

**"THERE WAS ONE WHO WAS
WILLING TO DIE."**

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

"There was none other good enough
To bear the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in."

He had gone forth, full of courage, to "do his bit" to save hearth, home, country from dishonour, and though hoping for the best, he was prepared for the worst,—if needs be, for these lay down his life. A soldier's grave marks the spot where lie his mangled remains. And as he enfolded his mother in a last tender farewell, he whispered in her ear, "Now as always, mother mine, Always to Thy Cross I cling." Congratulatory condolences from the high places reached the stricken mother; a great flood-tide of sympathy rolled in upon her from all sides, but in her sorrow she seemed terribly alone.

"I have trodden the winepress alone," and ere long the wounded spirit found its balm in Him, "The Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Too restless to remain indoors, she sallied forth to the busy mart. She stood as one dazed, and looked around as if for some tangible support.

A tiny service was proffered. Our eyes met, and in sepulchral tones she uttered the simple request, "May I speak to you?"

In presence of this tortured soul I involuntarily recalled Shakespeare's words:

"Give thy grief a name,
The grief that does not speak, whispers
The o'erwrought heart,
And bids it break."

We withdrew to a quiet nook. Her first words, "My boy!" "Through the war?" I vaguely asked. "Yes," and she produced a photo. of a stalwart youth, and read a letter from him full of filial devotion. "Never fear for me, mother. I shall soon be back, and then you and I will have a wee bonnie home all to ourselves in the country. Won't that be nice? Each loving phrase was as a stab to my own heart. What of her's? What could I say that would not be a

mockery to her in her grief? And now! How face the now?

She rambled on about his many noble and courageous deeds from childhood up with all a mother's pride in such a son, and deep affection for the boy who "had never given her a moment's pain or anxiety." Now and again a smile flitted over her wan face as pleasant memories were revived; a touch of maternal pride that he was well reported of by officers and comrades. And between the recitals there was much incoherent talk as with glittering eyes and unnatural voice she exclaimed, "But, my boy, what shall I do without him?" It seemed that reason was trembling in the balance. No tears came to her relief. Taking a nerveless hand firmly between my own, it seemed so natural to pass from one desolate scene to another, where, too, an only Son went forth to die that others might live. And the words took on new meaning in the light of that supreme sacrifice, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Yes, He, too, had parted from an only child. He knew the pangs of parenthood, bereft of child. And He who went forth to die on Calvary's Cross, knew the arrow that would pierce through His mother's heart, and made provision for her need, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple whom He loved, "Behold thy Mother." Ah! who like He can bind up broken hearts; restore life's wastes? He would understand. He would sympathise. He would step in where human comfort failed.

"In the hour of sad bereavement,
When you mourn the lov'd, the
dear;
Breathe the Name of Jesus softly,
He will dry the mourner's tear."

And it worked. The slight form stood erect. The eyes looked out upon life, calm, steadfast, courageous, even triumphant, for now the forces of her being were consecrated to the great purpose of comforting, even as she had been comforted.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. 1:3, 4.

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PRIZE ESSAY. FORM IV.

Sir Michael Foster says: "If we could take away from the world all the ill-health, the wretchedness, and the crime brought about by taking too much alcohol, how much happier, wealthier, and brighter the world would be." It has been proved that in time of war drink is one of the most dangerous enemies the nations have to fear. Soldiers on the march, and those undergoing physical training should abstain from drinking too much beer, wine, or spirits.

These beverages contain a dangerous substance known as alcohol, which is as much a poison as strychnine is. Drinks such as milk and cocoa are foods, which help to build up the tissues of the body. Alcohol tends to stunt its growth. Milk and cocoa give warmth and strength to the body, besides being flesh-forming foods, while alcoholic beverages are of no use whatever as flesh-formers, but only tend to wear away the tissues.

As soon as a glass of beer is taken, the drinker at once has a strong desire for more. Alcoholic drinks are not able to quench the thirst as water is, and when the first glass is taken, there is always a danger that the desire may become irresistible.

Too much alcohol very often renders a person liable to diseases such as consumption, inflammation of the lungs, cancer, and brain disease. People who take alcohol in excess have never been known to lead long and healthy lives. The white corpuscles of the blood become less able to do their work, and thus the germs of disease find a much easier entry into the body.

All the money spent on beer, wine and spirits is only money wasted, for the small amount spent on a glass of beer would buy bread containing heat-giving and flesh-forming food. Many authorities have stated that a large percentage of criminality is caused by too much drink. Drunkenness is also the cause of a large number of accidents. It brings about much poverty and distress in homes, and affects not only the drinker and his family, but the State as well. Alcohol lessens the capacity for work, and as a result the prosperity of the nation is hindered.