

Temperance Column

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

I AM ALCOHOL

I am no respecter of persons.

I regard not the honor of men, the virtue of women nor the welfare of little children.

I slay both my friends and my enemies. Since Noah came out of the ark I have been the handmaiden of sorrow and desolation.

I corrupt the courts of kings and weaken the defenders of nations.

I bring death into the palaces of the rich and into the hovels of the poor.

I eat out the vitals of kingdoms and help overthrow peace, prosperity, culture and knowledge.

I love darkness rather than light.

I hate truth and knowledge, for my commercial existence and supremacy depend upon beguiling and deceiving the children of men.

I despise virtue and righteousness, yet I pretend that my coat is made up of fair dealings.

I rob men, women and children of food and clothing; yet I lay the foundation for effective work when I am clothed as the social drink.

My mission on earth is to curse, damn and destroy.

When chemists disrobe me, men take warning; but I am an everlasting and efficient worker.

I leave no stone unturned.

I come dressed as light wines and beer; as fine wines and whiskies; as sparkling champagne and Scottish highballs; as mint juleps and egg-nogs; as Government bonded and moonshine liquor. But whatever my clothes, my purpose is to beguile, deceive, enslave and destroy my victims.

I preach personal liberty, but as soon as I bind the cords of appetite about my victims, they become my slaves.

I flatter strong men and beautiful women,—but when they succumb to my insidious wiles, I put them in prisons and lunatic asylums.

I am a menace to organized society, law, peace and order, increase taxes by increasing crime, sickness and poverty.

I bring children into the world with minds and bodies already injured by my blistering, blighting torch.

I am one of man's worst enemies yet I win by seeming friendliness and sociability.

I cause the churchman to desert his seat in the amen corner, and as soon as I strengthen the cords of appetite I throw him into the gutter with the vilest of criminals, and they wallow therein.

I turn him who is endowed with a brilliant mind into a raving maniac.

I change a loving father into a heartless brute.

I turn a devoted wife and mother into a woman of shame.

I am an archangel of His Satanic Majesty, the Devil.

I AM ALCOHOL!

—Publisher Unknown

JOHN WESLEY'S RULE

Do all the good you can,

By all the means you can,

In all the ways you can,

To all the people you can,

As long as you ever can.

SAM JONES ON THE "SECOND BLESSING"

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you hear one of the sisters in the Church just pitching into these "second blessing fanatics," as she calls them, you may set it down that she is one of them old gals that either has a punch-bowl in her house, or she slips across to her neighbor and just "takes a little," or leads in some form of worldliness.

Sometimes folks have said that I "fit" the second blessing people. I want to say right here and now, it is not true. I never did any such thing. I do not fight 'em; I just trim 'em up sometimes, like I do all the other gangs, and they need trimming just like the balance of you folks need it.

The second blessing people are right in heart; some of them are wrong in the head. Some second blessing people (so-called) haven't got the right spirit and maybe don't live right, but I can say this—such folk just haven't got any second blessing, and if they ever had it, they've lost it. And I can say that some of the crowd that is everlastingly fighting the second blessing folks may have had the first blessing when they commenced the fight, but they have fought until they have lost the first blessing.

You have got to have a clean heart if you have a clean life, and God demands both; and yet some of the worldly gang in the church are whining.

"I just can't live without sin; I just have to sin every day; I am just a poor worm of the dust, and poor human nature is so frail that I just can't live without sin."

Well, now, just tell me what sin is it that you are compelled to commit every day? Just sit down and write it out on a piece of paper and look at it, and see which of the commandments you have got to break every day of your life. What sin or sins do you have to commit every day of your life? What a libel on your Saviour! What slander on the atoning blood of the Lamb! For what was the Lamb slain? Why did the crimson tide flow from the side of Divine Innocence if it was not to cleanse us from ALL sin? Did He not come to save us from sin? Where sin abounded, did not grace much more abound?

No, brother, sister, thank God, it is false when you say you have to sin. You sin because you want to sin, and you insult your Lord and misrepresent the Atonement when you seek to cover your guilt or apologize for your love for something forbidden, by pleading a necessity for sin.—From Holiness Banner.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART"

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blessedness associated with the pure in heart. The present happiness, however, is as nothing compared to that which is future. Heart purity prepares us for the glorious inheritance of the saints in light. It is required of all those who shall share the glory which Christ in John 17:24 prayed that they might share with Him. This purity of heart is not an impractical, unreasonable, mythical something. Instead, it is a preparation for useful, happy living here, and for an eternity of uninterrupted fellowship with the Triune God.—Wesleyan Methodist.

PRAYER AND CRITICISM

Dr. M. D. Hoge used to tell of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said:

"Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor, and try to get rid of them?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other. "I will do it."

They went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you bow down with me, and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer."

It was done; and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me."

But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil himself, and I have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you."—Sel.

"GET YOUR LAZARUS"

In a great mission hall in Leeds, England, Dr. Chadwick prayed God to give them a Lazarus. The prayer was answered remarkably, and Lazarus, a man whose brutality and wickedness were a by-word, came. When it happened, "the people came that they might see Lazarus also, whom he raised from the dead." The largest building could not contain the crowds who came—not to hear Dr. Chadwick preach, but to see Lazarus. This man had been guilty of every brutal crime in the calendar except murder.

His presence in a religious meeting was a sensation. The next morning after his conversion he told the men at the quarry what Christ had done for him. Men who, a week before, had hardly dared look at him, now sneered, taunted and tempted the giant. He bore it meekly until Friday when, in moving a great rock, he bruised his finger, and swore a great oath. The men then laughed and taunted him about his religion. To their surprise, he dropped to his knees, clasped his hands and, while the blood flowed from his wound, he cried to God in his agony of soul. When peace came, he rose quietly to see every man standing with head uncovered; he had won!

The next Sunday the town turned out to see Bob—now Lazarus—go to church. The common people, the praying people—all sorts of people, came that they might see "Lazarus whom Jesus raised from the dead." The revival continued for months. Said Dr. Chadwick, "Do you want to know how to fill empty churches? Here is the answer: 'Get your Lazarus.'"

It is written, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Sel.

In preaching to the heathen we must keep to the example of Paul, and make the great subject of our preaching Christ, the Crucified.—Wm. Carey.

"When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without a heart."—Bunyan.