

Lady Henry Somerset moved a resolution expressing sympathy with the wounded British and Boers in South Africa and with all the bereaved. The resolution was carried by the whole Committee rising.

The Committee resolved—"To use every effort for the success of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union Kiosk at the International Exhibition in Paris next year." As about £600 will be required to build and furnish the kiosk, to supply Temperance literature for free distribution, and for arrangements for the sale of Temperance drinks, an appeal is to be made to Temperance Societies in Great Britain to give donations for this most important work. (The World's W.C.T.U. officers have asked all the affiliated countries and colonies to respond as generously as they did in 1889.)

In her *Bulletin*, Miss Agnes Slack says:—"Miss Brown, the President of the Auckland W.C.T.U., called to see me in Sheffield last week. She is a devoted White Ribboner, and it was most refreshing to meet someone from your far away land. She brought us many kindly greetings from the Antipodes." Miss Slack also comments on Miss Maunder's work in Southland.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE WHITE RIBBON."

DEAR MADAM,—Will you allow me to express to the Unions, through your columns, my apologies for having failed to send in time the programme of the Auckland Convention? When I was hunting through my writing case this week, I found the notes I had prepared for it still unposted. I had put them aside till I should hear from Auckland the place of meeting, etc., and as that information didn't come, the whole thing escaped my memory. I can only express the sincerest regret.

I am, etc.,

L. M. KIRK,

N. Z. Recording Secretary.

Blenheim, Feb. 2.

Half-a-crown a year will procure you a copy of the WHITE RIBBON, posted direct, and you will thus be kept in touch with a large section of the thoughtful women of the colony.

Report of the London "Daily Mail" on the Drink Traffic.

ESTABLISHING LOCAL VETO.—Licensed victuallers in Berks and W. Hants are much perturbed over the decision of the Whitchurch justices in refusing to grant the transfer of a license for the Harrow Inn at Newtown, near Newbury, on the ground that the inhabitants of the locality had petitioned against it as being unnecessary.

If the action of the Whitchurch bench is to form a precedent, local veto will in the near future be rather prominently before the licensing justices.

Mr Lucas, who appeared for the tenant, protested against the method of opposition, and asked that the transfer should be granted, and then the whole question could be threshed out at the next annual licensing meeting.

Mr Melville Portal, who is chairman of the local bench, and also of the Hants quarter sessions, held, however, that they could not do otherwise than act on the wishes of the inhabitants (forty-five persons had signed out of about 180 inhabitants), and that they ought not to force a public house upon them if they were against it.—March 20, 1899.

A JUDGE'S DRASTIC REMEDY.—Charging the Grand Jury at Durham Assizes yesterday, Mr Justice Grantham spoke strongly of the black calendar presented to him. Out of forty-three prisoners, three were charged with murder, four with manslaughter, and twenty-four with other offences of violence.

In the majority of the cases, he noted, drink was at the bottom, and somebody was to blame—he did not say the magistrates were, but magistrates and the police were responsible for public-houses being properly conducted, and when men stayed a long time at public-houses, and went home drunk and murdered their wives, or did other kinds of violence, it should be stopped.—Nov. 23rd, 1899.

FOUR MURDER TRIALS.—Mr Justice Kennedy, in charging the Liverpool Grand Jury yesterday, said there were no fewer than four cases in which the capital charge was preferred. With regard to the cases which, to the best of their calculations, represented 75 per cent. of crimes of violence, he thought it was right to point out unquestionably that the connection between intemperance and crime was clearly marked. It was a very serious thing when anything like 75 per cent. of crimes of violence was due in a very close way to indulgence in excess of that sort.—November 23rd, 1899.

POETRY.

My Love.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot.
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes,

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chance to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and there unto
Her life doth rightly harmonise;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman; one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green.
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

—James Russell Lowell.

By their Works.

Call him not heretic whose works attest
His faith in goodness by no creed confessed.
Whatever in love's name is truly done
To free the bound and lift the fallen one
Is done to Christ. Whose own deed and word
Is not against Him, labours for our Lord.
When He, who, sad and weary, longing sore
For love's sweet service, through the sister's
door

One saw the heavenly, one the human guest.
But who shall say which loved the Master best?

—Whittier.