

**WOMEN'S**  
**Christian Temperance Union**  
**Of New Zealand.**

Organised 1885.

**"For God and Home and Humanity."**

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**"The White Ribbon."**

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**The White Ribbon.**

**For God and Home and Humanity.**

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1914

Lord Kitchener, when speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet, said that the British Empire is to-day struggling for its very existence. The Empire realises this, and to its remotest dependency is straining every effort, and making gigantic sacrifices to assist with men and money. And because of this willingness of every member of a united Empire to spend their last penny and give their last drop of blood in defence of the land we love, we have no doubt of the ultimate issue. Not lightly did our leaders enter into this struggle, but when the stern hand of Prussian militarism stretched out to grasp the little State of Belgium, then, because honour demanded that we stand by our treaty obligations to our less powerful neighbour, we entered the conflict in defence of a weaker brother. Terrific is the struggle, fearful the loss of life and destruction of property, yet the Empire, putting its trust in One who bids the strong

help the weak, faces the future with courage, calmness, and a certainty of ultimate victory. Our little Dominion, far from the scene of action, only feels the faint and dying ripples of the mighty waves sweeping over Europe. Yet before this year closes we shall be engaged in a life and death struggle with a deadly and unscrupulous foe. We often wonder do we fully realise the greatness of the issue at stake? Do we realise that the liquor trade threatens our very existence as a nation? Look at the combatants. For many years the Liquor Trade has cast its deadly shade over this land. It is a foe which spares neither age nor youth, kills the infant at its mother's breast; makes that mother sacrifice honour, home, children, life itself, to obey liquor's behest; takes the father and turns him into a raging fiend, at the sound of whose footstep wife and children fly; fills our gaols, our hospitals, our asylums, with a never ending stream of patients. Into the arena against this unscrupulous foe enters Prohibition, young, alert, vigorous, determined to rescue the weak and helpless from the dominion of the Liquor Trade. At first sight it seems as if he must win, but his hands are manacled with a heavy chain labelled "three-fifths majority," and he fights at a fearful disadvantage.

We appeal to all electors to help to strike the fetters from the champion's hands. Ask every candidate for your suffrage if he is in favour of striking off these fetters, and refuse to give your vote to any man who will not support fairer conditions for this great battle. If we vote for Prohibition with one hand, and with the other vote for a candidate who supports this handicap, we are rendering our vote useless.

The American Government lets every State fight the battle Prohibition v. Liquor Trade, and sees that it has fair conditions. Virginia went dry with a majority of 35,000. New Zealand, with a majority of over 55,000, still has this accursed traffic bound upon her. Will not the electors use their power at the ballot box and put in men pledged to give us fair conditions?

Seldom can the heart be lonely  
If it seeks a lonelier still;  
Self-forgetting, seeking only  
Emptier cups of love to fill.

**PROMOTED.**

**MRS BASIL TAYLOR.**

On October 25th Mrs Taylor, of Wanganui, the mother-in-law of our Organising Treasurer, was called to higher service. The deceased lady was a native of Bath, England, and came out to the colony in 1863 to marry Rev. Basil Kirke Taylor, who was assisting his father, Rev. Richard Taylor, at the mission station, Putiki, Wanganui. She was an indefatigable worker and teacher among the Maoris, and did all in her power to help her husband in his work. She was left a widow in 1876, with five little children under 12 years of age. Although she supported and educated her family almost entirely by her own industry with music pupils, she did not cease her work among the Maoris. It was quite a common sight to see several Maoris seated upon the verandah of her house with their sick babies upon their backs, awaiting the services of "Mihi," as she was always known among them. During the Maori war, too, the deceased lady passed through many thrilling experiences, while her husband was away on his rounds and she was left alone. For several years she carried on the Sunday School at Putiki, when during all weathers she bravely toiled on foot to the pah and back. For 25 years Mrs Taylor carried on a weekly prayer meeting in her house in Campbell Street, which was attended by members of all the churches in Wanganui. Many to-day look back to those happy meetings as the place where they first knew the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour. In all the varied work of Wanganui W.C.T.U. she was an earnest sympathiser and a liberal helper. The last thing she gave financial assistance to was our project for the Girls' Hostel. She was an earnest temperance worker, and has left behind her sons who are following in her footsteps. Personally, she was the sweetest little old lady, always so bright and looking so dainty. Loved by all who knew her, revered by those who knew her best, she was a striking testimony to the power of the indwelling Christ. Her courage was never daunted; through all the terrifying experiences of the Maori war her faith and trust carried her triumphantly. With all the cares of a widow left with a young family