

salvation for the purpose of saving the world, one person at a time, from sin. That plan is perfect, is as holy as God himself, is sufficient to meet the need for which it was intended, and plentiful in supply for all. The rules are: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Be ye holy; for I am holy." "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "My grace is sufficient for thee." God has made provision for us to be lifted out of sin, to have our heart cleansed from all sin, to live a life of Holiness in this sinful world, and be taken to heaven when we die.

There is an experience of Holiness for everyone. But just as surely as one must eat or starve to death, one must meet God's requirements for a holy life or be lost as the result of neglect.

The whole scope of Christian experience boils down to a matter of every man, woman and young person laying hold of God by faith, thereby releasing His power into their lives to pardon their sins, cleanse them from all sin, and keep them from the evil that is in the world. It is a life of Holiness or a life of sin with its results.

"It is for us all today,

If we truly trust and pray;

Consecrate to Christ your all,

And upon the Saviour call,

Bless God! It is for us all today."

H. J. S. BLANEY,

Ed. Y. P. Page

Moncton, N B, May 24, 1935

God is no respecter of persons or places; so, since we were unable to attend the Millstream Rally, we decided to have one at home. We were indeed privileged in having Judson Sanders with us. There was an afternoon service in which Mr Sanders talked to us on "Young People's Work in Africa and at Home", supplying mandolin and guitar music, with singing. The evening service was well attended and was enjoyed by everyone. Our president, Iola Mitton, had the chair and Judson Sanders again spoke to us on the subject, "Africa". There were several splendid solos and duets. The Lord was certainly in our meetings together, and there was, we believe, a real rallying around this Standard.

The Moncton Crusaders,

Reporter, Muriel Wright.

HIS MOTHER'S FAITH

They said he would never amount to much.

But his mother said he would;

That he never could set the river on fire,

But his mother vowed he had;

They said of beauty he had no trace

But his mother vowed he had;

When they talked of future men of state,

She lovingly looked at her lad.

And it happened, as months and years went by

This lad, who was awkward and shy

Who could never set the river on fire,

Reached the goal of her heart's desire;

And he gave glad thanks, with eyes that were dim,

Because of his mother's faith in him.

—Florence Jones Hadley.

The yesterdays of a thousand ages have made us what we are, and yet it has given each one the power to make tomorrow different from all others.—C. M. Stevens.

Temperance Column

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 1:20.

A BIG DEMONSTRATION

On May 23rd one of the political parties of New Brunswick held a meeting in Woodstock to select candidates for the coming provincial election to be held on June 27th. It was said by those present that Woodstock had the biggest day that it has seen for many years. And of course the sympathizers of that particular party called it a big demonstration of the interest that the people of this part of the province had in their party.

Well, it was surely a great demonstration, first from the standpoint of a crowd. There were scores of trucks there that came in carrying full loads of men, and hundreds of cars as well. There were hundreds of men working on the highway roads doing such things as men are generally engaged to do just previous to the time of election.

We were told by some of those thus engaged that all those men were given free transportation to Woodstock and also full pay for their day, so why should they not go? Would not a ride to town with a day's pay be preferable to digging in the dirt. We were also told that the greatest demonstration of the day was not the big crowd or the eloquent speeches, or the interest that was shown in selecting the candidates, but it was the demonstration of free government liquor. They said that the Carlisle Hotel was used as a sort of reception room for the day which of course was soon filled to capacity and that several sleek looking fellows with smiling faces were going about through the crowd apparently looking for thirst travellers, of which there seemed to be many and easily located, who were sent to rooms upstairs where each one who applied would receive a parcel, or something to drink without money and without price. The contents of these packages seemed to produce a hilarious condition among the crowds at first, then many of the men felt so strong that they wanted to show their pugilistic powers, and soon pandemonium held sway, and the result was bloody bruised faces, blackened eyes, and some fellows tumbled downstairs; but amid it all they kept on shouting: Hurrah for Tilley. Now the Hon. Mr. Tilley and his wife had also engaged rooms at this same hotel for the day, and as the time drew near for them to arrive the management found themselves in an embarrassing position, for the crowd was so great there was no room for the premier in the inn. At first they tried to reason with the men and asked them to leave, but they had no success, for the crowd stuck to the place like flies to a molasses barrel. The management had to finally appeal to the police for help, who came in and after much strenuous effort in removing several fellows, who by this time were very boisterous, or too full for utterance, to the jail, which was soon full also. A path was made for the premier to get in. This certainly was a demonstration that ought to make every decent citizen hang his head for shame. When a political party could not hold a meeting to select its men to run for election without giving away rum and making men beastly drunk. It was also a demonstration of the results of government control of intoxicating liquors. We never knew anything like that to take place under the prohibition law as poorly as it was

enforced. I am wondering what the supporters of the government control law will say now about their law which they said would make our country sober. I also would like to ask who will pay for all this liquor that was so freely given away and who will pay the wages of those hundreds of men who left their work on the roads to go to the great demonstration. No doubt the already overburdened tax-payers will be able to answer these questions next year. I also want to ask how long the respectable people of this province are going to sit still, be quiet, and allow this state of affairs to continue. Every observing person knows that drunkenness is increasing especially among the young men and women. We are told by those who knew that scarcely any social function is held these days without a good deal of drinking by both boys and girls. It is high time for the Christian people and lovers of sobriety to rise up in a body, stand together without any regard for political party, and demand a law that will forever close all these disgraceful government rum shops and put out of business all these cursed breweries and dry up this awful flow of liquid damnation, and thus save our boys and girls. I believe there are still people enough in this province to do this very thing by electing men to our legislature who will put prohibition laws on our statute books and see that they are enforced if we will forget party and stand together. And our God who hates iniquity and loves righteousness and justice will hold us responsible to do our best and will judge us guilty if we fail. Read the poem following.—H. S. D.

WANTED!

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands—

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatterers without
winking!—

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the
fog

In public duty and in private thinking;
Forsake the rabble with their thumb-worn
creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice
sleeps!

—Josiah Gilbert Holland, M. D.

THE GOVERNMENT AND LIQUOR

Bishop James Cannon in a recent address said: "I have here a two-ounce bottle of whisky, still with the government seal upon it, showing that it has not been opened, which I purchased in a big store in Baltimore out of a huge basket full of similar bottles which were sold for fifteen cents to boys and girls ranging from fourteen to eighteen years, who had patronized the soda fountain. Such conditions, of course, were not heard of during the prohibition law." The curse of God is sure to rest on our Federal Government as long as it continues to affiliate itself with this liquor policy.—The Pentecostal Herald.