

Congressman, four ex-Governors, and a gentleman who has twice been a candidate for the Presidency, among the number—beginning in November of this year, will go into every State capital city and into every other great city of the nation with an epoch-making political challenge. I fully believe that before the elections of 1916 this movement will have enlisted millions of voters pledged to make their ballots count effectually for the destruction of the liquor institution.

Slowly but surely we are coming to see the fundamental and vital relation of the political party to our unique governmental system. Slowly but surely the great political truth that the political party is the efficient tool by which the people rule, by which they make effective in government the principles for which they stand, has been possessing the minds and consciences of all "forward-looking" citizens. To-day the finger of human welfare is writing upon the wall of liquor-controlled politics, the political "tekell." "Where there is no vision the parties die." We stand in the morning of a great political judgment day!

Men and women, we are comrades in a great fight, a holy war. We have been a long time marching, and the road is blood-marked, but marvelously has the pace quickened in these latter days.

This new zest and heartening courage found everywhere is the fruit of a new realisation of brotherhood in a common cause. We do not forget the past, for out of it come knowledge and inspiration for the present. But we have forever burned behind us the bridges of partisan hate, and forever behind us is the field of fratricidal strife. There is fighting and glory enough for all. Each organisation in its own place, faithful to its fundamental politics and principles, must do its own peculiar work. No worthy organisation will be superseded; no worthy organisation can be spared.

But the goal is a common goal. There is everywhere and always one and the same end in view. The many are parts of a mighty whole. And when in the fullness of time the final assault is marshalled against entrenched, blood-smeared, age-old liquordom, the broken quicksteps of divisions will become the rhythm of a united army.

On the 10th of December, 1913, a great committee went down to Wash-

ington and petitioned Congress. Two thousand men and women swept up historic Pennsylvania Avenue and Capitol Hill, a living appeal for the submission to the several States of the question of national constitutional Prohibition. I marched in that parade.

In front of me, in the Pennsylvania delegation, marched a gray-haired bishop, of my church. Erect, fine of face, with the spring of youth still in his step, his was a presence to which my eyes often turned. Once when he turned to me, I saw that there were tears in his eyes. It was not the first time that he had marched up Pennsylvania Avenue! In 1865, a boy of 19, under the battle-rent flags of his regiment, fresh from Appomattox, he marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in the grand review. And this was the greater march of the two. Not the triumphal procession of a stupendous bloody strife, but the prophetic marshalling of a new and greater freedom in a land that knows no north and no south.

And, as though to bind forever the hearts of brothers once estranged, this new declaration of emancipation was given into the hands of an honoured son of Texas and an heroic Alabaman. Surely if ever the spirits of the departed return to the scenes of their earthly struggles and triumphs, God must have sent the soul of Lincoln to sanctify the consummation of that day. For as Lincoln died for a country united, he dreamed of a nation without a saloon. Lincoln's dream is coming true. "The mills of the Gods grind slowly," but they grind. "They are coming, they are coming like the gathering of the clans, They are coming like the billows of the sea, And the bugle sounds reveille from the midst of all the lands, With the battle cry, 'Saloons shall cease to be.'"

WEDDING BELLS.

On February 1st Miss Wadey, Secretary of Rangiora W.C.T.U., was married to Mr Herps, of the N.S.W. Alliance, and leaves this month for Sydney. The Rangiora Union presented Miss Wadey with two beautifully bound volumes of poets. We offer hearty congratulations and best wishes to our White Ribbon sister.

AN APPEAL.

(By Canon J. Howard B. Masterman, M.A.)

We gave our sons to England
With pride and secret tears,
With all the hope and promise
Of their untarnished years,
That they might do her bidding,
That they might know her worth,
And hold the troth of England
Above all gain on earth.

And she, how has she guarded
The men who heard her call,
Cast off their ease and pleasure,
And gladly gave their all,
Lest, while young knighthood watches
Its armour, like a snare,
Some foul fiend of the darkness
Creep on it—unaware?

Her drink-shops reek around them,
Her vice entraps their way,
Before they face the battle
Their souls are hers to slay,
Too blind to see her duty,
Too weak to guard her trust,
She leaves the lives we lent her
The spoil of drink and lust.

O England, we have given
Our best to serve thy need,
Not for a brewer's profit,
Not for a harlot's greed,
Fair in their life's first promise,
Earth's foul ways yet unrod,
Their lives are thine, O England,
But guard their souls for God.

THE LITTLE LAD'S ANSWER.

Our little Ned came in one day
With dusty shoes and weary feet,
His playtime had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat.
"I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in a corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
"This little lad always comes here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this, and quite as near?"
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then, with the lovelight in his eye,
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, "Why? here she lives,
that's why."

With beaming face the mother heard:
Her mother-heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given,
That thoughtful, loving little lad.
And well! know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true and dear,
That they would answer, as he did,
"Tis home, for Mother's living
here."