

AND SMOKELESS TOO.

A bright editor has just written the following under the title "Some Drinkless Days, Please."

To win the war the Government at Washington is justified in inaugurating any rightful measures that may serve that end. It commandeers ships, property, and lives under conscription, and forces the unwilling to comply. It levies heavy and unusual taxes, and by a most extended and elaborate system of advertising, suggestion, and appeal it urges and enforces curtailment in expenditures, especially in eating. It has inaugurated meatless days and wheatless days, and then increased them. It has importuned the housewife to save, save! Save a loaf, save a slice, and has put an oft-repeated ban on any waste in the kitchen, and has urged with an almost wearying reiterating the "gospel of the clean plate." It has urged the saving of a hod of coal and a shovel of coal. It has cited, through bureaus, commissions, committees and an army of editors and helpers, the need for cutting unnecessary expense, and of the most rigid economy, and usually for the purpose of buying bonds and the winning of the war.

The writer of these lines finds no fault with the Government for these measures; he believes most of them, perhaps all of them, are necessary. The feature that appeals to us, however, as wholly inconsistent, and altogether unworthy of a Christian government of high ideals, is, that all of this propaganda of appeal and of enforcement is directed to the American table and the American kitchen. A stranger in our country, following this Government propaganda, would hardly infer that there was a saloon here or that hundreds of millions of dollars are wasted yearly in drink.

In the name of all that is high and noble, why cannot the Washington Government ask the several millions of drinkers to share in this campaign of war saving? A round of city saloons will show, in these strenuous war days, the same old crowds, and probably spending more money than ever, for liquors are higher.

We suggest that the authorities at Washington give their figuring experts a new job. We have the figures for bread and coal saving by heart. Let them now figure up what is spent in this country yearly for drink. Then let them tell us how much of it is necessary, and how much of it could be saved for bonds.

And we add to the above "and smokeless too." Why not? If the loyal millions of men in America and also millions in the allied nations would give up tobacco for twenty-four hours in a week, it would add perceptible millions to the cause of conservation.

They will not do this. They will not be asked to do this. Masses of millions could not do it if they would, but enough could do it to make it worth while.

We fear patriotism would be found less strong than tobacco. The eminent Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "It is inconsistent for some to be consistent."—Christian Witness.

"How many try to get their salvation at a marked-down price. It is never marked down. You have to pay the full price if you get the genuine article."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Brother Baker:

Please find enclosed my renewal for the Highway and also one new subscriber. We would not want to try to do without the Highway, we get so much help from it; it has so many good things, we always are refreshed spiritually by it and we certainly feel the need of help these dark days, but are still trusting in the Blood of Jesus, and looking to him for help. He is indeed our friend in time of need.

Trusting God blessing shall rest on you and the work, I remain your brother in Him.

STANLEY HALLETT.

Brownlee, Sask.,
P. O. Box 137,
April 22nd, 1918.

Dear Brother Baker:

Just a word or two for the Highway, just to let you know how much I enjoy reading the life sketches and testimonies of these dear old saints of God. And our hearts reach out to those sorrowing ones in Woodstock. They have our sincere sympathy. We are also passing through very deep waters, we feel as though the waters have even gone over our heads. Our little grandson left this earth on the 15th of April to be with Jesus, the only child, O how they miss him. Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, pray for the stricken parents. My testimony today is that Jesus is very precious to me in times of trouble. He is my comforter. "My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness." Glory to his dear name, for his saving grace and keeping power. Pray for me.

Your sister in Jesus,
MRS. P. C. MacKENZIE.

"SET APART"

"SET APART"—a chosen vessel
to the King of Kings,
"Set apart," for ever severed
From all earthly things.

"SET APART"—to lavish on Him
All thy heart's rich store,
And within His heart to enter
Deeper evermore.

"SET APART"—to bear the fragrance
Of His blessed Name,
And with Him to share the sufferings
Of a cross of shame.

"SET APART"—with Him to suffer
O'er a world undone,
And to stand in fiercest conflict
Till the fight be won.

"SET APART"—no reputation
On this earth had He,
For thy sake reproach fell on Him,
For His sake on thee.

"SET APART"—to walk with JESUS,
GOD'S beloved Son,
This the record of thy journey—
"And they two went on."

—Selected.

"Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history."

SOWING.

A. G. Warder.

Let us sow the seed by the wayside fair,
On stony ground, mid thorn or tare:
For into good ground some seed will fall,
And bring forth fruit—some great and tall.

Let us sow the seed, though fowls of the
air
Shall gather it up; though thorn and tare
Shall choke it out, and it fails to yield
A perfect harvest—'tis part of the field.

Let us sow the seed, for sowers are few
Who sow good seed, where rain and dew
By the Master sent, will cause to grow
A bountiful harvest: He promised so.

Let us sow the seed when the morning air
Shall brace us up: or when noon glare
Shall cast us down with sweltering heat:
We shall rise again, in Christ, complete.

Let us sow the seed when the shadows
creep
Across our path, while many sleep;
Let us sow beside all waters till
Our Jesus comes, or the heart stands still.

WITHOUT CHRIST.

Francis Ridley Havergal.

I could not do without Him,
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious
And the more I find Him true,
The more I long for you to find
What he can be to you.

But with Him, oh, with Jesus!—
Are any words so blest?
With Jesus everlasting joy
And everlasting rest!
With Jesus—all the empty heart
Filled with His perfect love!
With Jesus—perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above!

Why should you do without Him?
It is not yet to late;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you; hush! He calls you!—
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

—Sel.

HIS TENDER MERCIES.

Notice the character of God's tenderness:

As a father pitieth.—Psa. 103:13.
As a mother comforteth—Isa. 66:13.
As a hen gathereth—Matt. 23:37.
As an eagle fluttereth—Deut. 32:11.
As a nurse cherisheth—I. Thess. 2:7.
As a shepherd seeketh—Ezek. 34:12.
As a refiner sifteth—Mal. 3:3.
As a bridegroom rejoiceth—Isa. 62:5.

—Sel.

"Despondency is the devil's triumph in the human mind. God is not the Author of hopelessness."