

IN MEMORIAM.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MRS
BAIRD.

On the 30th November, at her home, Spey Street, Invercargill, Mrs Baird, wife of the Rev. James Baird, was called Home to higher service in the house of many mansions, and the highest tribute that can be paid to her is that, although having reached the age of 83, her fellow-workers, in the many and varied activities in which she was engaged, wonder what they will do without her.

Mrs Baird was one of the foremost women in establishing the first branch of the W.C.T.U. in Invercargill, and was for 23 years President of the Victoria Home for friendless and erring girls. She also took an active part in the establishment of St. Helen's Hospital and was from its inception an active member of the Women's Auxiliary for patients' and prisoners' aid.

She was an ideal minister's wife, and the results of her life-long and devoted work in Church, Bible Class, Sunday School, and Missions only eternity will reveal.

Although failing health during the last eighteen months prevented her from active work, her interest in the many organisations never wavered, and the leaders unflinchingly visited her and informed her of what had been done. Her wise counsel and advice were eagerly sought, and will be sorely missed by all associated with her in the social, philanthropic temperance, and religious activities of the community.

The President of District Union, Mrs Fairbairn, and Miss Birss visited her one Friday, and the following Friday she was laid to rest in God's Acre.

A large and representative gathering of women from W.C.T.U. and churches assembled to take part in the funeral services at the house. Rev. C. J. Tocker read the 14th chapter of John, and Mrs Fairbairn read the Crusade Psalm. The Southland District Union placed a large white ribbon bow on the casket, and many beautiful floral tributes from the different Unions and from the various church organisations, also personal friends, were received.

A guard of honour was formed by the women, who stood on each side of the path as the casket was carried from the residence.

A consecrated and devoted life has ended, leaving behind it a fragrance which will remain.

To the bereaved husband and family the sympathy of many who were privileged to know Mrs Baird will be extended.

MRS BAIRD.—AN APPRECIATION.

I cannot say "the late Mrs Baird," for the idea of death in such a connection is unthinkable. Our promoted comrade is as **alive** as when she was amongst us, and, I doubt not, still taking as keen an interest as before in her many activities. She was for some years President of the Central Union, and specially interested in the Victoria Home, and though naturally of a retiring disposition would even speak up in Court to right a girl who had been wronged. Who can imagine that that keen intellect, that refined and sensitive spirit, could be even dimmed by casting off the "worn out fetter which the soul had broken and thrown away"? Mrs Baird was one of the choicest spirits it has ever been my privilege to know, of a high courage and deep spirituality. How invaluable to me were her kindly interest, wise counsels, and ready sympathy during my work in Southland. In those pioneer days the Organising Fund would not admit of paying board, and while I cannot be grateful enough to the many who so generously hospited me, and who are to-day my valued friends, and some of whom have become life-long friends, there were times when the worker felt an unwelcome guest. Upon such an occasion I told my story to Mrs Baird. "But don't you see," she replied, "that the very quality which causes you to feel these things so acutely is the one which makes your work successful." This was a new idea to me, and I went on my way strengthened and comforted. At the Invercargill Convention I had the great pleasure of sharing her home for a few days. Then over eighty years of age, she had just resigned the Presidency of two societies out of seven previously held. I remember asking her how she could account for the fact that practically all her sons and daughters had adopted the medical profession. "I don't know," she said, with a sunny smile, "unless because in the early days at Winton I was always doctoring the folks." Our beloved comrade is no stranger in the new country where she

finds herself. She has for so many years lived in the sunshine of the Master's smile doing His bidding, and sharing in His work of love, that the more intimate companionship will be but the realisation of her highest ideals.

To Rev. James Baird, bereft of his life-companion, our hearts' deepest sympathy is extended, and many will be the prayers that the God of all consolation may be specially near to him.

M. S. POWELL.

St. Clair, December 4th, 1926.

MRS SCOTT.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the passing of Mrs Scott, for 15 years a member of the Normanby Union, and its President for the last 13 years. She had also at times been President of Hawera and Manaia Unions, as well as District President. A Normanby White Ribboner writes:—"Her memory will always be an inspiration to us to press forward, believing as she did that we **will** win if we but remain loyal. She was always at her post, cheerful and optimistic, knowing not the meaning of the word defeat. I am afraid it will be hard for us to get anyone to take her place."

Her niece, Miss Patterson, who nursed her, writes: "My aunt also expressed a wish that the following message might be conveyed to the W.C.T.U. members through the 'White Ribbon.' Mrs Scott expressed her confidence in the coming victory of the Temperance party. She said our watchword should be, 'We are going to win! That this depends on the work of each member. She said she would watch and see the victory 'from the other side.' She sent her love to all members of the W.C.T.U., and her concluding words were:

"We are going to win.

For Right is right, since God is God,

And Right the day must win,

To doubt would be disloyalty,

To falter would be sin.'

Though my dear aunt looked white and emaciated only endurance and courage shone on her face. She proved to us that 'while there's death there's hope,' and in the middle of all that horror of disease, there was something of strength and splendour which I hope I shall never forget."

We tender our sincerest sympathy to those so sadly bereaved. For such as our departed sister,