

THE CRY OF THE MOTHERS TO THE BREWERS.

(By Mrs Harrison Lee-Cowie, Invercargill, Organiser of "Strength of Nation" Movement for New Zealand.)

We come in our sorrow and anguish,
We are coming again and again,
You are the makers of Money,
We are the mothers of Men.

Sons and Brothers and Fathers
Do you hear the wail of our woe?
We gave up our boys for the Empire
We called on our men to go.

We knew they would come to us shattered,
Limbleless and blind and lame,
But we gloried that God allowed us,
A share in our country's fame.

But they came to us shattered and crippled,
Not by Bullet or Ball,
But for sake of a hellish traffic
You caused our Laddies to fall.

Stricken, diseased, unholy:
Withered in body and soul
The Brewers returned our Bairnies,
The Boys we had given up whole.

In camps with the barbed wire guarding
Things of disease and shame
Were the bonny Boys we had given
To die for an Empire's name.

And the blistering curse of a mother
And the moan of a bride-elect
Shall wither and blight the traffic
That killed and blasted and wrecked.

And we cry with ten thousand voices
Your gold is accursed by them,
You are counting your blood-stained
Money
We are counting our blood-stained
Men.

And the weeping eyes are looking
For the God who will judge by fire,
To crush this accursed traffic
In the might of His holy ire.

And we'll never cease our wailing
For the blood so vainly spilt
Till the God of the Helpless hear us
And avenge us of your guilt.

Come out from behind your barrels,
Come out from each drinking den,
A withering curse is on you
From the Outraged Mothers of men.

Let the Heavens above be opened,
Let the whole earth shake and reel,
You shall feel the wrath of the Mother
Though you case yourself with steel.

We'll fight for the babe on our bosom
Like a lioness in her den,
Ye have slain and shamed our first
born
And Aroused the Mothers of Men.

You laughed and mocked at the
women,

Our hearts were the paths you trod
When to pile up your awful profits
You wrecked the Temples of God.

But the prayers of ten thousand
Mothers

From Mountain and City and Glen
Shall prove to this hellish traffic
We're coming to save our men.

—Ezekiel vii. 19.

THE CALL.

It came to the boy on the farmland,
When the sunset was tinting the
west,
Was it brooklet or zephyr or night-
bird

That whispered the mighty behest?
What matter? He turned from the
hillside
And followed where stern duty led;
The boy of the plough is a soldier
now,
Whom Freedom has reared and
bred.

It came in the gay, crowded ballroom,
Through the beat and the crash of
the band,

Was it sob of harp or viola
That murmured the great command?
What matter? One heard, and de-
parted,
And travelled a toilsome way;
The youth of the dance is the man of
the lance,
A soldier born in a day.

It was not for the hate of the foeman;
It was not for the sake of the gain,
That our lovers have answered the
bugle,
That our sons lie asleep with the
slain.

God's call came clear as the dawning,
To stand for the right and the good,
The call to the strong to avenge
Freedom's wrong,
They heard, and they understood.

—Lillie A. Brooks.

Toronto, March 30

THE SIN OF SILENCE.

To sin by silence, when we should
protest,
Makes cowards out of men.
The human race has climbed on pro-
test.

Had no voice been raised against
injustice, ignorance, and lust,
The inquisition yet would serve the
law,
And guillotines decide our least dis-
putes.

The few who dare must speak and
speak again
To right the wrongs of many.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

The following Unions sent in new subscriptions this month:—Miss Powell, 16; Whakapuaka, 5; Kati-Kati, Nelson, Fitzroy, Waipukurau, Avondale Y's, Oxford, Wellington District, and Patea, 3; Whangarei, Stratford, South Dunedin, Hikurangi, Christchurch, and Takapuna, 2; Napier, Palmerston N., Paparoa, Eltham, Reefton, Norsewood, Dunedin, South Invercargill, and Wanganui Y's, 1. There are many Unions who have not yet sent in the six new subscribers asked for by Convention, and some Unions have not even sent one new subscriber. We are keeping a careful list, and hope that when it is presented at Convention, not one Union will be reported as a defaulter, but that all will rise to the occasion and do what Convention asked. At present Oxford leads with 23 new subscribers since Convention. Well done, Oxford! Our Business Manager takes off his hat to you. "You're a regular Editor's trump."

"THE MAN MY MOTHER THINKS I AM."

While walking down a crowded street
the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade
say:
"Say, Chimmie, lemme tell youse, I'd
be happy as a clam
If only I was de feller dat me mudder
thinks I am.
She thinks I am a wonder, and she
knows her little lad
Could never mix with nuttin dat was
ugly, mean, or bad.
On lots of times I'd sit and think how
nice 'twould be, gee wizz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mother
thinks he is."
My friend, be yours a life of toil or
undivided joy,
You can learn a lesson from that
small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with
eyes fixed on a star;
Just aim to be the feller that your
mother thinks you are.

—"Grit."

TAKE NOTICE!

Miss Weymouth's address until further notice will be:

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