

Correspondence.

(The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.)

Dear White Ribbon Sisters,—

I feel impelled to write a letter to you to-day for various reasons. One of them is the fact that I am in Invercargill enjoying a holiday, and another motive power is that I had such a peep into an ideal home last night, as can only be obtained by a limited number of our New Zealand sisterhood, and I want to tell you all about it. Of course, Invercargill is specially interesting to the W.C.T.U. members, being one of our object-lessons in favour of the "narrow views forced upon the people by faddists, cranks, etc.," i.e., Prohibitionists. By the way, I never noticed before what a number of eyes Prohibitionists have. Well, I am using my four eyes to some purpose, and I will tell you some of the things I see in Invercargill. I walk from end to end of the broad, clean streets, and see well-dressed men and women on every hand; large, prosperous places of business; little children warmly clad. I drink in deep draughts of pure fresh air. No tap-room belching forth its sickening odours to the passer-by; and I say, "Well done, Prohibition; industry induced by you increases income!"

Leaving the town, I come to a river called the Waihopai, and here I find the prohibited area ends. Fitting safeguard for teetotallers, is it not? A rolling river of nature's own provision for thirsty mortals divides "Dry" from "Wet." Just across the shining river we find breweries engaged in polluting the water. We see lying on the side of the streets several very fine specimens of stone jars encased in wicker-ware. And our inquiries are answered by the words, "keg party," and then my eyes see visions of fathers, husbands, sons, out on carousal; mothers, wives, and little ones bereft of joy and happiness, and natural protectors, and I say, "Work harder, women; prohibition cannot prohibit until the curse is removed. Inebriety invariably induces imbecility."

Leaving for a time the subject of prohibition, we turn, as an honoured guest, to an ideal home. Knocking at the door of Amethyst Hall, a young girl of 14 summers opens to us, and the lady of the house, in loving fashion, bids us welcome. It is the afternoon for a weekly Empire prayer meeting. Our hostess gives out the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace." Then the 91st Psalm is read in unison, and we are each allotted our subject for prayer. One prays for a mother who has lost one son in the war and has another wounded; then our enemies are remembered, and so on till we feel, as four o'clock—the hour to close—arrives, we have been to the

very gates of heaven. A walk through the house and grounds is full of interest. In a fine hall at one end we see a band of little girls, led by an earnest Methodist lady, working for a Bazaar in connection with one of the churches. In the courtyard a little fellow of eight summers runs up, calling, "Auntie, we are having a lovely game"—bushrangers or something equally exciting. I heard that he is a little adopted boy. He is evidently getting a big percentage of the love that he has missed hitherto. In the kitchen the fourteen-year-old girlie is introduced, and we hear later that she too has been placed by God in the mother arms of our hostess. A little Maori girl is also encircled by the same loving-hearted mother. At tea time our hostess, in homely fashion, enters the dining room, having been engaged helping to prepare the meal. The various little members of that happy household each do their part towards setting the table, etc. After tea and interesting chat on Leper Missions, Indian Missions, and every other mission, in which host and hostess give the guests a good lead, some lovely Indian lace and crochet is exhibited and sold on behalf of the Indian mission, the lady of Amethyst Hall having made herself responsible for the sale of £100 worth. The children grouped round the fire, with father on one side, and mother on the other, made such a picture as set my pulses throbbing and moistened my eyes. When the hands of the clock reached seven, without intrusion or obtrusion, the mother and children sat on the sofa and read a little story about John the Baptist. Then kneeling at mother's knee, Gentle Jesus and the Lord's Prayer close the day for the children. Before leaving, I had the privilege of seeing the "tired headies cuddled down, fast asleep. In my heart I said, "God bless all in this ideal home."

As I write this it is Mrs Lee-Cowie's birthday, and a party of all the members and tenants of Amethyst Hall is in full swing. On behalf of the women of New Zealand, I wish her God's choicest blessing on her and on her loved ones. May He prosper her efforts for the uplifting of His children, and put it into the hearts of others to go and do likewise.

"'Tis but a Rest-house by the way;
I do not call it 'Home.' Oh, No!
But just a Guest-house, night and day,
For Pilgrims, where they come and go."

"It is Thine own, it is not mine;
Then help me do the best with Thine,
To make it pure and bright and sweet,
A resting place for weary feet;
To speed them on their way in love
Up to the Father's Home above."

(Joshua 24:15; Hebrews 13:2.)

Yours in White Ribbon bonds,
ELIZABETH PINFOLD.

WHY DO NATIONS FALL?

(To the Editor.)

Madam,—There are, doubtless, many in the Dominion who believe, with Admiral Beatty, that until the Empire is stirred out of her stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency and a religious revival occurs, just so long will the war continue, and that when she looks to the future with prayer on her lips, we can begin to count the days towards the end.

The Bishop of Wellington, Dr. Sprott, has pointed out that the most generally accepted theory of the fall of nations is that they fall as the just judgment of a living God on national sin, and, in consequence, that a nation is master of its own fate, and holds its destiny in its own hands.

The Bishop has also stated that it seems to be God's rule that, while He vouchsafes a direct answer to the request of an individual when the matter of the prayer concerns only an individual, where the matter of prayer concerns great masses of men and whole nations, God only moves when approached in all earnestness and unity of purpose by a great army of devoted servants of His.

Feeling that the position of the Empire is one of the utmost gravity, and that, if we are to come safely out of this, the greatest crisis in her history, we must organise our spiritual forces, an endeavour is being made to band together Christian people of all churches throughout New Zealand to pray daily, first, that a wave of national repentance may sweep through the land; and, second, that God will bring us safely through our time of trial and testing. A representative committee has been formed to further this movement, which has the approval, among others, of the Primate, Bishop Nevill, Commissioner Hodder (Salvation Army), and Mr C. Cathie (Chairman of the Baptist Union). It would help considerably if all those who would undertake to pray daily for these objects would communicate with Mr D. O. McClay, 13, Gordon Place, Wellington, or the undersigned, for union is strength in spiritual warfare as well as in earthly.

It is hoped that a week day at an early date may be set apart by authority to be observed by all religious bodies throughout the Dominion as a day of humiliation before Almighty God for national sin and of intercession for the Empire. Many believe, with Admiral Beatty, that the sure road to victory lies through the way of national penitence.—I am, etc.,

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The "White Ribbon" will be posted to any address on receipt of 2s 6d, payable to Mrs Peryman, Johnsonville.