

Rough On Saloons

Rats are a r. tinacious nuisance, and the best remedy for them is rough on rats.

Saloons are a pestif. rous plague, and the most powerful extermin. t. r of them is Prohibition.

Saloons are a greter curse to society than bugs are to potatoes.

They have been rough on society for a long time, and now it is time for society to retaliate and be rough on them.

Extr. ipate them and peace and plenty will reign in the land.

They are nasty places, and a rendezvous for nasty people. Drunkards visit them naturally as a hog does a mud hole. Decent folks, who have any respect for themselves, keep out.

They are foul, vile, corrupt, like a nest of unclean birds.

They are no more ornamental in our cities than warts on our noses.

They are more noxious than weeds, more subtle than serpents, and more voracious than grasshoppers.

They are great absorbers, like the bogs of Ireland. Time, money, health and reputation invested in them is lost.

They are Satan's mousetraps, by which he catches thousands every year.

Keep out of them as you would out of a crocodile's mouth, for the best and safest side of a saloon is the outside.—*James A. Stolbert.*

Backbiting

The late Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, tells 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 caudor, and try to get rid of them?"

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

Then he went aside, and the former said:

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

It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who 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 about you, I have been serving the devil myself, and I have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you."

Doctor Hoge tells the story very well, and here and there in almost every community is a man or woman who might profit by it.—*Religious Herald.*

Daily Bread and Daily Cross

By Rev. Joel B. Slocum

We do not shrink to ask for daily bread
Of Him who taught to us that daily prayer;
And should it fill our souls with nameless dread,
That He asks us our daily cross to bear?

His gifts are every morning new and sweet,
And every evening they are plenteous still;
But in return, He simply doth entreat
That we should wear His yoke and do His will.

We take His daily boon with eager hand,
And like ungrateful children cry for more;
But when He begs our help in every land,
We turn Him empty-handed from our door.

Lord, teach us how to pray and how to live!
To know that daily bread means daily cross;
That who get are poor unless we give,
And losing self is gain instead of loss.
Concord, N. H., January, 1903.

Needing A Rest

A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money and sent him off to the continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church, and said to him, "Oh, by the by, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well. He didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the church member, very calmly, "it was not him, it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

The Power of the Blood of Christ.

Some are telling us, even in the church to-day, the professing church at least, that the old-fashioned doctrine of salvation by a substitutionary sacrifice will not do for this day of advanced thinking. Some one is constantly coming forward with some new theory of the atonement beside that given in the Bible, that "That He who knew no sin was made sin in our place, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Now anybody that knows that these exploited theories are not new but have been exploited literally for centuries, and they will never in all history have shown their power to bring a sinner's guilty conscience peace. But is the old doctrine played out? I affirm to you to-night that our preaching to the unsaved has centered and been built upon one fundamental truth, that of the vicarious atonement on the cross of Calvary. The doctrine of atonement is as old as Paul, yea as old as Jesus, yea as old as the 53d of Isaiah and the 12th chapter of Exodus, as old as Isaiah and Moses. Has it done the work of God. Yes, The Chinaman has listened to the Gospel, spoken first by my lips and then repeated through an interpreter, and he has been saved. The Japanese has received it; the philosophic Hindoo has received it; the colonist of the South Seas has received it; Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen have received it. The same old doctrine of salvation by Christ's atoning blood has proved its power 35,000 miles around the earth. Will anything else do it? Well, if it will why don't you use it?

The Saloon Must Go

The saloon must go,
With its crime and woe,
And all of its evils that burden us so,
The careless church member—
Who fails to remember
That duty should spurn him to master the foe—
His actions say not;
But yet it will go.

The saloon must go,
Though the drunkard says no,
For blear-eyed and wretched he hugs his worst foe.
While for a short season,
Benefit of his reason,
The poor hardened sinner his "wild oats" will sow.
But oh, the sad reaping,
The wailing, the weeping!
The saloon must go,
Though drunkards say no.

The saloon must go,
Though brewers say no,
For profits unrighteous from beer barrels flow.
They find their chief pleasure,
In heaping up treasure
That's rung with hearts broken with sorrow and woe.
Though the brewers say no,
The saloon must go.

The saloon must go,
Though the barkeepers say no,
While each year more hardened and shame-ful they grow.

They ruin the lives
Of the children and wives,
They cause all the sorrow the hunger and woe.

That evermore come
To the victims of rum,
Barkeepers say no;
But still it must go.

The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!
While viewing the heartaches, the ruin and woe.

The brewer and the vender,
In spite of their splendor,
Must shoulder, though for it they heaven forego.

The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!

Awake! Face the foe!
Fan the ember aglow,
That still in the conscience are slumbering low.

While the victims are weeping,
Can Christians lie sleeping!
For God and His cause strike the death-dealing blow.

The saloon must go,
For God's word says so.
--*Ram's Horn.*

"Wanted, A Bartender."

The other day I picked up a newspaper, and glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"WANTED—A Bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply," etc.

Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such an advertisement in any other line of business? How would an advertisement like this look?

"WANTED—A Barber, who never has had his hair cut. Apply at the barber shop on the corner."

Or this?

"WANTED—A salesman in a shoe store. He must go barefoot while on duty. Apply at Blank's Shoe Store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance or total abstinence fanatics in order to continue its business?

For some years many of the great railroads, banks, and other corporations have insisted upon partial abstinence from intoxicating liquor by their employees, and now liquor dealers themselves are advertising for total abstainers to sell their product, thereby confessing the demoralization wrought by it; and yet we are told that the United States army cannot be maintained, and that discipline among the soldiers is at an end unless liquor saloons are maintained by the government.

What a humbug the liquor traffic is!—*The Safeguard.*

"To trust God when our warehouses and bags are full, and our tables are spread, is no hard thing; but to trust Him when our purse is empty, but a handful of meal and crust of oil left, and all the ways of relief stopped—herein lies the wisdom of a Christian's grace."

'Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him what'er betide;
Thou'll find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move."