

over what I might have to meet. I was not afraid, except that I feared I could not think in such confusion. The wet speaker did not have to think!!! He had his speech typewritten. The Lord answered my prayer. I never did speak to a disorderly audience in New Zealand. They always asked questions at the end of the address, but they were not disorderly. One of the questions most frequently asked was, 'Is it true that you cannot enforce the Prohibition law?' This question was asked not by enemies, but by friends. I had just one reply to make. I knew these people were British to the last man, and, Yankee fashion, I answered their question with another question, 'Did you ever hear of that old flag of ours surrendering? She has never surrendered, and she isn't going to be hauled down because the bootleggers have laid their hands on the halyards.'

"Let me tell you a secret. We are enforcing that law a great deal more to the satisfaction of the drys than to the satisfaction of the wets. And when I was asked, 'Do you believe that the Prohibition amendment will stay in the Constitution?' I replied in the words of that immortal song of John G. Dailey's, 'By the royal act of Congress backed by States in strong array; by the Court's Supreme decision, signed and sealed in legal way; by Jehovah's ultimatum, which the people MUST obey. It is in the Constitution, and IT'S THERE, THERE TO STAY.' In America to-day for every one man who is disloyal, there are 100,000 whose motto is,—'Hats Off to the Flag.'

"The treatment of Prohibition by the law violators is not giving the flag a square deal, and it's not giving Democracy a square deal. When a man brags about 'my bootlegger,' when he purchases liquor illegally, he is not giving democracy a square deal. What is democracy? Democracy is majority rule, government of the people, by the people and for the people. We have shouted for democracy, we have prayed for democracy, we have worked for democracy, and multitudes of brave boys have given their last full measure of devotion on the battlefields in the name of democracy. I say that if this greatest democracy on earth cannot enforce its own reasonable and righteous laws, written into its Constitution by the greatest majority of any amendment ever written, then this Government is

a failure, democracy is a lie, and every boy who sleeps in Flanders field has died in vain.

"You have to visit a wet land in order to really appreciate a dry land. I have recently returned from the driest wet country in the world. New Zealand is said to have the nicest people selling liquor; they claim to have the best regulations; you cannot sell liquor after six o'clock in the evening, nor before nine o'clock in the morning, but I will give you my word of honour that from my observation the driest wet country on earth is infinitely wetter than the wettest dry spot on the globe. I came back from New Zealand thoroughly convinced that Prohibition at its worst is better than License at its best. One of the New Zealanders who had been to the United States, remarked fervently, 'If Prohibition in America is a failure, then, O Lord, give us that kind of a failure in New Zealand.' A New Zealander said to me, 'I love my glass, but I love my country better than my glass, and I heard so many contrary reports about Prohibition in America that I determined to go over and investigate. I went everywhere, to the big wet cities, San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia; I went into the smokers, into the small and the large restaurants, the cheap and the big hotels; I went into the slums; I never put myself into the hands of the drys or of the wets, and after spending two months in America, I am convinced that Prohibition is ninety-five per cent. successful in the United States.' And that from a man who loves his glass. You are apt to compare Prohibition in your community with what you want it to be. You must stop that. You have forgotten the pit from which you were digged. You must compare the present situation with what it was before the liquor traffic was outlawed.

"Every now and then we hear of rocking-chair Christians who sit still and complain. They say, 'I thought when we got Prohibition, we could quit.' Well, I am not a quitter, and I have very little patience with the quitters. I want to tell you that this is a battle for the church militant. Did you ever hear of any great movement that did not have to be fought for? Remember that the open Bible, the free church, the sovereign state, the unfettered press, the right to think and to speak, all were won by battle and blood-

shed. Would to God I had the power to sound a blast that would call every soldier of Jesus Christ from the East and the West, from the North and the South to come out to fight in 1924, not only for America, but for all the world."

A LITTLE ABOUT BOOKS.

Picture, with me, a rural homestead, far from the thronging crowds and the busy turmoil of city life. Far even from the railways, that are the connecting link with busy centres.

The house is not large, but it is well built, and has an air of solid comfort and thrift about its well-kept garden, where bloom many of the choicest flowers in season. But it is night now, and our vision is obscured; we can only hear the rain coming down in torrents, the thunder rolling, and see the lightning flashing. The wind comes in mighty gusts, and hurls itself against the house as though inviting it to a game of pitch and toss; but the house merely gives a little shake, and seems to settle down firmer on its solid foundations, as though saying, "No it is for you to hurl, but for me to withstand."

Now let us peep inside. Round the hearthstone, where a fire is burning, such as can only be had near the virgin forest, sit father, mother, and the elder children; the wee ones have already been tucked in. To-night mother is too busy with some little garment to read. When she can read, they each have their own book, and enjoy each his own story, but this evening father reads aloud, while mother sews and listens to one of Curwood's beautiful nature stories, which young and old can alike appreciate. They have not yet been able to buy a piano, or even a phonograph, so cannot enjoy music, but they nevertheless have a most enjoyable evening, and before they retire, that Book of books is brought down and a chapter read, and the father does not forget to thank God for all His mercies, and among the chiefest of them for his happy home, and for the easy access to good books. They are out of the reach of picture theatres and such like amusements; they cannot afford music, except the rich melody of the birds, but they can afford books.