

"Father, the field is but half turned,
And yet the spring is well nigh
spent."
"My child, the hour of rest is earned,
The day's work done, go home con-
tent."

Like so many of the world's great reformers, she died upon the borders of the promised land. She

Died on the very border stand
Of the blessed Promised Land;
And from the mountain's top of her
exalted wit
Saw it herself, and show'd us it;
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer
too."

A chosen leader through all the weary years of our desert wanderings and long campaigning, she has passed away within sight of the promised land of Prohibition.

But the great Captain of the Hosts of the Lord never takes Moses until Joshua stands ready to lead. With our numbed senses and tear-dimmed eyes we cannot see our Joshua, but we can hear clearly, above the sound of weeping, and the voice of wailing, the Great Commander's voice calling, "Fill up the ranks!" and some soul in the rear must move to the fore.

"Move to the fore,
Say not another is fitter than thou;
Shame to thy shrinking. Up! face
thy task now;
Own thyself equal to all a soul may,
Cease thy evading, God needs thee
to-day—
Move to the fore!

"Move to the fore,
God Himself waits, and must wait
till thou come;
Men are God's prophets, though ages
be dumb,
Halts the Christ-kingdom with con-
quest so near,
Thou art the cause then, thou soul in
the rear,
Move to the fore!

Throughout the length and breadth of this land Mrs Atkinson had borne aloft with firm hand, and carried with swift, fearless step the fiery torch of Prohibition, and had summoned the Lord's

Hosts to battle for the great cause. Now that this torch has fallen from her nerveless hand, another must snatch it up, and waving it wide, send forth the ringing call to arms.

The following lines were penned by Mrs Atkinson in an autograph album at the Gisborne Convention:—

"How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Mas-
ter's grace
Did us anew from nothingness derive,
That we might sing 'How happy is
our case;
How beautiful it is to be alive.'"

And now she has entered into the larger, fuller and more abundant life. She who, for long years suffered from pain and weakness, who in spite of the thorn in the flesh found the Master's grace sufficient, now is a citizen of that city whose inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick."

"Thou are not idle: in thy higher
sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving
tasks,
And strength, to perfect what it dream-
ed of here,
Is all the crown and glory that it
asks."

Mr A. R. Atkinson writes to us as follows:—

I should be much obliged if you would allow me to convey, through the "White Ribbon," the deep gratitude of my daughter and myself to all the branches, officers, and members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union who have at once overwhelmed us and sustained us by the kindest possible expressions of sympathy during the past four weeks. An adequate acknowledgment of such kindness is beyond our power, but this letter may help to show that we are not unmindful of it.

A reply may be given at the same time to a question which has naturally been asked on all sides, but which it has been impossible to answer individually, viz., why the shock was not eased for my wife's colleagues and friends throughout the country by some notice of her illness. The fact is that it was not till within two days of the end that we ourselves knew that

she was dangerously ill. From her last campaign, which was conducted on behalf of some of the Taranaki Unions, and involved a good deal of motoring in very cold and wet weather, she returned on the 20th June, suffering from a severe internal chill. She stood up to it for a while, but after about a week took to her bed. As the pain became very severe, a doctor was soon afterwards called in, and under his treatment the pain abated, and the ailment took a course which he regarded as normal and not alarming.

During most of this time Mrs Atkinson was able to carry on her correspondence as usual and to read freely, two articles by the Rev. W. J. Williams in the "Vanguard" of July 9 giving her particular pleasure. But even before this the correction of some Sunday School examination papers was a rather severe tax, and the last task which she set herself proved to be beyond her strength. Her mind was uneasy because a letter from Mrs Scott, of the Hawera W.C.T.U., asking for advice about organising a young people's movement, had not been answered, and on the evening of Sunday, July 17, she began the dictation of a reply, which Janet took down as follows:—

Wadestown, July 17th, 1921.

My Dear Mrs Scott,—

Many thanks for your letter and the money, receipt enclosed. Mother's love, and the doctor absolutely forbids her to deal with any letters, but she would like to help with the young people if she could, and she would enrol as many—not under 17—as she could. She would get as good a variety of short leaflets from the Alliance (she knows they have nice ones) as possible. At the meeting choose the most suitable officers; propound plan of each member knocking at the front door, politely saying, "We want to work up Temperance knowledge. Would you kindly read this short leaflet? Kindly tell me what you think of it. Good-bye!"

But the strain was too great, and the rest of the letter had to remain unwritten. Delirium developed during the night, and at a consultation next morning the diagnosis was that uraemia had supervened on pyelitis, and that the condition was critical.