

too near our hearts!), nor shall we forget our obligations to the distressed Belgians, Poles, and Serbians, but the attention called by the war to the menace of the liquor traffic furnishes an unparalleled opportunity for our work. This is the opportunity of our lives. We are on the top of the wave, and shall we turn back? I heartily agree with the letter of Mrs Crabb in your last issue, especially with the suggestion that an organised effort be made to enlist the women of the different churches. I find numbers of them quite willing to join us, and when asked, "Why do you not belong to the Union?" the reply is, often, "I don't know; I've never been asked." Numbers, too, are standing outside because they cannot regularly attend the meetings. We must convince these that the additional membership is a strength to us; that their occasional attendance adds to the enthusiasm of the meetings; and that the inspiration they get when they can attend can be passed on to other women they may meet. When the N.Z. officers waited upon Sir Joseph Ward (then Premier) and asked him to remove the C.D. Acts from the Statute Book, he said: "I recognise that your organisation is a power in the country," and these Acts were repealed at the next session of Parliament. Year by year this sense of the power of the W.C.T.U. is growing stronger in the minds of the public. Only last week a Minister speaking of a great social danger, said to me, "It's of no use for an isolated body here and there to take action; the movement must be a Dominion one, and only an organisation like the W.C.T.U., with branches all over New Zealand, can make it." But, I ask, how can this be done unless we meet together and arrange it?—Yours, for a record Convention,

MARY S. POWELL.

P.S.—As to the fares, well, we need not grudge the money to the Government; they need it badly enough!—M.S.P.

Miss Powell's address until further notice will be "Isca Mount, St. Clair, Dunedin."

### "ANGELS AT MONS."

(To the Editor.)

Madam,—I see the "White Ribbon" is passing on that ridiculous and discredited story re "Angels at Mons." It has been refuted time and again. The origin of the story is that a novelist in England named Machen wrote a story with somewhat similar bearings as the Mons myth, and by some means the fiction, in slightly different garb, now is paraded as the reality. Apart from all this, the evidence for it is shockingly inadequate. No names are ever mentioned, except in one instance, and he, it was proved by the military authorities, had not left England at the time of the alleged occurrence. All this is absolute fact, and I will give £5 to any charity if sufficient evidence for the

alleged affair is forthcoming that would convince an ordinary jury. Extraordinary happenings require stronger evidence than ordinary ones, and yet, it seems to me, that the bulk of the world accepts on most inadequate testimony, events that require a tremendous corroboration before they should be accepted. This applies more especially to the various religions; and the fact is that the more unusual or miraculous the event, the less is the evidence for it.—I am, etc.,

"TRUTH."

(Our correspondent is in error in saying no names are mentioned; in at least two exchanges names of men and officers were given as authority for the statement, and one exchange gave evidence of the truth of the story furnished from the German side.—Ed. W.R.)

### NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,  
With a careless toss of her pretty head,  
The man is weak if he can't refrain  
From the cup you say is fraught with pain—

But

It was something to her in after years,  
When her eyes were full of burning tears,  
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,  
And started to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said,  
I have no fear that my boy will tread  
The downward path of sin and shame,  
And crush my heart and darken his name—

But

It was something to her when that only son  
From the path of right was early won,  
And madly cast in the flowing bowl  
A ruined body and sin-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,  
As over his ledger he bent his head,  
I am busy to-day with tare and tret,  
And have no time to froth and fret—

But

It was something to him when over the wire  
A message came from a funeral pyre;  
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,  
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man said,  
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride;  
I heed not the dreadful things you tell,  
I can rule myself, I know full well—

But

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay  
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,  
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,  
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It's nothing to me, the voter said,  
The party's loss is my greatest dread,  
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,  
Tho' hearts were crushed and drunkards made—

But

It was something to him in after  
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,  
And her hungry children cried for bread,  
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

It is nothing for us to idly sleep  
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep.  
To gather the young and thoughtless in—  
And grind in our midst a grist of sin—

But

It is something—yes, all for us to stand,  
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—  
To learn to labour, live and fight  
On the side of God and changeless right.

The liquor traffic has defenders but no defence.—A. Lincoln.

"I do not care so much for the vote for myself or for men," said Julia Lathrop head of the Children's Bureau, in a recent speech at Boston. "My great test is whether it will be useful in the hands of our 13,000,000 mothers in their business of rearing our 30,000,000 children. I believe it will," and she added, "Which is more womanly, to vote for clean water for the whole city, or to sit at home and buy costly bottled water for your own children, not caring for others?"