

To some one may this experience  
come:

"In those old days, one summer noon,  
an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the  
lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic,  
wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd  
across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a  
king;  
And wheresoever I am sung or told  
On after time this also shall be  
known.  
But now delay not, take Excalibur  
And fling him far into the middle  
mere,  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly  
bring me word."

### THE WHITE BOW.

Wear it where souls in the slime go  
down,  
Lured to their death in the tempting  
town;  
Wear it where men to the heights  
would climb,  
Led by the lure of a goal sublime;  
Wear it where youth must its path  
pursue,  
Ambushed by sin, to the good and  
true;  
Wear it where womanhood fears and  
faints;  
Wear it, that sinners may bloom to  
saints!

Over the waters, and round the globe,  
Spreads the Great Curse, like a death-  
black robe,  
Mantling the races of men with night,  
Shutting them in from the Lord's own  
light,  
Holding them down from the upward  
way,  
Veiling the dawn of the Lord's own  
day;  
Wear the White Ribbon till all shall  
be  
Free from the Curse, and the darkness  
flee!

Far in the East, where the dawn  
grows red,  
"Let there be light!" was the glad  
word said;  
White o'er the world may its gladness  
glow  
Clearer for all who the night must  
know;  
Sweet as the sun may your bow of  
white  
Seem to the souls in the darkest  
night,  
Feeling their way until God is found—  
Then wear your White Ribbon the  
world around!

—"The National Advocate."

### THE STORM CLOUD'S SILVER LINING.

The following extract is from an  
address by Mary Harris Armour, of  
Georgia, at the American National  
Convention of the W.C.T.U.:—"Re-  
gistration day was the saddest day I  
ever experienced. I awoke in the  
morning realising that thousands of  
mothers' boys, and among them my  
own boy, were to be called to the  
colours to defend their country. My  
heart was heavy within me. Sudden-  
ly I remembered the admonition  
of the Scriptures, 'In everything give  
thanks,' and I tried to recall some-  
thing I could be thankful for in these  
troubled days. I thank God that  
this is not a civil war; that we stand  
together as an undivided people in  
this great calamity.

"I thank God that I believe when  
this war is over, as a result of it all  
barriers of class and creed, of sect  
and section, will be broken down as  
never before, and knit together by  
sacrifice, and fused by fire, we will  
present to the world the spectacle of  
a nation absolutely indissoluble.

"I thank God that we have un-  
sheathed a stainless sword. I be-  
lieve the blood shed by our boys in  
France is holy; I believe we are  
making war on war, and that the re-  
sult of this war will be a great world  
federation that will establish world  
peace.

"I thank God that my boy is just  
as safe in France as in the United  
States of America, for I remember  
that my Lord hath said, 'All things  
work together for good to them that  
love Him.' The only safe place, after  
all, for any man or woman is in the  
discharge of duty, for to such men  
and women alone is given the promise  
of the protection of the Almighty. I  
did not raise my son to be a soldier,  
but neither did I raise him to be a  
coward or a slacker, and if he must  
pay the supreme price on the battle-  
front, the path to heaven is no far-  
ther from France than from America.

"And, finally, I thank God because  
I believe this war will result in the  
destruction of a traffic more infamous  
than war itself, the liquor traffic."

In closing, Mrs Armour declared:  
"I believe God waits to bring us to  
our knees, and when we can fight  
under a stainless flag—the flag of a  
nation emancipated from the liquor  
traffic—we shall be victorious."

### PROHIBITION KANSAS.

Governor Capper, of the veteran  
Prohibition State of Kansas, says:  
"Kansas has gone over the top in  
everything connected with the war.  
Army officers, who are slow usually  
about handing out compliments, all  
remark on the physical, mental, and  
moral make-up of the Kansas troops.  
They say no State ever sent a better  
type of young men into the service.  
Not a single Kansas boy was rejected  
on account of alcoholism, and the per-  
centage of rejections for physical  
disabilities was smaller among Kansas  
troops than those of any other State.

### WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE MORNING?

Watchman! What of the morning?  
The night has been sad and long,  
And the storm so fierce and strong  
That eyes are dim with weeping  
For the Sorrow and the wrong.  
Is there any sign of dawning?

Sower! What of the sowing?  
Have you seen the world's great need  
And patiently sown good seed?  
For the wind brings forth the whirl-  
wind—  
And evil must evil breed—  
A harvest of frightful mowing.

Herald! What of the highway?  
Have you made rough places plain  
And the crooked straight again,  
For the King of Peace to enter  
Into a fair domain  
By every main and byway?

Seer! What of the vision?  
Is your spirit quick and keen  
To know what the ages mean?  
For youth will ask the reading  
Of the things that you have seen,  
Ere they make the great decision.

Preacher! What of the Story  
Of Goodwill the angels sang  
When Christmas-tide began?  
For the human race is yearning  
For the brotherhood of man  
As sons of the King of Glory.

Teacher! What of your spirit?  
Shall the child with trusting eyes  
Look up to the good and wise?  
For Love is the power that tells.  
In your hands the future lies  
That the children will inherit.

Watchman! What of the morning?  
The night has been sad and long,  
And the storm so fierce and strong,  
That eyes are dim with weeping  
For the sorrow and the wrong.  
Is there any sign of dawning?

—E.P.C.