

conscience is still tender to conviction of national sin. Those who have given thought to the condition of things existing in this country have been troubled to find the spoils system, so prevalent in the United States, gradually gaining a hold upon the political life of Canada. The idea that the government of the country is a huge contrivance for personal aggrandizement, and exists solely for the benefit of those who have assisted the successful contestants to places of power and profit, is one of the most stifling conceptions of citizenship possible. As yet it is not a controlling factor in our national life, but it will soon become so unless checked by some healthful influence that may be imported into politics by the consecration of our youth to a Christian citizenship. It is this perverted conception of civic responsibility, which, leading men to cling to party with a servile adherence to every moral vagary of their chieftains, makes the securing of reforms impossible without the dominant party's consent. If Canada is to be claimed for Christ by the enactment of righteous legislation and the suppression of social and commercial crime, the growing tendency must be repressed and extinguished.

Another phase of the outlook that assumes a serious aspect to thoughtful people is the growth of Sabbath desecration which has become so marked a feature of our time. At a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Synod, Principal Caven declared that the Ontario Lord's Day Act was in ruins, a statement which, falling from the lips of one so moderate in the use of language, caused a mild sensation in the assembly. But it is a truth that the observer of recent court decisions and provincial legislation cannot deny. On every side you hear people declare that the Sabbath is a lost cause in Canada, and if we talk and think so much longer it will become so in sad reality. The fight for the Lord's day has ceased to be a local one. It has become a provincial and even a national struggle. What on the other side of the line our brothers and sisters are seeking to regain, it is ours now to seek to retain. The Lord's Day Alliance has made a noble stand for the Sabbath, but it has been all too feebly supported by the dormant Christian conscience of the country. Let us wake up, comrades, to the need of vigilant and aggressive citizenship in this matter, for when the Sabbath is gone we have lost the trenches that defend the citadel of national righteousness.

Then there is the liquor traffic to be dealt with yet. Some of us, no doubt, are very well pleased with ourselves since we succeeded in carrying the country for prohibition, and now we are enjoying the exercise of gnashing our teeth at a government that does not feel justified in experimenting in revolutionary legislation with a half-hearted minority at its back and a very large majority of indifference and opposition to overcome. Personally I reckon myself among those who were willing to abuse the government for

what seemed to be a breach of faith when its decision upon the plebiscite was given; but time for quiet contemplation has convinced me that prohibitionists will be wiser to cease venting their wrath upon a government that common sense commends, and to turn their energies to converting and strengthening the weak brethren who have not moral stamina enough to vote the right way. It is our duty to get out after that big unpolled vote that we claim is favorable and to discover what strange paralysis seized it on voting day; though for my own part I cannot see why we should be so anxious to spread the hem of our garments over a constituency of moral cowards and call them followers of the prohibition flag. Before these notes will have reached my readers, the little group of prohibition members in the House will have taken its sense upon the proposed measure giving the provinces local option in the enactment of prohibitory legislation. I believe this is a reasonable and righteous demand based upon the plebiscite, and I cannot see how the government dare resist it.

Toronto, Ont.

The Seasons' Queen.

By Eliza Wills.

O'ER the length and breadth of the land one day
A rapturous message thrill'd,
'Twas the gentle voice of the soft south wind
That the air with gladness fill'd;
The voice murmured low to the leafless trees,
"Awake and put on thy green,
For summer is coming, will soon be here,
Of all the seasons the queen."

The south wind swept o'er the rivers and lakes
Winter had fetter'd with chains
Then clasp'd in his arms till his cold embrace
Had chill'd the life in their veins;
The wind's soft voice made them stir in their beds
The snow-cover'd banks between,
"O, ye waters, awake and sing to greet
Sweet summer, the seasons' queen."

The wind breath'd softly to old mother earth,
"Call to the flowers, arise!
The roses, daisies and fair lily buds,
Violets blue as . . . skies;
Haste, wreath ye a crown for our queen to wear,
And line it with mosses green,
Weave it of blossoms, the rich and the rare,
A crown for summer, our queen."

The flowers sprang up from the ground in haste,
And their fragrance fill'd the air;
The glad waters danc'd and sang in their glee
To welcome their queen so fair;
The twittering birds came and built their nests
On the wind-rock'd boughs so green;
And summer reigned over all the land,
Sweet summer, the seasons' queen.

Toronto, Ont.

"NO SERVICE in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will."