Y. PAGE

"Standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood sweet."



"The Flower of Youth never looks so lovely as when it bends before the Sun of Righteousness."

LETTER FROM "Y." SUPERIN-TENDENT.

Dear "Y." Members,

The Dominion Executive Officers have indeed honoured me by my appointment to the office of "Y." Superintendent. I pray God will give me grace, also wisdom and understanding, that I may do justice to the work intrusted to me.

Its splendid to know that you "Y's." are so interested in the work and are training yourselves to become members and officers of the adult Unions. Yes, and Dominion officers too, for we do need your youth and energy to take our places in the great fight, as we become tired and weary.

I wish that I might visit each one of the twenty branches in the Dominion, so as to become acquainted with you all personally, but as that is impossible, the next best way is to write. I always read with interest your reports in the White Ribbon, but wish there were many more to read, why not all Unions that are doing anything whatever at their meetings report next month, it would keep you all in touch with each other and help to exchange ideas.

What is your aim for this year? May I suggest that you have a systematic plan, with high and practical aims, you could plan to give so many hours each month to personal work, such as gaining new members or new subscribers for the White Ribbon; aim to secure a certain number and if you exceed the number all well and good, or plan to send your White Ribbon to someone who cannot afford to subscribe, and to whom it would be of great value; endeavour to interest your young friends in the work, and take them along to the meetings. Every thing rests with the individual. In my opinion the best organisers are the members themselves,

I think these words are beautiful:

I have no wealth of gold to give away,

But I can pledge to worthy causes these—

I'll give my strength, my days and hours of ease; My first thought and courage

when I may, And take some deed accomp-

lished for my pay.
I cannot offer much in silver fees,

But I can serve when richer persons play,

And with some presence fill some vacancies.

There are some things beyond the gift of gold,

A richer treasure's needed now and then;

Some joys life needs which are not bought and sold,

The high occasion often calls for men;

Some for release from service give their pelf,

But he gives most who freely gives himself.

-"Edgar Guest."

ELIZABETH MACARTNEY,
"Y." Superintendent.

THERE MUST BE.

The young man of fashion approached his prospective father-in-law.

"I say," he said, "your daughter has promised to marry me, and all that sort of rot. But one has to be careful these days. I'd like to know—just to be sure—if there is any insanity in your family?"

The old gentleman looked the young man up and down.

"I'm afraid there must be," he said pointedly,



THE SAME OLD REASON.

(Katherine Mercer.)

There is in the Old Testament the story of a re-building that reads as a miracle, a miracle of the kind we need to-day, and it ends with the reason of the whole being accomplished.

The ruined city was rebuilt and fortified by a people, few in number (compared to the size of their undertaking) their courage tested by foes who fought as deftly with their tongues as with ordinary less biting weapons.

The story tells how the workers wrought, not separately at their own crafts, but all in the part of the great task assigned to each man, each one with his weapon ready to hand as he orked.

The building was finished alright. It could not help but be, with workers whose endurance and enthusiasm were ensured by their need and faith.

And the great story finishes with the plain reason for the rebuilding of Jerusalem. Not that the prophet had vision, though without that vision the work would not have been begun; not the generosity of an outsider, though that surpassed all that could have been hoped; but very plainly and simply, "The people had