

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.

The Auckland Y's found themselves without a place of meeting. The Mothers' Union came to their help, and secured a headquarters. So now White Ribboners have a home in the lovely Northern City, the Corinth of the South.

The rooms are situated at the corner of Wellesley and Lorne Streets. The new Post Office is being built on the opposite corner. The room is large, well-lit, and has a most homely appearance. The furniture is all paid for. Upon the walls are some fine pictures. A piano was given by one member, while another friend has installed the telephone for one year. The White Ribbon bow, painted upon the window, catches the eye of the passer-by. Our Editor was entertained there by the Executive to morning tea, and can bear personal testimony to the warm welcome given and to the home-like feeling a travelling White Ribboner has when she enters its precincts.

MY SISTER'S KEEPER.

My life flowed like a tranquil stream;
Around my thoughts I reared a wall;
Earth's woe slipped by me as a dream,
And moved me not at all.

But that was yesterday. To-day
I hear strange voices in the air;
They follow me, and seem to say
Hard things I cannot bear.

I hear strange voices in the air!
My house of cards about me falls!
I stand amazed; now here, now there,
Sound low insistent calls.

And through the dusk and through the day
I meet a myriad burning eyes,
That challenge me to come away
From my dear paradise.

And all around, from near, from far,
Dark tales of terror come to me;
They prick me wide awake, they mar
My life's serenity.

Am I my sister's keeper—I?
Yes, that in very truth thou art!
Lift up thy face to God's wide sky,
And open wide thy heart!

For know, these voices which awake
Thy soul to yearnings after good,
They summon thee to rise and take
Thy perfect womanhood.

—Isobel MacDonald.

WOMEN AND WAR.

LECTURE BY MRS KINETON PARKES.

Mrs Parkes was Secretary of the Women's Emergency Corps. She tells from first-hand experience the story of how these women organised to meet every emergency that arose as the result of the war. As the story was unfolded by the lecturer, and apparently insurmountable difficulties were met and solved, one ceased to regard the waving of a fairy's wand as something belonging only to the realm of fiction. These marvellous doings were sober facts. They happened yesterday, and were happening to-day. By the hundred thousand women entering fresh avenues of employment. How was it done? The Women's Emergency Corps, following the lead of well-known actresses, began quietly enrolling women, and finding out what work needed doing, and just as men were recruited and drafted into the Army, so women were either drafted into various positions for which they were fitted, or supported while they were being made fit for work that supplied the special needs that arose continually out of the war. Whether that work was the making of munitions, distributing bills, taking care of children, or meeting refugees unable to speak English, there were the women numbered and classified, ready to do the work required. Reflecting on this wonderful story, one realises what destitution, misery, and perhaps even degradation, were averted by this timely help rendered by the women to the women themselves and to the nation at large, and when the story is fully told it will be a record of usefulness, heroism, and adventure as thrilling as many a story of the battlefield. Let us hope that from this the teaching of history, instead of being a record of wars and dynasties, will be a record of what concerns the lives and well-being of the peoples themselves. In concluding the lecture, Mrs Parkes said that women had borne a full share in the work, the dangers, the losses and sorrows, and even the honours incident to the war, but in one thing only they declined to take a share, namely, the responsibility. Not in any one nation engaged in the war did women have any part in bringing it about. Women suffered too much in producing life to engage lightly in taking life, and, turning to

the M.P.'s on the platform, the lecturer made an earnest appeal to men to allow women to help them when this work of destruction was over, in reconstructing the world on a better basis.

ART UNIONS.

The following forms part of an address given by Miss Outram, Acting-Superintendent of the West End Sunday School, to the children. The Rev. H. G. Blackburne says: "As Vicar, I wish to thank her for her outspoken remarks, and to say that it is my conviction that if all those who feel strongly on this subject would have the courage of their convictions, and take a firm stand on the matter, as she has done, it would go a long way towards checking this evil."

There is one thing I wish to speak to you about this afternoon. You all know that an effort is being made to raise a large sum of money for our sick and wounded soldiers, and we can never give them too much. But I am sorry to see that a very large part of that money is to be raised by an Art Union. Now, Art Unions and raffles are gambling, just as much as the totalisator, and more dangerous, as so many children and young people are asked to take part in them. I want to ask you, as Christian children, and members of the West End Sunday School, to uphold your Christian principles and the honour of your school, and not to buy any Art Union tickets. By all means give; give as much as you can to help our soldiers. They are worth it all. We must always remember a soldier's life is a life of sacrifice, from the time he sacrifices his home, parents, wife, children, and all he holds most dear, to go into camp, till he gets to the Front, and in many cases sacrifices his life, and certainly very often his health and limbs. It is these latter men we are asked to help. When we remember this, cannot we give something to help them, without expecting anything in return? Or are we going to say, "I will not help our soldiers unless I stand a chance of winning something for myself in an Art Union." We should remember our Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Once more, let me ask you to have nothing whatever to do with gambling, and don't buy any Art Union tickets.