

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

(From the "Headway" for January.)

Pablo Estaban Chilian orator and outlaw, stepped on to a boulder, and waved his hand proudly at the clustered tents below, on the Andes slopes.

"My army," he said to his older companion, "five thousand men—and we shall descend into the Argentine lands like a thunderbolt." "But the peace between our countries?" murmured Don Carlos, dubiously. "It is sentiment—nonsense!" Estaban sneered. "All Chili will acclaim me here when we take the first town. These Argentinians are fools, as we are, to have disarmed their frontiers." "But the pass?" "It is open. Their guns are melted into that stupid monument. They are a country unarmed, with glittering prizes for our swords—defenceless!"

At daybreak the wild army gathered on the mountain-side, while the oratory of the leader fired their eyes and roused anew a mad, unthinking hatred of the Argentine peoples. There was no obstacle, Estaban declared; they were lions, with the sheep at their mercy, and no shepherd to fear.

So the march began. Pablo himself rode at the head of his legion on a safe-footed mule, and Don Carlos at his side, gloomy and unconvinced. Behind strode the eager hordes of men. They climbed ever higher, the pass becoming rougher and steeper. Among the big rocks and lonely silences of the peaks the noisy adventurers became quietened. Pablo Estaban whistled as he rode, and twirled his proud moustachios—plunder, rapine, conquest, lay ahead!

"What is that figure in the sky?" said Don Carlos, suddenly, pointing ahead. "The figure standing for peace," laughed Estaban.

The trampling host behind the outlaw quickened their march as they, too, sighted the statue that marked the Chilian boundary. As they came nearer the solitary figure grew recognisable, and the cross in its left hand became clear. The sun was gilding it with brightness.

Pablo Estaban spat. "A stupid thing!" he declared.

"A sentinel of the pass," said Don Carlos, uneasily.

"No sentinel could stop us now, least of all one of bronze without a weapon," said Estaban.

The towering figure was quite near, glittering with unearthly brilliance in the clear mountain air. A stillness had fallen on the invaders. Some were crossing themselves, wishing they were already past this watcher.

Their leader sneered. He was right beneath the statue. "Come," he shouted jeeringly to his followers. "Will you fear a thing of bronze? Once it might have stopped you as guns, but now——"

His mule reared, startled by a sudden beam of reflected light from the tall cross, and Estaban was shot from its back, to fall as if at the foot of the monument. His followers stopped in unconcealed awe. Estaban lifted his head, but did not rise. Above him, in the brilliance of the mid-day sun, he saw the great Christ shining down on him in fearful majesty. Pablo was dazed and dumb, as once had been another Paul. And as he lay he saw the words he had known from his youth engraved at the base of the figure:

"These mountains themselves shall fall and crumble to dust before the people of Chili, and the Argentine Republic forget their solemn covenant sworn at the feet of Christ. He is our peace who hath made both one."

Pablo Estaban stumbled blindly to his feet.

"Back, back!" he cried. "We cannot pass!"

TEMPERANCE SOLFA.

No Cider! apples as they grow
Eaten are best, or baked in...DOH.

No Porter, Ale or Beer for me!
I'll stick to cocoa, milk and TE.

'Tis drinking leads to singing—ah!
But Temperance trills, tra-la-la LAH.

And so we'll say to all we know,
Away with Drink! 'Tis better SOH.

For Prince and peasant, slave or Shah,
Water's the fittest drink by FAH.

Gin, whisky, Rum and Eau-de-Vie
Are foes, not friends to you and ME.

And Wine that sparkles, leads astray
Blest, then be Water's crystal RAY

We'll sober up life's ladder go,
Doh, Ray, Me, Fah, Soh, Lah, Te,
DOH.

TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

Dr. Haven Emerson, one time Commissioner of Health for New York City, now of the Medical Department of Columbia University, says:—"Alcohol is of the same series as chloroform and ether. They release the levels of control. Each one shades from the top down. In every instance they accomplish their result by depressing some function. Alcohol may at times be a very useful drug, but it is a depressant and not a stimulant. In every test the non-alcoholic beats the alcoholic. Dr. Emerson has prepared for his students the following statements regarding alcohol, evidently believing that the medical profession should harbour no delusions regarding the drug's true nature:—

(1) Alcohol is a cause of death. (2) Alcohol is a cause of primary disease. (3) Alcohol causes disabilities through inheritance. (4) Alcohol lowers resistance to infection. (5) Alcohol increases susceptibility to poison from heavy metals. (6) Alcohol increases the mortality rate of infections. (7) Alcohol increases the severity, complications, and time recovery of industrial accidents. (8) Alcohol increases the prevalence of venereal disease. (9) Alcohol increases the general morbidity and mortality from other diseases than those due directly to the use of alcohol. (10) Alcohol shortens the life span. (11) Alcohol is a depressant drug, a protoplasmic poison. (12) Alcohol delays and renders inaccurate neuro-muscular reactions. (13) Alcohol reduces judgment, discrimination, endurance, and precision of action." And that an indictment as is an indictment, and one which The Trade may well fear to face. At long last Cold Science is bringing out the truth about alcohol and its effects on the human system.

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