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**JOHN COBBE, LTD., The Cash Mail Order House, FEILDING**

### THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Having seen advertisement of this progressive American association, and the offer of free booklets, I sent a letter card (without any money enclosed) to their address, and have just now received a most interesting and practical set of leaflets and booklets, well illustrated with pictures (from life) of Home Circles, given to emphasise the various methods of child training. I would advise your readers to send promptly an application for these booklets. The address is: The Parents' Association, 449, Fourth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.—I am yours cordially,

SISTER MOODY BELL.

Greymouth.

P.S.—Those who wish can of course join this Parents' Association on payment of fees, and secure volumes at prices mentioned.

### WITH "APOLOGIES TO LORD TENNYSON."

Sunrise and morning star  
And no more booze I'll see.  
I hail the passing of the bar,  
So full of woe for me.  
As vengeful tide, remorseless, not asleep  
Of votes not sound and foam  
Makes that which drew from out hell's  
soulless deep  
Turn again home.

Great dawn and morning bell!  
And after that no dark.  
And there will be no sadness of fare-  
well  
When drinks embark;  
For though from out our bourne of  
time and place  
The flood may bear it far,  
The world will see its Pilot face to  
face  
When we have lost the bar.

"The saloon would kill the church if it could, and the church could kill the saloon if it would."

### THE DIGGERS.

Oh, men of God, we're coming home  
in ships by score on score,  
Our bodies crippled, gashed, and  
maimed, our hearts all sick and  
sore;  
Our haunted souls, our hunted souls  
are crying out for Life;  
We want God's Peace, God's Love,  
God's Joy in place of man's mad  
strife.  
We left your shores strong, lusty boys,  
with hope and ardour filled;  
We're coming back with countless  
gaps and more than bodies killed:  
The visions in our minds to-day make  
havoc of the past;  
Our tortured sleep brings back again  
war's withering, wasting blast.  
The blinded eyes can ne'er behold the  
beauties of the earth;  
The shattered lips can not again join  
in the world's rude mirth.  
We're boys in years, in suffering men;  
we've come through shot and  
shell;  
We've forged a way to peace and  
home through fires of deepest hell.  
And now we want the Great and Good,  
we want the Pure and True—  
Oh, ministers of God, we ask, can  
heaven be found through you?  
We were not plaster saints; ah, no!  
black Sin has seared the soul,  
But can you tell of One who came to  
make poor sinners whole?  
It is not pealing organs and spires on  
lofty heights.  
It is not architecture and glowing  
window lights,  
For which the Diggers hunger and  
call on you to-day;  
But for the Man of Nazareth who trod  
our death-strewn way.  
The blazing sands of Egypt have  
dimmed our eyes to see  
The beauty of a cushioned pew, but  
crave for Galilee;  
The slimy, oozing trenches have blot-  
ted out of mind  
The intellectual essays, but brought  
the Christ who's kind;  
The scream of whizzing bullets, of  
bursting bomb and shell,  
Spoil symphonies in D, but not the  
tale the angels tell.  
The wounded mates around us, the  
cries of dying boys,  
Break in upon the anthems with sore  
discordant noise;  
The solos may be faultless by singers  
trained to please,

But Gospel hymns are greater and  
grandier far than these.  
The "Great White Comrade" reached  
us in many a battle fray:  
Say, man of God, is He the One you  
offer us to-day?  
We're sick of Drink and Lust and Sin;  
we're sick in soul and mind;  
But, oh, we're fiercely longing for the  
One who's good and kind.  
We'll troop to church in thousands,  
we'll crowd each hall and aisle,  
If you'll only speak of Jesus and win  
for us His smile.  
If we knew you really agonised in  
sweat of blood and prayer  
For us, as we have sweat for you,  
you'd find the Diggers there.  
—B. L. Cowie.  
Littlebourne Crescent, Dunedin.

### LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

The following letter from Australia  
will be of interest to our readers:—

September 15, 1910.

Dear Mrs Don,—The Queensland  
Strength of Empire offered to help the  
New Zealand Committee in the great  
campaign, and the offer has been ac-  
cepted. The Superintendent of the  
Strength of Empire, Mr Toombs,  
and the State W.C.T.U. Organiser,  
Miss McCorkindale, have been chosen  
to proceed to New Zealand as early as  
possible in October, as travelling  
facilities will allow.

I thought you would like to know  
that one of our W.C.T.U. workers  
would be visiting the Dominion, but  
of course I do not know what centre  
will be allotted to her, but if pos-  
sible I should like you to meet her  
during her stay in New Zealand. She  
is a good speaker, and very bright.

You will all have a very busy time  
and a hard fight. Our prayers are  
with and for you all in the great bat-  
tle you are fighting.

With every good wish for your suc-  
cess in the W.C.T.U. and at the polls.  
—Yours in the Master's service,

ANNIE CARVOSSO,

Hon. Cor. Sec. Australian Union.