

our leading establishments. So grave is this evil, so blunted has the moral sense become, that we know of large shops where the employees of both sexes make appointments, hire cars, and go off to country resorts, solely for immoral purposes.

And yet grave M.P.'s in Committee assembled can stand at such a crisis in our national life, recommend greater facilities for drinking at such functions. But the cause for the evil lies deeper than this. Our people are losing their grip upon the eternal verities. We have banished the Bible, with its stern morality and inspiring ideals, entirely from our schools, and largely from our homes. No longer are our children taught that their bodies are the temples of the Living God, and that they must not defile these temples. All history thunders forth this truth that nations are great only as long as they are good. Rome, struggling with outside foes, was strong because her people lived not for self, but for the State; when they sunk to self-pleasing ease, decay set in, and ruin was certain even before the Goth was at the gate.

Byron sings of Greece:

"No hostile foe could quell
Till from herself she fell.

Yes! self-abasement paved the way
For villain bonds and despot sway."

Nothing can save our land except the power from above, the power which saved England by the Puritan movement; and again by the Methodist Revival. All around us lies the reservoir of God's infinite power, ready to come down, waiting only for a channel of communication, for consecrated men and women, who by the power of faith and prayer become connected with the great power-house of the Universe, and become live wires along which that power may flow for the healing of the nations.

TYPED REPORT OF CONVENTION.

The Union at Rangiora has sent me 1/6 for Typed Report; will the Treasurer please accept this intimation in lieu of formal receipt.

KATE M. EVANS,

Rec. Secretary.

Address:

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IS THERE ANY NEWS?

"I asked a fellow-member that the day the news of President Harding's death came, and she answered 'No!' Well, it wasn't news to her. It wasn't even interesting." So a bed-ridden friend answered my greeting.

"Her attitude was interesting, wasn't it? I've been in this room so long that anything like that sets me adrift on a sea of wonder. Is she abnormal? Or are many of us like that? Not merely shut off from the world, but deaf, dead, to it? If we are, we are not likely to make a vivid impression on our own worlds, are we?"

When I married—do you mind a little reminiscence? It shall be only a very little, and it is fresh and vivid to me, if not news. My mother advised me: "You will find hard work enough, and a tired woman isn't particularly inspiring to come home to. I've always found it pays to have something interesting to tell your father when he comes in. It makes a man look forward to getting home, and keeps you both from dwelling on everyday troubles."

"Something interesting won't happen to us every day," I objected.

"Yes, it will, if your interests are wide enough. There is always something worth discussing in every day's paper. See if you can get it before he comes home, find your item, and think up something to say about it. It will save you the brain-fag that comes from dwelling continually on domestic topics, and be worth more to you in your relations with him than any college or beauty course ever advertised."

"Well, she knew what she was talking about, and it is not always one gets good advice easily followed, so I tried it. It is quite worth passing on.

"What I am wondering is, wouldn't it be worth while trying it at our smaller meetings?"

"How?" I asked.

"Having each member pledged to try to bring some 'item of intelligence.' Different news would appeal to different minds, but that would add to the interest. At least it would assure that each member felt she took part in the proceedings, and often it would increase our value as a body to have had the individual members take trouble to acquaint themselves with outside happenings that bear on our particular work.

The informal discipline would be useful too, in accustoming shyer members to speak out. A set speech, even a short one, is a sore trial to many a shy girl, or even an older woman, where a brief reminder, or a question, 'Did you see that?' gives no time for embarrassment.

"In many of our smaller Unions—I speak from memory, things may have altered now—almost all the work used to fall on the officials. Sometimes, after a meeting, I have wondered whether, if even one official left, the Union would be able to supply her place. I know we are not mere debating societies, but often it would pay us to have more practised debaters, and for that we need more practice in debating, especially on everyday topics."

"There are so few of us come regularly to the meetings," I pleaded.

"Ah!" she said, cheerfully sure of having touched on the weak spot. "Are they interesting enough? They are always interesting to the ones who take part. Suppose you try. Just see how many you can get to bring some news."

Katherine Mercer.

IN MEMORIAM.

During the past week our oldest member and aged saint, Mrs Middleton, passed to her reward, at the age of 88½ years. It was a very solemn moment when all the members stood and sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," realising that our aged sister had gone into the Presence of the King. She had been a great worker for our Union in N.S.W. for many years, and when she became a widow and was left very lonely, our dear President Mrs Lee-Cowie, brought her over nearly 9 years ago to live with her, first in Invercargill, then Dunedin, then here to Auckland, where she passed away while still in Mrs Cowie's home, where she was known as "our household angel."

Hymn "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee" was sung, after which the 23rd Psalm was read.

Melville: "What is economy, father?"
Father: "Economy, my son, is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it."