

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF NEW ZEALAND.

ORGANISED 1885.

"For God and Home and Humanity."

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The White Ribbon.

For God and Home and Humanity.

THURSDAY, OCT. 18, 1912.

TO SAVE THE CHILDREN.

No effort should be spared to save even one of these of whom Christ said "Suffer them to come to me." Fair or dark skinned are alike precious in God's sight. Can we, the more favoured ones, be content to quietly enjoy our privileges whilst so many are suffering, some even unto death? We shudder with horror when we hear of the unspeakable atrocities committed on the rubber plantations in South America, but do we seek knowledge of atrocities committed in our midst? The fairest and the most innocent are caught by the snare of the fowler, and are unable to escape. In "Lotus Buds," a book recommended to our readers' notice, the author, in one chapter, gives information concerning what is going on in India to-day. Unspeakable things are still done in the name of religion, and numbers of little ones are forcibly made to surrender their virtue and purity. The serpent of vice is to be found

in this fair land, and its trail can be discovered in homes filled with heart-breaking sorrow and shame. Many Christian women resign themselves by saying such things are inevitable, until they are confronted with the fact that one of their own dear ones has fallen. The way to improve and purify society is not to ignore known facts, but to consistently seek to raise the standard, and claim the same standard, of morality for both sexes. It is intolerable that well-known immoral men should be received in the drawing-rooms of Christian women, and the doors closed on their victims. To endeavour to keep the little ones pure and unspotted, and to teach them to love what is highest and best, should surely be the aim of all thoughtful Christian women.

MISSIONARY SISTERS.

The question arises, "How can we help these devoted sisters in their work of saving the children?" First, we might read "Lotus Buds," privately or at our Union meetings, and help to pass the knowledge of their needs around. Second, as it is made manifest that "the power behind the work is the interposition of God in answer to prayer," some of our noontide hours might be given up to prayer on their behalf—"not to the mere easy prayer which costs little and does less, but to that waiting upon God which does not rest till it knows it has obtained access, knows that it has the petition that it desires of Him."

REVIEW.

NEW CAROLS AND A NEW BOOK.

Carols for Eastertide.

In "Carols of the Resurrection," edited by Edgar Pettman, we have tunes that are appropriate and beautiful. We do not doubt these carols will be appreciated and be used in Eastertide worship. Published at 6d. Morgan and Scott.

A BOOK WORTH READING.

"Lotus Buds," by Amy Wilson-Carmichael, Keswick Missionary, C.E.Z.M.S., is not only a book worth reading; it is a book worth possessing, with its fifty beautiful illustrations of babies—Indian babies—and South Indian scenery.

"The book," says the preface, "has been written for lovers of children." We would like to add that the book has been so cleverly written, with such insight and sympathy, with such remarkable literary ability, that the story of the life and characteristics of these rescued Indian babes is fascinating reading. Whether we be lovers of children, of missionary work, or scenes in distant lands, or merely of general literature, this book cannot fail to interest. The following extract can give but a faint idea of the treasure contained in this delightful volume:—

It is a brilliant morning in late November. The world, all washed and cooled by the rains, has not had time to get hot and tired, and the air has that crystal quality which is the charm of this season in South India. Every wrinkle on the brown trunks of the trees in the compound, every twig and leaf, stands out with a special distinctness of its own, and the mountains in the distance glisten as if made of precious stones. Suddenly, an unconscious of affinity or contrast, a little person in scarlet comes dancing into the picture, which opens and receives her, for she belongs to it. Her hands are full of Gloriosa lilies, very red, terra-cotta, yellow, delicate old rose and green—such a mingling of colour, but nothing discordant—and the child, waving her spoils above her head, sings at the top of her voice something intended to be the chorus of a kindergarten song.

"But, Chellalu, where did you get them?" for the lilies in the garden are supposed to be safe from attack. Chellalu looks up with frank, brown eyes. "For you!" she says briefly in Tamil, but there is a wealth of forgiveness in the tone as she offers her armful of flowers. Chellalu wonders at grown-up hearts which can harbour unworthy suspicions about blameless little children. As if she would have picked them!

"But, Chellalu, where did you get them?" and still looking grieved and surprised and forgiving Chellalu explains. . . . Then, by way of emphasis, the story is attempted in English: "Very good? Yesh." "Naughty? No." "I patting herself very good; yesh." With Chellalu, speech is a mere adjunct to conversation, a sort of foot-note to a page of illustration. The illustration is the thing that speaks. So now both Tamil and English are illuminated by vivid gesture of hands, feet, the whole body, indeed; curls, and even eye-lashes, play their part, and the final impression produced upon her questioner is one of complete contrition for ever having so misjudged a thing so virtuous.

Could you see Chellalu, as she stands pictured on page 13, with fingers and toes curled in grieved surprise, you, too, would find her irresistible. Pzarie and Vincetha,