

great gift, and he had a marvellous faculty of enjoying it. A beautiful landscape, flowers, sunshine, all the hundred and one things that lighten and brighten life appealed to his sense of enjoyment. He was intensely alive, and was always the centre of interest wherever he moved. Whether agreeing with him, or hostile for the time being, the crowd loved to hear him, and gathered eagerly whenever and wherever he was to speak. But splendid as his public record is, it was his private life that earned for him the deep, passionate devotion of those privileged to come into contact with it, and only those know how happy he was in his domestic life, and how great the sacrifice made by Mrs Taylor in giving up so much of her husband's time to public work. But for her loving care and increasing watchfulness, he would never have been able to compass the marvellous amount of work he crowded into his short life; and her loving ministry only ceased with his last breath. He died in harness, and he would have wished it so, but his work is not ended. A great spiritual influence remains that still helps, sustains, and inspires his loyal comrades, and the God he loved and served will see to it that the fight so faithfully and bravely maintained, oft-times in great bodily weariness, shall bring forth a glorious victory—but meanwhile what is the message of this great life to us here and now? Listen to it as it comes in ringing tones from the lips of L. M. Isitt as he stood by the open grave of his friend:—

"The one lesson we are going to learn from Mr Taylor's life, is that we must struggle on. Amidst all difficulties we must struggle for Christ-likeness in word, thought and spirit."

"I want to say to those who are Mr Taylor's comrades in arms, his co-workers in the great cause that was of all causes dearest to him, not because he was narrow enough to believe that there was no greater, but because he was so clear sighted, he recognised that Temperance Reform would pave the way for every reform we wish to see accomplished—to those comrades I wish to say that if there is a man or woman among them timid enough of soul to bury in the grave before us one ray of hope, or one grain of confidence, let them step down out of the ranks until they learn a nobler courage."

"T. E. Taylor was a great man, but our cause is greater than any man, and because God has taken him from us, it does not mean that the inspiration of his life is not still with us. If we catch his spirit, the collective enthusiasm of the greater number will be more effective than that of one man. Are we, with an example like his to follow, going to despair? Here by this grave, in the presence of his loved dust, and in the view, I believe, of his beloved spirit, we consecrate ourselves afresh for the struggle. We vow to our Lord and Master that we will work as we have never worked before, and we will pray and plead as we have never prayed and pleaded, until the hope of the life of our brother and comrade is consummated, and the people of New Zealand are freed for ever from the degrading influence of strong drink."

### ONE WIN ONE CAMPAIGN.

Dear White Ribbon Sisters,—I had hoped to be able to report this month a long list of Unions which had decided to enter upon the "One Win One" campaign, but so far as I can learn from the replies sent to me, and from the reports in the "White Ribbon," only sixteen Unions have come to a decision in the matter. These are: Whangarei, Gisborne (5), Napier (3), New Brighton (6), South Invercargill (3), Onehunga (5), Cambridge, Nelson, Christchurch, Winchmore (5), Wanganui East (3), Wanganui, Kaiapoi, Greymouth, Timaru, Hawera (9). The numbers in parentheses indicate new members.

In addition to these gains, two new Unions have been formed by Miss Powell—Tinwald, with 13 members, and Rakaia, with 15.

Now I am quite sure that many other Unions are actively engaged in this campaign, but they have omitted to report. Will Secretaries please keep the matter in mind, and when there is anything to report send a post-card? It will be quite sufficient to give the name of the Union and the number of new members.—Yours, in White Ribbon bonds,

C. HENDERSON,

N.Z. Corres. Sec.

26 Tui Street, Fendalton, ChCh,  
July 6th, 1915.

### EARLY CLOSING OF HOTEL BARS.

When this issue reaches Unions they will have received forms for petitioning Parliament to bring in legislation closing hotel bars at 6 p.m. daily. We are rather late in circulating, through a misunderstanding. We thought the N.Z. Alliance was petitioning, and we were to help them. The Alliance have decided not to go on with petitions, therefore the White Ribboners are doing it.

Will all Unions get to work at once? These forms must be returned to Miss Henderson by July 31st. We confidently appeal to our sisters to help us, and know that White Ribboners can always be trusted to rise to an emergency.

Please do your very best to make this petition a large one worthy of the occasion.

Unions requiring additional petition forms can obtain them from Mrs Peryman, Johnsonville.

### WOMEN'S WAR PRAYER.

O Father, with one earnest prayer,  
We women come to Thee,  
Oh, take our loved ones 'neath Thy care,  
On battlefield—on sea—in air—  
Wherever they may be.

Not our's to wield the sword and fight,  
Nor from our land to roam,  
But Thou hast given us our right,  
To work—to pray—with all our might,  
For those away from home.

Thou see'st all our anxious days,  
So little we can know!  
Oh, help us still to trust and praise,  
And hearts and voices Heavenward raise,  
Lord, with our Armies go!

God bless our Nurses, may they cheer  
The souls of those they tend.  
Oh, keep them in Thy faith and fear,  
And help them oft to dry the tear,  
To speak of Thee, our Friend!

Dear Saviour, for those Women's sake  
Who stood beside Thy cross,  
Oh, think on hearts that well nigh  
break,  
Say to the sad—"Weep not!" and  
make  
Their comfort in their loss!

Thou God of Battles, hear our cry!  
Soon may this War be past.  
Look down with Thine all-pitying eye,  
In all our troubles be Thou nigh,  
And give us Peace at last!  
—Sophie A. M. James.  
In "Bristol Times and Mirror."