

time. And what progress could he make against the saloon if he was less radical? If it is proper for a Christian to drink what argument can be made against the use of alcohol by the non-Christian world?

He does not confine himself, either, to the moral suasion side. He is prepared to meet any argument that ever has been made, or ever will be made, in behalf of the saloon. He assails it as an economic evil and as a menace to morals. He condemns it because it saps the strength of the body, lessens the productive power of the man, and robs the community of service to which it is entitled. He condemns it because it benumbs the intellect, increases the number of accidents, and shortens the natural expectancy of the man who uses it. He condemns it because it increases larceny, provokes murder, diminishes the citizen's security and increases the burden of his taxes, because it diverts to the till of the bar money needed by the wife and child. He condemns it because it shortens the school term of boys and girls and sends them out to bear the burdens of life when they ought to be engaged in preparation for a larger work; because it not only squanders in the worship of King Alcohol money that would otherwise be employed in the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, but multiplies the calls upon those who are charitably inclined.

But, however well equipped for contest on economic grounds, Billy Sunday is most a gladiator when he enters the arena of morals. It is when he addresses himself to the conscience of the individual that he is at his best. There is no sophistry that can withstand his thrusts. The man who goes into partnership with the liquor dealer, whether he furnishes the capital, the liquor, or the votes that called the saloon into existence—no matter which of these essentials he supplies—has no business entering into joint debate with Mr. Sunday.

If Mr. Sunday ever needs testimonials to the efficacy of his work for prohibition he can obtain them in abundance in Colorado, Nebraska and Michigan, where his work contributed mightily to the recent victories for state prohibition; and in Kansas City, where the change in sentiment was so pronounced that the county went dry in the recent election. When national prohibition comes—which will be within a few years—it will be found that a very considerable share of the credit will be due to this intrepid David, who, with unerring aim, has for many years been hurling pebbles at this giant evil.

THE MESSAGE

The message is the measure of the minister. It is the final test in every vocation and profession, as well as in the ministry, but it is supremely important in the ministry. Men are not called to the ministry merely to earn a living or to spend their lives in a pleasant environment among sympathetic friends. They are called, if called at all, to bring human beings into intimate acquaintanceship with God, his Word and his Son.

They must, of course, have food and clothing, and they must also have shelter, even though the Master whom they follow had not where to lay his head. They are under no obligation to seek hardship for hardship's sake, and they need not reproach themselves because they find congenial spirits with whom to commune. Happiness is not inconsistent with service, they ought to travel together, but the heart must not be set on happiness. The minister's heart must yearn to bring other hearts into harmony with God, with Christ, as "the way, the truth, the life."

Has Billy Sunday a message? No unbiased person will doubt it who will bring himself under the spell of his voice. Mr. Sunday does not apologize for the Bible; he just preaches it. He does not try to expurgate the Scriptures; he endeavors rather to purge the heart of unbelief. He tries to strip sin of the drapery, old fashioned or new fashioned, that conceals its hideousness. He begs his listeners to give obedience to the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," which, interpreted in the language of today and applied to the present besetting sin, reads "Thou shalt not put thyself before God." He leaves to those who have more time and less zeal the drawing of nice distinctions and the explanation of derivations—he must be about his Master's business, that of winning souls. His success demonstrates the irresistible power of the Gospel when the min-

MY WISH FOR YOU

That the years may give you time for work, developing, fruitful, ennobling work; time for play, merry, restful, recreative play; time for friendship, firm, constant, sustaining friendship; time, abundance of time, for love with all its joys and but few of its sorrows; time for happiness and this all the time; time to grow old, peacefully, gently, gracefully; and then time to die, as one who passes into sleep at night, confident he will see the sun in the morning.—John Malmesbury Wright, New Year's Day 1916. San Francisco.

inster is, like Paul, "determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Christ reduced truth to its lowest and simplest terms—His words lose force when amended or modified. Just as the living spring owes its giving power to the fact that it is connected with a reservoir higher than itself, so the Christian becomes like a living spring only when he is connected through Christ with the Heavenly Father, and thus becomes the means through which the goodness of God pours out to a waiting world.

It is the business of Christ's messengers to point out the simplicity of the Bible plan, so that everyone may know that salvation is within his reach—that it is as easy for an unbeliever to be converted to Christianity as it is for an honest man to become a thief or for a law-abiding citizen to become a murderer—no matter how much time may have been spent in contemplating the act, the decision itself requires but an instant.

No evangelist has ever been more successful than Mr. Sunday in making plain the path that leads from the abodes of sin to the foot of the cross. His growth proves that the Bible is its own best defense, that the world is eager for the truth—that "the harvest is ripe."

I have already spoken of the sins against which he inveighs with greatest earnestness, because they are the sins which are most destructive. It is sufficient to point out, in conclusion, the universality of his appeal. Christianity, to vindicate its claim upon all people and its right to live for all time, must fit into every human need and be sufficient for every human being, everywhere and forever.

This is the Christianity that Billy Sunday preaches—the Gospel of the second chance, for all are sinners and need forgiveness—a religion to live by as well as to die by, for it guides the young, strengthens the mature and consoles the aged. It defines the duties and obligations of both employer and employee, and fixes the responsibilities of those who labor independently. It shows the poor how to turn their abilities and opportunities to the best advantage; it teaches the well-to-do how to wisely use that which they have accumulated; and it warns the wealthy against the "cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," which "choke the truth."

Christianity presents as its central figure the Prince of Peace, who is able to bring peace to every heart, and whose teachings, when applied among men, will bring peace between community and community, between state and state, and between nation and nation throughout the world. Mr. Sunday's appeals crowd the mourner's bench to overflowing because they present a living, throbbing Christianity—a Christianity without qualification and without limitation in time or space or power.

Any namesake desiring a copy of the November Commoner containing the Heart to Heart quotations from Mr. Bryan's speeches, can secure the same on application to Commoner office.

The Texas peanut crop this year is estimated at twenty-four million dollars. This ought to be large enough to give enjoyment to every baseball attendant next summer.

Someone, after examining the returns, sagely remarked that the progressive leaven seemed to work best where there was the least "dough."

To High School Students

This audience recalls a day in my life forty-two years ago and more when I was a high school boy, for I was only fourteen when I became a member of a Christian church by conversion. I look back to that day as the most important day of my life. It has had far more to do with my life than any other day, and the Book to which I swore allegiance on that day has been more to me than any party platform.

I share in the joy you give to the older generation in coming tonight to put your hearts under the influences of a great appeal. Students, if you will count the books which you will have to study before you complete the prescribed course you will find that it takes a multitude of books to train the human mind; and when you have studied them all, that mind is but the agent of something greater than the mind itself. The mind is but the instrument used by the heart, and it takes only one Book to train the heart that ought to be the master of the mind. All your books will not save your life from failure if your heart goes wrong; if your heart goes right it can take a head, however dull, and make it useful to society.

You come, therefore, to hear something more important than they teach in the school. You come to learn a truth that ought to enter into the mind and sink into the heart of every student, namely, that there is no reason why any boy or girl should ever make a failure of life.

All your learning will not keep you from falling. Learning has no power to save a human being from sin. You come tonight to consider the claims of a Book that can save you, that can add to every joy that comes through the body or the mind, that can refine every pleasure known to the physical man or to the mental man. You have come tonight to learn of that larger life into which the great evangelist will invite you as he presents to you the only Book that is good always and everywhere—the Book that will guide your footsteps when you are young and throw light upon your path during mature years, and the only Book one cares to have beside him as the evening of life approaches. I am here to join with you in drawing inspiration from the address to which we are now ready to listen.—From Mr. Bryan's speech at Billy Sunday's Boston meeting.

"FULL FED FATNESS"

The Chicago Tribune comes out of the campaign with less to its credit than any other republican paper in the west. Its attacks on the President before the election were disreputable; its attacks on the voters since the election have been disgraceful. It cuts it to the quick to see the west save the President when the east deserted him, for is not the west the Tribune's special field of effort?

It compares the people to Esau and fears that the people "gorged on material prosperity" will "die of surfeit." The Milwaukee Free Press joins in the dirge and bewails the "full-fed-fatness" of the voters; the "indolent fatness of the few."

Too bad. Too bad. And the Tribune and its tribe said the people would STARVE under a democratic administration, but instead of that gluttony has made them indifferent to republican threats. And this doleful complaint comes from the very republicans who thought the full dinner pail argument perfectly legitimate in 1900.

Another reason why St. Louis put up such a whopping big majority against closing the saloons in Missouri is that she has ambitions to entertain other national political conventions, and there must be somebody to put up the bonus.

It took several weeks for Mr. Hughes to make up his mind that all was lost. This is one of the few instances that seem to prove the New York newspapers do have some influence in making up a man's mind.

Republican editors are holding inquests over the question of, can the republican party come back? Well not as long as it insists on going back—to its old leadership.