

atics, nor hypocrites. They ended this Trade because it was impossible to mend it. And they still believe that Prohibition, even if not 100 per cent. enforced, is much better than regulation or than license. Every State is strengthening its laws to enforce Prohibition; not one State has gone back."

Mrs B.: "Thank you for telling us the truth. But, my dear, whether Prohibition is a success in U.S.A. or not, I feel certain our Dominion would be better for our children without 'The Trade,' and so I'm a Prohibition worker for all time."

DANGER.

What a lot of talk lately about "Highways," and how anxious everybody seems to be to make the road safe for pedestrians. Our children, our future citizens, must be safeguarded. They are prepared to do everything for "safety first" except remove the greatest danger, "Booze."

Not a day can you open a paper without reading that some Magistrate has cancelled a driver's license for a certain time because he was intoxicated. If a license can be cancelled because a man is intoxicated, why not refuse to issue a license to any man or woman who is not an abstainer. Every drinker is liable to take enough to make him a menace on the road. Why not set "safety first," and issue drivers' licenses only to those who run no risk of being intoxicated at the wheel?

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK.

The eternal question cropped up in a Victorian Police Court recently, and produced the following definition:—

Mr Macnamara, P.M.: "In your opinion, when is a man drunk?"

The Witness: "When he loses his senses."

The P.M.: "When does he lose his senses?"

The Witness: "When he is drunk."

SALOONLESS.

There is not a legalised beverage liquor shop in existence under the Stars and Stripes of the U.S.A. A saloonless nation has proven itself to be one of the wealthiest, as well as the healthiest nations in the world.

NEWS OF AN OLD FRIEND.

The following poem was sent us for insertion by our old friend and fellow-worker, Mrs Miller, who has just returned from The Border Land:—

THE BORDER LAND.

(These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who wrote frequently to know where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her. She had been to the gates of the grave, in a long and severe illness.)

I have been to a land, a Border Land,
Where there was but a strange, dim light;
Where shadows and dreams, in a spectral band,
Seem'd real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again;
Its morning and night were mark'd by the flight,
Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
With its mountain ridges hoar,
That they look'd across to a wondrous strand,—
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him, "the Crucified,"
In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransom'd with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

Yet nay: for awhile in the Border Land
He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,
Whilst He chased its glooms away;
He had led me amid those shadows dim,
And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that earnest trust in Him
Is "the one thing needful" here.

And so from the land, the Border Land,
I have turn'd me to earth once more;
But earth and its works were such trifles, scann'd
By the light of that radiant shore.
And oh! should they ever possess me again
Too deeply, in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seem'd,
and vain,
From the heights of the Border Land.

The Border Land had depths and vales,
Where sorrow for sin was known;
Where small seem'd great, as weighed in scales,
Held by God's hand alone.
'Twas a land where earthly pride was naught,
Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed, their fireless cot,
And their bread, so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border Land,
Of all that pass'd below;
The once loud voice of human life
To the deafen'd ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
And alike to its gibe or its sneer;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
Would then scarce have cost a fear.

I met with a friend in this Border Land,
Whose teachings can come with power
To the blinded eye and the deafen'd ear,
In affliction's loneliest hour,
"Times of refreshing" to the soul,
In languor, oft he brings,
Prepares it then to meditate
On high and glorious things.

Oh! Holy Ghost! too often grieved
In health and earthly haste,
I bless those slow and silent hours
Which seem to run to waste.
I would not but have pass'd those "depths"
And such communion known,
As can be held in the Border Land
With Thee, and Thee alone.

I have been to a land, a Border Land!
May oblivion never roll
O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
Have been graven on my soul!
I have trodden a path I did not know,
Safe in my Saviour's hand;
I can trust Him for all the future, now
I have been to the Border Land.

AFTER NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association in 1924, a resolution was introduced which declared alcohol to be "a necessity in certain diseases." This part of the resolution was voted down, leaving the resolution of that Society passed in 1917, still standing as the opinion of that body, the declaration then being "The use of alcohol as a therapeutic agent should be discouraged."