



GRANNIE COSSIPS.

Yes, my dear, the referendum figures are not too encouraging, but I'm not cast down. If we don't get our way this time, well, I expect that the Lord means that trade to go out without any compensation. I got fair disgusted with some of my neighbours who wouldn't take the trouble to vote because they didn't believe in compensation. I don't believe in it, but I voted to get rid of the trade; I can't help it. I always vote against it on the broad principle that it's the greatest enemy to our race, and when it's a question between boys and dollars I always vote for the boys. Well, it was so many of our boys voted for the trade, and are we not to blame? War never improves anybody, and we allowed boys who had never been away from home before to be tempted by the rum ration. And then, poor lads, they think that we are depriving them of their liberty. Just fancy, liberty to get drunk! Is that a thing to be coveted? Well, before we vote again our soldiers will be civilians and will learn the lesson that their personal liberty is restricted when it interferes with another person's liberty. You know they won't let me amuse myself shooting cats in my garden because it's against borough by-laws, and I mustn't keep fowls within so many feet of the street or of my neighbour. In fact, I feel sometimes as if I'd got no liberty. I'm getting old and grey; I've fought this fight for many years; many of my fellow-workers have gone home before victory, but, please God, I'll live to see the end of the traffic in my own fair New Zealand, and then

I'll fold my hands and say, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

"But I want to finish fighting, where the bolts of danger fly,
And to strike my best and hardest for God's Kingdom ere I die."

THE PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

Tune: "Aurelia," 215, Hymns Ancient and Modern.

His name shall be called . . .
the Mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isa.
ix. 6.

We hail the proclamation
Of peace, with hymns of praise;
In joy and adoration
Our thankful hearts we raise.
God heard our cry and answered,
And made the warfare cease,
The Everlasting Father,
The Mighty Prince of Peace!

Ten thousand hearts upraising
Their strain of joy to-day,
The Lord of Hosts are praising,
Acknowledging His sway—
Whose name shall be exalted,
Whose wonders never cease.
To God on high be glory,
And on the earth be peace!

Earth's kingdoms are becoming
The kingdom of our Lord,
And He shall reign for ever,
For they shall hear His Word.
A chain the wide world girdles
Of praise that doth not cease,
To Christ the King of Glory,
The Mighty Prince of Peace!

But 'midst our jubilation
For victory achieved,
We pray Thy consolation
For hearts and homes bereaved;
Whose heroes brave are bearing
The palm where conflicts cease;
The victor's laurels wearing
In Heaven's eternal peace.

Praise God for warfare ended!
Praise God for freedom won!
Praise God that right defended
An empire binds in one!
Praise God a rest remaineth
For saints where sorrows cease,
Where King of Kings Christ reigneth,
The Mighty Prince of Peace!
—The late Frances M. Eames.
Hawke's Bay.

Statistics prepared by R. H. Moore,
Actuary of the United Kingdom Tem-
perance and General Insurance Com-
pany, show that the death-rate among
the moderate drinkers was 35 per
cent. higher than among abstainers.

MOTHER OF FIVE.

She mothered five!
Night after night she watched a lit-
tle bed,
Night after night she cooled a fever-
ed head.
Day after day she guarded little feet,
Taught little minds the dangers of
the street;
Taught little lips to utter simple
prayers,
Whispered of strength that some day
would be theirs,
And trained them to use it as they
should.
She gave her babies to the Nation's
good.

She mothered five!
She gave her beauty; from her
cheeks let fade
The rose's blushes; to her mother
trade.
She saw the wrinkles furrowing her
brow,
Yet smiling said, "My boy grows
stronger now."
When pleasures called she turned
away and said:
"I dare not leave my babies to be
fed
By strangers' hands; besides they are
so small
I must be near to answer when they
call."

She mothered five!
Night after night they sat about her
knee
And heard her tell of what some day
would be.
From her they learned that in the
world outside
Are cruelty and vice and selfishness
and pride;
From her they learned the wrongs
they ought to shun,
What things to love, what work must
still be done.
She led them through the labyrinth of
youth
And brought five men and women up
to Truth.

She mothered five!
Her name may be unknown save to
the few
Of her the outside world but little
knew.
But somewhere five are treading Vir-
tue's ways,
Serving in the world and brightening
its days.
Somewhere are five, who, tempted,
stand upright,
Clinging to honour, keeping her mem-
ory bright.
Somewhere this mother toils and is
alive
No more as one, but in the breasts of
five.

—Edgar A. Guest in "Detroit Free
Press."

"Hush, little flasklet, don't you cry;
You'll be a milk bottle by and by."