

hension of what the evening might hold.

"Look what a burden I took on myself for your sake," called a comrade as he came from the post office. It would take something of stronger texture than day-dreams are made of to hold an American's interest in the face of letters from the homeland, and with an exclamation of pleasure, Clinton reached for the white pile tossed to him. As he read, the "blue Alsation mountains" faded, and again he was tramping his familiar middle-State plains, the fragrance of tasselling corn in his nostrils, the breath of a welcome summer shower in his face. And it had blown away the last shred of his newly acquired philosophy long before the last letter was finished, the last kodak print lovingly scrutinised.

That evening a stern-lipped young man was admitted to the cosy sitting-room, a man who had the grace to be ashamed when he saw the light flash into the girl's face as he entered.

"Mother Robbins," he wrote a few hours later, "it would have been easier to lead my men into an open rain of German shells than face this gentle Felice and own to her that I was false to the friendliness she had given a wounded man. Oh, they are so pitiful, these French girls, so vital, so human, and their God-intended lovers are sleeping the long sleep. We Americans come to them as fair gods, deliverers from some misty, far-off land. They know we are lonely, they break their social conventions for us. Do you think a white God can ever forgive us, then, when we trifle with their hands, their lips, their hearts? I've turned the mirror to the wall. I can't look myself in the face since I saw the hurt expression in her eyes. Will you pray for her, godmother, and will you write to her. Of course, no word about this; just thank her for being kind to one of your boys; let her know some way that I honour her. You will know what to say.

"What a blessing a mother-confessor is. I remember hearing poor Fred Jenkins say, just after a moral funk, 'No matter what a cheap skate a fellow's been, if he honestly wants to try again he can count on Mrs Robbins.' Well, I've been the cheap skate all right, played the flirt—might as well put it straight—and broken my pledge. I wouldn't have done the other if it hadn't been for that, but wine went to my head, blurred the

fine sense of honour you taught to us boys.

"Will you please send me some Y.P.B. and White Cross pledges for the other fellows? You saved my soul putting those in. The familiar bits of pasteboard brought back the look on my mother's face when I signed—do you suppose my mother in heaven knows I've failed? But as I love her memory I shall not fail again."

To Claire Burney, Clinton wrote:

"Look here, Claire, if you disband the Y.P.B., I'll take a furlough long enough to come home and settle with you. That brother Jim of mine is getting old enough to join; he must have what I had. When a man's in France he can see what his kid training meant. You say the youngsters are safe now, as though they would always stay in a bone-dry State! I tell you they need every bit of the old teaching as long as there is a drop of stuff served anywhere on the globe. I'm grateful for the socks, and especially the surgical dressings you girls make—it's fine work. But I'd rather go cold and lie with wounds unbound than have you fail these high school youngsters. Of what use is it that we boys fight this horrible war for liberty unless you girls fight just as hard to keep the people with brains clear enough to see liberty aright when they have it. It's all one battle, Claire, mine in France, and yours in the dear home town that sends her sons to the ends of the earth. Some day, please God, I shall fight side by side with you, if you will let me, dear. But now, though our trenches are a long way apart, it's the same battle-line, and we will both 'see it through.'"

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"What is the verdict?" asked Mrs Robbins, dropping in at the close of another officers' meeting. "Do we stop, or do we go on?"

"If we want any friends when the boys come home I guess we had better go on," answered Nell gaily. "Those who never would take any part, and whom we could hardly drag out for a meeting, write as though it would be a national calamity if we stopped."

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

Y's Reports.

WANGANUI.

Dec. 6. Annual meeting. Good attendance. It was with regret that we accepted the resignation of our President, Mrs Smith. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Hogg; Vice-President, Miss Emmett; Secretary, Miss Chisholm; Treasurer, Miss Twemlon; Organists, Misses Smith and Spurdle; Social Committee, Misses Turner, L. Tipper and Burson; Cradle Roll, Miss E. Tipper; White Ribbon Agent, Miss Jarvis. Two new members were initiated.

AUCKLAND.

Dec. 16. Annual meeting. Owing to epidemic, only a few members present. The resignation of the Rec. Sec., Miss Hazel Patterson, was received with much regret. Officers were elected: Pres., Miss I. Sussex; Rec. Sec., Miss L. Street; Cor. Sec., Miss M. Bottrill; Treas., Miss Stubbs; Librarian, Miss Lee; "W.R." Supt., Miss Budd. Our membership is still increasing, and we hope the interest and enthusiasm will grow also in the coming year.

PROHIBITION PARS.

In every case where we have a shipyard or a community go from open saloons to prohibition, there has been increased efficiency.—Secretary Daniels, U.S. Navy.

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Prohibition benefits labour. "Our financial statement for March, 1918, shows more money handled, both in receipts and expenditure, than for any month in a number of years."—J. W. Stanford, Secretary Denver Cigar Makers' Union.

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"I should say, from my experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. . . . I would like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it."—Late Sir Wm. Gill, F.R.S.

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"Drink kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare."—Late Viscount Wolseley.

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"A young man cannot be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it."—Sir Frederick Treves, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.