

**Prohibition.** On July 3rd and 4th the Dominion Temperance Alliance met in Montreal, in the new French hall, the Monument National. The watchword, as with previous conventions, was "Prohibition," the difference being that while in former days the echo from that keynote sounded faint and far away, the provincial plebiscites of the past year, and their accompaniments, made it seem this time nearer and clearer than ever before; and both veterans and new recruits were hopeful and determined as they planned for coming campaigns.

Among the resolutions considered and adopted in the work of the two days was one strongly condemning the "French treaty" as fitted to increase the importation of liquor, and to hamper the Dominion in future prohibitory legislation, and calling upon Parliament to vote against it. Another resolution expressed regret that the Dominion Government refuses to pledge itself to promote prohibitory legislation; and still another pledged the convention to support only known, avowed, and reliable, prohibitionists, as candidates for Parliament, and where such could not be obtained in those of either of the existing parties, to endeavor to secure the nomination of a Prohibition candidate.

The two great mass meetings held during the two evenings of the convention were happy in having a long array of able speakers, but it is no disparagement to the others to make special mention of Miss Willard and General Neal Dow, the father of Prohibition. The former is a speaker of rare and quiet power, and deserves her world-wide fame. With woman's tenderness she weeps over "earth's saddest picture," the ravages of drink, and with strong common sense she tells men that speech making and sentiment will not rid them of the curse; that the only voice which will compel the attention of legislators is the ballot, and that by this they must speak if they would be heard.

The General is simply a wonder. "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, but he knoweth it not." Bearing with sprightly step his ninety years, unconscious of the old age that is so patent to all others, he tells, with the vivacity of youth, the story of how Prohibition originated, and finally triumphed, in Maine. His propositions are simple. 1. The liquor traffic is an infinite evil, and is only evil. 2. Its prohibition would be to the community an infinite good. On these he rings the changes till men become "seized" of the idea, and by it, and, like the Athenians of old, when listening to Demosthenes, cry, "Lead us against Philip."

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

"The only way to keep from backsliding is to keep stepping forward."

**The World's Unrest.** According to scientists, the unrest of the molten interior of our earth finds expression in earthquake, or seeks vent in the more or less frequent eruption of volcano. Along this line natural law obtains in the social, if not the spiritual world, for human unrest shows itself now in muttered murmurings that seem harbingers of ill, now in eruptions of lawlessness through the more or less firm covering of government and law which men have imposed upon themselves for the public good.

The present seems a time of special unrest. The President of France lies slain by the Anarchist assassin's knife. The Premier of Italy and the Czar of Russia have but recently escaped wide and deep laid plottings for their death; while in the New World, Chicago, where last summer the nations gathered in wonder and admiration, still centres upon itself the world's gaze, as it reeks with riot.

Amid all the unrest, the child of God hears two voices. One bids him trust, for *God reigns*. The other bids him work, in living, and in spreading, as widely as possible, the Gospel of Christ, the only remedy for these evils. No economic laws can settle the question between capital and labor, employer and employed. No penal statutes can suppress anarchy. Nought but the regeneration of the individual human heart, its surrender to the will of Christ, can make that individual stand in a right relation to other lives, and make humanity to be at peace with itself. Only as it listens to the voice of Jesus will the world's troubled sea be still.

**Poor Italy.** Rev. H. Appia, of Turin, writing in the *Quarterly Register*, draws a dark picture. He says that "Italy seems to be sinking lower and lower into debt, crushed under the tremendous weight of her military expenditures. Nobody dares now to suggest any economy in that line, and every new premier wearies his brain to find new resources." Then there is an immense waste in the system of government affairs, e.g. A small town in Sicily has eighty government clerks and office bearers for the management of its municipal business, besides a number, who, though young and capable of working, have been pensioned off. Then City Councils spend money in needless extravagancies. The Town Council at Palermo votes every year a grant of some \$15,000 for an almost pagan feast, to their patron saint, Santa Rosalie. And when one thinks how the money has been obtained, in outrageously hard, high, Customs duties from the poor down-trodden people of Sicily, one can understand how they have recently been goaded by oppression into rebellion and riot.

Darkness, ignorance, poverty, oppression, are some of the fruits that Rome has to show in a land she dominated so long.