For strength to labor at our best;

For calm endurance to the end—

What overcoming power is there!

The depth of interceding prayer!

When wants of self are all forgot,

When but a passion for the lost,

For whom Christ paid the staggering cost

O'erfloods the soul in billows hot—

Ah, there is power for service there

The blessed joy of fervent prayer!

When grateful thanks unbounded rise

In praise to God for mercies given;

For joy of life and hope of heaven;

His majesty in earth and skies—

What wealth of happiness is there!

The power, the depth, the joy of prayer!

When mortal man with God communes,

Unburdens there his inmost soul;

Completely yields to His controls;

Offers in praise his heaven-born tunes—

Oh, for a richer life of prayer!

—Kathryn Blackburn Peck