

have plenty of good laws already, but we do not carry them out well.

Why is it wrong to say "Give us Prohibition first, and if that fails try the other"? They tell us this is opportunism. I don't see it, girls. I want to wipe the Trade out, with all its wire-pulling and social influence. The country is not likely to go back under Prohibition, but if it did, we could then try anything that seemed better.

Lastly, there is Prohibition. This some tell us will do much harm. Can we get on without drink? Take a great English expert's statement of why people drink at home. It is the "Three F's," he says—Food, Fatigue, and Fellowship. Does that obtain here? Hardly. There is plenty of food in New Zealand. As to fatigue, some are born tired, and always want the drink. I can understand the man who is genuinely tired taking "a nip," though I am sure even then he would be better without it. But for the rest, men don't work here unless they want to. These are the days of stops, go-slows, conferences. Well! Thank God we are not overworked here—except the women. No! Not you girls—your mothers!

Now, as to fellowship. If you have a good garden, a spacious house, a drawing-room, and so on, you are all right at home. But take a man who comes home to a small, poor house, the children yelling, the wife washing, and rather short, poor dear! It isn't surprising to hear him say, "Missus, I'm off to the pub." What does he get there? Bad liquor, indifferent company, stories none of the best. Yet it is no good to say he should stay at home and nurse the baby. Something must be put in place of the pub. Why not do it now? Because we have not the money. Some day—perhaps I shall not live to see it—there will be social halls for men, where they can smoke and talk, and find real recreation after work, and women perhaps will have something of the same sort. The day of fine temperance saloons is coming. So much for fellowship!

People say, "It's all very well for parsons to talk." Somehow, for my part, I never felt much like a parson. But have we no right to talk? Not long ago I went out to hold a confirmation service in the country, and stayed at the vicarage. Another guest turned up that evening—dead

drunk. The vicar gave the man a shakedown, and was in and out of the room all night, tending the uninvited guest, who was seeing devils and what not in his delirium. Had not that parson a right to talk? It is those who love Jesus Christ who are slaving to amend the ravages of drink—the nurses, the deaconesses, the social helpers, all working for the victims of temptation.

I used to work for women's franchise long ago, but you have been a great disappointment to me. What are you going to do with your great chances? Pray about it! Use your vote for your country! Listen to the voice of God! We are at the turning of the ways. New Zealand may rise renewed, with her face turned toward a better age, or she may go back to the past, and vote Continuance, the old mud in which we have wallowed so long. I am old; I can no longer speak with the enthusiasm of youth, and I know that Prohibition will not mean the millennium altogether. It may be I shall never speak again in public on this question. I do hope and pray that we may sweep this thing away for ever. I wish I could live to see the day when we could say, "We have done with the Drink."

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

(With alterations, from the "Union Signal.")

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber,

Who pays in advance at the birth of each year;

She forwards the money, and does it so gladly,

It casts round the office a halo of cheer.

Refrain.

White Ribbon, White Ribbon, our very own paper,

It's only half-a-crown, why don't you subscribe?

She never says: "Stop it, I cannot afford it;

I'm getting more journals than now I can read."

But always says: "Send it, I can't do without it;

In fact, we all know it's a help which we need."

How welcome her cheque when it reaches our sanctum;

How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes our heart dance;

We outwardly thank her, we inwardly bless her—

The steady subscriber, who pays in advance.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

As a consequence of the war and the famine which followed in its train, there is a most deplorable condition of affairs in Central and Eastern Europe. Not only are grown-up men and women suffering, but thousands of small children are absolutely starving. Many babies never get one drop of milk, and as a consequence they are dying by hundreds, and those living are emaciated, afflicted with tuberculosis and other diseases caused by malnutrition, and whose health is being permanently ruined.

The object of the "Save the Children Fund" is to send relief to all children throughout the famine area.

Lord Robert Cecil is at the head of the organisation, and the British Government have sanctioned, within certain limits, a proposal to provide one pound for every pound raised, and spent by charitable organisations in the United Kingdom for the relief of the distress in Europe. General Smuts and Lord Curzon have both made eloquent appeals for help. Mothers have been so starved that in many districts 50 per cent. of the children are stillborn. One Jewish mother had been four days without food when her child was born.

Famine is a deadly menace to the whole of Central and Eastern Europe, and an appeal has been sent to the women of the British Empire to help their sisters in distress. This appeal has been signed by Ruth Atkinson and Elizabeth B. Rutter as representing New Zealand women.

The need is very urgent. Hundreds of thousands of children will die this winter of cold and hunger and disease unless we make the greatest efforts to save them. Wherever a child is starving or a mother needing food there our sympathy and help should go, whether to our brave allies or to the conquered countries, now no longer enemies. Little children were not responsible for the war; their mothers had no voice in declaring it, but upon these the heaviest suffering has fallen. Can we not at this Christmas time deny ourselves of luxuries and send the money to those who have neither food, clothing, nor firing? The Master said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

We hear much of the German Hymn of Hate. Let us send back to them as answer a glorious hymn of