

"MAY I COME IN?"

(By Mrs Harrison Lee Cowie, Limehills,
Southland.)

"Never hurrying, never resting,
Every form of evil breasting,
Every holy purpose testing,
God, through us, His power attesting,
Onward comrades all."

"Take time to be holy,
Take time to be strong,
Waste never a moment
In rushing along.

Just steadily work,
Looking up to your King,
And life will become
A more beautiful thing."

OUR beloved Editor has asked me to keep in touch with all "our folk," through the columns of the WHITE RIBBON, and I feel like entering the open door of Home, sweet Home, and sitting down with hearts that welcome me, after a long day's toil, and having one of the cheeriest of chats with every member of our big, busy family.

Grandmother wants to know if things have altered much in the Old Land since she left it fifty years ago?

Oh, yes, grandma, instead of stage coaches they now have aeroplanes, and the world is moving quickly. Instead of alcoholic stupefaction of the nation, we now have scientific enlightenment, and Sir Victor Horsley, the greatest nerve specialist of the age, is condemning alcohol in *sickness* and in *health*. In a little while alcohol will be in its oft-quoted "proper place," and that is, in arts and manufactures, as a solvent, as a fuel, as a valuable servant of science, but *never again as a beverage or a medicine*.

Mother wants to know the latest helps for busy women, for over-taxed toilers, for weary, fagged, and failing bodies.

With pleasure I bring you the simple remedy now being used in the greatest hospitals, and by the greatest M.D.'s as a nerve restorer—"alcohol"? Oh, no, never! Just *milk, hot milk*, rest whenever possible, and plenty of fresh air. To these very inexpensive cures I might add, *cultivate cheerfulness*.

"A merry heart goes all the way,
A sad heart tires in a mile, O."

It is wonderful what a merry laugh will do, a bit of quaint humour, a loving joke. Just try it for a month, and let our editor have the doctors' fees you'll save.

Sister asks: "Are girls taking interest in Temperance work?"

In Scotland, alone, thousands of bonny, bright lassies are in our "Ys," while in churches and organisations of every kind

the Temperance girl is forging to the front. New Zealand should never rest till every girl of to-day is fitted to be the ideal home-maker of to-morrow, and this can best be done by joining our blessed company. Do you remember Miss Beddow, who travelled with me last poll time? Her letters from Jerusalem are worth printing in any paper, as a revelation of what God can do through the frailest of bodies, and most timid of souls, if fully yielded to His guidance. She is addressing as many as 600 Jewish children at a time, and visiting all the schools, to teach the young people scientific temperance. As these children leave, they will carry with them, throughout the Turkish Empire, lessons that will live.

Father has dropped into our circle, and as he is an honorary member he is interested in all our affairs.

Well, father, we are on the winning side everywhere. Great labour leaders are warring against the giant monopoly of Drinkdom.

Employers are demanding clear heads, strong arms and every workman at his best earning power, and alcohol is "counted down" utterly, for men whose banking account is physical strength or mental might.

"What are we to do with our distilleries?"

"Keep them as distilleries, father; but with a difference. Every form of vegetable matter with saccharine can be fermented and produce alcohol. Thousands and thousands of tons of farm and orchard waste material will be sent to distilleries for distillation, and the finest fuel the world has ever known will be produced from the earth's surface long after our coal-fields are extinct. No smoke nuisance, no dirt, no cinders or ashes. Oh, that the day may hasten, for the benefit of big cities, and the boon of busy housewives!"

Yes, brother Tom, you must join our Coldstream Guards, for when *Punch* was asked what we could do with our boys, he answered, "Marry them to our girls;" but "our girls" have a right to ask for as good as they give, so educate yourself with our Purity and Temperance literature. Keep your brain clear, your heart pure, your soul holy, and by and bye build your little bit of Britain's Empire on the Rock of Ages, and write in golden letters of living action these words over your door:—

"We live and love, and labour
For every weaker neighbour,
For God and Home and every land,
At polling booth we take our stand."

Yours ever,

BESSIE LEE COWIE.



Pray for the Children.

BY E. M. PLEDGE.

How can you carelessly, heedlessly stand,
And watch as the children pass by?
Not raising your voice and not lifting your hand

To warn that the danger is nigh?
Oh, quicken your heart with a passioned protest,

And urge them to listen and stay;
The two roads before them lie open to test,
Then show them the right one, the safe one,
The best;

Speak to the children to-day!

Tell them that beauty and sweetness and love,
Dwell in the hearts of the pure;

That goodness and virtue are gifts from above,
Making the path of life sure.

Gilding the hills to their uppermost height,
We lead to the Heavenly way;

Speeding an arcade of crystalline light
Up from our earth to God's Land of Delight:
Tell the dear children to-day!

Warn them with words that shall live in their hearts,
Where sorrow and danger begin;

The ruin and curse which the wine cup imparts,
The terrible issues of sin.

Yes, warn them with lips all a-tremble with pain,
The tempter will brook no delay;

How some of your nearest and dearest, in vain
Were prayed with, entreated, again and again:
Warn the dear children to-day!

Gaze in their innocent, eloquent eyes
And think of the Christ-Child of old;

Teach them the treasures of virtue to prize,
And cherish them far beyond gold.

Then urge them, in accents by love rendered sweet,
To shun the dark sin while they may;

To bring all the beautiful blooms to His feet,
Of youthful devotion and service complete:
Plead with the children to-day!

Lead them to Him who once suffered for them
The impress and stigma of shame;

And tell them how sin holds a stain to condemn
The purest and noblest name.

Oh, carry the children in prayer to the One
Who never will turn them away;

Oh, shelter them, guard them, and leave not undone
The grandest of deeds 'neath the flash of God's sun:

Pray for the Children to-day!

Isolation for "Colds."

Most colds, if not all, are distinctly contagious, and frequently, if one member of the family gets a cold the other members take their turn at it, and it runs through the entire household. Every reasonable precaution ought to be taken to prevent the cold from spreading. If nasal catarrh is a germ disease, as we