

women still lower in the scale of degradation by his own action, and he, in many cases, will respond to the strength of the appeal.

"Now, it may be replied to me that it is pure assumption on my part that any good can accrue from such warnings and appeals, that I am deluding myself as to the possibilities of human nature. If I am, then I share the same delusion as Lord Kitchener, who, when Commander-in-Chief in India, issued an appeal to the Army there on this subject, of which the following is an extract:—

"It is therefore all the more necessary that those who are serving their country should exert to the utmost those powers of self-restraint with which every man is provided, in order that he may keep appetite in proper control."

"Every man can, by self-control, restrain the indulgence of those imprudent and reckless impulses that so often lead men astray, and he who thus resists is a better soldier and a better man than the man of weak will, who allows his bodily appetites to rule him, and has not the strength of character to resist temptation and to refuse to follow any bad example he may see before him."

"If a man becomes inefficient through venereal, it is discreditable, and even dishonest, that by contracting through self-indulgence a disease which he can avoid, a man should render himself incapable of doing that work for his country, which he enlisted to do."

"And the naval and military witnesses before the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases in England all testify that a lessening of the amount of venereal disease in the forces has come about as the result of warnings and appeals made to the men."

"And practically at the discussions on the dangers of syphilis and the question of State control at the International Congress—most of them men with world-wide reputations—while condemning regulation, urged the necessity of instruction, warning, and moral appeal. I say, therefore, that this method is well worth a trial in seeking to combat the plague of venereal disease in the Australian Imperial Force. Knowledge of the existence of syphilis and gonorrhoea, and the nature of their consequences, should be given to all recruits, especially those lads from the country districts. But, and I insist with all

the force at my command on this, along with the scientific information should go the appeal to duty, patriotism, and chivalry, which, to my mind, is by far the most potent argument with the finer types of character. I believe I am not too optimistic in asserting that the results of this may make us realise that there are heights in human nature that we had not dreamed of.

"To this appeal must be added another—to abstain from intoxicants. All medical men know that drink and venereal disease go hand in hand; alcohol rouses sexual desire, and lessens or abolishes self-restraint. The soldier, for the sake of efficiency, is called upon to be an abstainer for the period of the war. He is called to this by the example of His Majesty the King and of Lord Kitchener. And I make bold to say that especially is the obligation laid on all officers to follow this example; and the elder men among the recruits should be put on their honour to try and keep the lads out of temptation and make the spirit of the camp one opposed to drinking and sexual indulgence."

To class all our soldiers as immoral is a cruel insult to the hundreds of fine young men who have come through the moral temptations of Cairo and London with as fine a courage as they passed through the Somme and Messines battles. The better type of soldier is disgusted when offered a prophylactic packet. Even in the dark days in Egypt a young New Zealander wrote to his mother: "Don't worry when you hear evil tales about Cairo. There's nothing here to tempt a **sober, clean** boy." A Y.M.C.A. worker, returned from Egypt, stated that he knew of no total abstainer who had contracted disease. The iniquitous rum ration is responsible for much.

Mr Secretary Daniels, of U.S.A., in addressing a Congress of Surgeons, denounced the double standard of morals, and demanded clean living from citizen and civilian alike. He says, "America must cut out the cancer if we would live." That is just the crux of the matter, national destruction threatens us. The student of history does not need to be reminded that nations are great if their ideals are high, but when they lose their vision of the Eternal and descend into materialism, they have reached the last stage. Rome was great when her people held faith in

their national gods, but a dry rot got into their ancient faith, then luxury, materialism, and sensualism sunk her in the depths of national ruin. What says Byron of his loved Greece?

"Self-abasement paved the way
For villain bonds and despot sway."

The Almighty has given England time for repentance. Will she use it worthily? She must cut out the cancers of intemperance and impurity or she must die.

Can we blame Australian mothers who voted against their boys being conscripted to camps where rum rations and prophylactic packets are issued?

"If my body come from brutes, tho'
somewhat finer than their own,

I am heir, and this my kingdom,
shall the royal voice be mute?

No, but if the rebel subject seeks to
drag me from the throne,

Hold the Sceptre, Human Soul, and
rule thy province of the brute."

THE CALL TO DUTY.

Tired! Well, what of that?
Did'st fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee, work while it is call'd to-day!
Coward, arise—go forth upon thy way!
Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall—
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness; work on
Dark! Well, what of that?
Did'st fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.
Hard; Well, what of that?
Did'st fancy life one summer holiday
With lessons none to learn and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task; conquer or die!
It must be learned—learn it then patiently.
No help! Nay; 'tis not so.
Though human help be far, God is nigh.
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home;
He's near thee whereso'er thy footsteps roam.

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