

Profanity.

The term "profanity" means strictly the profaning, or turned to improper uses of the Name of God. It is used loosely to cover a multitude of sins of the tongue. Some of these are described below.

Swearing.

Swearing is calling God to witness the truth of what we say. It is proper in its proper place: when we speak the truth and when there is sufficient reason, as in court, to lend extra solemnity to our testimony. It is sinful to call God to witness a lie or to call Him to witness the truth in trivial matters.

Cursing.

Cursing is wishing evil to one of God's creatures -- generally the worst evil that can befall a creature. You might as well kick a man downstairs and not mean it as curse him and not mean it.

Blasphemy.

Blasphemy is wishing evil to God or to holy persons or things, villifying them, denying one of God's attributes, etc. Until certain books came out recently, it was a rare sin in this country.

Vain Use of God's Name.

Taking God's name in vain is the use of the Divine Names in disrespect or, anger, as an interjection or an imprecation. Keep the Holy Name for your prayers. It should be on your lips at death -- but not as an imprecation.

"God also hath exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above all names:

"That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth:

"And that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is ~~the~~ in the glory of God the Father." -- Phil. --2: 9-11.

Bed-Time Story.

III

The dark fat lady with bundles who oozed into the subway with Achitophel seemed to find difficulty arranging herself and in an over-anxious moment she let a flatiron fall on the guard's foot. Achitophel cocked his ear eagerly, for he was a humble soul, always willing to learn. To his intense disappointment, what he heard was: "Beg your pardon, Ma'am, but I believe you dropped this."

Achitophel blushed for the guard, and then whispered in his ear: "What's the matter, old thing? Have you no vocabulary?"

Without turning to his cruel taunter the guard replied: "Say angel-face, my vocabulary is worth a million dollars. I used to be on the China run. But I've got a number in my cap. Last week my vocabulary cost me ten berries."

(to be continued.)

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