

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24th.

9.30 a.m.—Devotions.  
 9.45 a.m.—Roll Call. Minutes. Reports: Flower Mission and Relief Work (Miss E. C. Cole), Educational Bureau (Miss Powell), Y's and Medal Contests (Mrs Moody), Military Camps (Mrs Mitchell), Anti-Gambling (Miss Roberts), Peace and Arbitration (Mrs Lee-Cowie).  
 12 o'clock.—Noon tide Prayer. Resolutions.  
 12.30 p.m.—Adjournment.  
 2 p.m.—Devotions. Special Consideration of a Forward Movement, "Work among Young People" and "Maori Organising."

## THURSDAY, MARCH 25th.

9.30 a.m.—Devotions.  
 9.45 a.m.—Roll Call. Minutes. Appointment of Tellers. Election of N.Z. Officers and Superintendents of Departments. Resolutions.  
 12 o'clock.—Noontide Prayer. Question Box.  
 12.30 p.m.—Adjournment.  
 2 p.m.—Devotions. Unfinished Business. Votes of Thanks. Conclusion.

### THE UNWED MOTHER TO THE WIFE.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

I had been almost happy for an hour,  
 Lost to the world that knew me in  
 the park  
 Among strange faces; while my little  
 girl  
 Leaped with the squirrels, chirruped  
 with the birds,  
 And with the sunlight glowed. She  
 was so dear,  
 So beautiful, so sweet; and for the  
 time  
 The rose of love, shorn of its thorn  
 of shame,  
 Bloomed in my heart. Then suddenly  
 you passed.  
 I sat alone upon the public bench;  
 You with your lawful husband rode  
 in state;  
 And when your eyes fell on me and  
 my child,  
 They were not eyes, but daggers, poi-  
 son tipped.  
 God! how good women slaughter with  
 a look;  
 And like cold steel, your glance cut  
 thro' my heart—

Struck every petal from the rose of  
 love,  
 And left the ragged stalk alive with  
 thorns.  
 My little one came running to my  
 side  
 And called me Mother. It was like  
 a blow  
 Between the eyes; and made me sick  
 with pain.  
 And then it seemed as if each bird  
 and breeze  
 Took up the word, and changed its  
 syllables  
 From Mother into Magdalene; and  
 cried  
 My shame to all the world.

It was your eyes  
 Which did all this. But listen now  
 to me  
 (Not you alone, but all the barren  
 wives  
 Who, like you, flaunt their virtue in  
 the face  
 Of fallen women); I do chance to  
 know  
 The crimes you think are hidden from  
 all men  
 (Save one who took your gold, and  
 sold his skill  
 And jeopardised his name for your  
 base ends).  
 I know how you have sunk your souls  
 in sense  
 Like any wanton; and refused to bear  
 The harvest of your pleasure-planted  
 seed;  
 I know how you have crushed the  
 tender bud  
 Which held a soul; how you have  
 blighted it.  
 And made the holy miracle of birth  
 A wicked travesty of God's design;  
 Yea, many buds, which might be  
 blossoms now  
 And beautify your selfish, arid life,  
 Have you destroyed because you chose  
 to keep  
 The aimless freedom and the purpose-  
 less  
 Self-seeking liberty of childless wives.

I was an untaught girl. By nature  
 led,  
 By love and passion blinded. I be-  
 came  
 An unwed mother. You, an honoured  
 wife,  
 Refuse the crown of motherhood;  
 defy

The laws of nature, and fling baby  
 souls  
 Back in the face of God. And yet  
 you dare  
 Call me a sinner and yourself a  
 saint;  
 And all the world smiles on you,  
 and its doors  
 Swing wide at your approach. I  
 stand outside.  
 Surely there must be higher courts  
 than earth,  
 Where you and I will some day meet  
 and be  
 Weighed by a larger Justice?

### INDECENT LITERATURE.

Last month a decision of vital interest to all workers for Social Purity and Moral Education was given in the Magistrate's Court, Wellington. A pamphlet had been issued warning young men and women of the pitfalls spread for them. The police prosecuted under the Indecent Publications Act, and though the Magistrate held that the writer's motives had been good, he fined him £15. The Magistrate held that it was not the function of religious bodies to give moral education. Perhaps His Worship thought it was the duty of parents to give this knowledge. If so, we agree with him; but the fact remains that our cities are full of wrecks of young manhood and womanhood, who struck upon rocks which their parents knew of and refused to warn them about. When parents will not perform their duty, is any religious or social worker who attempts to warn young people to be liable to prosecution and fine? We have had cases of young girls taken for "joy rides," given liquor, and left in the streets dazed. Why, then, should it be an offence to warn these young girls that these things are done? "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." There is nothing the seducer, the procurer, and all of that class dread so much as the light of publicity upon their actions. If this decision stands, any writer exposing the white slave trader and his partners, and warning the unwary of his methods, may be harassed by police, taken to Court, and heavily fined if a Magistrate chooses to think the warning an indecent publication.