

DRINK IS TO BLAME

By Earl T. Gentry

A few days ago I promised a mother I would go visit her son in prison. Today I traveled some distance and talked with that boy. He was just twenty. I know for I asked him. The conversation turned to the old home town. He inquired about the young fellows he knew back home and then voluntarily said: "Tell them to shoot straight and never come to a place like this." He went on to talk freely, yet soberly, for he had now had time to reflect on all the circumstances that led him into trouble. He said, "I got back from over seas and decided I would 'let go' and have a big time. I GOT TO DRINKING AND THAT IS WHAT CAUSED ME TO BE HERE."

That is a sample of what drink does for youth!

On my return home I had some time to reflect upon the past. I have been an avowed fighter of the liquor traffic. I thank God for the part I have had in several Local Options in which the sale of intoxicating beverages was voted out. I am grateful for the victory that God gave in our most recent election in our town where we now minister. Beer, wine and liquor was overwhelmingly voted out.

But someone may say, "This twenty year old boy just couldn't handle his drinks." I renewed my vow then and there, that so long as there was one fellow left "who couldn't handle his drinks," I would be fighting the liquor traffic in his behalf.—Wesleyan Youth.

DO YOU KNOW ME?

I am the greatest criminal in history.
I have killed more men than have fallen in all the wars of the world.

I have turned more men into brutes.
I have made millions of homes unhappy.

I have transformed many ambitious youths into hopeless parasites.

I make smooth the downward path for countless millions.

I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.
I ensnare the innocent.

I make the wise man a fool and trample the fool into his folly.

The abandoned wife knows me; the hungry children know me; the parents whose child has bowed their gray heads in sorrow know me.

I have ruined millions of women and if I am allowed, will ruin millions more.

I am alcohol; do you know me?

I am alcohol; have you ever voted for me?

—Exchanges

LINCOLN SAID

"This legalized liquor traffic, as carried on in the saloons and grog-shops, is the tragedy of civilization. Good citizenship demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known, but be made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected but destroyed. The saloon has proved itself to be the greatest foe, the most blighting curse of our modern civilization, and this is the reason why I am a practical Prohibitionist. We must not be satisfied until the public sentiment of this nation and the individual conscience shall be instructed to look upon the saloon-keeper and the liquor-seller, with all the license earth can give him, as simply and only a privileged male-factor—a criminal."

SPEAKING OF OUR MUSIC

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of sacred song. What you say in your song will be remembered much longer than that which is declared through the preaching ministry. Therefore, how great is your responsibility, how wonderful your opportunity! Should we waste such golden moments in singing songs that carry but a questionable message, much less numbers which border on the ridiculous? Truly it is our task to bless the saints, but can there be any lasting blessing derived from songs that carry a questionable content?

What can be the mental or spiritual reaction to a statement like, "I'm sometimes up, I'm sometimes down, comin' for to carry me home," or, "On the Jericho road there's room for just two," or, "If heaven's not my home then, Lord, what will I do?" or "Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground"? Gone seem to be the days when you hear a gospel soloist sing with a burdened heart such soul-thrilling appeals as, "Where will you spend eternity?" "To be lost in the night," "Eternity is calling you," or, "I dreamed that the great judgment morning..." May I make a plea for a return to a better type gospel singing, a revaluation of the treasures you hold in your hand, a new appreciation of the opportunities you have as a gospel singer to bring the powerful message of the Cross to the hearts of saved and unsaved alike.

The question naturally arises, What type songs should we sing in order to best bring about the desired results? This must be answered by each singer for himself. The song must first grip the singer, it must become a part of him, he must feel the message with his heart and soul, and the melody must be of the type that fits his voice. This, I believe, is more important than a display of talent or training.

The matter of tempo and rhythm needs to very presence of God. That same number can very simple but if sung reverently, and soulfully, it can be the means of great blessing. If sung in the proper tempo, a tempo suited to sacred music, it can lead souls into the be carefully considered. The song may be sung to a syncopated or other improper rhythm or exaggerated speed, and instead of being instrumental in producing a spirit of worship, it can appeal to the natural rhythmic instincts of all people and soon may be heard the tapping of feet and those who have formerly been habitues of the dance floor will in all probability have vivid memories of such days.

By this I mean to say that there are certain rhythmic effects that appeal, not to the spiritual, but to the sensual. We all know that it is necessary to have rhythm in all music, otherwise it could not be performed; but, brothers and sisters, let us avoid the use of exaggerated tempos that remind us of the jazz orchestras, and that bring into our services the malarial miasmas of the world. Let us, in the words of Paul, "come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." (II. Cor. 6:17).

If we must sing about "a little prayer wheel turning" or "the roundup in the skies," or "I just got to heaven and I can't sit down," or if we must use the weird harmonies and, in many instances, meaningless words of some of the Negro spiritualists, may it not be best to set these aside for use in social gatherings

OBITUARY

Nathaneal Jones passed away at his home in Fredericton on September 27th. Our brother was a highly respected citizen, he was Chief of Police until he had to retire because of illness. The funeral service was conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. F. A. Dunlop and Rev. A. B. Gibson.

It was joy to hear our good brother's testimony and to know he was ready to meet his Lord. He leaves to mourn his passing besides his widow, four daughters and three sons. May the Lord comfort the hearts of the mourning ones.

H. E. MULLEN.

EFFECTUAL BELIEF

Faith in Jesus Christ is such a deep and sincere conviction of his Deity and the truth of His words, as leads one to give up his own ways and **surrender himself to Him as the Lord and Master of his life**, without whose grace and saving power he is an undone sinner, but through Whom he may become a child of God by faith.—Dr. W. E. Denham.

or in meetings dedicated purely to entertainment!

In conclusion, may I urge all who have the high calling and the exalted privilege of singing the gospel to select from the vast store of God-inspired songs such as will edify the saints, awaken sinners to their deep needs, and bring glory to that "name which is above every name." I may be as a "voice of one crying in the wilderness" to which scant heed will be paid, but with all my heart and soul I plead with our beloved gospel singers everywhere to sing the gospel.

Paul's exhortation to Timothy may not be out of place, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned into fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry" (II. Tim. 4:1-5).

—Herald of Holiness

RE ARTICLE, "SPEAKING OF MUSIC"

For a long time I have had it in mind to write something on this theme, but never felt I could do justice to it, but here is an article that expresses my sentiments to the single letter, and the author has done a far better job than I could have done, and as a song writer and musician, is much better qualified to speak. I commend this to all singers who read The Highway and, I trust, other papers will reprint, until this most excellent article has an extensive reading. My one comment will be that with so many sound and solid hymns, it is a pity to fall for such cheap stuff, and the pity of it all is that the singing of jazzy cheap ditties seems to destroy appreciation for the noble and scriptural and high class hymns.

H. C. MULLEN

The King's Highway