

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAULING DOWN THE FLAG.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Mrs Peryman,—I have been surprised more than once lately upon nearing that a Union which had been doing well had quietly disbanded. Perhaps these friends do not look at it just as I do, but to me this savours of disloyalty to the cause. Whenever our work is started in a locality the honour of the White Ribbon flag is entrusted to the members, and to calmly haul it down is to surrender to the enemy. If those discouraged friends would communicate with the District Union, or even write to the N.Z. Corresponding Secretary, some help might be sent them, and the interest revived.

Some years ago the Invercargill District Union dwindled down until only about three or four attended the meetings. I was President at the time, and sometimes the thought would obtrude that we should drop the work. But almost immediately I would say to myself, "No, I will never do that while one other woman will stand by me." So we kept hold on. In a few years, our membership totalled more than that of any other Union in New Zealand, with one exception. But suppose we had let go then! It is extremely doubtful whether, in that case, No-License would have been carried in Invercargill.

There is a time in every branch when the tide ebbs and the interest flags. That is the time when we show what stuff we are made of. It is easy to be brave when the band plays and the regiment is marching victoriously. It is when the little garrison is beleaguered by an overwhelming force that heroic deeds are done.

Just now it is everywhere difficult to keep up the interest in our work, when hearts and hands are full in connection with the war, but don't let go, sisters! If you do, you will deeply regret it when the election nears and we are fighting for National Prohibition without the three-fifths handicap.—Yours for the "One Win One" campaign,

MARY S. POWELL,
Dominion Organiser.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S
FRANCHISE CLUB.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Madam,—May I call your attention to two great gatherings of women about to be held, one of British women in London on April 14th; one International, at the Hague, April 28-30. Each is called with the idea that "women ought to face the responsibility of making some constructive contribution towards the solution of problems arising out of the present war, and the peace settlement which is to follow. At the London Conference representatives of every one of the greater women's organisations are

expected. The Hague Congress is called by Dutch women, and representatives from every country in Europe and from America will be present.

At both gatherings discussion on the origin and conduct of the war is barred. There is no question in either case of "peace at any price." In reading the two sets of resolutions, the fact should be borne in mind that in one case they were framed by British women only, and in the other by Dutch, Belgian, and German women, as well as British, quite independently. Both sets of resolutions are in harmony with the idea so nobly expressed (March 22nd) by Sir Edward Grey: "We wish the nations of Europe to be free to live their independent lives, working out their own forms of government for themselves, and their own national development, whether they be great States or small States, in full liberty. That is our ideal."

Notice in your columns will greatly help the women's cause.

Thanking you in anticipation.—Yours faithfully,

HARRIET C. NEWCOMB,

Member of both Committees.

9, Grafton Street, Piccadilly,
London, W., April 6th, 1915.

Dear Sisters,—Can you kindly enlighten me as to whether the many Unions who hold their meetings in Churches, Vestries, and Sunday Schools usually pay rent for use of same?—Yours, etc.,

HONEST ENQUIRER.

PEACE.

What was the first prophetic word
that rang

When down the starry sky the angels
sang,

That night they came as envoys of the
Birth—

What word but peace, "Peace and
goodwill on earth?"

And what was the last word the Master
said

That parting night when they broke
brother-bread,

That night he knew men would not let
him live—

Oh, what but "peace I leave" and
"peace I give."

And yet behold; near twice a thousand
years,

And still the battle-wrath, the grief,
the tears.

Let mercy speed the hour when swords
shall cease,

And men cry, back to God, "There
shall be peace."

—Edward Markham in the "Nautilus."

WAR, 1914-15.

A soul inflamed with bitter hate;
A kingdom made so desolate.
A lust of greed and passion loose;
And a great reeking charnel house
And a grim shadow broods, called
death.

A darkened sky, yet often riven
With shafts unlike the bolt of heaven,
A goal for sport where children play,
And age and beauty end their day.
A raid with Neptune and a thrust
Beneath those billows that we trust.

A shattered liner in a day,
And fiendish gibes and mockery,
A scattered sea, remorseless, wild,
A long good-bye to parent, child.
A song of death and agony
And rich and poor together lie.

O, earth; O, sky, that this should be,
O, man that every day should see
The pale horse lurking everywhere.
That bitterness should turn our care,
Our hope, our love, and everything
That gilds the life to which we cling
To desolation and despair.
Is this the lot, is this the share
For those at home who sit and wait
For love and duty to the state,
This roll of honour for the brave
At home, on battle-field, or wave?

O parents, brothers, sisters, all,
To save our nation from a fall,
Deny not those, in manhood's prime,
Who fain would seek that other clime,
Where martial music and the roar
Of battle deafens more and more.
Though language fails and hearts are
wrung,

And slow to utter with the tongue.
The sad assent, "Go, comrades, go
To vindicate a nation's woe."
Yet gird your souls with courage true,
The God of battles is with you,
And as they gather, one by one,
From city streets and cottage lone,
Let gladness beam from every eye
To cheer them all as they pass by

Ye Spartan mother, weep those tears
O'er withered hopes of coming years,
Yours is a great, unselfish love,
That lives again—again to prove
It was for us you sent your boy
Responsive to a nation's cry.

And when at last the foe is driven,
And records of his deeds are given,
With the great phalanx 'twill be he
Who fought and won the victory

—L. A. Griffin
Morrinsville, Waikato.

May 22, 1915