

## THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the  
whiteness of the noon,  
In the amber glory of the day's  
re-reat;  
In the midnight robed in darkness, or  
the gleaming of the moon,  
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps, on  
the sands of Galilee;  
On the Temple's marble pavement,  
on the street,  
Warm with weight of sorrow, faltering  
up the slopes of Calvary,  
The sorrow of the coming of His  
feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendour  
from betwixt the Cherubim  
Through the wondering throng,  
with motion strong and fleet,  
Sounds His Victor tread, approaching  
with a music far and dim—  
The music of the coming of His  
feet.

Sandled not with shoon of silver,  
girdled not with woven gold;  
Weighted not with shimmering  
gems and odors sweet,  
But, white-winged and shot with  
glory in the Tabor-light of old—  
The glory of the coming of His  
feet.

He is coming, O my spirit, with His  
everlasting peace,  
With His blessedness immortal and  
complete;  
He is coming, O my spirit, and His  
coming brings release;  
I listen—for the coming of His feet.

## EMANCIPATION.

Why be afraid of death as though  
your life were breath?  
Death but anoints your eyes with  
clay. Oh, glad surprise!  
Why should you be forlorn? Death  
only husks the corn.  
Why should you fear to meet the  
thresher of the wheat?  
Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet  
sleeping you are dead,  
Till you awake and rise, here, or  
beyond the skies.  
Why should it be a wrench to leave  
your wooden bench?  
Why not with happy shout run home  
when school is out?  
The dear ones left behind! O,  
foolish one and blind,  
A day and you will meet—A night  
and you will greet.  
This is the death of Death, to  
breathe away a breath,  
And know the end of strife, and taste  
the deathless life,  
And joy without a fear, and smile  
without a tear;  
And work, nor care to rest, and find  
the last the best.

## Y's Reports.

### OXFORD.

The annual general meeting was held in October. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Pres., Miss S. Waterman; Vice-Pres., Miss D. Watson and Miss D. Thompson; Sec., Miss N. Urquhart; Treas., Miss Dalziel. Two other meetings were held before the end of the year to discuss L.T.L. plans and an effort to raise funds for Y.M.C.A. war work at the District Show in the autumn. A meeting was held on February 5th to elect a delegate to Conference at Timaru. Miss S. Waterman was unanimously elected.

### WANGANUI.

Feb. 25. The attendance was smaller than usual, there being only fourteen present. Reported that over half the amount required for sending our delegate to Convention had been raised already. The members talked over what they desired our delegate to say and to learn while at the Conference, and then discussed future work and ambitions.

### ARAMOHO.

Feb. 11. An attendance of 22. President (Mrs Bathgate) presided. Letters received from other Y's read. Discussion of ways and means to send delegates to Convention. Decided to send letters asking for donations, also to hold a social on February 26. Five new members were enrolled.

Feb. 26. A most enjoyable White Ribbon social. President presided over an attendance of 68 members and friends. Social opened with singing of Temperance hymn, "All Round the World," followed by prayer, led by Mrs Smith (President of the City Y's). Solos, duets, recitations, and a humorous dialogue were given. After games and competition, refreshments were dispensed. Votes of thanks were moved to all those who so ably assisted both socially and financially to make the evening a success. Three cheers for our soldier boys closed our programme.

### AUCKLAND.

Feb. 25. Miss Bessie Mill gave a very interesting and helpful talk. The attendance was not as good as we anticipated. This year we have decided to take up temperance education, in the form of 10 minute talks at each meeting. In connection with patriotic work, our Union is responsible for a day now and then at the Soldiers' Club. Decided to take up work in connection with the Featherston Camp. Miss Bottrell and Miss Patterson were appointed delegates to Convention.

**The "White Ribbon" will be posted to any address on receipt of 2s 6d, payable to Mrs Peryman, Port Chalmers.**

## L.T.L. Reports.

### OXFORD.

The final meeting of the 1917 session of the Oxford L.T.L. took the form of a social evening. Parents and friends were invited, and a pleasant evening of games, competitions, and music was spent. The prizes presented by the W.C.T.U. for essays on Alcohol were presented by Mr Kippenberger.

## WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE ME?

(By J. George Frederick.)

I belong to the Loyal Legion,  
And I wouldn't drop out for gold!  
I go to the finest meetings  
That anyone ever could hold!  
I learn so many fine lessons,  
I don't know how it can be  
That all of you don't become mem-  
bers,—  
Now wouldn't you like to be me?

I've signed a pledge not to drink  
whisky,  
Nor to smoke, nor to chew, nor to  
swear;  
And I'm ever so glad that I did it,  
And have my nice badge to wear;  
For I feel like a man, now, who's  
stronger  
Than any bad habit can be.  
I feel like jumping and shouting—  
Now wouldn't you like to be me?

I study about alcohol's workings  
On the body, the soul, and the  
mind;  
And, I tell you, if you'd know what I  
know,  
No chains 'round about you could  
wind!  
Then I study of drink and the nation,  
And many great truths I can see.  
When I'm older I want to make laws  
right,—  
Now wouldn't you like to be me?

And then I have fun by the bushel—  
Much more than the boys on the  
street;  
We have rally cries, marches, con-  
ventions,  
And often a whole lot to eat.  
We learn to recite, and debate, and  
make speeches,  
And we sing and make music with  
glee,  
I always wish Legion came oft'ner,—  
Now wouldn't you like to be me?

I belong to the Loyal Legion,  
And I wouldn't drop out for gold!  
I go to the finest meetings  
That anyone ever could hold!  
I learn so many fine lessons,  
I don't see how it can be  
That all of you don't become mem-  
bers,—  
Now wouldn't you like to be me?

Drink dims, darkens, decays,  
deadens, damns.