

she belongs, and they, too, look after her welfare. It is this personal campaign and the conscientious following up of the cases that are bringing the improvement which is so noticeable among the women and girls.

"I have dealt at some length on this particular branch of the work of the policewoman, but do not think for a minute that this covers the activities of Commissioner O'Grady's office. Not by a good deal. Missing girls are found by the women of her staff, men who have insulted their stenographers are trapped by one of the younger women sent ostensibly to seek employment, and are brought to justice, and the Commissioner has completely changed the old-fashioned methods of dealing with illegal practitioners, a feat of which she is particularly proud. In fact, there are many jobs for which the policewoman is far better fitted than a man, and these women are daily proving that their appointment to the service was not a mistake."

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The following payments have been received since last report—

N.Z. FUND.

Dunedin, £10; Christchurch, £5; Hastings and Petone, £2 each; Ngāro, £1 4s; Blenheim, South Dunedin, and Wanganui, £1 each; Feilding, Greytown, and Pakiri, 10s each. Total, £24 14s.

FRANCHISE DAY FUND.

Pahiatua, £1.

WORLD'S MISSIONARY FUND.

Christchurch, 15s.

STRENGTH OF THE NATION FUND.

Pakiri, £1 9s 1d.

ORGANISING FUND.

N.E. Valley and Wanganui, £5 each; Christchurch, £4 1s 3d; Timaru, £4; Manāia, £3 3s; Nelson "Y," £3; L.T.L., Nelson, £2 10s (Bravo, Nelson!); Normanby, £2; Pahiatua, £1 17s; Otautau and South Invercargill, £1 10s each; Petone, £1 7s; Richmond, £1 2s; Hastings and Otahuhu, £1 each; Matakana, 13s 11s; Aramohe "Y," Bluff, and Hamilton East, 10s each; Tinwald, 5s. Total, £41 3s 2d. Expenditure, £10 5s 10d.

NELLIE BENDELY,

N.Z. Treasurer.

Auckland, 10th February, 1919.

MEMORY GEMS. ...

(By Frances E. Willard.)

The human brain with its fair, delicate, mystical filaments, is God's night-blooming cereus, its white radiance forever enclosed and shut away from sight within the close crypt of the skull, but exhaling its fragrance in poetry, and revealing its deep pure heart in science, philosophy, and religion. Keep that sacred blossom ever pure, fair and fragrant, with God's truth and heaven's immortality.

The beautiful brain that can think out an epic, compose a symphony, transfigure a canvas, invent an engine, a telephone, an airship—we are in the fight for its freedom and integrity, the holiest fight this side Jehovah's throne.

In his ignorance man began to use alcoholic drinks, and honestly called them a "good creature of God." But the attractive ingredients in all these beverages is alcohol, a poison that has this changeless law—that it acts, in exact proportion to the quantity imbibed, upon the brain and nervous system precisely as fire acts upon water, lapping it up with a fierce and insatiable thirst.

Just as an engineer controls his engine with the throttle valve, or as an operator controls his telegraph line, so the wonderful brain controls the body's intricate machinery. Given so much clear thought and you will get so much clear action. Given so much crazed thought and you will get so much crazed action. There is no axiom of mathematics more fixed than this physical law.

The man who cannot think his own thoughts though nobody hinders him, cannot speak his own words though everybody wishes he could, cannot use his own five senses though they were given him for that specific purpose, and whose cruelty is greatest toward those he loves the best, presents nature's supreme illustration of the law that alcoholic drinks have no business in the economics of a well ordered physical life.

Character is bounded on the north by sobriety, on the east by integrity, on the west by industry and on the south

by gentleness. But these cardinal points are all determined by the first, sobriety. This virtue must precede that of integrity.

Alcoholic beverages are the only ones that have no power of self-limitation. One glass says two, and two says three, until as a general rule, from the power of self-perpetuation in this appetite, the life of a drinker of alcoholics has but two periods, in the first of which he could leave off if he would, and in the last, he would leave off if he could.

FAITH.

I will not doubt, tho' all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I shall believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And tho' I weep because those sails are battered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust Thee."

I will not doubt, tho' all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still, white realm above;
I shall believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;
And tho' at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, tho' sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I shall believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And tho' I groan and tremble with my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain.

I will not doubt; well anchored in the faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale;
So strong is courage that it will not fail
To breast the mighty, unknown sea of Death.
Oh, may I cry, when body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it

With my last breath.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.