

Y. PAGE

*'Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet.'*



*"The Flower of Youth never looks
so lovely as when it bends before
the Sun of Righteousness."*

KEEP YOUR FLAG FLYING.

The other evening, I attended a meeting of a Sunday School Teachers' Association, and listened with great interest to the report of the Sunday School Visitor. On one occasion, he visited a Sunday School on a very wet, stormy afternoon, when the attendance was small. He said to the children: "Don't go home and say: 'Oh, mother, there were only 10 or 15 children at School to-day.' But say: 'Oh, mother, there were thousands and thousands of children at Sunday School to-day.' For, remember, you are only a very small part of a great and glorious company who, throughout this Dominion, and throughout the whole world, are meeting, Sabbath by Sabbath, in the Sunday Schools."

I felt that this applied also to our Union meetings, for, as, "It is always noon-tide somewhere," so it is always afternoon and evening somewhere, and throughout the whole world there are, meeting continually under our banner, groups of earnest, prayerful women, sometimes very small in number, sometimes large, but each one absolutely necessary to God, and Home and Humanity.

Don't say: "Our meetings are so small, is it worth while carrying on?" Of course, it is worth while! The Dominion W.C.T.U. needs you; the World's W.C.T.U. needs you; the little feet coming along the road need you; God needs you. When meetings are small, turn them into prayer-circles, and the whole atmosphere of that day will be changed for you.

One of the oldest members of our Union, told of how the branch of which she was President dwindled down until there were only two members left, herself and another. These two met together each meeting day for prayer. Once, the other

member suggested to the President that they drop it. The President replied: "I will never haul down the Standard." The prayer meetings continued, and the membership of that Union stands to-day at over 30.

"I am only one,
But still I am one;
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something;
What I can do I ought to do,
And what I ought to do,
God helping me, I will do."

DISTRICT CONVENTION THROUGH "WISE" EYES.

Dear Mrs Peryman,

At the Canterbury Provincial Convention, held in New Brighton, I was deputed by the "Y." representatives to write and give you the impressions gained by a "Y." delegate at her first Convention.

First and foremost, I felt it was a great privilege to be present amongst such a body of Christian women, all earnest and enthusiastic in the work they have undertaken in the W.C.T.U.

Matters of importance, such as Peace and Arbitration, Legal and Legislative Reports, Licensing Bill, Bible-in-Schools Bill, and Bills passed at the recent session of Parliament, Anti-Gambling, Youth Problems, Open-Air Schools, etc., which were discussed were both interesting and instructive, and gave much food for thought.

The reports from all Unions were extremely interesting, especially the "Y." reports. From the latter we have gained many hints for our new branch (North Brighton).



At one of the evening sessions, an item by the Central Brighton "Y's." entitled "W.C.T.U. in Song and Story," was very much enjoyed, and they are to repeat it at a Social to be given by our "Y's." this week.

Yours sincerely,

MOLLY M. NORRIE.

The Editor is greatly indebted to Miss Norrie. Wish more "Y's." would write to their page.

A FOOTBALL INCIDENT.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, Mother," said Jack Waters, as he hung up his cap, "I've got my place in the Senior Repls., and we leave to-morrow for the South. You won't mind being left will you?"

"Certainly not, my boy. I'm so proud of you, and I know you will make me yet prouder of you by your conduct, both on and off the field."

Mrs Waters thought long, and prayed earnestly that night. Jack was her only son, growing ever more like the father who had filled a drunkard's grave, ere his little son could lisp his name. Jack had often wondered at his mother's strict temperance principles, but never had she told him of his father's fate. To-