

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS FLORENCE WHINCOP, GREY TOWN. ...

In the closing days of 1925 the death angel visited our midst, and the soul of Mrs Whincop, known to so many White Ribboners up and down the North Island, went home to God.

Coming to Greytown some 14 years ago, and finding no branch of the W.C.T.U., she linked up with the Masterton Union, which entailed much time and expense going backward and forward by train. After a time she made an effort to get a branch in Greytown, and wrote to Miss Powell, offering hospitality for a fortnight or three weeks if she would come and organise a branch here.

This offer was accepted, and the two laboured together, and the local branch opened in due time, with a membership of 22, with Mrs Whincop as its first President, and the late Mrs Banks as Secretary.

From that time on till life's close her love for and interest in the Union has not abated.

Was it not fitting that a beautiful wreath, tied with our white bow, representing the W.C.T.U., should have a place of honour on the coffin ere her body was lowered into its last resting place?

Prior to the last election, although suffering great pain of body, her one hope was that she would be spared to record her vote, and her wish was granted. Our President's car brought her to the booth, and the hand that she, and we all knew would soon be cold in death, struck its last blow at the drink traffic. A few weeks ago the writer asked had she any message for the Union? Her reply was, "Give the members my love, and tell them to keep praying and working till the victory's won."

Perhaps someone may read this message whose love for the cause has grown cold, whose hand has loosened on the sword hilt, whose courage has oozed, and who to-day are sitting back while the faithful few keep the flag of liberty and freedom flying. Will you not, my sister, take a fresh grasp of the sword? Will you once again take your place in the forefront of the battle? and like our dear sister who has passed on.

pray and work till the close of the day, remembering the gift of eternal life is to those who endure to the end.

"So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee."

TRAINING THE BOY.

AN INTERNATIONAL SPIRIT.

IDEAS AND IDEALS.

(From an address at the Y.M.C.A., Wellington, by Mr Edgar M. Robinson, Chief Executive Officer, Boys' Work Section of the Y.M.C.A. World's Committee).

In speaking on the subject of the "International Boy" the speaker said he was frequently asked to speak on the topic of "The International Boy," but he had to admit that most of the boys he met were intensely national, rather than international in their viewpoint, and that the international boy was more a boy of the future than a boy of to-day. He thought that one of the great dangers of New Zealand in this respect would arise from its geographical isolation, and the possible feeling that New Zealand had relatively little responsibility in connection with the affairs of the world. "I can well see how New Zealand people," continued the speaker, "could get into that attitude of mind—of feeling that their sole responsibility is the building up of this beautiful country, and to let the rest of the world take care of itself.

"One of the great problems before the world to-day is the cultivating of that attitude of mind which would enable the nations to live together happily. No amount of arguments would ever ultimately ensure the peace of the world; world-wide peace could only come from an attitude of mind. World peace could only be based on the art of living together, and not on the art of trying to exterminate each other. Von Moltke, the great strategist of Germany, a generation or so ago, said, 'Whatever idea or ideal you wish to dominate a nation, you must first

lay hold of the growing boys;' and Germany deliberately set out to implant in the minds of their boys certain ideals and ideas, so that the nation thought as a community on those points in the generation that followed.

"What ideas and ideals are being implanted in the minds of the boyhood of New Zealand with reference to world peace and happy relations between nations? Are the ideas and ideals intensely national or do they go beyond that point? We were faced to-day with the problem that civilisation could not progress much further unless some plan was effected whereby the nations of the world could live more happily together. Some kind of society of nations, some kind of federation of mankind, is essential. Is it not possible that each nation would gain immediately by such an arrangement? To accomplish that, a certain attitude is necessary on the part of all nations, and that state of mind can only come through the education of youth. . . . It would be possible in the smallest towns of New Zealand, and in the schools of New Zealand cities, to develop boys who might become not only national leaders, but leaders in world-wide affairs."—From the Wellington "Post."

EXPERIMENTIA DOCET.

Thomas Edison, the great inventor, says: "I believe in Prohibition. Sober America in the future will be a most dangerous competitor in commerce with all nations. In the future it is either sobriety or commercial decadence of other nations. The boys and the girls of the next generation will not have any taste for the stuff."

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

This will was found on a chair in a wretched room after its inmate, a drunkard, had committed suicide:—

"I leave the world a wasted character and a ruinous example; I leave to my parents as great a sorrow as in their weakness they could possibly bear; I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and dishonour as I could have brought them; I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life full of shame; I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a bad character, and the memory of their father lying in a drunkard's grave.