

Church of England. But it welcomes as members and associates women of every phase of Christian thought. It does not ask for many meetings. Its subscription is the veriest trifle. All it demands is that those who would join, must honestly promise to carry out the objects of the Union, and must seek, at least in their own homes, to make the family life of our race and nation strong, simple, and pure.

I have named this address "King George's Call to Women." For he has called to England to "Wake up!" and he has spoken of the foundations of national glory to an English Convocation. But I believe that women, and particularly Australian mothers who have part and lot in our British heritage, can do inestimable service to the Empire if they will follow the King's lead, and support the ideal of life so dear to him and to our gracious Queen Mary.

Yet the highest inspiration for all mothers comes from Him, Who for our salvation came down from Heaven and was made man. This inspiration will not supplant, but transmute and glorify our inherent sense of patriotism so that it also becomes a duty that we owe to the Most High. The highest happiness of all mothers will then become not unlike hers who said, "my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

A recent writer in the *Church Quarterly Review* has wisely insisted that it is a blameworthy mistake to speak "as if the whole well-being and religious life of a family depended on the women." If this ever happens to be the case, then so much the worse for that family. Fathers do count. They ought to be made to feel that they count. But allowing that they count, Mr. Roosevelt's dictum still holds good: "The mother is the most important person in the community. She is more important than the statesman." And men who realise most clearly their own duty, are the readiest to use Whittier's prayer for her:—

Make her hands like the hands of Jesus,
Blessing the little one.
Make her lips like the lips of Mary,
Kissing her blessed Son.

HAVELOCK NORTH.

The last monthly meeting for this year of the Mother's Union was held in the Village Schoolroom on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 2nd.

As the Synod was in session, the Vicar was necessarily at his post there, so no service was held in the Church. But Mrs. Gardiner read the appointed prayers, and a hymn, rendered dear to every one by its use during the Mission, was sung by all with great heartiness.

The meeting was a very full one, there being twenty-seven members and associates present out of the total thirty. The Provisional Council and Treasurer were re-elected, and another added to their number.

The meeting then settled down comfortably to enjoy a "talk" on the Palestine Exhibition in London, by Miss Gardiner, one of the associates. The talk was a most pleasant one, and brought vividly before the audience the scenes which Miss Gardiner had been fortunate enough to see in London—the model of the villages of Nazareth and of Bethlehem, the oxen ploughing in the fields, &c.

When it was over, everyone left their seats—some to chat with their friends, some to examine the various objects of interest which were displayed to illustrate the "Exhibition."

There was a strong atmosphere of neighbourliness and kindly feeling which these meetings do so much to foster, and after tea, when good-byes were being said, there was a feeling of regret in many hearts that it was the final one of the season.

WAIPUKURAU.

The Mother's Union met on 24th November, Mrs. Elevey reading a paper on "Florence Nightingale."

News from other Dioceses.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The Missioners have now all gone. It is early yet to judge of results; but I suppose there is not one of us but feels quite sure that the Mission has made a deep and lasting impression. Quite a number of adults are handing in their names for Confirmation. This alone is evidence of the power of the Mission. Another telling circumstance is the fact that the Clergy and Laity of almost (if not quite) all the parishes that had a Mission are quite sure that they had "just the right man."

"Be still and know that I am God." This was the atmosphere of all the Missions. Many of us felt the pervading Presence of God the Holy Spirit as we had never before felt it; and this effect was largely produced by the utter self-effacement of the Missioners. The Missioner in almost

every case was a "voice," even the voice of God. The great question now is, of course: What are we to do to ensure the fullest possible benefits of the Mission? All are agreed that there must be greater facilities for Bible study, and that there must be some kind of Prayer Meeting. In some cases too a Mission Service will take the place of Evensong, or rather will be held at the usual Evensong hour now and then. More reality, more life—this is what we feel we must aim at. God grant us all more wisdom and greater zeal.

C.E.M.S.—All our branches have received a strong impetus and an increase in their numbers. The Mission came just at the right time. C.E.M.S. has now learned to walk and intends with God's help to step forward not with rash haste but with a stride that will cover the ground and yet be circumspect.

Christmas Hymn.

Bring lilies fair, of white and gold,
And tell again the story old,
The Angel to the shepherds told;
Of Bethlehem.

Jesu! Sweet Babe, that liest there
Cradled in gentle Mary's care,
Adore we, in that casket rare,
Thy Holy Light!

Star of our Race! whose deathless ray,
Sent forth from realms of endless Day,
Doth guide Thy brethren's toilsome way
To our own Land.

We worship, Lord, Thy Spirit's might
Piercing the darkness of the night,
And glory in each wrong made right
Through the Lord Christ.

Dear Lord, at this high festival,
When Thou incarnate wast for all,
Help us to see Thy coronal
Above Thy Cross.

To throne the Christ in every thought,
To shed from every action wrought,
Reflexion of the radiance brought
By Thy pure life.

So shall that mighty Spirit grow
Within the hearts of all below,
Make darkness light and joy bestow
Upon us all.

Father of Spirits! God Most High!
Whom Jesus brought to us so nigh
Glory and praise eternally
For Christ Thy Son. Amen.

—E.T.H.

We suffer even in our spiritual life, when we confine our thoughts to the narrow horizon of our individual welfare. . . . Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self, yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.—Dean Farrar.