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UP AGAINST IT.

NEWS ITEM.—“Mr. Holman is considering the advisability of introducing a bill to legalise the Tote.”



THE USE OF ALCOHOL IN THE FUTURE.

(By T. D. CROTHERS, M.D., Superintendent Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford, Conn.)

A man of considerable prominence deplored the efforts of reformers to drive out the alcohol industry. He described at some length the losses that would follow in the derangement of business, and the immense capital bound up in distilleries and breweries. He declared himself a temperance man and an opponent of alcohol, and yet he was inexpressibly sad at the thought of breaking up this great industry.

This poor thinker represents a type of men who are far back in the fogs and mists of the past. They have no conception of the tremendous movement, not only to drive out alcohol as a beverage, but to force it into the industrial world, as a fuel, light and power producer.

Every year experiments show that it is one of the most powerful agents that can be put to the service of mankind, to do his bidding, to give power, to carry on the industries of the world.

Alcohol of the cheapest kind is capable of giving out three or four times as many heat units as the same amount of gasoline. Next to electricity it is the most wonderful servant that stands by waiting to be harnessed and put to service. Alcohol can be produced from almost any substance that contains starch and sugar, and can be made and sold for less than 20 cents a gallon at 100 per cent. profit to the producer. One gallon will do the work of three gallons of gasoline, and double the value of coal gas at 1dol. a thousand.

It can be made to light and heat buildings, equally cheap; and the certainty of this is becoming more and more assured, with every advance. What is needed to-day is the inventor's skill to perfect the lamps in which it is burned, to increase the efficacy of the machines to generate the power; and a number of inventors are working at this problem, with the positive assurance that they will succeed.

A great fortune is before the successful inventor, and this lure is attracting many mechanics. The distilleries and breweries will change their work, from making wines, beers and spirits for beverages, to manufacturing cheap alcohols for industrial work. Enormous fields will open up here without restrictions and laws, with great profits, and become constructive, rather than destructive to the race as at present. The corner saloons will disappear. Beer will not be made because of its expense, and for other reasons;

demand will diminish as the race goes on to higher levels.

The alcoholic industry is on the verge of this revolution. Small stills will be made for farmers, house-keepers and dealers to manufacture their own power, light and fuel. Furnaces will be equipped to burn alcohol and to dispense heat. Farmers will make of the refuse of the farm power and fuel and light.

The great waste, from large cities, of decayed vegetables will be put to service instead of being buried away, and many substances now supposed to be useless will be put to service.

All this is a reality. All that is needed is some more inventive skill, more discoveries of machines, lamps and boilers to utilise this new power.

The laboratory and the practical experiments of the last two years have pointed out this reality and indicated its positive use and the demand for it. If the pro-alcoholics were to climb up to a little higher level of perspective they would welcome the anti-alcoholic movement and welcome the chemist and inventor and the revolution that must come, and is not far away in the future.—"National Advocate."

ALCOHOL AND INSANE.

In the State of New York there are now some 30,000 insane persons in public and private hospitals. It is believed that about one-fifth of them, or 6000 patients, owe their insanity to alcohol used either by themselves or by their parents. In the asylums of the United States there are 150,000 insane people, and if we take the same proportions as before, there are 30,000 persons in this country whom alcohol has made or has helped to make insane. Dr. Macdonald, who is one of the greatest specialists on insanity we have in this country, thinks that one insane person causes a loss to the State of nearly 400 dollars a year. The actual loss in money to the State of New York caused through alcoholic insanity must, therefore, be 2,400,000 dollars, and the United States 12,000,000 dollars every year.

Epilepsy is very often caused by the use of alcohol by the parents of the sufferer. One doctor, for example, found that out of 2500 idiots, epileptics, and imbeciles admitted to his hospital over forty-one per cent. had drunken parents. In another colony of epileptics it was found that over 22 per cent. of 950 patients had parents who had indulged immoderately in alcohol.



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DRINK AND INFANT MORTALITY.

In a report on infant mortality submitted to the great Medical Congress last year, Dr. Hope, the medical officer of Liverpool, draws a contrast between different families living under identical conditions of poverty, yet in one family all, or nearly all, the children are reared, in others nearly half of those born die in infancy. This latter statement seems too appalling to be true, but Dr. Hope has investigated the circumstances of 874 families, in which 3801 infants were born. Of these, "no less than 1895 had perished, practically all in infancy—representing an infant mortality of 498 per 1000."

He goes on to say that a long series of cases are recorded in which "obvious drunkenness in an extreme degree is the pre-eminent feature associated with the loss of the infant." In other cases the families are notable for alternations between the jail and the workhouse. As a contrast, Dr. Hope took 50 poor Jewish families, some extremely poor, with family earnings ranging from only ten shillings to thirty shillings a week. "The points which stand out are, first, that in every instance the children are well looked after, all suitably clad, and not one ragged or barefooted child seen. . . . Thriftiness and sobriety were universal; no drunkenness at all. A noticeable feature which always impresses the visitor is the attention given by the mother to the children's food."

DRINK AND RAILROADS.

A short time ago there was a meeting of medical men and scientists in Chicago. One of the physicians, who attended the meeting was Dr. Theodore Diller, of Pittsburg, who was sent by the B. and O. Railroad. Dr. Diller made an address dealing with the drink habit and railroading, and afterward the body of medical men passed a resolution, in which they made this recommendation:

"We recommend to the railroads of the country generally the universal adoption of the rule requiring all employees to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages on duty or off duty under penalty of discharge. The habitual use of any narcotic should be a ground for discharge from the service."

Beer drinkers were handed a stiff jolt by Dr. Henry A. Cotton, of New Jersey, who declared that "every drop of beer destroys a nerve cell." But if it is a bad thing for a railroad man to drink, why is it a good thing for any other class of persons to drink?

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,
Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

TOM.

THE STORY OF A PRODIGAL.

The well-known strains of grand old "Nettleton" floated out on Broad Street to the words used in a thousand revival meetings:

"The fountain lies open,
The fountain lies open;
Come and bathe your weary soul."

Tom staggered along, not conscious of any aim as to destination, but the night was warm for March, in spite of a little snow on the ground; and he was thirsty. The "fountain" caught his bleared attention. He put one trembling hand on the iron fence in front of the church, and unsteadily tried to settle his wandering purpose. "Come and bathe," sang the congregation. Dimly Tom thought that there might be a drink in these, even if it was only water. His throat was hard and dry and cracked, his lips purple and blistered. Any kind of a drink! Anything! He stumbled in the low door of the "lecture-room," then stood, swaying and tottering, blinded by the light, dazed by the volume of sound, his purpose already forgotten.

The pronounced titter from several pews full of young people near the door increased his confusion, though it reached him only as a sort of hostile murmur. But instinctively, as a child apprehends kindly intentions, he recognised a friend in the sweet-faced young lady who grasped his dirty hand and piloted him to a seat, saying in a low tone, "We are very glad to have you with us brother! Sit right here." She put a song-book into his hand but he could not read a word. "Brother!" was sounding in his dulled brain. That lady called him "brother!" He must be dreaming. Of course he was. It was like many a waking dream he had had after prolonged sprees, filled with wonderful impossibilities. He sat heavily in his seat, his head drooping into the aisle. Somebody spoke to him, but he did not hear enough to attend.

"There is a fountain," sang the congregation, to an old familiar tune that Tom had heard hundreds of times when a boy. His old aunt used to sing it constantly. He remembered her in a hazy way. But the word "fountain" recalled his thirst. He wanted a drink so badly. He tried to mumble his desire, but his tongue was so thick he only grunted. A few young people laughed. The sweet-faced girl sat near him and found the song in his book. He tried to thank her, but failed. His sight was too obscured to see anything clearly. Yet the old tune hummed itself along in his consciousness, and somehow he thought of the old farm in York State, the cool spring by the dairy, and the deep swimming-hole in the creek.

If he only could get a drink of that spring! Tom thought it would be worth a large slice of the multi-millions he had heard discussed down in the last saloon he visited that day. What was that somebody was saying? "Never thirst?" That was ridiculous. He could tell that man better than that. He

dozed off for a few minutes, then roused with something like a start as the congregation kneeled in prayer. Tom looked curiously at the sweet young lady. She was kneeling by his side, right on the rather dusty floor. It didn't look the thing. What was she doing it for anyhow? The girl raised her eyes, and said, in a low tone, "kneel down, brother; it will help you."

Tom rolled down on his threadbare knees. He would try to do anything that sweet face asked, when she called him by that name. He didn't even think what it was all about, only he was tired, and thirsty and miserable, and this real lady was so wonderfully good to him. A voice was speaking, the voice of a strong man. Presently the volume of sound increased. Tom caught a few words. "Save us from our sins!" Another voice called out rather loudly, "Amen!" Tom understood dimly. "Save! sins! save!" That touched him just where he lived. "Amen!" he mumbled. "Tha'sh me."

The congregation stood again, and another melody broke forth. The girl touched Tom's arm and beckoned him to rise. With a great effort he regained his seat, but did not attempt to stand. The congregation sang on: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Tom remembered there was a little snow on the ground. He wondered dully why they sang about it.

A rather tall, broad, powerful-looking man, in a military uniform, with brass buttons down the front and straps on his shoulders, was talking earnestly. Tom felt a faint gleam of recognition. Presently the fact forced its way through his mind. It was the "Good Colonel," as they called him sometimes. Tom had seen him leading big meetings for temperance in Philadelphia and Chester. Then there came another recollection; the colonel had spoken to Tom once, and given him a quarter for a night's lodging. Tom had spent it all for whisky in half an hour.

The "good colonel" talked on and his words began to hit Tom hard as his intelligence slowly awakened. He saw a pathetic picture of his own miserable home—the place where his family herded in three small rooms, and he himself slept off his debauches in snoring unconsciousness. He saw his wife, a bowed and ragged figure, moving feebly about her work, with nothing to look forward to but her husband's dreaded coming. Her "husband"; yes, the man who promised to love, cherish, and protect her. "Protect!" cried the colonel, "protect!" The sarcasm pierced even Tom's mind. He muttered a little, and shifted his position uneasily.

Then the colonel made him see his children, the three little mites, stunted, starved, soiled, hiding in terror in the corners when they heard their father's stumbling steps, trudging out to the corner grocery to buy or beg according as they had a copper in the house or not—poor little frightened helpless

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things, going down, down, down.

"What do you imagine God thinks of you?" cried the speaker. "You ought to be leading your children in the way of truth and life and purity. You are showing them the broad road to destruction. What will you do about it? What?"

Tom felt stunned; his slow mind received the impression that he was a culprit condemned. He felt as he did when the magistrate ordered him to stand up for sentence, only he appeared to be worse. There was a weight on his chest; he feebly put his hand over his thumping heart.

Presently he caught the colonel's words again. The voice had changed, the broad, kindly face was beaming, tears were in his eyes. He told of the love and mercy of God; of His power, His ability to take a poor, lost wanderer and heal him outright; of how a man down in the gutter might be lifted up and set upon his feet; of a new life, a clean life, a decent life, even a useful life; of forgiveness, and happiness and peace and strength and joy and victory. Tom could not realise half of it; he struggled to comprehend.

The speaker pressed on; questions began to come rapidly. Did he want to be delivered from all this misery and evil, all this suffering and punishment so richly deserved, all this worthlessness and infamy? Did he want it—to be "saved?"

There was no direct request to rise, but Tom was on his feet, one palsied hand stretched shakingly out, his thick, bruised lips quivering.

"Yep! Sure! Tha'sh me, colonel."

Somebody stepped to his side. A friendly hand partly supported him. A voice urged him up the aisle to the altar-rail. The young lady appeared on the other side, and told him to kneel, then knelt beside him. Dr. Fernley the pastor, himself stooped over the poor fellow, and tried to give him practical advice. It was somewhat confusing, but Tom managed to hear the colonel say: "God is able to make a new man of you. He is able to save you or nobody can. Ask Him, ask Him!"

And so Tom tried to "ask." The congregation sang again:

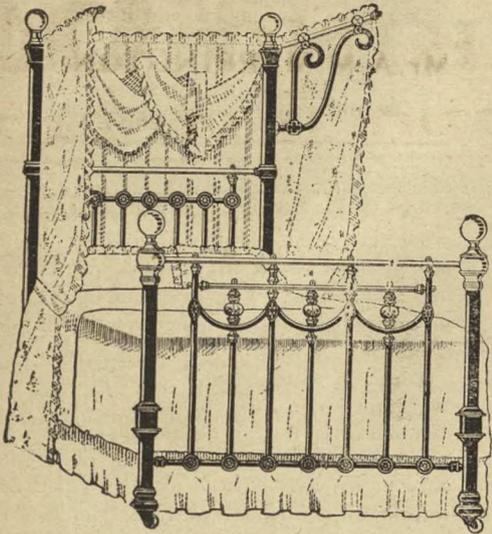
"The fountain lies open;

Come and bathe your weary soul."

A prayer or two was offered. Finally the benediction was pronounced and the congregation officially dismissed, but quite a few lingered. A little band of fifteen or twenty persons gathered round the kneeling penitent at the altar, some singing, some silently praying, one or two occasionally to advise.

Tom's brain was getting clearer and his senses more acute. When he felt the grasp of a big warm hand, he glanced up and saw the colonel at his side.

(To be continued.)



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SLY GROG.

"WALKING CANTEENS."

It was stated at the Central Police Court on March 23 that half a dozen men who frequent the neighborhood of Little Riley-street on Sunday mornings offering beer for sale are known as "walking canteens."

John Sullivan, aged 38, was brought before Mr. Barnett, S.M., and pleaded guilty to selling beer without a license. The offence took place yesterday morning, between 9.30 and 11 o'clock, in Little Riley-street.

Senior-Constable Charlton stated that a constable in plain clothes had purchased nine bottles of beer from Sullivan. The price paid was 1s. a bottle. The beer was usually retailed at 6d. a bottle. There were a number of men known as walking canteens in this neighborhood, and people living in the vicinity were loud in their complaints of their conduct. The men touted for customers in the street, and then went away, to a store they had, and got the beer.

Mr. Barnett: Do they find it safer to sell the beer in the street?

Sergeant Mankey: I don't know whether they think it safer; but I do know that they are better able to push business, and it is on the increase. A £30 fine appears to be a more detail to them.

Mr. Barnett: Yet it takes 1200 bottles of beer to pay the fine!

Defendant was fined £40, or in the alternative three months' imprisonment.

And "Fairplay," who is so interested in New Zealand sly-grog cases, has quite over-

looked this. What's the matter with your sight, Granny?

TEN GALLONS OF BEER.

There is at present a 10-gallon cask of beer waiting for an owner at No. 2 Police Station in Regent-street. Twenty-five young men have declined absolutely to have anything to do with it.

There is a little story in connection with the liquor which probably accounts for the hesitancy of anyone to claim it. Sergeant Young and Constable Alchin were walking along Pymont-street, Pymont, March 15, when they heard sounds, as though several people were happy, coming from under William Henry-street Bridge. They went to see what was provoking the mirth, and found 25 young men and a 10-gallon cask of beer. Everyone of the party denied ownership. In fact, some seemed surprised that it was there.

The policemen, following the rule that all unclaimed property is to be taken possession of, removed the cask to the police station, where it was labelled "Owner wanted."

If only this had happened in a No-License part of New Zealand we would have had a "moving" picture of the incident—but it happened in one of the most over-licensed parts of Australia, and "Fairplay" never wrote a leading article on it or gave us a photo of the 10-gallon keg.

POLICEMAN WHO NEEDS ATTENTION.

A thoroughly trustworthy man sends us the following report:—

In reference to Sunday trading, on Sunday last, the 15th instant, I observed the following trading between 7.25 and 9.30 a.m. The first

train to arrive here on Sundays is at 9.35 a.m., so this trading is clearly against the Act, which states that the persons served with drink must have slept at least 20 miles away; these people came on Saturday afternoon and Sunday night.

7.25 a.m.—Three men entered for drink.

7.38 a.m.—Two men brought out with them four bottles.

7.52 a.m.—Two men entered.

8 a.m.—One man brought out one bottle.

8.20 a.m.—Four who had been in earlier went in again.

8.22 a.m.—Two went in and brought out a sugar bag full of bottles.

9.10 a.m.—Three went in.

9.15 a.m.—Three went in.

9.20 a.m.—One went in.

9.25 a.m.—Three went in.

9.26 a.m.—Four went in.

Making a total of 28 before the first train had arrived.

This is the usual state of things, and is as common in Sydney as in the country. The answer to our request for the enforcement of the Sunday law is "There are not sufficient police." And yet Mr. Ostrich Flowers says he can't see the need of any more police.

New South Wales Alliance.

Mr. Marion, the General Secretary, is away at the Australian Temperance Conference, and on his return will devote himself to the arrangements for the Alliance annual meeting.

The Alliance year closes on March 31, and if you have not helped it to finish financially well, you will be in good time to help it make a good financial start in its new year.

The Reduction Courts.

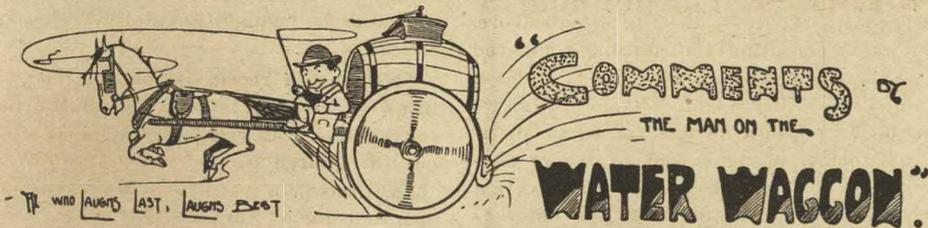
(To the Editor.)

Sir,—It is becoming more and more evident how unsatisfactory are the findings of the Reduction Court in connection with licenses in electorates which have given their verdict against "continuance." Take the case of Petersham, which at last election voted 54 per cent. for no-license, giving a 500 majority over other two issues. Yet in this electorate—which gave such a decided pronouncement against all licenses—only one license is to cease in three years' time, though, as Judge Backhouse pointed out, "The court could have taken away two licenses if they chose." It is now the rule for the court to "choose" the least possible number. In 1910, out of the 46 publicans' licenses that could have legally been made to cease in the electorate, only 28 were actually ordered to do so. In Petersham, as a result of the former election, 1910, one only was to cease, when two could have been stopped, and now this minimum is repeated.

My point is this: That in electorates that are robbed of their power of expression because of the grossly unfair handicap of 60 per cent. majority required, there should be no

(Continued on Page 12.)

BE COLLARED BETTER AT 6d.
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TAXI-CAB VAGARIES.

We are all accustomed to seeing taxi-cabs tear through our streets at vicious speeds and scatter old and young gentlemen—women, and children headlong before them. Why they should have the right to terrorise our citizens no one seems to know—nor care—but occasionally the police do jump on a transgressor, and he gets a mild rebuke and a milder fine.

A few days ago, however, one gentleman got a little more drastic sentence, and well he deserved it.

From press reports it appeared that he was under the influence of intoxicating liquor, although he claimed he had been very sober ever since "he was convicted of drunkenness some time ago." This apparently didn't finish him off as a taxi-driver—not it. You simply trust to luck that he won't get drunk again.

The police deposed as follows:—

"About a quarter past 11 last night week," said Carson, "Senior-sergeant Stewart, Constable Thornley, Nightwatchman Yates, and myself were standing on the Quay, when we heard a motor horn and somebody whooping. Just then Constables Burke and Nuss came along, and taxi-cab No. 103 shot round Pitt-street on to the Quay, travelling at about 20 to 25 miles an hour. As it swung round it seemed to tilt. A man carrying a parcel had to make a great rush to get away. The car shot along the Quay to Fort Macquarie, and Thornley, Burke, Nuss, and I went in pursuit. Thornley and I boarded a tram round to Fort Macquarie. Near Burns, Philp's wharf we found the car standing near the rails. Grace was standing between the car and the rails, and there was an empty beer bottle at his side, and a full one on the seat of the car. Grace was under the influence of drink. Water-constables Hall and Smith arrived on the scene. I said, 'You're not safe driving a car. You'll kill somebody. You nearly killed a man just now.' He replied, 'It is the fault of the steering gear.' Grace was taken to the Water Police Station and the two fares in the car, who were drunk, got out and said they were going to catch their boat. Thornley examined the gear of the car and found it all right."

We are glad to find that the magistrate in this case imposed a reasonable fine, as it seems preposterous that intoxicated taxi-

drivers can be allowed to continue their carousals in the crowded streets of the city. Had some one been hurled into eternity the intoxicated one would doubtless have sent a very sympathetic letter to the dead one's relations. But it wouldn't have altered the matter one iota—a decent citizen would have gone at the hands of—a drunken, careless driver. When public opinion at last consents to wake up in the matter we will find a by-law in demand that will wipe out these joy-rides, or the drivers at any rate.

BLUNDER AND MISCALCULATION.

From whichever standpoint one views the Ulster crisis, one cannot feel much satisfaction in the generalship of the leaders of the great Liberal Party.

We, in Australia, are asked to gaze upon their renowned statecraft with profound admiration—and some Australians do their best to attach a fair volume of hero worship to Imperial tactics.

Home Rule, however, has been the death-knock to many great reputations, that of Mr. Asquith amongst others.

A better example of miscalculation, hesitancy, and later of distressing weakness one could not wish to obtain.

Each party in turn has been disgusted, and civil war within sight has stirred England to her depths.

It will indeed be very fortunate if such horrors can be avoided, and most certainly no credit will attach itself to the Liberal Party in such an event. We do not wish to take part in the controversy—nor express opinions pro or con—but it seems to us to be deplorable that statesmen cannot see a little farther ahead, and do not calculate a little more nicely public sentiment on such tender questions. At the same time, it is refreshing to find that the English people have not lost their old-time public spirit, which is not easily daunted, and seems to be still quite up to the old traditions of the race.

LICENSE OPPOSED.

FOR HOTEL AT NORTH DUBBO.

At the Dubbo District Court on March 18, Sub-inspector Peterswald, acting for the Crown, appealed against the license granted on January 13 by the Dubbo Licensing Bench to John Longobardis, for the Fitzroy Hotel, North Dubbo. The Fitzroy Hotel was closed on January 1, 1914, by order of the Special Licensing Court, which sat in 1908 to give effect to the vote in favor of reduction carried in 1907. The hearing of the application in January last for renewal of the license extended over two days. Many witnesses were examined.

The case for the applicant was that since 1908 the premises had been structurally improved; that the building was close to the cattle saleyards, and on the direct road to Coonamble; that the population of North Dubbo was increasing; that the shutting up of the hotel would inconvenience a large number of people who lived in close proximity; that the building of the Dubbo-Werris Creek railway would make the demand for such premises greater than ever; that the hotel, being near the hospital, was necessary in the interests of those who had friends in that institution; and that since the order for the closing of the hotel had been issued in 1908 the circumstances had changed entirely.

The Crown arguments were that the requirements of the neighborhood were already sufficiently catered for; that the place was more a public house than an hotel; that the conditions prevailing in January were similar to those which obtained in 1908; that as the population was dwindling there was no vacancy for a license; and that where an hotel had been closed under the circumstances affecting the Fitzroy Hotel, it could only be re-opened in one way, by a petition to the Government.

At the outset, Mr. McGuinn raised the question as to whether the appellant was entitled to appeal, and contended that the license was non-existent, since according to section 170 of subsection 1 of the Liquor Act appellant was not the person aggrieved. It was never intended that a police officer

(Continued on Page 12.)

UNFERMENTED
WINE—NATURE'S TONIC
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GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.

The Conversion of Governor Patterson.

The transformation of Saul of Tarsus into Paul the Apostle irresistibly occurs to writers in the religious press when they consider the conversion of ex-Governor Malcolm R. Patterson to belief in Christ, the making over of his private life, and his complete change of front on the liquor question. "The same power that smote Saul to the ground brought this modern statesman to the dust of repentance," says one, while another wonders at the similar "suddenness and completeness of overturn." The country's "ablest champion of the liquor interests" now declares from the platform that he is marching under the same flag with the Anti-saloon League, "actuated by the same desire to destroy the traffic in liquor and redeem a nation from its curse." The message accompanying Governor Patterson's veto of the prohibition bills passed by the Tennessee legislature is said to have been "regarded as the strongest argument ever put forth by the friends of liquor." But "no refutation of saloon apologies could be more convincing," declares "The Continent," than "refutation from the same lips that uttered them." And the eloquent ex-Governor has sworn himself "an everlasting enemy" to fight with tongue and pen and influence "not alone against the saloons of Tennessee but against the saloons of America."

The story of Governor Patterson's conversion is perhaps best told by the man chiefly responsible for it, the Rev. J. L. Weber, D.D., of Memphis, Tenn. While Malcolm R. Patterson was in politics, says Dr. Weber in "Zion's Herald" (Boston): "He was surrounded by influences that made him the champion of the liquor interests of the State. He was forced into close and intimate relations with men of convivial habits and sometimes of low ideals. He made compromise with his home training, and while never a habitual drinker, he was often overcome and led into debauchery that was repulsive to his best nature. It was while on one of these debauches that he was humiliated by arrest and exposure. That humiliation was God's opportunity."

God's—and Dr. Weber's, it seems. For, as this Memphis Methodist pastor modestly tells the story in another account in "The Congregationalist" (Boston): "It was during his humiliation that my acquaintance with him began. I had always opposed him in his political ambitions and had never spoken to him; but my heart went out to him in great sympathy in his public shame. I was divinely led to approach him through a letter in which I urged him to seek the favor of God, and assured him that honest repentance would bring him to his Heavenly Father. I tried to show him what Jesus Christ is to the man who realises himself a sinner. I received a courteous and appreciative reply. That led to other correspondence and to interview. He made a bold decision and took his stand for God."

From this account we learn of the remarkable effect of the news in Tennessee, where Mr. Patterson "had for some years been

leading the forces opposed to the churches." The first fruits of repentance were the popular ex-Governor's emphatic declarations in favor of the liquor-law-enforcement bills under consideration by the State legislature. Here was a sensation, but nothing compared to what followed. As Governor Patterson "studied the liquor question from the viewpoint of a Christian he was forced to abandon his former opinions and to accept prohibition as the only remedy for the great evil." He announced this in a law-enforcement speech in Murfreesboro, saying "that he was able to make the change by power given him from above."

"Tennessee was shaken by this announcement as never before in her history. The liquor people realised that their outlawed



EX-GOVERNOR MALCOLM R. PATTERSON
The former supporter of a regulated liquor traffic, whose conversion to Christianity was followed by his outspoken advocacy of Prohibition.

business was at an end. While some church people have doubted his sincerity, the liquor people have never for one moment questioned it. His stand has settled the question of prohibition for Tennessee."

Questions as to the genuineness and permanence of Governor Patterson's conversion are no longer asked where he has spoken, or in Memphis, where "the daily walk and conversation of the man answers all questions." And the effect of the conversion will be felt beyond the borders of Tennessee, continues Dr. Weber:

"The calls for speeches are coming in by every mail and they come from every part of the United States. The people want to hear him.

"He is thinking seriously of closing his law office and of giving all of his time to the fight against the saloon. He is confident of victory and expects to live to see the day when there will not be a saloon on Uncle Sam's soil. When that much-to-be-desired times arrives it will be admitted that no man did more to bring it about than M. R. Patterson. . . ."

"Nothing of recent happening has had so inspiring an effect upon the church as the conversion of Governor Patterson. But is not the church in the world to secure just such things? . . . The same power that operated during the apostolic days is operating to-day."

Governor Patterson's own story of his change of heart moved many to tears as he told it at the Columbus National Convention of the Anti-saloon League, while, according to Dr. Weber, "the building rang with cries of 'Amen!' 'Glory be to God!' 'Hallelujah.'" The Governor first related a few simple facts about his life:

"I grew up in the city of Memphis, where saloons were numerous, and regarded as fixed and permanent institutions. I cannot remember to have ever heard of any movement to close them or recall any speech or newspaper article attacking them. I became a lawyer, was elected prosecuting attorney of the district, and, during my incumbency, saloons were open and licensed under the law, and were without restriction as to number. I was afterward sent to Congress, where I served six years. At this time liquor was openly sold in the restaurants of both wings of the Capitol. The convenience and comfort with which intoxicating drinks could be obtained often interfered with my own attendance, that of other members, and distracted attention from the duties of our representation."

Upon becoming a candidate for Governor, he continued, "I took a position on the liquor question in the first speech I made from which I never deviated throughout my official career." As Governor: "I prepared a careful message and sent it to the legislature, setting forth my views and expressing the opinion that Prohibition as a governmental policy was fundamentally wrong. I thought that such a law would result in multiplying the evils of the liquor traffic instead of correcting them and holding them in check. This message . . . has been circulated as campaign material, published in liquor journals and in books, and used as arguments by those who were contesting the advance of the Prohibition sentiment."

Governor Patterson then described the spiritual change he had experienced. As "The Continent" quotes the speech: "My life has had deep sorrows. My soul has been tossed on the waves of angry seas. I have seen the trail of liquor everywhere. Going through life I have seen it drag down many of the associates of my boyhood, blasting their hopes, and consigning them to untimely graves. I have seen its forked lightning strike my first-born, the child of my young manhood, and I have borne with him the suffering and tried to help him in his

brave but sometimes melancholy struggle for redemption. At last I have felt its foul and stealthy blow as it turned upon me its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me who had pleaded before the people for its very existence.

"All this I knew and felt without a revelation of the deep pathos and the meaning of it all. I needed help, for I was groping and my feet were stumbling in the dark. Deep in humiliation, tortured and condemned in my own esteem, I thought of the oft-repeated phrases about the power of the human will to resist temptation and I found them as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream.

"When logic failed and reason gave no answer I cast aside all pride of opinion, all thought of what the world might say or think, and went to the throne of Almighty God. There, on bended knees, I asked for light and strength and they came. The curtains of the night parted and the way was clear. I arose a changed man. An invisible hand has led me on to where the vision is unobscured. From a critic of others, I looked within. From an accuser I became a servant in my own house to set it in order. From a vague believer in the guidance of divine power, I have become a convert to its infinite truth. From an unhappy and dissatisfied man, out of tune with the harmony of life and religion, I have become happy and content, firmly anchored in faith and ready to testify from my own experience to the miraculous power of God to cleanse the souls of men."

Then the ex-Governor paid his respects to the institution he had once so ably defended: "It stands a convicted felon, and must receive the sentence of the law. It must go never to return, and, with the going of the saloon, liquor itself should go.

"I favor Prohibition in any form that will either reduce or destroy the liquor traffic. I favor it personal-wide, town-wide, State-wide, nation-wide, and world-wide."—*The Literary Digest.*

Granville No-License Poll.

Up to the present, nearly four months since the Local Option Poll was taken, there is no declaration from the Government as to the position of the Granville Electorate. It is little short of a scandal, and reveals the extraordinary power of the Liquor Lords who at present are dominating Sydney, including the Parliament. Every day's delay is adding to the handicap already imposed by democratic (!) Government who rules by one vote, and insists on the moral forces ruling only by a 60 per cent. majority, and even that must be 30 per cent. of all the voters on the roll, including the dead and the absent. We comfort ourselves with the thought that—

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small."

The day must come when the undemocratic democrat, and the alcohol protecting politician will go on the scrap heap for ever.

Picture Shows and Children's Pleasures.

(By VIGILANS.)

The moving picture show, along with many desirable and commendable features, has brought forth the perplexing problem of what standard should be adopted in regard to the character of pictures which should be permitted to be exhibited in these theatres. There has been an agitation for a strict censorship of these pictures, and the companies engaged in their production have shown themselves surprisingly willing to submit the pictures to any individual or committee that would be vested with authority to pass upon them.

CHILDREN AS PATRONS.

We realise that the motion picture show has come to stay, and every effort should be made to eliminate all that is harmful. On account of their cheapness, these exhibitions have been patronised largely by children, and there is a wide-spread feeling of uneasiness on this account. Sometimes the vaudeville performers, who take part at these picture shows, pander to a low taste, and suggestive jokes and songs are indulged in. These are all a part of the problem which affects the theatre proper, and should be treated in the same way. Nasty suggestion in manner, speech, and lack of clothing are the faults of the vaudeville, and these are matched at the so-called high-class theatres by problem plays which treat of themes that are forbidden in polite conversation. In the latter instance it is, perhaps, a safeguard that the patrons have a certain amount of education, but immature minds should not be subjected to their evil influences, and the effort should be continued to form a healthy public opinion in regard to all public performances. The children should be protected from contamination. Many parents allow their children to attend these picture shows at night time without them or an adult member of the family.

This omission of duty on the parents' part is responsible for much of the trouble their boys and girls give them when they become wage earners.

Frequently they say to parents, "I don't care," "I'll do what I like," "It's bosker."

Some parents then try to assert themselves, but find that it is too late. Parents, think and decide for the little ones, and thus avoid having uncontrollable children.

PLAY AND AMUSEMENT.

Provide for the children of to-day a pleasant, happy, and healthy childhood, and you thus materially reduce crime, misery, and physical deterioration. The hearts of children go out in grateful affection to those who show a willingness to participate in their amusements, and no one is better fitted for this post than their parents. With their loving care and guidance the children get a sane mind in a sound body and a clean heart in a clean body. Parents must provide facilities for it if they would have their children strong and law-abiding.

LEADING GIRLS ASTRAY.

There are so many cases where girls (and young women) of good intentions, but limited experience, are led astray by evil youths and men that it is an imperative duty to warn them of the great danger they incur in listening to strangers who profess friendship, and are kind and attentive in order ultimately to lead them from the path of honor. Hundreds of beautiful lives have been wrecked by turning too readily of these chance acquaintances. As a rule the men escape, while the poor victims, whose characters they have destroyed, bear the entire disgrace.

MOTHER'S DUTY.

Mothers should earnestly entreat young girls to be careful in the choice of associates, and to realise before it is too late the sad consequences of permitting undue familiarity. They should be urged to select friends with the greatest care and to repel at once any suggestion of evil, for only in this way can peace and happiness be assured.

Many young people turn a deaf ear to all good advice, but they cannot entirely free themselves from the interest and kindness of those who have their best welfare at heart, and as they gain in experience and age these thoughts come back to them with redoubled force.

A WISH.

And may they climb
From out the deep
And scale the heights,
However steep,
That stands between
This land and light,
And where shines
Eternal light.



For Your Little God-Child.

Easter is a favorite time for God-parents to give presents to their little children.

The handsome Child's Mug illustrated would make an ideal gift. Of A.I. quality electroplate and richly chased, it appeals both for its beauty and lasting utility, and is temptingly priced at 10/-.

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GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 6/-, outside the Commonwealth 7/6. Remittances should be made by Postal Notes payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Penny Stamps. Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.
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Office: 33 Park Street, City.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

One year's subscription to "Grit" is 7/- in advance.

To save the trouble of money orders, you may send postal notes, accompanied by name and address, marked for "Grit," c/o Rev. J. Dawson, N.Z. Alliance, 113 Willis-st., Wellington; Mr. J. H. Fountain, Dentist, Christchurch; Mr. J. E. Frost, Dunedin.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914.

M.B.C. SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE, CIVIL ENGINEERING, SUR- VEYING, ETC.

The practical work of this school is under the direction of a highly qualified man with world-wide experience. No school in Australia can offer such splendid tuition as does the M.B.C. It covers the whole ground, and for young men who want to advance in these professions no better opportunity for study has ever been offered. Write to-day for details, and the qualifications of the instructor.

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(2 Doors from Liverpool St.)

Liquor dealers in North Chicago sold liquor to one Hogstrom, a Swede, until his home was neglected, children starving, and his wife a lunatic. Suit was brought in behalf of the children, and the jury, moved at the sight of these in court, gave a verdict in the sum of 5000 dol., which the dealers will have to pay.

READ 'GRIT'

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Write at once if your Copy does not arrive on time. Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

A Personal Chat with my readers

WHAT CHILDREN READ.

I think it was in a paper called "The Continent" that I read something like this:—"There is nothing of sufficient importance to warrant a parent neglecting to care about what the children read. Running a successful business or keeping an immaculate house doesn't for a moment begin to compare with the importance of raising a family of children. And there is no right raising of children which does not take serious and studious account of their reading. Let father neglect his ledgers and mother her cookbooks if they must, but let them not dare neglect the pages out of which their children are learning life's fixed idea of what's worth striving for."

The best way to settle what a child reads, is not to forbid certain books or papers, but to enthuse over the good ones and see that they are get-at-able. This, of course, does not mean that you are to overlook the fact that some books and papers are to be forbidden as surely as you forbid companions known to be evil.

"The American Magazine" has an interesting article on THE BOY ON THE LAND. Will B. Otwell, of Illinois, who has done more than any other one man in the world to keep the country boy on the land. He addresses 40,000 boys each month in a magazine he edits. To be an Otwell Farmer Boy you must stay on the farm, compete for the prizes offered yearly through Mr. Otwell's efforts for good seed corn; you must read the magazine; sign the pledge, if you are an honor boy, and come to the big round-up on the first Saturday in October. They have written him 90,000 letters. Thirty thousand signed the pledge to abstain from tobacco, profanity and liquor because he said good boys grew good corn. Six thousand of them have opened savings accounts in local banks because he said farmer boys ought to begin to save early.

He says to all his boy farmers:—"I believe with all my heart that the best place for a boy to grow to be a good man is the farm. I believe he has ten chances on the broad acres to succeed and be a good man to one chance in the city, surrounded by vice and smoke and noise."

We are living in a day when our hopes are centred in Parliament, quite oblivious of the fact that we have passed more laws in the last five years than were passed in any

50 years of the last century, and the result is hard to find outside the increased number and wealth of lawyers. There must be a swing back of the pendulum, and less scope given to Parliament and more for conscience. Referring to railway accidents, Mr. Long, the general manager of the Pennsylvania, says: "Safety in railroad operation is not a question of safeguards but of intelligent caution constantly exercised. The ultimate aim is to develop in each employee a sense of personal responsibility." The law can't supply a substitute for conscience, because there isn't any. The moment we are confronted with a moral and a human difficulty we call on the law to pry us out instead of summoning and encouraging conscience to lead us out. Society has been trying short cuts via Parliament to success for thousands of years, and the problem is not solved, only slightly changed; and this will continue so until we make more of conscience and more of personal responsibility. When conscience enters the era of industry, spiritual values will be discerned and appraised, and what the law has failed to do will become an acknowledged fact, viz., a brotherhood of man.

Scientific management has EFFICIENCY. only taught us the mechanical side of efficiency. Real efficiency cannot come until the mechanics of industry are animated with a moral purpose. We make much of the men who harnessed steam and those who may yet harness the forces of nature, and forget Christ harnessed conscience. And the part of the Christian is to moralise a job while others may standardise it. When each person on a job believes that the thing would fail if he quit, they may be wrong, but get that feeling going throughout any organization from top to bottom, and you will get no end of efficiency.

The Editor

BOUND COPIES.

Bound copies of the last 12 months of "Grit" will be ready shortly. Please order at once, as only a limited number can be supplied.

GRANVILLE.

The poll has been fixed for Saturday, April 25. Donations for the expenses of this unique opportunity should be sent at once to Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Australian Temperance Conference.

(By JAMES MARION.)

The Conference delegates reached Adelaide on Saturday morning, March 21, and were warmly received at the railway station by temperance friends, who provided hospitality for the visitors. Fifty interstate delegates are here participating in the deliberations. Mrs. Lee Cowie representing New Zealand.

The welcome gathering in Willard Hall was of an inspiring character. The South Australian delegates rose and sang "Blest be the ties that bind." Mr. James Manning, President of the South Australian Alliance, presided.

A CORDIAL GREETING.

The Chairman said the Alliance, as representing the temperance people of the State, had asked delegates and visitors from the other States to attend that great conference, and appreciated the ready response. (Applause.) Their purpose was to discuss problems connected with the liquor traffic, and measures that would most effectively serve temperance. The Alliance did not claim any delegated authority from other temperance societies, but by a sort of understanding it was invested with imperial powers, so to speak, when there was anything going on. The delegates had come in strong force, and it was a remarkable thing they had come for. If a foreign Power came to their shores they would drive it away; but the enemy whose invasion the conference had to consider had been fostered and encouraged to become strong in the midst of the community. (Applause.) If as a people they did what ought to be done with the drink traffic they would drive it out altogether. (Applause.) He would like the conference to create such a feeling that every one would be challenged to define his attitude on the temperance question. He was "jolly glad" to see the delegates, and hoped they would do good to themselves and the Commonwealth. (Applause.)

LIQUOR TRAFFIC'S WATERLOO.

The Rev. F. Lade, M.A. (Methodist) said the importance of the occasion warranted the presence of the delegates and justified any inconvenience to which they might have been subjected. He liked to feel that, in South Australia at any rate, the liquor traffic was about to meet its Waterloo, and that "the trade" was so seized with that fact that it was about to order out its Old Guard. (Laughter.) What form that would take he could not say, but their opponents would strain every nerve to defeat them on the coming referendum in relation to the early closing of hotels. In some respects it was the most psychological moment in the history of South Australia; and that was true also of all the States. The enemy was exceedingly active, perhaps because it knew it had not got a long time before it. (Applause.)

WOMEN'S WELCOME.

Mrs. E. W. Nicholls welcomed the delegates on behalf of the W.C.T.U. and the tem-

perance women of the State, and said they were gathering the forces for victory in the fight against the liquor traffic.

A PROUD TEETOTALLER.

Mr. Joseph Ashton (Vice-President of the South Australian Alliance) welcomed the delegates on behalf of various temperance organizations. He was proud to be a temperance man of the third generation, and before he could write had made his mark to the teetotal pledge at Clarendon. He hoped the conference would create and foster a splendid sentiment that would further the work already done. Moral suasion and education of youth had been tried, but there was a time coming that all temperance people must use. In the last hours of the night the great evil of the drinking at public bars was done; but the opportunity that would come next year should enable them to strike a radical blow. They must go for the 6 o'clock closing of hotels. Thus they would be able to lessen the evil. He urged all to sink any differences in reference to closing hours, and vote at the referendum for 6 o'clock. Some of them had been pegging away since the temperance convention in Melbourne 34 years ago, and were still in the fight. (Applause.)

NEW ZEALAND NO-LICENSE.

Mrs. Lee-Cowie (formerly Mrs. Harrison Lee), a strenuous temperance advocate from New Zealand, was the first of the visitors called on to respond, and was accorded a hearty ovation. She said they were doing a great work in the Dominion, and she would like them to have the inspiration which that conference could give. She had brought greetings from the New Zealand annual Conference of the W.C.T.U.—(applause)—and hoped South Australia was going in for some measure of reform that would bring it on to the same level as the "no-license" areas in the Dominion. (Applause.) She lived in one of those areas where all the bars had been closed by the will of the voters. (A Voice: "At what hour?"). All the day, and not only 6 o'clock. (Applause.) The results had been so wonderful that she felt glad she lived there. They had what was called a crimeless city. (Applause.) When the charge had been made last year that Invercargill was filled with sly grog shops, a telegram from Australia had asked her to get the facts. She found there had been three convictions for sly grog-selling in one year, and two in another. (Applause.) People could not carry on a sly-grog trade in a "no-license" area as they could in one that was open. If she saw a man drunk in an Adelaide street she would feel he had got drunk properly—(laughter)—and under strict sanction and supervision; but if she saw a man drunk in Invercargill she began to ask, "How did he get the liquor?" Thus they could trace the sly grog-sellers more quickly at Invercargill. (Applause.) The people there were so well-to-do that she had found them burning their

last year's clothes under the copper, because they had nowhere else to dispose of them. She asked for them to be sent to her, and before she came away she had just packed the sixteenth big box—not mere trunks—with cast-off suits of clothes to send to the poor of London. Talk about the Christmas greeting of "Hands across the sea," they in Invercargill were clothing London. (Applause.) Where they had tried it, "no license" had been a magnificent success. The latest news from New Zealand was that the drink bill had dropped all over the Dominion to 11½d. per head per annum. (Applause.)

"LEG-IRONED ELECTORS."

Mr. Lawson Dash (N.S.W.) said the delegates had come with a great hope. The temperance people of New South Wales were leg-ironed with the two-fifths majority vote, which made two barmaids equal to three ministers of religion. At polling time the publicans and their minions sat by the fire, and those who stayed at home won because the temperance people did not get their 30 per cent. If that were offered to South Australia, they should wait rather than accept it. It was neither honest nor fair. They had absolute Sunday closing, and people under 18 were excluded from the bar. (Applause.) They had to work to get that. To obtain early closing South Australian temperance voters would have to be united for 6 o'clock. (Applause.)

THE KITE DID NOT FLY.

Mr. R. T. Chenowith (V.) said the Government of his State and the Commonwealth government had found the Victorian Alliance an active body. Some time ago the Victorian Administration had proposed to eliminate the mallee districts from the rest of the State which was to have local option in 1917, and to put licensed hotels at some railway towns. The temperance people and the churches had sent in petitions, and that little kite did not fly. (Applause.) They were Australians all, and were out to win. He looked to great results from the coming conference. The flag of the Commonwealth must float over a land which had no intoxicating liquor in it. (Applause.)

A PROHIBITION STATE.

The Rev. J. Williams (Q.) said his State went one better than New South Wales, and provided a penalty for any person under the apparent age of 21 entering a hotel bar. (Applause.) Queensland did not allow a publican to serve a woman in a bar or room for the sale of drink. (Applause.) Of course, there were evasions. There was no law under heaven made against the traffic, however, that the traffickers would not attempt to evade. That was a condemnation not of the law, but of the breakers of the law. They had prohibition in Queensland by Government enactment. There was an arrangement in their Liquor Act by which the Governor-in-Council could proclaim as prohibition areas a radius of five miles from new railway construction works; of three miles from any sugar mill, Government or private; and in the neighborhoods of new waterworks con-

structed by the Government the prohibition was proclaimed. (Applause.) (A Voice—"Good on Queensland" and applause.) No new license could be issued in Queensland without a local option poll of the electors. That did not depend on the temperance people. When an application was made for a new license the Bench had to decide the district and the Government arranged for the poll. Last year they had 10 local option polls, and five were carried against the license—(applause)—but in five of the districts there was no temperance organization.

BIG DRINK BILL.

Mr. J. Mather (W.A.) felt ashamed to acknowledge that his State had the highest drink bill in the world, £9 per head of the population. The real drinkers in the West probably did not exceed 127,000, so that the amount each of them expended in liquor annually would be £27. Western Australia has divorced wineselling from the fruit shops. The greatest evil was the politicians who protected the drink trade. The Western Australian Licensing Act had copied all the worst clauses of the New South Wales Act, and all the worst Acts on earth, yet it had been given to the people as a temperance measure.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

A. TOOMBS.

It is quite interesting to note the agitation in Australia for State Option. This has been largely due to the remarkable vote on the Dominion issue at the last election in New Zealand, the Dominion Prohibition vote being 259,000, with only 205,000 against. This was the biggest shock the liquor folk ever received over here.

Nevertheless there are many things to be considered in connection with a State vote. First a large number of voters who now protest against Local Option as being only partially successful and refuse to vote for anything less than State Option, will, with a State vote, complain that under State Option liquor can still be obtained just over the State borders, and they can vote for nothing less than National Prohibition, i.e., an Australian vote embracing all the States. Such persons are not worth much consideration.

Again, it is fairly safe to assume that with a State vote the local vote would be overshadowed and suffer. That has been made painfully obvious in the last poll over here, and, if one is allowed to predict, there will be a further shrinkage in the local vote at the coming poll. So the local vote would be sacrificed to have a State vote.

Seemingly the only way to retain the benefits of the Local vote, and yet attempt to obtain State prohibition, would be by having machinery to provide for a totalling of the Local vote throughout the State for State Prohibition. If the total is not sufficient to carry the larger issue, then the vote could be made applicable to the local area.

The local liquor people keep the local press

supplied with all manner of copy on the No-License question. Recently a letter appeared, stating that No-License towns do not attract population, as men will not go to live where they cannot get their beer. This is a specious argument, but as someone has said, we have heard of people following the flag but never before of their following the beer.

But my reason for mentioning the letter is to note its contradiction of the statement so prominent in the N.S.W. fight that No-License meant beer in every home—more beer under No-License than under License. The two statements don't square. Either No-License does mean loss of people (of a sort) who won't live where there is a difficulty in getting grog, or that there is more grog; it cannot mean both.

This same correspondent brought from Mr. J. S. Baxter, a prominent business man of Invercargill, the following paragraph in his reply: "In 1906 the capital value of land and improvements in Invercargill was £1,989,289.

In 1911 it had increased to £2,357,119, an increase of 40 per cent., and as building permits for the last three years have averaged £100,000 annually, it may confidently be expected that the next valuation will approximate £3,000,000. . . . At the last meeting of the Town Council the chairman of the Finance Committee reported that out of £24,800 of rates collectable in Invercargill only the small total of £130 remained outstanding. . . . We have no unemployed difficulty here."

A new scale of police pay has just been issued providing for increased salaries of from a shilling per day upwards. The liquor folk will soon be telling you that under No-License the cost of the police department is increasing in New Zealand. The New Zealand Drink Bill for 1913, published this morning, shows a decrease of 11½d. per head for the year. There is a slight satisfaction in knowing that there is a decrease. Small though it may seem, it is equal to a decrease of £50,000 in grog consumption.

SUMMER IS THE TIME FOR
UNCLE TOBY'S ROLLED OATS

MY UNCLE TOBY'S ROLLED OATS

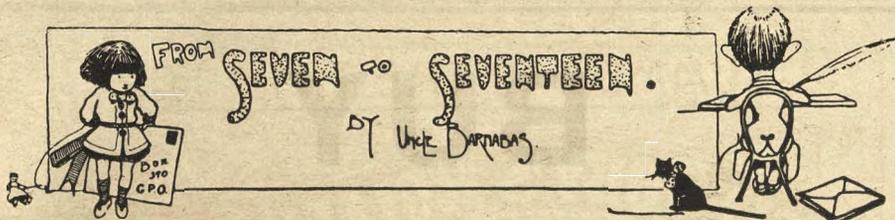
No Food

Oh you darling the Oats are delightful

Rolled Oats
Clifford Love & Co. Ltd
Sydney.

So Good

YOU WILL STAND THE HOT WEATHER BETTER
IF YOU HAVE THEM EVERY MORNING
FOR BREAKFAST



A MODEST HERO.

A young Scotch doctor, William Macgregor, had succeeded so well as chief medical officer at Mauritius that he was made Commissioner at Fiji.

An English ship, with a number of Indian coolies on board, struck on a reef near Suva, and began to break up.

Macgregor's life was much more valuable than the lives of the coolies, but he was not guided by the gospel of the jungle. So he went at once to the rescue, and by means of a rope and a broken mast saved many lives.

The besotted crew had got at the spirits, and finally a woman who was mad with drink fell overboard into the surf. Two men jumped in after her, and all three were being swept helplessly out to sea.

Macgregor let himself down by a rope, caught the woman's hair in his teeth, grasped the two men with his hands, and brought all three back to safety.

When the young Commissioner sent in his report of the shipwreck to the Government, he did not mention the part he had taken in the rescue. The other rescuers reported and praised by him, received the Royal Humane Society's medal. But none knew that Macgregor had been anywhere near the wreck until some one told the story to Queen Victoria, who herself conferred on the modest hero the Albert medal.

Not very many years later this modest young doctor became Sir William Macgregor, Governor of Newfoundland, and is now Governor of Queensland. I print this because it illustrates the fact that the real hero is always modest and real worth cannot be hid.—Uncle B.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

A warm greeting and best wishes for a happy birthday to:—

Emily Warren, F. K. M. Brown, and Harry Andrews on the 1st; Doris Wotton on the 6th; Allan Parker on 8th; U. O'Brien and Wilfred Wynter on the 15th; Alice McCulloch on 19th; Stanley Murray on 24th; Isabella Jamieson on 29th.

I hope you will write and tell me what was the nicest and brightest thing about your birthday.

BEAUTY SPOTS COMPETITION.

Will my ne's and ni's please join enthusiastically in the competition for the most beautiful spot in the neighborhood of any ne or ni. Send a post card picture, and I will put them in "Grit," and then we can all vote on them, and I will give a 10/- prize to the winner, 5/- to the second, and 2/6 to the third.—Uncle B.

RAILWAY PROGRESS.

Myrtle Luxton, Woodend Road, Ipswich, 3/3/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I am on the

sallyway list by this, as I have not written for a good interval. How are all your parishioners faring during these strikes. The majority are suffering from the butchers' strike more than the others I expect.

The Queensland railways jubilee was held last week. There was an exhibit in Market Square, Brisbane, consisting of two engines. These were illustrative of the progress made during the fifty years of the Queensland railways' existence. One was a very small engine, it being one of the first constructed. This was accompanied by a carriage built at that period also, viz., 1864.

The other engine "C" 18 was a few yards away, also accompanied by a few carriages. This engine is the last one built, namely, in 1914.

Its enormous size presented a great contrast to the little one. A musical evening, intermingled with speeches, took place in the Exhibition Building at 7.30 p.m. This was to celebrate the jubilee. A lantern lecture was also held there. During the course of the evening presentations were made to Mrs. and Colonel Evans and his daughter. After this the programme was continued, and we retired.

I like that idea of having a badge for the "Grit" cousins. I heartily second the motion. I think this is all the news. You must excuse the short note as it is Lent. Love to all.—I remain, your loving niece.

P.S.—Enclosed find a postal note for 5/-, being my subscription for "Grit." Good bye, uncle.

(Dear Myrtle,—I was pleased to hear again from you. The railway jubilee must have been very interesting. They know more about engines than human bodies, I think, for none of them would try to oil an engine with salt water, and yet they try and oil themselves with alcohol, and yet the effect of alcohol on the human engine is much worse than salt water on steel. You like the idea of a badge, but what kind would you like? Do you like the story "The Coat of Golden Mail," and are you going to guess what it all means?—Uncle B.)

MR. "GRIT."

Nellie Abbott, 44 Napier-st., Paddington, 5/3/14, writes:—

Dear Mr. "Grit,"—The other day I saw "Grit," and I thought it was very nice, especially the children's letters in it. I do not like to call you uncle B. until I know whether or not I am fit. I will just tell you what I am. I am eleven years old and I attend Albion-st. school. The teacher's name is Miss Kilminster. She is very nice, and I am getting on well at school. On Sundays I attend regularly St. Michael's School. Our rector is the Rev. F. R. Elder, and the Catherist is Mr. Hughes. We like them very much, and Mr. Elder comes to day school to

teach us scripture. I have many prizes, and the other Sunday I gained a prize; the name of it was "That Girl." That's good, isn't it, Mr. "Grit"? I have a lot more to tell you. If you happen to pass this way I will be very pleased if you will call and we'll give you by all means a cup of tea, and then will tell you more news. Please Mr. "Grit" will you put your photo in "Grit" so when we see you we shall know you. Please let me know soon whether I am good enough to be your niece, then I will write again with more news. Love to you till I see you.—Yours sincerely,

(Dear Nellie,—I am pleased to have you as a ni, and was amused at being called Mr. "Grit." Sometimes I am called "Barnabas 'Grit,'" but what's in a name? I am anxious for your next letter, when I hope you will tell me "the lot more" you have in your mind.—Uncle B.)

WAITING FOR MEAT.

Clifford Lark, "Manning," Tracey-st., Hurstville, 5/3/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you last. Christmas has come and gone since then. I spent my holidays at Rylstone. Rylstone is nearly overrun with rabbits. If they only had them down here now they would get a lovely price for them. During the meat strike we had one depot open in Hurstville. If you wanted meat you had to go and stand outside the shop for about an hour. When you get inside the shop you find they haven't what you want. Now that the shops are open the meat is too dear to buy. I think you will be pleased to know that I gained a scholarship at the qualifying exam. I attend the Sydney Technical High School, which I like very much. Wednesday afternoon is devoted to sport, and I play tennis. I think this is all the news this time, so I must close as it is bed-time. Wishing yourself, "Grit," and all the "Grit" cousins great success, I remain your nephew.

(Dear Clifford,—So you found at Hurstville that the meat strike was a nuisance? I did not mind it a bit. I think it did many people a lot of good to find out how easy it was to go without meat, and be just as well and perhaps better without it. Please write sooner next time.—Uncle B.)

GOOD ENOUGH TO BE A NI.

Slyvia Johnstone, 9 Mary Place, Paddington, March 6, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Somebody told me I might have the honor of being your niece. Please let me know if I am good enough. If I am not you may tell me what I have to do to be worthy of it.

I go to Albion-st. Public School. I am in special fifth class. My teacher's name is Miss Kilminster, and she is very nice.

I go to St. Michael's Church. The name of the minister is the Rev. Mr. Elder, and he comes to our school every Wednesday to give us scripture. I like scripture. I wish we had it every day. I have had many prizes at school. My teacher in Sunday School is Miss Wylie, and she is a real good Christian, and I think a lot of her. About my age I am ilke many others. I don't like to let

everybody know. We do not get "Grit," but when mum and dad will see my letter in it I think they will say, "Now, what a lovely paper; I think we better send 6/6 straight away." However, I hope this will be the result.

Please let me know if I am good enough to be your niece. Then I will give you heaps of news, as well as heaps of love.—Yours sincerely.

(Dear Sylvia,—I am quite proud to have you as a ni, and hope you will often write to me. A girl who has won many prizes, loves scripture, and who likes "Grit" well enough to want her parents to take it is the kind of ni I want. I am looking forward to heaps of news in your next.—Uncle B.)

A FINE SHOW.

Essie Moore, Cambridge, N.Z., 12/3/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think "Dusty Town" would be a better name for Cambridge just now, there is so much dust about. The annual agricultural show was held here on Thursday and Friday of last week. The People's Day was very fine, and we went up to the Show Grounds a little before 9 o'clock. Of course, the home industries' shed first claimed our attention, and we directed our steps there. In one corner as we went in we saw a lovely mass of pot plants and ferns. It reminded me of the bush near which we were staying at Christmas. Along side them were arranged fruits of various kinds. We did not compete this year, but next year I think I will enter for the children's classes in cooking. This year the children's entries were not so very numerous, but the exhibits were, I think, very good. Some friends of our were exhibiting a glass case of bees, all moving about. It was so funny to watch them, uncle, but very interesting, too. Some of the exhibits of fruit, jam, jelly, etc., looked very tempting, especially some home-made biscuits and sweets. At about two o'clock in the afternoon the grand parade commenced. In this parade every vehicle and animal takes part. First of all came the band in the brake, followed by the lady and gentlemen riders, the children, the vehicles, etc. They marched round several times, and were watched by spectators from the grounds, and the grand stand. I was fortunate enough to obtain a good seat in the grand stand, and so had a good view. After having a good look around we went and had tea in the dining tent. By this time it was getting late, so we soon had to leave the grounds for home. I am going to the High School now, Uncle B., as I obtained a Proficiency Certificate last year.

I will have to close now; love to all my cousins and especially to yourself.—Your loving ni.

(Dear Essie,—I am pleased to hear from you again. I like a show for young people, because it is both inspiring and educational. You can't see nice and good things without wanting to know how they can be made or grown. Can you send me a post card of the prettiest part of your district. I hope all my ne's and ni's will do so, and we will publish them in "Grit" and give a prize to the nicest place.—Uncle B.)

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

The Reduction Courts

(Continued from Page 4.)

alternative to reducing by the largest available number. Petersham voters wanted no licenses at all, yet cannot realise that desire. Is it fair, therefore, that the minority should rule and carry reduction, and that at its lowest possible basis? Petersham, by democratic vote, wished to abolish all licenses, but the Reduction Court "chose" to give the very least possible concession to that overwhelming demand. When will justice be done? It seems to me that his Honor is not there to express his private opinions on the liquor question, but to put into force to the utmost limits the demand of the electors. "The court was sorry for the licensee," we read. Why not also say, "The court was glad that because of the favoritism that the law shows to the liquor trade all the others will be able to proceed as usual, despite the fact that 54 per cent. voted against them"? Supposing any judge or court had expressed its sorrow with Petersham electors for the negating of their desire for no-license, what a howl there would have been from the counsel of the various breweries now fighting each other.—
Yours, etc.,

E. L. SLADE-MULLEN.

A Kansas editor suggests that when liquor people tell of empty buildings in Kansas on account of prohibition they should begin at the Hutchinson Reformatory in the 300 steel cells of which there is not an inmate.

License Opposed

(Continued from Page 5.)

should virtually sit in judgment on a case, such as this, and the term "person aggrieved" did not apply to a licensing inspector.

Mr. White took the view that by virtue of section 29 of the Act the licensing inspector had the right of appeal.

Mr. McGuinn's objection having been overruled, his Honor proceeded to read the depositions.

Mr. McGuinn laid stress on the fact that communication between Dubbo and North Dubbo is often cut off at night through the gates on the railway line being blocked or locked to traffic. He quoted from the evidence of members of the North Dubbo Improvement Association, who favored the granting of the license.

Mr. White argued that the boarding-house would meet requirements. He admitted that the population of Dubbo had increased, but he denied that the increase was in the vicinity of the hotel.

His Honor visited the premises, and in giving his decision said that the respondent's case rested mainly on the proximity to his premises of the saleyards and the district hospital, but this was not sufficient. The population had not increased in the vicinity of the hotel. The requirements of the public were met by the existing licenses, and he sustained the appeal without costs.

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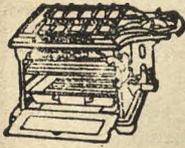
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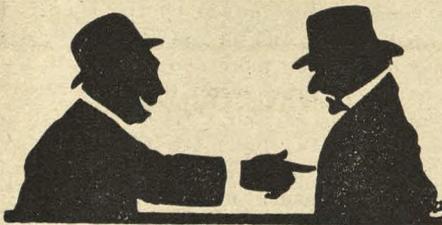
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AN IDEA FOR WIVES.

"Dearie," said the young married man, "I have to go to New York on business. It will only take a day or so and I hope you won't miss me too much while I'm gone, but—"

"I won't," answered his young wife, positively, "because I'm going with you."

"I wish you could, dear, but it won't be convenient this time. What would you want to go for, anyhow? I'm going to be too busy to be with you, and—"

"I have to go. I need clothes."

"But, darling—you can get all the clothes you want right here on Euclid Avenue."

"Thank, you. That's all I wanted."—"Cleveland Plain Dealer."

* * *

THE SAFER WAY.

"Dat ol' man o' yohs is a purty good provider."

"He shows his sense," replied Aunt Chloe. "He wants to keep me busy occupyin' dis here skillet as a utensil instid of a weapon."—"Washington Star."

* * *

A BIT VAGUE.

A burglar, in attempting to enter Wright's store, was shot at by Winfred Rardin. The man started to run, the bullet striking him between the fence corner and front gate, inflicting a superficial wound.—"Butler County (Ky.) Reformer."

* * *

THINK IT OVER.

Our colleague at the adjacent desk has just cogitated this: If a man has nothing, he must do something to have anything. But if a man has something, he needn't do anything to have nothing in a very short time.—"Boston Transcript."

BLAME LOCATED.

A crabbed old misogynist said to Ethel Barrymore at a dinner in Bar Harbor:

"Woman! Feminism! Suffrage! Bah! Why, there isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than intelligent."

"That's because," said Miss Barrymore calmly, "so many men are stupid while so few are blind."—"New York Tribune."

* * *

HE WAS SATISFIED.

"You are very beautiful," said a young man to his sweetheart.

"Ah, well," she answered, "beauty, you know, is only skin deep."

"Well," he replied, "that's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal."

* * *

COULDN'T SEE IT.

"You say you haven't anything to be thankful for?" said the clergyman to one of his parishioners. "Why look at your neighbor Hayes; he has just lost his wife by influenza."

"Well," said the parishioner, "that don't do me any good; I ain't Hayes."

* * *

A lady in Maine, U.S.A., got the following letter from a wholesale liquor house:—"Dear Sir,—As harmless as a custard pie—as potent as a summer sun—with an aroma that would smooth the wrinkles of an Egyptian mummy—that's Four Roes, fourteen years old." This woman has joined the millions clamoring for Federal protection from such outrages.

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HIS REASON WAS GOOD.

The colored defendant, who was being tried on a charge of keeping a dog without a license, tried repeatedly to interrupt the legal proceedings, but each time was sternly silenced by the court. Finally the judge turned to him.

"Do you want the court to understand," he said, "that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yessah, but—"

"We want no 'buts.' You must renew the license or be fined. You know that it expired on January first, don't you?"

"Yessah; but so did de dog, sah."

* * *

HER WAY.

Joe: "What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?"

Josephine: "Hold the hammer in both hands."—"Ohio Sun Dial."

* * *

Once Mother's skirts were wide, so wide—
A splendid place for little ones to hide.
But now that Mother's skirts are very thin,
There is no place to hide our faces in!

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

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OF THE WEEK.

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MARY L. MOPPETT.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

CHAPTER IX. THE WINDY CAVERNS.

By his magic our friend of the silver wand got the bellows to work in the hope of setting up the ruins on the "fresh air" principle; and truly, the inhabitants of the Palace needed it because they were nearly smothered by the foul odours. For, on joining the strikers, all the "garbage men" had shut the windows, and the only outlet for the bad smells (which were continually rising from the Laboratory) was the Mill Hall, though the currents of air which were always very strong in the windy caverns carried off a considerable quantity through them. As these caverns were situated near the Mill Hall, and were easier to get at, being more prominently placed, the Magician decided to begin the work of restoration through them. I must now digress a little in order to explain to you that although the Palace had toppled over, it was not what is called by learned people disintegrated, i.e., one part separated from another, so that the Magician very rightly supposed that he could inflate it, or "blow it out," as you would an air-balloon, and set it right in that way, knowing that fresh air was essential to its upkeep, and in so doing he was acting on the only suggestion that the clerk of the weather could offer him. He it was who had lent him the Big Bellows, remarking to the Magician as he did so that he did not know any mortal thing that could stand against a strong wind, and he should think a dose, say, of three-quarters of a gale, would be strictly 'homoeopathic' to the case!" You see, he was a bit of a doctor, as well as being a clerk.

And so he got to work. Pressing a button he set the great bellows in motion, and with the first gust the First Division of the Police Force revived, and as soon as they could find their legs hurried off to shut all the doors, for the draught was so great that they were afraid of being carried to the lower regions before they were quite ready to go there. This special division of the Police Force had each a very outstanding feature, i.e., their noses; for generation after generation their only employment had been that of sampling the different sorts of smells that came under their notice, and as this business had been passed from father to son for time immemorial they were all proficient in this art if in no other. They lived in these caverns because in them they could always get a supply of fresh air. Even the walls of their dwellings were perforated, and at the ends of the caverns were huge ventilators, and here the roof also was perforated and only very lightly covered. Through this perforated roof they had access to the Police Station, so they were situated very near headquarters, and perhaps that is one reason why they were always on the "qui vive;" in fact, such a thing as their being off duty in the daytime had never before happened dur-

ing the memory of the very oldest member of the Force.

As soon as these Policemen had been revived the first thing that they thought about was their duty as members of the Force, so they shut the doors against the strong wind which had been sent on so friendly an errand. So that the Magician was soon forced to leave off working the bellows, finding that their action did not exactly fit in with his expectations, and rightly concluding that the Clerk of the Weather, though clever, did not know everything.

"What are we to do now?" asked the Prince, when he learnt that the bellows business was a failure.

"I told you that if the suggestion of the Clerk of the Weather failed that you and I would see to the matter," answered the Magician, "and though you are at present both looking and feeling very small, I may tell you that you are in reality a very important personage, and without your assistance I am quite powerless to do anything in the way of restoration."

The Prince looked rather alarmed at the implied responsibility, but with all the assurance and optimism of youth replied "that he would have a try," and just checked himself in time, or he would have started to whistle "Advance Australia," "Yankee Doodle," or "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," or one of the "catchy" rag-times which are so easily caught up by the "every day" boy, and are equally dear to the hearts of princes, though, for courtesy's sake, they do not issue from their lips while in the company of learned professors such as our friend was. "Alright, sir," continued he, "but you must show me the way, please!"

"With all pleasure, my dear fellow," said the Magician, for through having been in each other's company for so long a time they began to be quite friendly and confidential in their relations to one another. "Put your hand in your pocket and take out your key."

"What key?" asked the Prince. "I have not any key, and what is more, I haven't a pocket!"

"Did you ever see or know a boy without a pocket," queried the Magician rather testily; and, placing his finger on a spot corresponding to that which is covered by the second button of your coat when it is fastened, told him to open his Coat of Mail, and just where he (the Magician) had put his finger—a spot very near to the Prince's heart—he would find the pocket, and inside the pocket would find the key to the situation.

To his chagrin, on feeling at the exact place, the Prince found a pocket which he had never noticed before, and in it, sure enough, a little golden key!

"And now comes your real time of testing," said the Magician. "You must take this key and travel through the windy caverns,

climb through the roof, and find your way to the Sultan's apartments, chain him to his throne, set a watch over him, and deliver the Princess whom he has rendered blind through long captivity and bring her to me."

"How can I chain him without a chain?" asked the Prince, who, though not a coward, quailed at the prospect of meeting this tyrant "all on his own."

"Silly boy," exclaimed the Magician, "is not the key attached to a chain? A chain which, fine though it is, you will find to be stronger than anything in the Palace!"

"Will it be long enough for the purpose of binding His Highness?" again asked the Prince, who did not wish to "take any chances."

"It is long enough to tie up 50,000 Sultans!" said the Magician, rather brusquely. "Its length is determined by the length of the need for it. And as you seem to be desirous of learning more about it, I will tell you as a very great secret that it is simply the unravelling of your Coat of Mail for in time of need the links are rendered very flexible, and can be unravelled as though the coat was made of knitted silk like a ladies' gold coat."

Satisfied with this explanation the Prince set out upon his errand of mercy, taking with him some of the Policemen who were stationed in the windy caverns to put him into the way to the cells which were set apart as apartments for the Sultan as they were familiar with that part of the Palace.

The Sultan liked to live here in close proximity to the Chief Commissioner for, through him, he could get all his wants supplied, without any exertion on his own part. Generally speaking, he was on good terms with the Commissioner, but on this day, as you know, he had asserted his authority in opposition to all the traditions of the Police Force, an opposition which resulted in the catastrophe which was the immediate cause of the Prince's visit.

A very ungainly sight was the Sultan, as the Prince first saw him, for much self-indulgence and a too easy life had made him grow "too big for his boots" to say nothing of his clothes!

With a quaking heart the Prince pulled out his key and began to unravel the golden chain, and, as the Sultan was insensible from the deadly potion which has caused the collapse of the Palace, he had no trouble in winding the raveling round his feet first and then right up and over his shoulders, pinioning his arms, and thus effectually preventing him from interfering in any way with the rescue of the Princess.

Having thus made the way clear for his escape, should the Sultan recover his wits before he got away he took the little key, and having again attached to the end of the raveling of the Coat of Mail, approached the door of the cell in which the Princess was kept an unwilling prisoner.

(To be Continued.)

Wyoming, a suburb of Cincinnati, having been dry forty-three years, has just voted that way again 5 to 1.

Something for the Inner Man.

THE RAINBOW.

A SERMON FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(By the Rev. H. G. TUNNICLIFF, from "Wet Paint," a volume of addresses for children.)

"And the bow shall be in the cloud."—Gen. ix. 16.

There have been many fancies about the rainbow in different countries. One is that where the rainbow rests there is buried gold; but go as far as you will you can never reach the spot where the rainbow rests. The old Greeks called it Iris, the messenger of the gods to men, who carried the staff of peace in her hand; and that was a beautiful fancy.

It is the rays of the sun shining on falling rain seen against the background of a black cloud, like the screen of a magic lantern. The rays of the sun, which seem white or colorless, are really made up of seven colours. The raindrops act as a prism; that is, they divide the white rays into their separate colors, and we see all seven—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. You may see the same thing in a piece of glass with many sides, such as you sometimes see on chandeliers.

THE MEANING OF THE RAINBOW.

You live not in one world, but in two. There is the outer world of things which can be seen and felt and handled, and there is an inner world of thinking and feeling, which is the real world, after all. Some people know only the outer world, but others know both, and see in the outer things the signs and symbols of the inner world. One man sees birds in the air. Flying birds, that is all. But the poet Bryant saw a wild fowl flying over his head, and he wrote a very beautiful poem on God's care and guidance of the bird. He knew that if God guided the bird He would also guide him. The fields of Palestine are covered with bright wild flowers, at some seasons, till they are a blaze of color. They are so common that people got used to them and scarcely noticed them. But Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they spin; yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And He taught them that if God so clothed the lilies, He would also clothe them. Long before men were on the earth the rain had fallen and the sun had shone, and before Noah's day many men had seen rainbows and had looked at them with curiosity or fear or admiration. But Noah, beholding the lovely thing in the midst of dark mist and cloud and rain, saw in it the token of God's mercy in the midst of destruction, and ever after it was a promise to him from God of His kindness.

Many meanings have been seen in the rainbow. It stretches from one side of the earth to the other, like God's mercy taking in all men, and joining them all into one family

with Him. Another way of looking at it is, that as the different colors joined together make up one white ray, so God's love and justice and all His other attributes make up one perfect whole—that is, make God.

"Shortly after Strassburg had been taken in the terrible war between France and Germany there arose a great storm out of which sprang a beautiful rainbow, with one foot resting on Germany and the other on France. It seemed as if God then set His bow in the clouds to rebuke the cruel strife, and also as a sign of the good time coming when man shall learn war no more. As we have one God, and one Covenant with its one token in the sky, so there should be one family over all the earth."

The bow is never seen when there are no clouds. It is a sign for cloudy days. To every one there will come some cloudy times when life seems as cheerless as a long wet day, and it is hard to believe that the sun will ever shine again. The clouds are generally of two kinds—either of sorrow or of sin.

There must be some sorrow in life. No one can escape it. Longfellow has a poem which says:

"Into each life some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and dreary."

But sorrow, like rain, has its use. Without rain there would be no flowers, no fruit. When we think of what the rain does, we no longer complain of it, but look forward to the time when it will stop, and we shall enjoy in the sunshine the gifts it has given us. So in the sad cloudy days precious flowers and fruits are growing. Without sorrow how should we learn patience and courage and sympathy and trust? These are the flowers, watered by the rainy days. Although we do not see it, the sun is still shining—the sun of God's love—and when it falls on the clouds of sorrow and tears it makes a rainbow of Hope. The martyrs endured terrible sufferings because they saw this rainbow, and, as the Bible says, "they counted him faithful who promised." There are many promises which should give us hope. Here is one: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

"It isn't raining rain to me,

It's raining daffodils!

In every dimpling drop I see

Wild flowers on the hills!

A cloud of grey engulfs the day

And overwhelms the town—

It isn't raining rain to me—

It's raining roses down!

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per lb. Why pay more?
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ALWAYS FRESH
RICH and REFRESHING.

"It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy!
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!"

"Only in the shadow do the flowers grow. All the beautiful life of the garden begins in the dark, and develops in the dark. Only in the dark shadow can the seed hear the call for its fullest and best powers. In the shadow the flowers find their refreshment. Too much sun only withers. The shadow that bows the flower must come before the head can be lifted in the glory of a smile. It is the dark shadow alone that gives power; power to develop, power to lift the head, power to choose the color, power to be beautiful. Shadow makes the roots, and then sends them foraging in the soil for food and nourishment. What sunshine is to the flowers all happy things are to us. Happiness is heart's sunshine, and a valuable thing it is. It makes our lives beautiful; it makes the face radiant; it makes the whole of our being to warm into activity. But shade—the sad experiences of life—that alone makes strength and growth by giving power for both."

SIN.

There is nothing which clouds the sunshine of life like sin. It makes life very dark indeed. What do we need most when we have brought trouble on ourselves by our own wrong-doing, and there is no pleasure in anything, nothing but sadness and regret? The bow that shines in the cloud of sin is Forgiveness, and this is one of the promises of it: "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

THE RAINBOW IN HEAVEN.

There is another bow besides Noah's mentioned in the Bible. St. John had a vision of heaven, and of the throne of God, and round about the throne he seemed to see a rainbow. It is when the sun is gaining the victory over the rain-clouds, when the sunbeams are piercing them, and they are passing away, that the rainbow is seen. In heaven all the clouds of sin and sorrow which darken our lives will have passed away in the sunshine of God's presence, and all His promises will be fulfilled for ever.

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