

several years "White Ribbon" Agent for the Dunedin Union, and only gave up when failing strength compelled her to do so. But her interest in the work was keen almost to the last. We sympathise much with those relatives left to mourn her loss.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WOMEN DOCTORS WANTED.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Madam,—I noticed in last month's "White Ribbon" a correspondent writing regarding the need of women doctors to assist families in country districts, etc. Perhaps all may not be aware that an organisation, viz., "Women's Division of the Farmers' Union" is now being formed chiefly for the above purpose. They also intend to provide Rest Rooms in country towns, and are striving for the Bible in Schools, etc.

Only a few days ago I received a circular from the Women's Division setting forth the aims and objects of their Union. Enclosed please find same. You will, I think, agree that there is therefore no need for our W.C.T.U. to do anything along these lines. We have abundant departments already, sometimes I think too many, as there is a danger of the one great big objective, the Abolition of the Liquor Traffic, being overshadowed by the minor reforms and activities of our splendid organisation, the W.C.T.U.—Yours in W.R. bonds,

ANNIE DUXFIELD.

### OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little cares that fretted me,

I lost them yesterday,

Among the fields above the sea,

Among the winds at play,

Among the lowing of the herds,

The rustling of the trees,

Among the singing of the birds,

The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,

I cast them all away

Among the clover-scented grass,

Among the new-mown hay,

Among the husking of the corn

Where drowsy poppies nod,

Where ill thoughts die and good are born—

Out in the fields with God.

—E. B. Browning.

## SPECIALS.

### FAREWELL TO MISS AVISON.

The Prohibition League united with our Union in honouring Miss Avison with a farewell social, which was held in the Petone Presbyterian Young Men's Hall on Tuesday, October 26th.

Miss Avison, who has been Secretary of both the Societies for a number of years, and has filled these positions with credit, is shortly leaving Petone for Christchurch.

The hall was decorated for the occasion, and a fine programme was rendered. Master Holgate gave a violin solo, accompanied by his sister Annie, Mrs Gifford a solo, Master Jenness a piano-forte solo, Mr Pargetter a solo. Mrs Cole, our President, paid a high tribute to the faithful work put in by Miss Avison, and on behalf of the Union presented her with a badge of honour and a small clock. Mrs Battersby also said a few words of farewell, regretting the departure of Miss Avison. Mrs Pargetter a solo, Mrs Milwood a solo, Mrs W. and G. Lockhead a duet, and Miss Hill a monologue. These items were heartily encored.

The Rev. Mr Lochore, President of the Prohibition League, thanked Miss Avison for her services, and made men-

tion of her giving Bible instruction in the schools, and presented her with a beautiful handbag with initial inscribed.

The Rev. Mr Loan also spoke in appreciation of Miss Avison, and as her minister honoured her Christian character.

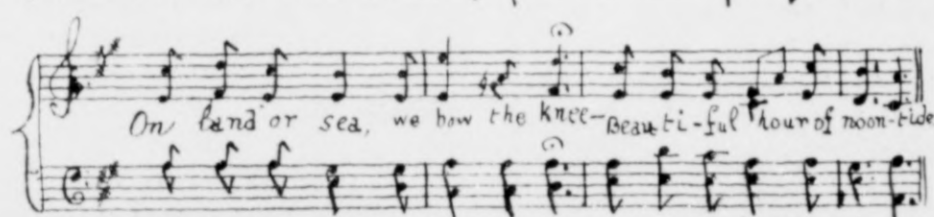
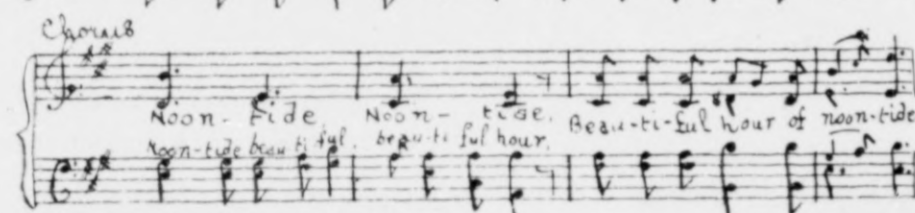
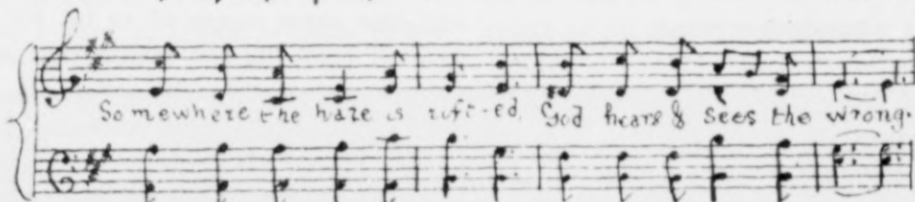
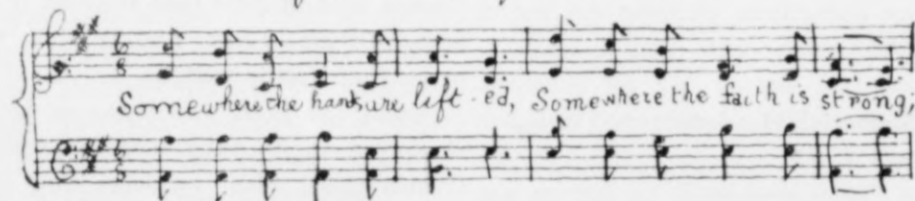
Miss Avison, in responding, thanked all for their kindness, and said the evening had been to her full of pleasant surprises. She felt sorry to leave us all, and hoped some time to pay us a visit.

A plentiful supper was provided by the ladies. Mr Piper was asked to speak, and expressed his pleasure at being able to attend such a gathering. As regards Miss Avison, she had proved herself worthy of our honour and esteem. While we regret her departure, we are sure she will join up with the band of workers at Christchurch.

The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The Secretary desires to thank all who helped to make the evening so enjoyable.

Jack Hobbs, the famous teetotal Surrey batsman has now scored more runs than any other cricketer, with the exception of W. G. Grace—who was also a T.T.

### Beautiful Hour of Noontide



Somewhere the day is brighter,  
Somewhere the foe must run,  
Somewhere a heart grows lighter,  
Some one a curse will shun.

Somewhere the ranks are filling  
Close by the fountain-side,  
Somewhere the true and willing  
Close to the pledge abide.