

OBITUARY.

MRS WHITHAM.

Our Union has suffered a great loss in the removal to higher service of our Treasurer, Mrs S. Whitham. Mrs Whitham joined the Ngaere Union about fourteen years ago, and was Treasurer for that Union for some years. About seven years ago she, with her husband, moved to New Plymouth, and linked up with the Union here, and was for the last four years Treasurer. She was an ideal Treasurer, and a loyal and faithful worker in the Temperance cause, so near her heart. She had been a great sufferer for years, but was always willing to do any work that came first up to the limit of her strength. A memorial service was held in the Whitely Church, and a number of members attended the service in a body.

MRS HANDY.

Mrs Handy passed to her rest in her 93rd year. Mrs Handy was one of the oldest members of the Union, and worked hard for the cause in her early days. Her generous liberality towards every deserving cause marked her as one who deeply realised the responsibility as One Who giveth all.

MRS WALTON.

Mrs Walton joined our Union about three years ago, and the call has come so suddenly that we can scarcely realise yet that she is gone. To the bereaved family we tender our sincerest sympathy, and pray that the God of all comfort may be near them.

MISS McCORKINDALE'S ITINERARY.

Our Unions and members will all be glad to attend meetings and listen to this talented speaker, and to co-operate in making those meetings a success. We give below the dates fixed for different centres.—

- June 22-July 8: Taranaki-Wanganui Area.
- July 16-15: Christchurch.
- July 16: Timaru or Oamaru.

- July 18-23: Dunedin.
- July 24-29: Invercargill.
- August 1: Westport.
- August 3: Nelson.
- August 5: Blenheim.
- August 6: Picton.
- August 8-12: Palmerston North.
- August 13-20: Hawke's Bay.
- August 21-26: Gisborne.
- August 27-31: Bay of Plenty.
- September 1-7: Hamilton and South Auckland Area.
- September 8: Auckland.

EVANGELISTIC COLUMN.

Would you see the golden windows
Open wide in beauty bright;
Would you see them pour in blessing,
Dazzling floods of heaven's light?
Would you feel that tide of glory,
In its warmth of life and love,
Quicken all your weary being
With the fullness from above?

Precious heart, your Saviour waiteth,
With the lovelight on His face,
Waits to "pour you out a blessing,"
Waits to have you prove His grace,
Waits and pleads with tender mercy,
That His gifts you may not miss,
Waits with all a Father's longing,
To bestow His sweetest bliss.

Hasten, then, thy consecration,
Bring thine offering complete,
Lay thyself in loving meekness
At thy Saviour's pierced feet;
Let Him make and let Him mould thee,
Let Him keep thee near His side,
While His heart of love rejoiceth,
And His soul is satisfied.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul,
Hope thou in God.

To every one of us comes, now and again, a bad day. As soon as we get up things go wrong, and the other members of the family seem less amiable than usual. Our work seems a useless repetition of the day before, and there is no joy in it.

The fact of the matter is that human nature cannot be always at its best, but neither need it be at the mercy of its worst. Remember David on a bad day. He challenged his own dark mood. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?" He leaned back on the source

of his strength and tuned his harp in readiness for the morrow. "I shall yet praise Him. Hope thou in God."

On the bad day look forward to the good. Life has a law of balance and sunshine and rain succeed each other in life as in nature.

Dr. Jowett tells us that on a dark and stormy night he was walking along a winding road on a bleak hillside. Suddenly the clouds divided and the full moon swept into the rift. In the blaze of light the white road stood out like a ribbon across the hill. Soon the clouds closed and darkness reigned once more. "But" he says, "while the light was shining I had taken my bearings, and could proceed with assured tread." The good day is the time for fixing our purpose; then if dull days intervene we shall march through them by the light of the vision we have seen. Life is a day, and as a day may have its drifting clouds, and yet be a fine day, and may have moments of vexation and yet be a happy day, so life, with its chequered experience, may be seen in the end to have been good. More love than sorrow, more pleasure than pain. Some rough bits of road, but they lead to higher levels.

Good was the day and the travelling,
And now there is evensong to sing.

CHEERING NEWS FOR SUFFERERS

A White Ribboner, who has suffered many things, and under many physicians, has found the highway to health, and is anxious to pass the word on to fellow-sufferers. We give to all such her message:—

"I have been under doctors' treatment for nearly eighteen years; have been to Auckland's leading doctors, had operations, massage treatment, and herbal treatment, but I gradually grew worse, and the last doctor who treated me before I found the man who has me well on to the road of recovery, when he found his treatment doing me more harm than good, simply stopped treating me, which was tantamount to admitting I was beyond his treatment. Anyone who is suffering and not getting relief, if they care to write and ask me where I got relief, I shall be only too pleased to give them that information. The Editor of the 'White Ribbon' can supply my address."