

PERSONAL.

We are sure all our readers will be glad to know that our old friend, Mrs Lee-Cowie, is recovering from her recent severe illness, and is recuperating at Timaru, where she is staying till early in the new year.

All White Ribboners will be interested to learn that a nephew of Mrs Judson, our much-loved sister, has won, in quick succession, the D.S.O., the Military Medal, and the V.C. We heartily congratulate the young hero.

The Temperance Cause has suffered a severe loss in the death of Rev. C. H. Garland, who passed away last month in Auckland. He died as he would have wished in harness. He took three services on the Sunday, and then, on Monday morning, while reading the war news in the paper, "He was not, for God took him." He was a man of wide culture, and wider sympathy, a fine preacher, a faithful pastor, an earnest worker in the cause of temperance and social reform. His place will be hard to fill. As head of our theological college, he won the respect and confidence of the students, and exerted a lasting influence upon them. To Mrs Garland and family we tender our sincerest sympathy, and pray that the Divine Comforter may be with them in the hour of bereavement.

GRANDMA'S METAPHOR.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play.
Some are gay-coloured, and some are white,
And some are ashen grey.

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

"There are long stretches without a break,
That in youth are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped,
And we fashion the heel with care.

"Put the saddest, happiest time is that
We court, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says our work is done."

CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE.

Sawyers Bay Union mourns the loss of its Treasurer, Mrs Mains, who passed away a victim to the prevailing epidemic.

Mrs Mains was an earnest, faithful worker, and one of the most lovable personalities it has been our lot to meet. Four sons were at the Front, two going with the Main Body. Two of the boys won the Military Medal, and one was invalided home. The others are on the water, and will return to the home robbed of its best ornament—a loving, devoted mother.

Mrs Mains lived near to God, casting all her burdens upon Him, and keeping bright and cheerful through all the anxious time while her sons faced death almost daily in Gallipoli or France. She was most regular in her attendance at our meetings, and many of us will never forget the inspiration and uplift we received as she led us in prayer and carried us with her to the heights of perfect love and trust in the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father. Peace and Prohibition she earnestly desired. One she lived to see, but the other she will behold, but not with mortal eyes. Our sympathy goes with her sorrowing family, especially her daughters, our own girls. A tried and faithful servant has "entered into the joy of her Lord."

EMANCIPATION.

"Why be afraid of death as though
your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay.
Oh glad surprise!
Why should you be forlorn? Death
only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the
thresher of the wheat?
Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping
you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond
the skies.
Why should it be a wrench to leave
your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home
when school is out?
The dear ones left behind! O foolish
one and blind,
A day and you will meet—A night and
you will greet.
This is the death of Death, to
breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and
taste the deathless life,
And joy without a fear, and smile
without a tear;
And work, nor care to rest, and find
the last the best."

THE BUFFOON IN PARLIAMENT.

In his address to Parliament upon Mr McComb's amendment to the Legislative Council Amendment Act, Sir Joseph Ward descended to a type of oratory that was quite out of keeping with the dignity of his position, and not in accord with the importance of the subject. We quote the following from a morning contemporary:—"Sir Joseph Ward said that he did not contest the Speaker's ruling. He thought that a number of women ought to be put into the Legislative Council. Why, they could not be worse than some of the members of that branch of the Legislature." (Loud and long-continued laughter.) He entirely withdrew the soft impeachment. (Laughter.) He understood that the Legislative Councillors were anxious to have associated with them representatives of the women of the country. (Laughter.)

Mr Lee: Not over thirty. (Laughter.)

Sir Joseph Ward said that there seemed to be a difference of opinion on that point. One Councillor, he understood, wanted it both ways. (Laughter.) For his part, he would be glad to see some amiable lady contesting his seat with him. It would be much nicer than fighting some hard-faced man. (Laughter.) But he would not be able to reply to criticisms in kind. (Laughter.) Fancy the honourable member for Timaru (Mr Craigie)—(laughter) or the hon. member for Westport (Mr Colvin)—(laughter) going round his electorate with a lady candidate. He was sure that each of them would withdraw in the lady's favour before the election was half over; and so would he. (Laughter.) We hope that the day is not very far distant when some "brainy woman" will contest Sir Joseph's seat with him, and win it.

BRITAIN'S SHAME.

"While Britain is standing at the crisis of her fate, we are turning into beer what we ought to have turned into bread. We stopped the sweets of the children instead of stopping the drink of their parents. We have had three strong Governments since the war began, but the drink trade has been stronger than all three."—Rev. Simpkins Johnson.