

The White Ribbon

FOR GOD AND HOME AND HUMANITY

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IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

The brave that are no more."
"Toll for the brave,

"We stand at one with those men
that died,
Come dawn, come dark, we have these
beside!
Living or dead, we are comrades all,
Our battles are won by the men who
fall.

When peace dawns over the country
side,
Our thanks shall be to the lads who
died.
Oh, quiet hearts, can you hear us
tell
How peace was won by the men who
fell!"

"There is a reaper whose name is
Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a
breath,
And the flowers that lie between."

For four long years has the Reaper,
with his sickle keen, been busy in our
midst, and by means of war, pestilence,
and famine, he has garnered in,
as well as the "shocks of corn fully
ripe," so many of the "bright flowers
that grow between."

From these far-off isles of the sea
numbers of bright spirits went forth
to fight for freedom, and many, alas!
will return to us no more for ever.
Thousands of our most promising
young lives have been cut short,
freely offered up for the sake of
others.

The mighty guns are silenced now;
no longer does the deadly submarine

lie in wait for the peaceful merchant
ship, or the hospital vessel with its
cargo of wounded. The sight of the
telegraph uniform has ceased to
send a deadly chill to the heart of
the mother. The long drawn out
agony is over, and already new life is
stirring beneath the ashes of the dead
past. But deep in our hearts we
cherish the memory of our honoured
dead. Sincerely do we mourn them;
lovingly do we reverence them; and
earnestly do we desire to erect a mem-
orial that shall fittingly commemor-
ate their supreme sacrifice, and ex-
press our deep sense of indebtedness
to them.

What grander tribute could we offer
them than to lay the foundation stone
of a monument that shall be lasting
as time itself, and the topmost stone
of which, reaching beyond the bounds
of time, shall be hidden in the golden
mists of eternity. Now is our oppor-
tunity to do this. On April 10th we
may sweep away the Liquor Bar, and
in a dry Dominion lay broad and deep
the foundation stone of a national
character, that shall grow slowly, inch
by inch, stone by stone, into a monu-
ment so beautiful that the highest
looking upon it may pronounce it
good.

Our soldiers gave their lives for us
on the blood-drenched plains of Eur-
ope and Asia, and on these fields they
won for us victory over the foe with-
out. What more fitting tribute can
we offer to their memory than a glori-
ous victory upon the moral battle-
field which shall free our land from
the traitor within. The one battle-
field is as real as the other, and just
as destructive, for no nation ever is
conquered from without until it has
first allowed its strength to be sapped
by the foe within. And

"What of the widespread havoc
wrought
By the foe within our gates.
It assails the fortress, Conscience,
It wages combat fierce,
And seeks by subtle strategy
The soul's stronghold to pierce;
It lures youth to destruction
With tyranny it reigns;
It binds its helpless victims
In slavery's galling chains."

And the two foes are not unlike in
character. Is there any atrocity com-
mitted by the Germans upon helpless
innocence to which a parallel cannot
be found in the records of these Huns
of Liquordom? Did Germany tor-
ture women and children? What of
the long years of martyrdom endured
by the wives and children of the
victims of Strong Drink? A little
boy broke a bottle of whisky to save
his father from drinking it. The
drunken father tied the boy up, and
with a horsewhip thrashed him till life
was nearly extinct. He would have
finished the work but a little brother
rushed up to him, and, holding out
a loaded gun, sobbed, "Shoot him,
father; don't torture him." These
words pierced the drink-sodden brain,
and caused him to desist, and leave the
tortured child to be brought back to
life by his mother. This happened
in New Zealand. Did Germans com-
mit unspeakable outrages upon women
and young girls? What of the long
record of crimes against little girls in
this Dominion by sexual degenerates,
themselves the product of the liquor
bar? Study the history of the White
Slave Traffic, and its iniquitous pro-
moters. They were all frequenters of
the saloon. Without one dissentient
voice police and Magistrates affirm
that the brothel and the saloon go