

brushed aside with contemptuous indifference or countered with some swift rejoinder that left the crushed offender wondering where he had been hit first.

In the lobbies his genial, courteous, charming personality endeared him to all, and the meeting of the Parliament of 1911 was clouded by the knowledge of his serious illness. The news of his passing settled like a pall over the House, and the unanimous and heartfelt eulogies from every side of the House testified to the respect he had won there, from friends and foes alike.

In addition to Parliamentary duties, the Police Commission, and work for the Prohibition movement, we must not forget his organisation of the "Electrical Construction Company," which secured and carried out the contract for the construction of the Christchurch Tramway system, or his labours in connection with the "Lake Coleridge scheme." When he went to the Old Country to enjoy, as he put it, his first real holiday, he spent weeks in enquiring as to the latest developments in electrical machinery, gathered information concerning tramways, interviewed experts and engineers regarding water power, and brought back a mass of information which he placed freely at the disposal of the public. These works alone are monuments to his wonderful ability and marvellous energy. These last so impressed a hard-headed Scotch business man, to whom Mr Taylor became known during his visit to the Old Country, that this gentleman offered him a position guaranteeing him £2000 a year. Mr Taylor's reply was that the money was not coined that would keep him away from New Zealand! His holidays were always full of work. If he tried to hide himself in the country, or tried to rest at the seaside, some one sought him out with work to be done, and he never spared himself. He was a most humane and tender man. The lives into which he brought help, healing, comfort, and inspiration are innumerable, and are scattered all over New Zealand.

In April, 1911, Christchurch honoured herself by electing him Mayor by a very large majority, and he immediately shewed his administrative talent, entering enthusiastically into a campaign for the betterment of the conditions of life and labour in the city,

and his road scheme is a marvel of ability, but his brief career as Mayor gave the public only a glimpse of the brilliant administrator.

At the very summit of his career, when, after twenty years of dauntless courage and energetic struggle for righteousness, the people, not only of Christchurch, but of the whole Dominion, had come, at last, to something like a recognition of the magnificent qualities of their born leader and fighter, their hearts were smitten by the suddenly flashed tidings that he whom they loved lay at the point of death. And a grand and noble life was closed here by a triumphant entrance into a higher and wider sphere of service.

Those privileged to attend the last moments of his earthly life tell of the characteristic forgetfulness of self; his kindly remembrance of many absent friends; the cheerful, even joyous spirit with which he faced death; and of the concentration of his failing energies upon the great purpose of his life, as he held impending dissolution in check while he dictated messages of encouragement to the comrades left fighting in the field. To-day these message ring out like clarion calls. Listen!

"This year is the year of our emancipation if we are true to God and to our opportunity."

Again, listen!

"They call us fanatics, but National Prohibition is worth living for, and worth dying for."

And then came his beautiful personal testimony:—

"I have had a happy life; it has been full from the beginning to the end. I am very tired. I know I shall be happier where I am going, but I am glad to think that I have lived out every moment, and that I have tried to do always what was right." And so, with joy, peace, and confidence, the heroic spirit passed through the gates of death to greater life, and to that God so faithfully served here on earth.

Never in the annals of this country has such a tribute of respect and admiration been paid to any man as was paid to T. E. Taylor when, on July 27th, 1911, he went from us. Every part of the Dominion, every class and creed, every section of society (save that alone which exists on the moral degradation of the people), paid tribute to the dauntless courage, the

obvious honesty of purpose, the splendid ability, the high ideals, the unswerving faith in God and humanity, that so strongly characterised this born leader and fighter; and when, on the following Sunday, his mortal remains were carried to their last resting place, the homage that high character always compels from the universal heart of mankind was witnessed in the grief, the deep reverence, and hush that pervaded the multitudes who gathered to pay their last tribute of respect as he passed for the last time.

Fifty thousand people lined the entire route from the Council Chamber, where he lay in state, to the cemetery gates; and through this living avenue, extending for over a mile, the funeral procession, in which over two thousand persons took their places, headed by the banner of the Sydenham Prohibition League, slowly and in solemn silence wound its way; while the bowed heads, faces tense with sorrow, and often wholly unrestrained grief, showed the universal love and honour that was his.

And why? Neither wealth nor rank was his, neither place nor power. It was because that which distinguished him most was his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity. No thought of his own personal advantage or disadvantage ever stayed him from the most unflinching hostility to that which he considered wrong, or opposed to the public good.

"He that is greatest among you shall be the servant of all" is the very heart of Christ's message to the world, exemplified supremely in His own life, and in the lives of those who have followed most closely in His steps; and Mr Taylor translated his deep sense of religion into a life of service. There is abundant evidence from many that had he so applied his great ability he could have amassed a great fortune; but he was true to God and to his responsibility, and to no other man in this country, neither statesman, soldier, nor social reformer, has such a universal tribute of sorrow, affection, and appreciation been accorded. He passed from us New Zealand's most honoured son.

Mr Taylor was a man of many and diverse gifts. He was artistic to a wonderful degree; he loved music, and delighted in poetry; in conversation he was brilliant and interesting. He loved life, which he held to be a