

A PAGE FOR Y's.

A GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

By Annie M. Vail.

(Continued.)

He had not left a bad impression; he always had a taking way with the girls he tried to please, not girls like Miss Armitage; but the earnestness, the humility, the almost reverential respect he had shown became him well, and he had the kind of good looks which, with purity of life and right ambitions, would be most attractive.

This was the beginning. Next evening he took care to find a place across the aisle in her vicinity. He seemed unconscious of her presence until the appeal to rise for prayers; then he slightly turned his head, caught and earnestly held her eyes for a moment, noted the tightening clasp of her hands, and slowly rose to his feet. He was determined to associate her with every step of his new pathway.

There was much rejoicing over this sign of interest; the church people gathered round him; there was special prayer in his behalf; Ed. Clifford would indeed be a brand saved from the burning.

In the semi-darkness of the church porch he breathed in Mabel's ear, "Do I presume too much? You seem to me like a beacon light in this trouble." At the gate he said, "God bless you, Mabel Armitage!" and strode down the street as if there were temptation in the thought of lingering.

Ed. Clifford's conversion was not a quick one. He rose again for prayers; he said before the congregation that he was trying to find the way out of darkness. More than once he went to the altar, but found only the blessing of increased anxiety. "God's angel does not let me go backward," he said one night; "but I don't find peace yet." Mabel's face flamed, but no one else knew his literal meaning. The nightly talks grew more earnest; there was more and more lingering at parting, but it did not suit him yet to enter the little charmed parlour. He was honest in all this effort. If he could have separated Mabel from his endeavour there might have been a different outcome. Almost from the very first he aspired to win her, and he had strong hope.

He could not realise that they were separated by anything but difference in social position—"and if I come out all right, she isn't the girl to consider that," he argued.

Mabel was enlisted heart and soul in his rescue. She thought of and prayed for little else; she believed herself entrusted with a sacred mission; she grew a little pale and large-eyed in the intensity of the struggle.

At last there came a night when he was lifted farther away from self. He felt joyful and light-hearted. If it was not all, he thought it had its bearing in God's plan for him. He rose from his knees and told the congregation he believed he had found safety and peace and rest, and there was rejoicing over him. He saw the radiant gladness in Mabel's face, and his heart beat high. They scarcely spoke during the homeward walk.

"May I come in a little while?" he pleaded as humbly as if she had never invited him.

"Yes, come in," she said. "I haven't told you how glad I am." He had never been a guest in such a place. The room was full of the fragrance of Bon Lilene roses; the tinted light fell just as he had pictured it on the pretty figure in soft cashmere and pale blue ribbons. "After all, I can't tell you how glad I am," she said.

"It is all your work," he answered. "Oh, Mabel," he broke out, "you have been an angel of light to lead me so far; don't let me go now. You don't know how far I've had to come. How hard it is. Nobody but you can hold me. Can't you guide me and keep me right all my life? I am poor, dear, and not fit for you, with nothing but a wasted life behind me, but I worship you, and you can save me. Unworthy as I am, dear, is not it what the Lord has given you to do?"

He did not stay long to weary her. "My little girl," he said, "you are worn out with what you have been through for me, and you must rest." Then she held his coat for him to slip into, and made some pretty ado about turning up the collar, for the early December air was sharp, and he gave her an adoring look, and whispered some adoring words, and lightly touched her lips, and left her flushed, tremulously happy, sweetly assured that she had found her appointed mission. It was the only

unalloyed comfort she had in her unfortunate little love affair, for on the morrow the crusade against it began.

(To be Continued.)

Mrs Moody, 15, Henderson Street, Bluff, wishes to notify Y. Unions that she has a large number of World's Convention report of Y. Branch. Any White Ribboners (Y's or otherwise) can have copies by sending to Mrs Moody the cost of postage. All interested in Y. work would do well to get a copy, as it gives a splendid insight into the Y. work all over the world.

MAORI ORGANISER'S REPORT.

October 25, 1914.

Owing to a long illness, I have been unable to do any more travelling amongst the Unions this last few months, but since I have been convalescent I have been corresponding with each one of them, and have also sent them pamphlets by Dr. Pomare re the "Care of Babies," and another instructing them on how to care for typhoid patients. These have been greatly appreciated by them all. Indeed, one Union in the far North has written to me an invitation to myself to pay them a long visit, and to take Dr Buck and Dr. Pomare with me, that we might further instruct them on matters of health.

There has been a new branch formed at Oruawharo, nine miles inland from Kaipara Harbour. The Union at Otamatea met last month, and I attended. I found that their work is greatly handicapped by the fact that the men folk can procure liquor in any quantity at any time. I have written to the constable asking him to do his best for us by preventing any being brought away, and to try to detect the "go-betweens," who for a drink or two are willing to buy bottles and carry them to the Maoris.

I wish to thank, through this paper, the Rev. E. Te Tuhi for the splendid help he has rendered to the Unions in the Kaipara Harbour. I am sorry that I have not a better report to make this time. My work is all being done by correspondence, and I am afraid it will be a month or two more before I am able to travel again.—I remain, dears sisters, yours in the work,

FLORENCE WOODHEAD.