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another man be led out, maybe too drunk to walk steady, then back again until the bar was closed. Some of these women had been in our Home, and we found them so diseased I had taken them to the London Lock Hospital, where they had been turned out incurable. They were back again to infect more men as they themselves had been infected.

This drink is a vicious circle. In all the years I worked there I cannot recall one girl living as a prostitute who did not drink. They used to say to me, 'I could not live this life but for the drink.' When they got sober the memory of their homes and of their pure, happy childhood was too maddening—they had to drown their memories in drink, and the fragments of their womanly feelings before they could start their evening's ghastly trade.

One can quite understand the account a ship's doctor gave, whose name I know, who noticed a woman on board with six girls under her charge. He got into conversation with her, and she was quite open about her occupation and that of the girls with her. She said, "A dry country is no good to the likes of us, so we are going to a wet country. There are numbers of men who would not come to us unless they were under the influence of drink for the first time." So this brothel-keeper, with her slaves, was leaving the "dry" country and travelling on this ship, which plied between there and New Zealand. No wonder Dr. Richard Arthur, M.D., M.L.A., Sydney, in his address to officers, says:—"All medical men know that drink and venereal disease go hand in hand; alcohol rouses sexual desires, and lessens or abolishes self-restraint."

On one of the ships which came from Home recently there was a nice boy about sixteen years of age. While

girls have gone home infected with in Wellington the firemen got him to go ashore with them, and they made him drunk, then took him to a house of ill-fame. When he came to himself, and knew what he had done, he flung himself on his bunk and sobbed as if his heart would break. It is probable he contracted venereal disease, then to curse him for the rest of his life. Even if not, that black spot is going to haunt his memory while reason lasts, and make him feel the meanest cur that ever walked when he falls in love with some pure girl. His soiledness will look all the blacker against her virgin purity.

Mothers, would you like this to happen to your son, or would you like your daughter, while under the influence of the genteel-sounding wine, to have her purity stolen from her? There are many girls to-day in New Zealand who are fond of their wine, who are substituting it for morning tea. Just as the prostitute looks out for the man under the influence of drink, so the villain looks out for the girl who "is not herself," that he may rob her of her greatest treasure. Do not be foolish mothers or girls, and think such men will go to those with whom it is a trade. Oh! no, the purer the girl the more desirable she is, and the safer for their own skin, and it is their own skin they love supremely, and other people can take care of their own if they can. But they can't when drink is in, because "wit's out." You think New Zealand is so safe, and these dangers do not exist here. A short time ago I was told of a man in Auckland who himself told a companion in sin the following, which was passed on to me, that he had succeeded in seducing 33 girls out of 60 whom he had tried. He had met them at places of amusement, such as the pictures and dances. Such a man could not fail to be diseased. How many of those

the disease, no one knows. It is so easy, the steps down hill. Some flattery, some refreshment, a bottle of wine, a motor-car ride, and another character blighted. How many girls, if they knew the truth, have been robbed of the boy they loved through the cursed drink. One man told that quite six boys had come to his tent to say good-bye before going into battle, and had said, "I've got it—I am not coming out of this battle." Poor boys! Betrayed by the curse we have the chance to put out of the country now. We could have done it before if we women would have woken up to what it means. No wonder the Bible says, "No drunkard shall enter heaven." It seems to me the reason is because the mind is the medium between God and man, and when that is switched off, as drink does, there is no power in the person while under its sway to receive any message from God. It seems almost like a prophecy the lecture the late Dr Batchelor, of Dunedin, gave in 1909. After speaking of the venereal diseases and the curse they were even then in New Zealand, he went on to say: "In this young country, which nature has so bountifully endowed, the reproach is ours alone if our race fails to achieve the highest level of mental, physical, and moral efficiency. . . . We have already shown that we refuse to be trammelled by the traditions and conventions of the Old World, and do not fear exploiting fresh fields. Why not then make some effort to eradicate or mitigate a disease that has been at the root of so much racial decadence in the Old World? . . . The women of this land now have the power to resolutely insist on drastic measures to counteract this canker of modern civilisation, and, for the sake of your sons and daughters, for the sake of the generations yet unborn, I urge you to grasp your opportunity, and grasp it in time."