

ng. "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." Far from appealing to his worst, the war brought out his best—his loyalty, his courage, his venturesomeness, his care for the down-trodden, his capacity for self-sacrifice. The noblest qualities of his young manhood were aroused. He went out to France a flaming patriot and in secret quoted Rupert Brooke to his own soul:

"If I should die, think this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is forever England."
There, you say, is the Unknown Soldier.

WAR—PROSTITUTION OF THE NOBLEST SOUL.

Yes, indeed, did you suppose I never had met him? I talked with him many a time. When the words that I would speak about war are a blistering fury on my lips and the encouragement I gave to war is a deep self-condemnation in my heart, it is of that I think. For I watched war lay its hands on these strongest, loveliest things in men and use the noblest attributes of the human spirit for what ungodly deeds! Is there anything more infernal than this, to take the best that is in man and use it to do what war does? This is the ultimate description of war—it is the prostitution of the noblest powers of the human soul to the most dastardly deeds, the most abysmal cruelties of which our human nature is capable. That is war.

O war, I hate you most of all for this, that you do lay your hands on the noblest elements in human character, with which we might make a heaven on earth, and you use them to make a hell on earth instead. You take even our science, the fruit of our dedicated intelligence, by means of which we might build here the City of God, and, using it, you fill the earth instead with new ways of slaughtering men. You take our loyalty, our unselfishness, with which we might make the earth beautiful, and, using these, our finest qualities, you make death fall from the sky and burst up from the sea and hurtle from unseen ambushes sixty miles away; you blast fathers in the trenches with gas while you are starving their children at home with blockades; and you so bedevil the world that fifteen years after the Armistice we can not be sure who won the war, so sunk in the same disaster are victors and vanquished alike.

I am not trying to make you sentimental about this. I want you to be hard-headed. We can have on the one side this monstrous thing or we can have Christ. O my country, stay out of war! Co-operate with the nations in every movement that has any hope for peace; but set your faces steadfastly and forever against being drawn into another war! O Church of Christ, stay out of war! Withdraw from every al-

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THE EDITOR AND THE IMP.

My dear Chief, how glad I am to see you back again. I'm tired of holding the fort down here.

Well, you'd have been much more weary had you joined in the advance at Convention instead of holding the fort here. And I can assure you we'll both be more thoroughly tired when we've got through all the jobs Convention has set us to do.

Why? Have they decided to make a big advance? And how do we come into the picture?

We don't come into the picture, dear Imp. We just stay and keep steam up while others do the advancing.

In what direction do we advance?

First, in educating the voters.

Ha! Ha! I see your point. Education means literature and mere facts collected for the advance guard to use.

That's so! We've got to get busy.

What is the first move to be?

The first thing is a Day of Prayer.

That's a good start anyway. Doesn't the poet say, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"?

He does, and our President has sent in some suggestions for prayer. One of them is to pray for an increased circulation of our official organ.

That's a good move, isn't it?

Yes, very good, but remember, you young imp, it means we've got to work harder than ever to make our official organ worthy to be an educative force.

Work harder! Aye! Does that mean that I'm to work 24 hours a day?

Don't be silly. I'll let you off with less than that. But remember, we've got to provide educative matter for L.T.L.'s in the Supplement, for Y's in the Beacon, and for White Ribboners in the paper.

It's a big order, my Editor. But we don't want an easy job, and we know where strength can be got for the hard tasks. But tell me, dear Chief, if we get these facts and put them in the paper, how will they reach the folk who ought to have them?

That's the second part of our plan. Prayer Day is followed by White Ribbon Day.

I see what you mean. They pray for an increased circulation and then go out and help God to answer their prayers.

Say rather they let God have His way with them, and use them to do His work.

What is the plan of campaign?

Well, we make our first move by a four months' campaign to get the White Ribbon into as many homes as possible. We offer a prize of a guinea to every district sending in 100 new subscribers.

My word! But ain't you generous!

Not a bit, if we get 100 subscribers we can well afford a guinea.

And do we send out a paper for W.R. Day?

We do, my Imp, and several requests have been received that we write it in dialogue form.

How long is this campaign to last?

Until July 31st, and then I hope our Dominion Executive will follow up with a campaign for new members. This could be linked with Franchise Day. We worked until we won the Franchise, now let us get more women linked up with us, to learn how to use the Franchise to abolish the Liquor Trade, to promote peace and purity.

By the way, was that remit carried to reduce subscription to 1/6 per year?

It was not. That remit and the one to reduce the membership fee both lapsed for want of a seconder. The first time I have known a remit not to have a seconder.

But, my dear Editor, the fee of 2/7 per year is not the only charge upon members. They often have collections and Bring and Buys. What about them?

Let's look at the question fairly. Collections are voluntary. But do you think that even with collections (mostly one penny ones, note), membership fee and White Ribbon subscriptions, any member gives more than 10/- a year?

Certainly I don't. That is not very much is it?

For the sake of our race we are anxious to banish the liquor trade and its attendant evils. I think every Christian woman would be willing to give 10/- to such a fine cause in a year.

But, dear Chief, can they afford it?

Very few could not afford it if they were willing to deny themselves a little. Many years ago in this city a poor widow lost her cow, a source of income to her. A sympathetic group stood round her, telling her how sorry they were for her. Then a rough looking man took off his hat, placed 5/- in it and said, "Friends, I'm sorry 5/-, how much are you sorry?" and he collected the price of a new cow. Everywhere I go I hear women lamenting the evils of the cocktail and the menace of alcohol. Surely most of them will be sorry 10d a month, or say, 2½d a week?

I expect you're right. If you really want a thing from the depths of your heart, you are willing to pay for it.