

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."*

My Dear Y.P's.—

This is very thirsty weather, is it not? And the burning (really hot) question is "What shall we drink." Our Editor has a great grudge against the weather clerk, or perhaps that functionary has a grudge against our Wellington District Executive; for at the Masterton meeting in September, he treated us to a snow storm, and last week at the Lower Hutt we had a heat-wave. And really, I think the snow-storm was preferable, especially if one wanted to work. Heat waves may be alright for people who indulge in siestas, but for practical, hard-working White Ribboners, give me the snow.

But to return to our "muttons," otherwise our drinks. Some time ago an English tourist at Rotorua met a staunch Prohibitionist and asked in bewilderment: "Well, what do you drink."

I wonder what our Y.P's. have been quenching their thirsts with, during these steamy days.

Wine? no, certainly not. Much better drink the fruit juices pure, not rotted to allow alcohol to be formed. Do you know how delicious fruit juices can be? Much better even than tea or coffee. You can make them at home when the fruit is in season, or can purchase at any Health Food Depot. During a recent illness with a very high temperature, we found pure grape juice with a lump of ice in it, a nectar fit for the gods. It's easily done. Boil up apples or any fruit just as you would for jelly, then strain the juice, add honey or sugar, honey is best, and let it cool. This is for immediate use. It is a little more trouble to make it to keep. Strain the juice of a lemon into a pint jug, and spoonful of honey and fill up with boiling water. Let it cool. This always stands on the Editorial desk during a heat-wave,

Take a handful of raisins at night, put them in a jar and strain over them the juice of a lemon. Let it stand all night; then in the morning you have a very pleasant drink on waking, and if, like John Gilpin's spouse, you have a frugal mind, the soaked raisins make a delicious breakfast.

I'm sure you're wondering why I don't mention the best drink of all, pure water. Well, to be quite candid, my dear Y's., we've got no "nice" water in Foxton. Our tanks alas! are empty and our borough supply is "pure" but "nasty." It is so impregnated with lime that you can't get a decent bath unless you add ammonia or some bath salts. It's like medicine with iron and lime, good for us, but **we don't like it.**

Well, I'm thirsty, must be off to get not a "spot," but a whole ocean.

CONVENTION.

Meets in Auckland on March 23rd. Hope to meet delegates from every Y. Branch. Come up ready to help us make plans for our Y.P's. for next year. It is a most important year. We want the view-point of the young. With their energy and enthusiasm joined to the experience of older workers we should be able to make "King Alcohol tremble."

Mrs Dewar, a Pioneer member of the Union, now over 90 years of age, hopes to be present at some of our meetings. In spite of her many years of work, she is not weary yet, and still takes much interest in the work.

What a time of refreshing we should have when age and youth combine as co-workers with God for the extension of His Kingdom, for the safety of our Homes, and for the freeing of every land from the Curse of Strong Drink.



SOME ONE HAD PRAYED.

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy

That day; I wondered "how!"
A ploughman, singing at his work
had prayed

"Lord, help them now!"
Away in the foreign lands they
wondered "how"

Their single word had power!
At home the Christians, two or three,
had met,

To pray an hour!
Yes, we are always wondering,
wondering "how,"

Because we do not see
Some one, unknown perhaps, and far
away,

On bended knee!

—"Selected."

CHEERFUL.

Sick Man: "Well, it is kind of you to visit a sick old man like me."

Friend: "Well, you see, I just met Dr. Jones, and he said, 'I have just left your old friend Smith, so if you want to see him alive, you had better be smart about it.'"

Prohibition doesn't make crooks. It just affords them new opportunities in their natural element.