

outdoors owing to the lack of room in their church.

From Altona we went to Bucu's, Paulina's outpost; there we had a watchnight service, it being New Year's Eve. One man gave himself as a seeker, and a Demonica woman knelt for prayer. Before the new year entered in, all knelt for silent prayer and self-examination, while the clock ticked out the old and brought in the new.

At Paulina's we had a fine crowd, more in heathen dress than at either Hartland or Altona. The total number would be about three hundred and fifty. When the feast was ready we had the usual meeting, which was attended with interest and blessing. To hear them sing out in the open air was wonderful, some heathen perhaps having their first gospel song and message.

Truly, friends, I think the Christmas feast was a blessing. One thing further about these feasts; almost all the food is given by the natives and all the work is done by them. All that is necessary is general oversight that day and management in collecting the foods before, so that you can know what to depend on, for if there would not be enough then we missionaries would make up the rest.

We believe the Christmas feast has its proper place and believe it has been a means of blessing to all who attended. We have tried to give a picture of these feasts, but could not in this space go into details. I must let your imagination picture this feast on a hot day in July at home, rather than a December day, for Christmas and all the feast days are about as we get it in July at home. With this picture and Sister Alice's report of the quarterly meeting you can get a little glimpse of our Christmas.

Now, dear friends, do not forget to pray for us and this needy field.

Yours for souls at home and abroad,

D. M. MacDONALD.

Temperance Column.

THEN AND NOW

As we think about collecting something regarding the present social conditions of our town and surrounding country, there are at least a few things crowding into our mind: Between 25 and 35 years ago, living in Saint John, N. B., we thought the social conditions were everything but ideal. Almost every other door, especially in the main or business centres, was a bar-room or licensed saloon. Men and women (but they were few) could buy intoxicating liquors from a glass of ale to a barrel or more of the hardest liquors made, as long as they had the price. But they bought and sold and drank with a stigma or a great amount of shame attached to it, and a bar tender or a saloon keeper, as well as those who frequented those places, were looked down upon, as the lower classes, and we remember when some places outside the city limits, and called "club houses," where what was termed the "higher circles of society" used to gather for a social evening, and wonderful were the revelations made by coach drivers as they would get together and talk of their experiences in bringing home in the small hours of the morning "gentlemen and ladies of the four hundred class" so drunk they would not know their names or where they lived, or very much of anything. How

these people were spotted. Then there were the "road houses" and "gambling dens." And oh! how people, and especially church people, were amazed and shuddered at the conditions, and many a fervent prayer ascended to our Heavenly Father for mercy upon the "poor unfortunates," and that the cause might be remedied. It seemed for a time at least that the "accursed" stuff with its traffic had been banished from this "fair land of ours," and some of us at least drew a sigh of relief, and said there were better times to come and it would be a better land, and our boys and girls would have a better chance than their fathers had. When, lo! to our amazement, when in spite of the voice of the people on the two plebiscites that had been taken, when the people said by their ballots "We want Prohibition," and still again upon the pledge of a new provincial leader and members, should they be put in power, the Prohibition law on the Statute Books would have a fair trial, and would not be removed without the voice of the people. But, alas! we have been betrayed, and instead of what was promised to make conditions so much better in every way, we have things as we find them now, if our eyes are open at all, conditions that would have made society, and especially the churches, shudder, yea, conditions that we never thought would be possible anywhere in this province, let alone in this "fair town of ours." Someone says: What conditions? First, an open bar, not by an old rum-seller who thought nothing of the morals of the people, but only of the dimes and dollars as the case might be, and whom folks would scorn and look down upon both he and his family and business; but by a Government who said it is a business only for the Government to engage in, and has literally made it patriotic for men and women, boys and girls, to help the "poor government" out by buying booze at the "government rum shops" and adding to the treasury of the province. They also promised no more bootlegging, or places of carousal caused by drink; also a person could get only a small bottle at a time, but lo! again, any person can get all he wants as long as his purse holds out, from a small bottle that fits the hip so nicely to as many cases as he or she should desire, until it is sold unlimited, not only from the so-called Government Liquor Control Board, but if someone should come along after hours they could find or have found it for sale and purchased it from quiet farm houses by the way, livery stables, restaurants, and other places. It's to be had, and should a stop tried to be put to it by the men who are supposed to look after such things, they are held up for ridicule by lawyers and judges as disreputable men, and those who are guilty of breaking the law (if it be a law) are exonerated and literally told to "go ahead" as long as it has the Government seal upon it. Bootlegging! Well, it has not ceased, either by team, on foot, automobile, aeroplane, motorboat or any other means that can be brought into play to bring it to its desired destination. Of course we do not have many at least, what is termed "road houses," but what about some of these so-called "dance pavilions" where again our boys and girls are invited to spend a social evening and enjoy the "social dance." Of course, they are called "tourist camps," but I wonder when someone gets a little on the inside of what goes on? When individuals or people who desire a good time from over the other side of the line, what do they do? Come over of course, but be sure and be here before the Government store is closed, or have someone here to "stock up" for them, and over they come and away they go to some of these places for a dance, big feed and a good time, which ends in a regular drunken brawl. And still balls and

parties can be carried on right in the heart of the town and men and women can find plenty to drink until they will disgrace the town as well as their homes, and damn their own lives; in fact, time would fail to speak of the different places and occasions where sin, wickedness, revelry, drinking, immorality exists, until one wonders where it will ever stop; and if there is no balm in Gilead. The question continues to arise in the minds of a great many—What are we to do? A number are becoming discouraged and say there is no use. Others have different solutions to offer to remedy the matter. There is one thing sure, the Government has not solved the problem. They have not made things better, but things appear to be steadily getting worse, and no doubt many of you are asking the question, what would be your solution of the matter? I have only practically one thing to offer which would remedy the situation as nothing else possibly could. First, to arouse ourselves as fathers and mothers and Christian men and women to the awfulness of the conditions that prevail in our midst. See it not alone from a political and financial standpoint, but see it in the light of God's truth and eternity's judgment. See it as it really is, men and women, boys and girls, lives and influences being wrecked for time and eternity. See it in the sober light of judgment. See it as immortal souls, damned, and damned forever. See it in the love that God had in giving His only begotten Son. See it in the love that Christ had as he poured out His life to bring men from nature's darkness into His marvelous light. See it until individually as well as collectively we will fall down on our faces before Him and cry day and night in the words of the Psalmist, "Wilt Thou not revive us again?" I believe, in fact, know that a revival such as used to sweep our towns and countries, revivals that would bring convictions deep and pungent, revivals that would bring God into hearts and lives, would stop Sabbath-breaking or desecration, card playing, theatre going, cigarette smoking, dancing and gambling, and would make total prohibitionists out of everyone. It would bring a fear upon the ungodly such as they know not now. Rum shops would have to close and the evils that surround us, that make so many hold our heads and blush with shame and cause hearts to ache, would remedy the situation as nothing else would. Until then, let those of us who have convictions do our utmost to stir up temperance sentiment, to make conditions best we possibly can, to make it easier for our boys and girls to do the right and be men and women worthy of the name.

E. W. LESTER.

THE HEART-BURN

This was the experience of the disciples who walked with Jesus to Emmaus. There was a reason for it. They were with Jesus who was opening to them the Scriptures. This is still the experience of those who walk with him, and allow him to unfold the truths of Scripture, to them. Does not God say, "Is not my word a fire?" (Jer. 23:29). If your heart never burns as you read its truths, it is quite evident that he is not walking with you and unfolding the Scriptures. We ought never to cease when we read the Word of God, until we feel our hearts burn within us. We ought not to read it as mere history, but as a means for having the heartburn. God intended that this sacred volume should warm our hearts. It is a proof that Jesus is with us as we read the Word of God, if our hearts burn within us.—Christian Witness.