

"DONT GIVE UP!"

"ARE YOU tempted to give up that blood-demanding work of yours? Are you saying, 'Is it worth while?' Think of the story of Josephine Butler, that woman of frail body and mental refinement. She was continually tempted to say, 'Is it worth while?' Shall I keep on the bloody road, or return to the beautiful deanery?" You can hear her praying, and while she prayed, she chose. If you want to know what the Lord did for her, look at her face; it is transfigured. She prayed, she chose, and was illumined with the Light of Life.—*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

The above extract recalls to my memory the privilege which was mine some ten years ago, of having several interviews with Mrs Josephine Butler, in her widowhood and "feebleness extreme." She was occupying apartments with her maid in Cheltenham, England, having come for a quiet rest. The long continued and strenuous work which had exhausted her physical powers, had left her mental and spiritual strength unimpaired, and I felt much honoured in hearing something of her career of devotion to the cause of purity.

Her frail appearance, and the elegant, extremely sensitive character of her personality seemed the more pathetic as one noted the nervous twitch of her features, with the involuntary passing of the hand constantly across the wearied brow. And yet she rejoiced in the recollection of what she had been enabled to do and to suffer, in the crusade against organised evil, for so many years. I said, "You are not able now to hold any meetings of the kind you used to address," and she replied, "Oh, no, *I have spoken my voice away!* But I can still carry on a great deal of correspondence, so as to continue the work." And I found this frail old saint was always at her writing for several hours early in the morning, in order to keep in touch with eminent personages in the various courts of Europe, to whom she replied in their own languages. How sadly she missed the devotion of her beloved husband who had passed to the Heavenly Home. Canon Butler had ever been her guide and encouragement in the Purity crusade, suffering with her and for her, the terrible *obloquy* of years gone by. Her brave effort aroused the attention of Christendom to the sad social evils of that day, with the urgent need for legislation and determined action to put down vice, and purify the national life.

Her husband used to say, "I cannot do the work myself, or I willingly would do so. It must be done by a *woman*, one like yourself, and I will help you all I

can." And so he did, in every way possible. Mrs Josephine Butler's campaign is now scarcely realised by the present generation, but the world is *much cleaner and more wholesome* for her noble self-sacrifice and long sustained heroism. About six years ago, a resolution of grateful appreciation of Mrs Butler's work, and of sympathy with her in her frail health, was passed by our New Zealand W.C.T.U. Convention, which I was, as Recording Secretary, privileged to write. Months after, that letter was returned to me, and I was sorry Mrs Butler had never received it. But she had been translated from this scene of exhausting and trying labour, to enter the Rest which God had provided for His faithful servant, where she will obtain her rich reward.

SISTER MOODY BELL.

Our Honoraries and the White Ribbon.

[AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE.]

Should they wear it? Wear a ribbon, just like a woman? Does it not look womanish on a man? Does it ever do any good? Is it not rather a sign of weakness, and a source of ridicule?

Some prefer the little white enamelled pin; but the hero of our story wore a ribbon bow, made by his wife, cut from the same bolt that hers was, and made just like hers. You could not have told them apart. He wanted it so.

He was a business man, and he wore it always, on the street, at home, in the store, on Sundays and on week days. So, of course, he wore it as usual to the Business Men's Club, of which he was a member. Most of the men knew him, and counted him *brave* to wear that sign.

On this day there was a larger attendance than usual; some came who were seldom present and there was one who had never seen our honorary brother before, and had no idea what the white ribbon meant. He said, at the close of the meeting, "Come, boys, let us go into the next room for some liquid refreshments." The man who stood next him gave him a "Shut up" nudge. Several reproving glances came his way, and one whispered to him, "Sh, sh, see that white ribbon," while one man, a little bolder than the rest, said, "No, not while we have a member who wears the white ribbon."

Someone then explained to him what the white ribbon meant; and he slipped quietly away, and said no more about liquid refreshment.

"Little, silent pleader for the right," hold on your way. None can measure your might.

"He Knoweth Best."

We cannot understand why this is best;
We'll tightly clasp His hand and leave the rest.
When He who knoweth best sends grief and
woe,

We can but trust and say "He wills it so."
His love is mightier far than we can guess;
His thoughts toward us are all tenderness.
Then when our hearts are sad, we still can pray,
And He will make us glad, *In His own day,*
In His own way.

"God and the Right."

[BY MRS HARRISON LEE COWIE.]

VOTERS!

Which side will you take on the day of the poll?

Think of it well as you value your soul.
Our women implore you, with agonised prayers,
Vote down the drink, for our children it snares.
It has blighted our girls, entangled our boys,
Ruined our hopes, and withered our joys.

MEN, we implore you in WOMANHOOD'S name,

Vote from our nation its horrible shame.
The poor helpless drunkard cries, "Throw us a rope!"

Your vote will inspire new courage and hope,
God and His Angels are looking to you,
Men of New Zealand to duty be true.

Take for your watchword, "God and the Right,

Man and his Vote against Money and Might."

Pray to the King of compassion and love,
To help you to help some weak brother above,

Fight like a hero, vote like a man,

Make this dark world just as bright as you can;

Shield the poor drunkard. Work for the wives.

Save the wee babies. We plead for their lives.

Fill up the pitfalls, so thick on the way,

Into which the poor weak erring brothers oft stray.

Lift high the standard, lay low the drink,

Let not a man from his duty now shrink.

Fearless and brave will you vote on the day,

Driving strong drink and its horrors away,

God grant that a song of thanksgiving may rise,

To be caught up and echoed from earth to the skies—

"The men of our nation have risen to-day,

And voted strong drink and destruction away!"

For the sake of the Children

Vote NO-LICENSE and PROHIBITION.

One Saturday night a publican was trying to eject one of his customers, for it was closing time. He could not manage it himself, so he crossed the road and asked the shoemaker to "lend him a hand."

"Oh, no," replied the shoemaker to his request, "I would leave him there."

"But I can't do that," answered the publican.

"Well," replied the shoemaker, "whenever I make a good job I put it in the window!"