

Crusaders of old fought to free the Sepulchre of our Lord from sacrilegious hands; our modern Crusaders, pictured here, prayed and worked to save God's living temples from the defiling and debasing power of King Alcohol. They sounded their war-cry for a saloonless nation, and ringing across the continent and down the years that cry rallied all ranks and all ages, until now the battle is almost won.

Again have women called "to arms" for a Holy War. The Convention in Auckland voiced that call; its members solemnly pledged themselves before High Heaven to spare neither time, labour, nor sacrifice to rouse this Dominion to the foul iniquity of the liquor traffic. We have looked upon physical, mental, and moral degenerates, the products of alcoholic heredity; we have seen the starved, ill-used children, broken-hearted wives and mothers, and as we looked on these, have heard the Master say, "See here the images ye have made of Me." We have drawn the sword, we have flung away the scabbard; we call no halt until we stand upon the white heights of victory, led thither by the Angel of Sacrifice, and see **toppling** into the abyss, from whence it sprung, the devil's pet scheme for ruining the bodies and souls of men—the **Liquor Trade**.

Will every woman heed the clarion call? Let each one ask her neighbour and her friend to pray for National Prohibition. Get every woman linked up with us in White Ribbon Bonds, and make the woman's vote a solid vote for righteousness. Spend and be spent for this glorious cause.

"I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?
I spent long years for thee,
Hast thou spent one for Me?
My Father's House on high,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left it all for Thee,
What hast thou left for Me?"

In Oregon a brewer saw that Prohibition was coming. He turned his three brewery plants into manufacturing fruit juices. The public liked the new drinks, and the breweries are running to their full capacity in producing them, and are employing more men than formerly.

OUR RALLYING CRY.

For God and Home, and Every Land!
Hark to the rallying cry!
Forth to the contest heart and soul,
For truth to live or die!
Who whispers of defeat fling back
In coward teeth the words,
Fill up the thinning ranks, and cry,
"The battle is the Lord's!"

He points to Victory's sun-kissed peaks,
His beckoning hand leads on;
Though hard the way, though steep the path,
The summit shall be won.

For God and Home and Every Land!
Aye, for the world, say we,
No loss we count, no failure own,
With God is Victory!

LIQUOR AND OTHER INDUSTRIES.

For every million dollars invested in the following industries the following number of men are employed:—Liquor, 77; iron and steel and their products, 284; paper and printing, 367; leather and its products, 469; textiles and their finished products, 578; lumber and its manufactures, 579. A comparison of wages shows the proportionate ratio of wages paid to the amount of capital invested:—Liquor, 5.6 per cent.; iron, 17.6 per cent.; paper, 21.3 per cent.; leather, 23.5 per cent.; textiles, 23.9 per cent.; lumber, 27.1 per cent. A quick glance at these figures shows how comparatively little the labour man gets out of the liquor business. If the money spent for intoxicating liquor were spent for bread and clothing it would give employment to nearly eight times as many workers, who would collectively receive five and one-half times as much wages as is now the case in the liquor business.—Address delivered by Charles Stelzie at a national conference of Charities and Correction in U.S.A.

FLIGHTING WINGS.

The mother eagle wrecks the nest
To make her fledglings fly,
But watches each, with wings outstretched,
And fierce maternal eye;
And swoops if any fail to soar,
And lands them on the crag once more.

So God at times breaks up our nest,
Lest, sunk in slothful ease,
Our souls' wings moult and lose the zest
For battle with the breeze;
But ever waits, with arms of love,
To bear our souls all ills above.

SUPERINTENDENTS' LETTERS.

EVANGELISTIC.

Dear Sisters,—For some time we have felt that our Evangelistic Department is not the force in the country which it should be. A number of Unions appear to think they have done all that is required in this matter when they have held prayer meetings amongst their own members. But the Evangel is the Gospel—the Good News of Salvation for lost sinners—and this department fails in its object unless it is making a definite effort to bring them to Jesus. All around us are souls hungry for the Bread of Life, and, perhaps, more to-day than ever. We come in contact with them in the home, the business, the street. Said a prominent minister: "There are thousands of people in New Zealand who are just beginning to awake to their own spiritual interests because of what has happened during the war." Some of them are waiting and longing for us to speak, and if we keep silent, individually we are guilty.

Then may I suggest (if you have not already done so) that you try earnestly to organise cottage meetings, or a house to house visitation, to urge them to attend church or some place of worship. Some Unions, I know, have been very successful in holding cottage meetings, and have reported that souls have been won for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Will you individually pray earnestly in your homes and in your meetings, and, if need be, call a special meeting, that God will show you, and all our Unions throughout this Dominion, how to reach those in yours and other districts who never enter a church, and, apparently, pay no heed to the claims of the Saviour Who died for them?

Will you please have this open letter read in your Union?—Yours for service, and in the White Ribbon bonds,

M. A. JOHNSON WRIGHT,
Evangelistic Superintendent,
10, Seddon Terrace, Wellington South.

The Russian Duma has passed a measure permanently prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors containing more than one and a-half per cent. of alcohol.