Introduction

The Angel Isafrel is a novel "with a purpose." So said no less than four reviewers around New Zealand in 1896 when they published their accounts of G.M. Reed's new novel. That purpose - advocating the implementation of a nationwide prohibition - is one that may seem alien, even ludicrous to New Zealand more than a hundred years later (Bollinger 21)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. Where the prohibition campaign of the turn of the century was set to eradicate what it called "the demon drink", current movements argue that "It's not what we're drinking. It's how we're drinking." In spite of this shift in public feeling, the novel captures what I perceive to be the feeling and spirit of the historical movement, and also raises some thought provoking arguments on the lengths a community may go to, to protect itself from harm. In this introduction I will attempt to explore the historical background of the prohibition movement which so inspired Reed's novel; to consider the novel amongst other works of colonial and prohibitionist fiction; and finally to look at Reed's heroine, Isafrel Chalmers, a character who combines the traditional Victorian ideals of "the angel of the home" with the emerging archetype of the "new woman".

The Prohibition Movement in New Zealand

It is difficult to come to grips with Reed's novel without some understanding of the prohibition movement which *The Angel Isafrel* supports. First, we need to recognize that drinking had, for many people, "become a real social problem" (Bollinger 21)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

in New Zealand. Even in 1896, it was asserted that prohibitionist agitation - *extreme though their view is - has done a great deal of good in awakening the national conscience to the evil side of the drink traffic.... moderate men are far too apt to ignore these evils, simply because they have long been familiar to us. (Otago Witness 19 November 1896)*

Otago Witness. "The General Election: Mr Scobie MacKenzie at the Garrison Hall." 19 November 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <paperspast.natlib.govt.nz>.

. Society's blind eye towards alcohol abuse is evident in the early chapters of *The Angel Isafrel*; Moulton's drunkenness in the opening of *The Angel Isafrel* is coyly summarised as "Well, he wasn't quite as he ought to be," (Reed 11)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel*. Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

and the result of the inquest is a verdict of ""Accidental drowning," with the "rider that there was "Nobody to blame."" (Reed 12)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel*. Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. But in attempting to stir up prohibitionist sentiments, Reed's novel does not accuse the man who drinks of wrong doing ("the trade" are, however, unsympathetic). Throughout *The Angel Isafrel* men are considered slaves to drink; the evil always lies in the bottle. Reading *The Angel Isafrel* a century later, these same extreme views present both a firm stance on controversial topic of the culpability of an intoxicated person, and an alternative point of view on the acceptability of the established "drinking culture" of New Zealand.

But what kind of behavior led to the various prohibition movements in New Zealand? As an extreme example, there were recorded occasions in Parliament where *members had to be locked up by Whips in small rooms to keep them sober enough to stand up for a crucial division.... on one occasion political opponents tried to defeat the purpose of the incarceration by lowering a bottle of whisky to such a prisoner (it was E. J. Wakefield, in 1872) down the chimney on a piece of string. (Bollinger 23-4)*

Bollinger, Conrad. Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand. 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

.Even twenty years later in 1893, when the temperance and prohibition movements were steadily gaining ground, staff of the New Zealand Herald could not complete their evening shift for the noise of "free fights and the yells and shrieks of murder which nightly rent the air" (qtd. in Grimshaw 21-22)

Grimshaw, Patricia. *Women's Suffrage in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Hamilton: Waikato Art Museum, 1987. Print.

outside the bars and pubs. E. J. Wakefield's career was by this point "clouded by alcoholism and disgrace,"

(“Edward Jerningham Wakefield” *DNZB*)

“Edward Jerningham Wakefield” Dictionary of New Zealand Biography. Web. 14 October 2010. <*dnzb.govt.nz*>.

, but the episode nevertheless suggests a degree of indulgence for drunken behavior (that the honorable members felt they could get away with being drunk in parliament) that seems shocking in the men responsible for governing the country. The television footage of a drunken Prime Minister Muldoon happily announcing the snap election in 1984, along with the high voter turn out and Muldoon’s heavy defeat at the polls that year, suggests that such tolerance is long past.

In the 1870s, William Fox (an ardent prohibitionist politician) asserted “Five hundred persons die in this colony every year from the excessive quantity of intoxicating drink which they consume.” (qtd. in Bollinger 26)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog’s Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. But as Isafrel tells Mr Webster, “Drunkards do not suffer half so much as others who have done nothing to deserve it.... If the drunkards only had to be considered—let them bear it.” (Reed 18)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

- the prohibitionist movement considers alcohol to have implications stretching beyond the person who drinks it, affecting families, friends, or even strangers. Some of the tragedies Reed uses to punctuate the anti-prohibitionist sentiments in *The Angel Isafrel* are drawn from real examples. The mother who kills herself with rat poison (Reed 21)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

might have been drawn from any of several suicides or drunken accidents in the 1890s (*Otago Daily Times* 18 June 1894; *Marlborough Express* 9 July 1895)

Otago Daily Times. “Accidents and Fatalities” 18 June 1894. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

Marlborough Express. “Accidents and Fatalities” 9 July 1895. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

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However in spite of these examples of harm caused by alcoholic abuse, contemporaries of the period often disagreed with the claims made by the prohibitionists as exaggerated. In a speech made in 1896 arguing against the perception of New Zealand as a drunken colony, William Collins claimed that the rate of drunken offences per 1000 population was as low as 7.6 in 1893, making New Zealand the second most sober colony in Australasia (after Tasmania) (*Wanganui Herald* 29 September 1896)

Wanganui Herald. “Another View of Prohibition” 29 September 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

. Police statistics in 2009 are recorded as 29.3 per 10000 (“New Zealand Crime Statistics 2009”)

“New Zealand Crime Statistics 2009: A Summary of Recorded and Resolved Offence Statistics” New Zealand Police, 2009. Web. 14 October 2010. <*police.govt.nz*>.

. The Websters voted license out of complacency and kindness, because “We said to ourselves it would be a pity to take the bread from Mrs. Bradley's children's mouths... comfortable in the thought that drunkenness could not touch our house,” (Reed 16)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. The extremist claims of the prohibition movement, as well as the severe restrictions they aimed to achieve, meant that some of the opposition to the prohibition movement (including William Collins) was not motivated out of any strong preference for alcohol, but out of an attempt at moderation. Temperance was seen as a less extreme answer to whatever alcohol problems New Zealand faced; but in spite of such moderating attempts to counteract the claims of the prohibitionists surrounding alcohol, towards the close of the 19th century a vocal proportion of the New Zealand population had joined the prohibition movements.

And it is the prohibition movement that chiefly concerns us; Reed’s vision of a South Sea utopia in the final chapter of *The Angel Isafrel* demands a national prohibition as catalyst. But as outlined in a meeting of the New Zealand Alliance and Prohibition League in 1895, the prohibition movement was “not going to try... to force prohibition on an unwilling people. They would not have it... unless it were to be obtained by the voice of the people.” (*Timaru Herald* 14 June 1895)

Timaru Herald. “The Licensing Act” 14 June 1895. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

. The insistence on a democratic process for the implementation of prohibition was seen as a vital component of the movement; the prohibitionists recognised that success could only be attained with willing co-operation, having learnt from the failed attempts in America (William Collins cited figures from 1874, that in Boston there were 11,592 arrests for drunken misconduct under prohibition, while only a year later under the

licensed provision of alcohol there were 10,825 offenses) (*Wanganui Hearald* 29 September 1896)

Wanganui Herald. "Another View of Prohibition" 29 September 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

. New Zealand already had the beginnings of a democratic approach to liquor licensing; the Licensing Act 1873 allowed the populace of a district to prevent the granting of a liquor license if a two-thirds majority could be obtained (Bollinger 24-5)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. This power was gradually extended to licensing polls that could revoke existing licenses, until in 1893 a triennial vote was established whereby a district could vote to enact local prohibition provided they could win a three-fifths majority (Bollinger 31-2, 38)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. The three-fifths requirement was a cause of some contention, seen by prohibitionists as unfairly allowing two-fifths of the community to dictate to a majority, while the opposition considered it as allowing a majority (whatever the size) to dictate what the minority eats and drinks (*Otago Witness* 19 November 1896)

Otago Witness. "The General Election: Mr Scobie MacKenzie at the Garrison Hall." 19 November 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

. Nevertheless, "The Clutha district voted No-License in 1894, and was gradually followed by a large number of others, in spite of the three-fifths handicap." (Bollinger 43)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. These successes increased the prohibitionist momentum, and calls were made for a national referendum to settle the question decisively, as Reed dramatizes in *The Angel Isafrel* (Bollinger 43)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. In reality, the first national prohibition poll was held in 1911, although since 1902 votes for No-License across districts had outweighed the votes for Continuance (Dalton 30; Bollinger 43)

Dalton, Sarah. *The Pure in Heart: The New Zealand Women's Christian Temperance Union and Social Purity, 1885-1930.* MA thesis. Victoria University of Wellington, 1993. Print.

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

; nevertheless, national prohibition was never enacted in New Zealand.

Ironically the most significant outcome of the prohibition movement in New Zealand may not have had much to do with alcohol; instead, it was through the heavy efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU), one of the major players in the prohibition campaign, that women were granted suffrage in 1893 - making New Zealand among the first countries in the world with truly universal suffrage (Bollinger 37)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. The popular conception was that a woman's vote would be an anti-liquor vote, arising out of the various threats alcohol was seen to pose to domestic harmony and financial security (Bollinger 37)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

- set after the success of the suffrage movement, Isafrel is still adamant "That any woman... will not vote against the liquor traffic, I cannot believe". (Reed 52)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Women were petitioning for the right to vote in licensing polls by 1884, and the formation of the WCTU in 1885 soon led to a series of petitions being presented to parliament, the last in 1893 with 32,000 signatures leading to the enfranchisement, just ten weeks before the election that year (Dalton 20; "Katherine Wilson Sheppard" *DNZB*)

"Katherine Wilson Sheppard" Dictionary of New Zealand Biography. Web. 14 October 2010. <*dnzb.govt.nz*>.

. It is perhaps unsurprising that shortly afterwards the prohibitionists were given the victory of local option polls, given the sudden flood of new votes that popular opinion claimed would be in favour of prohibition (Dalton 22)

Dalton, Sarah. *The Pure in Heart: The New Zealand Women's Christian Temperance Union and Social Purity, 1885-1930.* MA thesis. Victoria University of Wellington, 1993. Print.

. A. J. Grigg claimed that this popular conception of the women's vote was a myth, and that in fact women

would simply be led by their men (qtd. In Dalton 22)

Dalton, Sarah. *The Pure in Heart: The New Zealand Women's Christian Temperance Union and Social Purity, 1885-1930.* MA thesis. Victoria University of Wellington, 1993. Print.

. But in *The Angel Isafrel*, the reverse is played out, with women taking responsibility for influencing at least one man to vote in favour of prohibition; Reed's women go one better than simply following their own choices. While Reed, writing three years after the enfranchisement, considers (through Isafrel) that perhaps the women *have not to some extent realised the responsibility that accompanied the great gift, and the great moral force that it was given us to wield.... our efforts have in some cases been misdirected, and we have not achieved those high results which might have been expected of us (Reed 44)*

Reed, G. M. The Angel Isafrel. Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

.But in spite of these reservations, it is unquestionably the efforts of the women of New Zealand who orchestrate the success of the national referendum in Reed's novel, so that when the utopian success of prohibition is attained, "the glory of the women of New Zealand would be in every land" (Reed 100)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

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The Angel Isafrel: Melodrama, Prohibition Novel, Utopia

The novel's melodramatic tone is tied to the prohibition lobby; jingoisms and highly emotive language were common elements in the movement, earning them the label of extremist fanatics (although in *The Angel Isafrel* the title is reclaimed as a badge of honour). The "demon drink", a name clearly associating alcoholic substances with the devil, made drinking into a sinful indulgence, although from the perspective of the heavily Christian prohibition groups the term was apt for a substance that was linked to so many tragedies and miseries. At the height of the prohibition movement, didactic plays were performed depicting reforming alcoholics; alcohol depicted as a "rum bottle... usually an outsize stage prop with a stuffed snake inside it" (Bollinger 40)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

to underscore the point. The melodrama content was such that in the 1960s what had been an earnest American temperance play, *The Drunkard*, was re-played successfully in Wellington as a farce (Bollinger 21)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. At the time, prohibition conventions (much like those outlined by Reed in the build up to the National Referendum) were designed to incite their audiences into a kind of mass hysteria, combining Christian hymns with sentimental melodramas and the presentation of recovering alcoholics so that participants would "then rush out into the streets to fight the good fight with renewed zeal." Bollinger adds that "We New Zealanders regard ourselves as a stolid and essentially unemotional people. But this movement bowled us over like nine-pins." (Bollinger 41)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

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Accordingly, Isafrel's grand statements, that "I have never encountered a case of domestic misery but I was able to trace it to drink as the cause" (Reed 25)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

, and Isafrel's claim that alcohol represents "a slavery that is more cruel, more tearful, more heartbreaking than negro slavery ever was" (Reed 33)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

are, I think, astonishing ones, but not claims that were made in isolation (*Fielding Star* 29 April 1896)

Fielding Star. "The Drink Traffic" 29 April 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. *<paperspast.natlib.govt.nz>*.

. Alison Parker's article on the American WCTU's literature programme says that "If melodramatic tragedies could mobilize readers to moral action and reform... WCTU editors... were willing to expose... the negative aspects of cities and alcoholism, such as saloons, poverty, and death." (Parker 140)

Parker, Alison. ""Hearts Uplifted and Minds Refreshed": The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Production of Pure Culture in the United States, 1880-1930." *Journal of Women's History* 11.2 (1999) 135-158. Print.

); a similar statement might easily be applied to the New Zealand prohibition movement and its supporters. Parker relates a typical story ("The Little Captain") published in 1911 in the *Young Crusader*, the American prohibition youth magazine, of an episode of drunken violence at home: *James returned home to find that Margaret had sold the clock... to feed her starving children. Ignoring their plight, James demanded the money. When his wife refused, he violently threatened her... Mrs. Grey stood fearlessly before him; the brutal arm was raised; but Jamie, with a wild cry, threw himself between, and the ill-directed blow fell heavily upon his upturned head. The child dropped as if he had been shot, and there was a moment of death-like silence. (Parker 140)*

Parker, Alison. ""Hearts Uplifted and Minds Refreshed": The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Production of Pure Culture in the United States, 1880-1930." Journal of Women's History 11.2 (1999) 135-158. Print.

. Compare this scene with the intervention in *The Angel Isafrel* that costs Isafrel her life:"*Her father had come home under the influence of drink, and in a wilder mood than any time before. The children, frightened and crying, ran to her, but thrusting them aside she hastened into the dining room, where her father and mother were. As Isafrel entered the room her mother was rushing towards the door to escape from his violence, and Isafrel hastening forward threw her arms around her father to restrain him. "Off, you wretch," he cried out, as he flung her violently from him, and staggering back she fell heavily, striking her side on the corner of the couch, and rolled to the floor in a faint." (Reed 54)*

Reed, G. M. The Angel Isafrel. Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. In both cases the authors aim clearly to illustrate the disastrous effect alcohol might have on the home environment, with violence and murderous action taking their most tragic effect on the purest members of the house - "Little Captain" Jamie and Isafrel respectively. Indeed, much of *The Angel Isafrel* reads like a catalogue of sad stories caused by alcohol, listing suicide, domestic violence, parental abandonment, sailing accidents. Reed's novel works on the same assumption as the American WCTU stance, hoping to inspire action through melodramatic tragedy. However this is not to say that the extremism was limited to the fanatics; a letter to the *Ashburton Guardian* in 1896 claims that prohibitionists would have the people do away with potatoes, barley and other vegetable products, on the grounds that they are used in the creation of alcohol; and this is taken as a proof "that abstention from alcohol is an impossibility, if mankind are to continue using the vital food stuffs they now exist upon." (*Ashburton Guardian* 23 April 1896)

Ashburton Guardian. "Alcohol: To The Editor" 23 April 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. *<paperspast.natlib.govt.nz>*.

. In fact, the intensity of feeling regarding the prohibition issue can make the conduct of characters in *The Angel Isafrel* look positively restrained: Bollinger relates the history of Opotiki in the 1880s as a typical example, and his account includes assault, libel and slander, legal proceedings, rioting, the burning of effigies, and a potential assassination attempt (Bollinger 34-5)

Bollinger, Conrad. *Grog's Own Country; The Story of Liquor Licensing in New Zealand.* 2nd ed. Auckland: Minerva, 1967. Print.

. Understanding the frenzied context in which *The Angel Isafrel* was published is, I think, helpful in reconciling the melodramatic tone of the book with its serious political purpose.

The Angel Isafrel shares several features with other works of prohibition literature of the period as outlined by Kirstine Moffat in her article 'The Demon Drink'; Reed's novel was his only published work of fiction, obviously issued in New Zealand "for didactic reasons rather than for possible fame and wealth." (Moffat 140)

Moffat, Kirstine. "The Demon Drink: Prohibition Novels 1882-1924." *JNZL* 23.1 (2005): 139-161. Print.

. One reviewer observed that "The book will rest for its success less on its plot than its purpose, less on its interest as a romance than on the ability with which Mr Reed argues the case he champions." (*Hawera and Normanby Star* 1 December 1896)

Hawera & Normanby Star. "Reviews: The Angel Isafrel" 1 December 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. *<paperspast.natlib.govt.nz>*.

, and it is clear that above all else the novel is an attempt to stir its readers into support for the prohibition movement. But while in the latter part of the novel the narrative gives way to explicitly political speeches at public gatherings (not unlike what might be read in newspaper articles of the period), Isafrel's efforts are targeted at bringing relief to those suffering through the effects of alcohol; her championing of the political movement becomes an extension of her charitable efforts to help people, mitigating one of the chief criticisms of the prohibition movement, that is that people are "endowed with inherent rights of personal liberty and with civil rights... and you cannot take away these rights by force." (Reed 33)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. But from the prohibitionist perspective, as Isafrel explains to Dr Wilmott, "The fanatics don't want anything for themselves... they are fighting to do good for other people," (Reed 39)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.
. Nevertheless, in the end the interest in reform dominates the novel, with the titular heroine almost disappearing during the second half, retired to her sickbed to watch and wait for the results of the referendum.

As a further example of Reed's reforming purposes, we might consider the uncomfortable misadventures of Isafrel's father as he attempts to find a doctor for his daughter's injuries. Caught between the seriousness of the assault, and the doctor's dire diagnosis, Mr Chalmer's drunken bumblings are innocuously described, but have tragic consequences for the heroine. With the narrative focalised through his perspective, his seemingly innocent series of events - "Sitting down for a moment to rest and sip his liquor, he felt so much bettered by it that he thought he would take another," (Reed 55)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

leads to his passing out and delaying medical attention for his daughter until the next morning. Here it seems that Reed's purpose is "awakening the national conscience to the evil side of the drink traffic" (*Otago Witness* 19 November 1896)

Otago Witness. "The General Election: Mr Scobie MacKenzie at the Garrison Hall." 19 November 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

, by emphasising how innocently Mr Chalmer's actions appeared to him, and yet showing what severe consequences they yield.

As a contrast to the negative effects of alcohol, in the final chapter of *The Angel Isafrel* Reed creates a prohibition utopia, free of illness, corruption and cruelty. Notably Reed's vision includes many social and egalitarian points - the punishment for possession of liquor in the colony is hard labour without option of a fine, "in order to make it equal to rich and poor" (Reed 93)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

, and as a consequence of the money no longer being spent on alcohol, many men are able to take up shares in "co-operative institutions" (Reed 97)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

and even having the chance of "being his own employer" (Reed 97)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Reed's utopia is one in which crime has been greatly reduced by the absence of alcohol; this contradicts the evidence from prohibition test cases like Boston in the United States and the Clutha district in New Zealand, but perhaps might be explicated by the greater difficulty in supplying an (almost) entirely "dry" island nation. Surprisingly, provision is made for the medicinal use of alcohol, which suggests that Isafrel's decision to refuse the whisky offered her by the doctor is perhaps more for sensational effect than out of a hard conviction of the author. The chapter serves to answer all the worries and criticisms of a prohibition law, and simultaneously express the hopes of the movement; Reed gives the comforting message that with "these social, moral, and physical blessings.... there was not an interest in the country—social, moral, religious, commercial, or political—that did not feel" (Reed 98)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

the benefit of the final defeat of liquor.

In 'The Demon Drink', Moffat claims that while Reed presents an alternative point of view to the drinking question (that of "the trade"), he does so only to satirise it. While certainly not disputing the astute judgements Moffat makes about the general arguments put forward by "the trade" and its supporters in *The Angel Isafrel*, I would draw attention to the interview between Isafrel and Dr. Wilmott. While his conversion to the cause (or at least the silencing of his pen) reads like a foregone conclusion, in the course of the debate are put forward some of the more reasoned arguments against the prohibition movement. Dr Wilmott argues that "each of us endowed with inherent rights of personal liberty and with civil rights that we are entitled to preserve" (Reed 33)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

and that "the drunkards are really few compared with the multitude of people who drink in moderation, and who feel that it is at once a comfort and a benefit to them." (Reed 36)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. These are not the ludicrous claims of 'the trade' in the build up to the referendum ("What had made the name of a British citizen respected and feared in every land... It was beer." (Reed 62-3)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

) but the arguments of moderate men - like William Collins - who might not even be opposed to temperance, but draw the line at an outright prohibition (*Wanganui Herald* 29 September 1896)

Wanganui Herald. "Another View of Prohibition" 29 September 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. <*paperspast.natlib.govt.nz*>.

. Isafrel's argument with the doctor covers religion and politics; they argue the rights of the individual against the rights of the community. This chapter is the novel's greatest acknowledgement of the alternative

views on prohibition, and yet while Isafrel is successful in converting Dr Wilmott, her passionate responses put her, I think, at a disadvantage when compared with her opponent's rationality; Isafrel appears unfavourably as a fanatic herself.

Isafrel: Angel of the Home, or New Woman?

In spite of her fanaticism, Isafrel is in many ways an archetypal angel of the home, the Victorian ideal of feminine purity, self-sacrifice and religious piety firmly ensconced in the domestic sphere. She is universally adored by everyone she meets - George remarks on the "dirty little urchin" (Reed 21)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

that kisses the hem of her dress, and Isafrel herself casually mentions her interactions with half a dozen different religious organisations, that we are told "all looked on Isafrel as belonging to themselves," (Reed 20)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Isafrel's friendship with the Chinese man, John, and the urchin, were significant enough to raise a skeptical comment in the *Observer's* review: "Such a reverential urchin and so soft-hearted a Chinaman we fear are rather scarce in the land." (*Observer* 28 October 1896)

Observer. "The Angel Isafrel" 28 October 1896. Papers Past. Web. 14 October 2010. *<paperspast.natlib.govt.nz>*.

. George explains away this phenomenon to Isafrel: *it is your own goodness, darling, that you see reflected in everybody you meet, and they're all good because they can't be anything else when you're with them. (Reed 22)*

Reed, G. M. The Angel Isafrel. Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Isafrel's powerful influence is reinforced by her role within the family; she tells Dr Wilmott that when her father is drunk "he is kind to me; and when in his greatest frenzies, for sometimes he is so wild to others, I lay my hand on his arm and look in his eyes and say 'father,' he is as quiet as a lamb," (Reed 37)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Her brothers and sisters look to her for comfort, and when even her mother flees for safety, Isafrel tries to intervene in her father's drunken madness. When Isafrel appears at the National Convention, having humbly tried to shrink from taking a part in the proceedings, her youth and purity are emphasised - her appearance on the stage is as "one graceful willowy girl, clad in white," (Reed 43)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. It is her religious piety that transfigures her; "That slight, lissome, girlish figure appeared to assume an aspect of majesty. Her face beamed with fervour," (Reed 45)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

as she speaks out against the demon drink, compared with the "great quietness... almost in a monotone, the softened cadences and measured words" (Reed 45)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

with which she had initially addressed the crowd. Isafrel's femininity, her youth and purity and piety are emphasised, drawing on the archetype of the angel in the home to establish her goodness.

But in spite of these very feminine traits and characterizations, Isafrel is also an extremely empowered young woman, drawing on the emerging image of the new woman. *She was young, middle-class, and single (on principle).... She exhibited emancipated behaviors such as smoking, riding a bicycle, and taking the bus or train unescorted. She belonged to all-female clubs and societies where the talk was of ideas, and she sought freedom and equality with men. (T. Collins 310)*

Collins, Tracy. "Athletic Fashion, Punch, and the Creation of the New Woman." Victorian Periodicals Review 43.3 (2010): 309-335. Print.

. Isafrel also fulfills a majority of these characteristics in her heavily political engagement with the world. While she does not smoke, she does ride a bicycle on her unescorted visit to Dr Wilmott; while she technically does not belong to any of the charitable organisations, she is still "the life and soul of the whole movement," (Reed 42)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Her athletic fitness is evident from the first chapter, in which she not only rows the boat with George, but "putting her foot on the gunwale, she sprang into the water in the direction of the drowning girl" (Reed 9)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Isafrel is not only fit, but educated, being "well acquainted with the methods of the Humane Society for restoring the drowned" (Reed 10)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. Perhaps the most incredible feat for the young, angelic girl, is the justification for her claim, “I am as strong as a horse. You don't know that I knocked a man down the other day.” (Reed 24)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. In the defence of a mother from her drunken husband, Isafrel not only comes between them when he attempts to hit his wife, but claims:*I sprang at him and seized him by the wrist, and, oh! I felt as strong as a lion, and I gave such a wrench to his arm, and with my other hand I wrested the tomahawk out of his hand, and I flung him from me, and he fell in a heap to the floor. “You ruffian,” I cried, “how dare you lift your hand to the woman that you swore to love?” He picked himself up and looked me in the face. I had still the tomahawk in my hand. (Reed 24)*

Reed, G. M. The Angel Isafrel. Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. How do we reconcile this sensationalised image of an axe-wielding defender of the down trodden with ““That slight, lissome, girlish figure” (Reed 45)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

at the National Council of Women? Is Isafrel an angelic paragon of Victorian virtue, or an athletic and politically empowered New Woman?

While the angel of the home and the New Woman were “socially polarized archetypes” (Norcia 347)

Norcia, Megan. “Angel of the Island: L. T. Meade’s New Girl as the Heir of a Nation-Making Robinson Crusoe.” *The Lion and the Unicorn* 28.3 (2004): 345-362. Print.

as a traditional virtue against modern liberalism, this did not prevent them being united in one character. In *Four On An Island*, L.T. Meade creates Isabel, a heroine who “realizes her Adventurous Angel possibilities by combining her domestic Angel skills with her adventurous impulses.... power comes from her association with both the adventurous and the domestic realms.” (Norcia 353)

Norcia, Megan. “Angel of the Island: L. T. Meade’s New Girl as the Heir of a Nation-Making Robinson Crusoe.” *The Lion and the Unicorn* 28.3 (2004): 345-362. Print.

. Similarly, Isafrel’s political influence comes from the virtues that make her an angel in the home: her compassion, her kindness, her self-sacrifice. Slightly less radically, the WCTU pursued a line of argument that attempted to legitimize their political activities by enlarging the domestic sphere that was woman’s domain; “the WCTU attempted to expand the sphere of home and family by claiming the world with the labels of sisterhood, brotherhood and maternity.” (Dalton 17)

Dalton, Sarah. *The Pure in Heart: The New Zealand Women’s Christian Temperance Union and Social Purity, 1885-1930.* MA thesis. Victoria University of Wellington, 1993. Print.

. In *The Angel Isafrel*, the heroine’s involvement is similarly justified, because alcohol “is so clearly the enemy of home, which is woman's world” (Reed 52)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

. In fact, Isafrel’s conviction is so sure, that when one woman “made the idiotic remark that ‘woman's proper place was home,’ and that for herself she never mixed up in politics,” (Reed 38)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

Isafrel confesses to a strong desire to swear. The combination of her virtuous refusal to swear with her sincere desire to do so help keep Isafrel engaging, much as her charity work is revealed to have led her into a physical confrontation with an axe. The unexpectedly forceful side of her character builds an interesting dynamic with her feminine virtue. When she is confined to a sick bed for the second half of the novel, her charismatic presence is greatly reduced, as Reed seems to have lost interest in his rather remarkable heroine in favour of political reforms; nevertheless, Dr Wilmott finds that ““he thought that a bicycle was the prettiest and most graceful vehicle he had ever seen to carry a lady.” (Reed 41)

Reed, G. M. *The Angel Isafrel.* Auckland: Upton & Co., 1896. Print.

- reclaiming the stereotyped image of a “New Woman” as a fetchingly feminine means of conveyance, symbolic of the amalgamation in Isafrel of those two “socially polarized archetypes” (Norcia 347)

Norcia, Megan. “Angel of the Island: L. T. Meade’s New Girl as the Heir of a Nation-Making Robinson Crusoe.” *The Lion and the Unicorn* 28.3 (2004): 345-362. Print.

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In Conclusion

In spite of the spirited efforts of the prohibition movement, New Zealand never underwent a national reform. After the peak in 1911, and a close call in 1919 when only the votes of overseas troops prevented the fanatics’ victory, the movement stalled (Moffat 161)

Moffat, Kirstine. “The Demon Drink: Prohibition Novels 1882-1924.” *JNZL* 23.1 (2005): 139-161. Print.

. Districts that had voted “dry” gradually revoked the decision, and the movement appears to have faded from memory, with books like *The Angel Isafrel* left as some of the last remnants of this fervent period of New Zealand history.

The Angel Isafrel: A Story of Prohibition in New Zealand
byG. M. Reed, B. A., Author of “The Great Experiment,” Etc.
Published by Upton & Co., Auckland. 1896Wilsons & Horton Printers Auckland.

Contents

Chapter I. UNDER THE POHUTUKAWAS.

“'TIS the tragedy of life.”

She was twining a spray of pohutukawa blossoms with ferns and ti-tree sprigs into a garland on the hat that was lying in her lap. Through the dark green foliage of a clump of Christmas trees, moving in a gentle breeze coming up from the sea, the sunlight was glinting on her fair hair, which fell in tangled clusters over her shoulders. Her sunny face and soft blue eyes, as she bent over her task, gave no evidence that she had ever looked very much on the tragic side of life during the twenty summers that had passed over her head; but there was an air of quiet happiness and of conscious possession on her face, as she glanced from time to time from her Christmas blooms to the young man reclining at her feet, that seemed a contradiction to the melancholy moody thought to which she had given utterance. He was in yachting costume, and with his hat tilted back, and smoking a cigar, he was looking down on the Rangitoto Channel, with its fleet of yachts and rowing boats dancing merrily on the waves that had been raised by a light breeze blowing up the channel. They had themselves had a stiff pull round the North Head and down the channel, in face of the wind, and having drawn up their skiff on the sands they had clambered up the cliff to where a cluster of pohutukawa trees, ablaze in their glorious covering of crimson blossoms, overshadowed a patch of waving grass and ferns on which they had chosen to rest for luncheon.

It was a general holiday, and all Auckland seemed abroad, to judge from the sails in sight and the number of picnic parties that hung like clusters of flies on the slopes of Fort Cautley

Fort Takapuna.

and the sides and top of Mount Victoria, and dotted the sands of Cheltenham Beach. A ferry steamer, gay with bunting, and crowded from stem to stern with passengers, was passing on its way to Lake Takapuna

Lake Pupuke.

, the soft strains of music coming, mellowed by distance, floating up on the summer air to where they were resting.

The hush of silence seemed to have fallen on them from the remark about the “tragedy of life,” till flinging a spray of blossoms at him she said, “What are you dreaming about, George? About me, I suppose?

“No, dear, I am mostly thinking about you, but I was not then. I was thinking of what you said about life being a tragedy.”

“But I did not say that life is a tragedy. Life is for the most part a very pleasant thing, as you know, George, and so do I. But there is deep tragedy in life; it is only when people make it so.”

“But I don't see why one should be looking always for the tragic side of life. There is plenty of sunshine for the taking of it, and the shadows come and pass, and there is the sunshine over all.”

“Yes, George, God's world is very beautiful, and He meant it to be full of gladness and of love, but evil has got in somewhere, and it plays terrible havoc sometimes. See that great patch of shadow creeping up the side of Rangitoto—”

“Oh, bother your shadows, Isafel; you are always talking about shadows, and when I begin to speak to you about what will chase shadows away for ever, and make our lives one long day of sunshine, you get that far-away look in your eyes, as if you were looking for another shadow. Now, listen to a little paragraph that I have written for the paper, and tell me what you think of it: ‘On Tuesday morning last, there was a very pretty wedding at St. Mark's, Remuera, when Mr. George Augustus Houston, our respected fellow citizen, so long and favourably known in connection with insurance in this city, led Miss Angel Isafrel, the lovely daughter of Mr. William Henry Chalmers, banker, to the hymeneal altar. The bride looked charming in a robe of—”

“Stop, stop, George,” said the laughing girl, snatching the paper from his hand and putting it in her bosom. “Don't be foolish. Time enough with the paragraph. It will all come in good time, I daresay, but don't put that paragraph in just yet a while. But see that yacht down there. Is there anything wrong with it? I have been watching it for some time, wondering what they mean to do; that one on this side the Salt Works

The Mackenzies Bay salt works were established in 1892 by John Stubbs on Rangitoto island, but closed only three years later in 1895.

. I thought at first they were making for the landing there, but they keep going about as if they could not manage her.”

George put the glasses to his eyes and watched the yacht for a few minutes. “I'm blest if I know what they're doing; they don't seem to know themselves, or how to handle her, and she's shipping water every plunge she makes. There are five or six girls in her, and they do seem scared a bit, and three or four fellows, and, if I know anything, I think the one at the tiller does not know what he's doing. If they don't mind there'll be a spill.”

Isafrel took the glasses. “How she does dip, with the sail in the water every time. My goodness, how dangerous that is—Oh!”

“By Jove, she's over,” shouted George, and both of them sprang to their feet. “Give me the glasses, Isa—I declare they're drowning. Come to the boat!”

They tumbled and scrambled through the ferns down over the side of the cliff, and rushed along the strand to where the skiff was hauled up on the sands, and pushed her into the sea.

“Into the boat, Isa,” said George, as the skiff touched the water, and in an instant they were both at the oars, pulling in the direction of where the yacht had gone down. At this distance they could not see any signs of the people, and the boat had evidently foundered. Several of the other yachts had rounded to, and their bows were pointed to the scene of the disaster, and a number of row boats were pulling in the same direction.

Isafrel and George bent to the oars, and, with a long, swift steady pull, they bounded over the waves. No word was spoken, but now and then George looked round to see the direction they were going. It was a race for life, and on every boat and yacht making for the scene right willing hearts and hands were pressing onward to the rescue. George and Isafrel were first, picking up a man who had been battling bravely with the waves in the effort to make the shore. George bade him hold on by the gunwale, while they pushed forward to where the boat had gone down. A young girl clinging to some floating lumber was next picked up, and lifted by George into the boat. The other boats and yachts were now on the spot, and another man and two girls floating on the water face down, but apparently lifeless, were gathered in. About two rods from George's boat, another girl was tossed to the surface, her pale face turned upward for an instant to the sky, and then she went under.

Isafrel was standing at the bows of the skiff, and putting her foot on the gunwale, she sprang into the water in the direction of the drowning girl. With a few vigorous strokes she reached the place in time to catch the floating hair of the girl, which she seized, and taking the hair between her teeth, she struck out against the waves in the direction of the boat. George had been prompt in bringing up the boat, and in a few moments, with his help, Isafrel had scrambled in, still holding on to the hair of the girl, whose body, limp and seemingly lifeless, they quickly drew into the boat. Two girls and two men were still missing, as they were told by the survivors, and quite a flotilla of boats and yachts now surrounding the scene, every search that could be made was made, but to no effect.

Instant efforts were made on the boats to restore the unconscious, and the three boats containing them at once made for the shore, leaving the other boats to continue the search.

Isafrel, who was well acquainted with the methods of the Humane Society

A society established in the UK in 1774 that attempted to raise public awareness of the possibility of saving lives through resuscitation methods, and gave medals and monetary rewards to successful rescuers.

for restoring the drowned, applied herself scientifically and devotedly to the task, on the unconscious body of the young girl she had herself drawn from the water, and when the boats reached the beach off Lake Takapuna, the bodies were lifted out on the shore for better treatment under the appliances that were now brought from every direction to assist in the work by willing helpers, who had seen the accident from the shore and had been anxiously watching the efforts of the rescuers.

It was only when the body of the poor young girl which had been taken into George's boat was laid out on the strand, that Isafrel had carefully looked at her face. When she did so she started back with a short scream, and threw her arms around George's neck and burst into tears. “It's Josephine! it's Josephine!” she sobbed out as if her heart would break. George disengaged himself from her arms and went over to look at the girl. It was indeed Josephine Webster, Isafrel's dearest friend, schoolmate, companion, confidante, bound to her by all the tender ties of girlhood's affections.

But the tears were soon dried from Isafrel's eyes, and with the calm of fixed determination on her face, but with anguish in her heart, she redoubled her efforts to bring back the unconscious girl to life.

There were plenty of helpers in that work, both in the case of Josephine and of the other two girls and the

young man who had been picked up unconscious in the water; but Isafrel would suffer no hands but her own to touch Josephine, and for two hours she chafed and rubbed and followed out all the prescribed methods with precision and persistence.

George had been hearing from the man he had rescued how the affair had occurred. “It was all Moulton's fault,” said the man. “He would have his own way, and as none of the rest of us knew much about the working of a boat we had to let him have it. The girls were greatly frightened, but they were still and silent at the last. They had pleaded with Moulton long and hard to put in shore, and the men had joined in the entreaty, but Moulton had got sulky and angry, and thought that we meant to say that he did not know how to manage a boat, and drove on. We had shipped lots of water, but the girls were sitting as quiet as mice, and that young girl there was sitting with her hand in her sweetheart's, and he was trying to keep her sprits up, and we were all waiting for the worst, when something went wrong with the sail, and over she went.”

“Was Moulton all right?” said George.

“Well, he wasn't quite as he ought to be,” said the man. “That's the truth of it. He was the only one aboard that was a bit on, and he was so confoundedly cross and bull-headed—but, poor fellow, it's over with him now, and there's no use in saying anything about it.”

The quick ear of Isafrel had caught the words, and she cast a look of unutterable sadness at George, and murmured, “‘Tis the tragedy of life.”

But every effort was in vain. A medical man had come down by special steamer from the city, but only to tell them that in each of the four cases life was extinct. The bodies were borne to the hotel, and steps were taken to convey the sad news to the relatives of the lost.

Isafrel at once offered to go and break the news to the family of Josephine. George urged that he should go instead, as the trial would be too much for her, worn out as she was. But “No,” she said, “the harder it is the more it is my duty to do it. Mrs. Webster is a good woman, and she will bow to the stroke with resignation. But, oh! it will be terrible to the old man. She was their only child, and they idolised her, and he has not the consolations that her mother has.”

Having obtained some dry clothing from some kindly neighbours, and with a heart bleeding at every pore, Isafrel set off in a buggy

A horse drawn carriage, for one or two persons.

provided from the hotel, to break the news to the Websters, while George remained to make arrangements for taking home the body.

On arriving at the house she was welcomed by Mrs. Webster, and on going in Isafrel, after a few moments' silence, in which she was keenly scrutinised by the mother's anxious eyes, said in a calm and pathetic voice, “Mrs. Webster, we should be prepared always to bow with resignation to whatever may be—”

“Oh, where is Josey, Isafrel?” she cried, starting up and wringing her hands, “tell me, tell me at once has anything happened to her?”

Isafrel was silent for a moment; then seating herself beside the afflicted lady, and taking her hand in hers, she quietly narrated the circumstances.

“Oh, my child, my child,” exclaimed the heart-broken mother, as she hid her face in her hands on the table. She remained so for some minutes, when, raising her face, and lifting up both her hands towards heaven, she said in a voice of deep tenderness, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Then turning to Isafrel she asked, without a tremor in her voice, where was the body? and Isafrel told her that Mr. Houston was bringing it home, and would be here in an hour or two.

There was the question of breaking the tidings to Mr. Webster. Isafrel offered to do it, but Mrs. Webster said that she would do it herself. “Oh, it will kill her father,” she said. “I would not like any one to see his agony when he hears it. Oh, Isafrel, we only lived for Josey.”

Worn out in mind and body Isafrel was driven home, and when, a couple of hours after, George drove up to Webster's with an ambulance wagon obtained from the city, and conveying the body of Josephine, he was received at the door by the bereaved woman. She spoke no words, but a few pieces of black ribbon in her cap showed that she had been making some little preparation for the sorrowful home-coming.

The body was tenderly carried into the girl's room and laid on the bed, which had been wreathed in white roses, and when George and the others had retired, the mother softly closed the door of the room and shut herself in with her dead child.

At the inquest the following day on the body of the man, the whole of the circumstances were brought out. Moulton, who had been in charge of the tiller and sail, and who was the only one on board that knew how to handle a boat, had been under the influence of drink, and fightable when any one ventured to interfere with him. He was not usually given to drink, but in coming down to the boat in the morning, Moulton had gone into the hotel and bought some bottles of whisky, intending to have a good time. The other men during the day had

taken a little, but nothing to affect them; the girls of course none at all. They had lunched in a little inlet of Rangitoto, and after starting were met by a fresh breeze, and all of them except Moulton wished to return or run in to shelter, as they saw that Moulton was hardly safe in the circumstances to be trusted. The rest was known; so the jury after deliberation wanted to bring in a verdict of “Died by the visitation of God,”

A ruling that was used when death was caused by actions that would not usually bring about a fatality, or was otherwise inexplicable.

but the coroner told them that he did not see how they could throw any reflection on God for what had happened, and so they brought in a verdict of “Accidental drowning,” and added a rider that there was “Nobody to blame.”

The body of Josephine's sweetheart was never found. They had been engaged to be married, and it had been pleasantly arranged among them all that it was to be at the same time and place with the wedding of George and Isafrel, whenever they all could make up their minds to bring this great event to pass.

The other two girls, whose bodies had been recovered, were comparatively recent arrivals, and had no relations in the colony. They had been teachers in two of the district schools, and good girls, and George having found the addresses of their mothers in England, arranged to write and acquaint the mothers with the melancholy intelligence; which he did, and told them that, in sympathy for them as strangers in a strange land, their bodies had been taken to Mr. Webster's, from which the three funerals had proceeded together to the cemetery, and that the two English girls were laid in their last sleep, side by side with Josephine.

Chapter II. THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

THE story of the accident, and the melancholy incidents connected with it, produced profound sensation in the community, and the deepest and most considerate sympathy was shown to the Websters, who were universally esteemed, and whose attachment to the only child of their old age was known to have amounted to something verging on idolatry.

The wonder to everyone that knew the devoted care with which they had guarded her every movement, was that they should have allowed her away on a boating excursion without either accompanying her themselves or placing her in care of some responsible people in whom they had confidence. With Isafrel they had always considered her safe, and she had been an almost inseparable companion of Miss Chalmers when out of their sight, and she was becoming imbued with the principles which Isafrel seemed to have the power of instilling into everyone that came within the sphere of her influence. But Isafrel had had her own little engagement for the holiday, in which “Two was company and three was not,” and Mrs. Webster had thought it hard that her daughter should be deprived of a liberty which other girls could have. And so when in the morning of the holiday, young Dickenson, to whom Miss Webster was engaged, called and urged that Josephine should join a little boating party of nice people that they had formed, and the invitation was backed up by the earnest entreaties of the girl, the mother and father reluctantly consented, and Josephine, hurriedly making her preparations, had gone off in a high state of pleasurable excitement.

But it was an anxious day to Mrs. Webster; and the old man after wandering about the house and grounds half the day, unable to bear the uneasiness, had gone off with the idle purpose of sauntering along the shore on the chance of seeing something of the boat. It was on his return from this excursion shortly before sunset that Mrs. Webster met him at the garden gate and had the sorrowful duty of breaking the news to him; and taking him into poor Josephine's room, she showed him all that remained of their beloved child.

The day after the funeral, Isafrel drove over to the residence of the Websters. Owing to the preparations and other arrangements connected with the funeral, she had not had an opportunity of a quiet conversation with the bereaved mother, and she felt that they had much to say to one another about one whose memory was very dear to both.

She had loved Josey as she had never loved a girl in her life before, and though the ages of the two girls were nearly the same, there was a childish confidence and a deference to the stronger nature, in the bearing of Josephine towards her schoolmate and dearest friend, that had touched the heart of Isafrel with a singular tenderness for the clinging gentle nature of the young girl that seemed to look up to her for guidance and strength in every moment of her life.

Mrs. Webster had known this, and feeling that at her own age she could not wholly enter into the feelings and interests of a young girl's heart, she was very happy in seeing her under the influence of one so wise yet so tenderly gentle and sympathetic in her nature as Isafrel. More than this, she felt proud to see that the young woman who, in spite of her years, was exercising so commanding an influence in the promotion of the humane and benevolent objects in which the women of the city and district were engaged, who by common consent had been accepted as their guide and leader, and whose name was now in everyone's mouth because of her unvaried

kindness to the suffering, as the “Angel Isafrel” should have singled out her child as her companion and dearest friend. So when Miss Chalmers alighted at the garden gate, she was received by the sorrowing mother in her arms as the sister of her lost child, and all the fountains of the depths of a mother's love were broken up afresh.

On going into the drawing-room she found that Mrs. Webster had been laying out Josephine's dresses on the table and folding them away as cherished relics, to be brought out from time to time in coming years as a means of communion with her lost child.

Isafrel knew the dresses, and had remembered the several occasions on which Josey had worn them, and every one of them had memories associated with incidents in the life of the girl that gave fresh occasion of grief to the two mourners.

From this their conversation wandered away to the incidents of the accident, and the mention of Moulton seemed to stir a new source of bitterness in the heart of the mother.

“Oh, Isafrel!” she said. “I have something to tell you, and it breaks my heart to have to say it. Do you know, dear, where it was he got the drink? It was at the Stilton Hotel, and we had voted ‘license.’”

After 1893 voters could “delicense” their electorate through triennial polls.

Isafrel did not grasp at first the meaning of what she was aiming at, but the picture of the heartbroken mother wringing her hands, and, with a scared look and streaming eyes, gazing in her face, was such despair and agony, that she could not feel in her heart to ask the meaning of the words.

“Oh, Isafrel!” she went on, “the poor, dear child pleaded with us to not vote ‘license,’ and she told us that Isafrel said—for she was always talking about Isafrel, and Isafrel said this, and Isafrel said that—and she told us that at the meeting of women you said, and I remember the very words, ‘Oh, sisters, remember that though the ballot is secret it is no secret to God. When you go into the booth you may go alone, but God will be there, and while you mark out the words with the pencil, God's eye will be looking at you, and if you do not strike out the first line, but give your vote for license, God will require it at your hands.’ Oh, Isafrel! Isafrel! I did not strike out the top line. I voted license, and God was there, and has required my child at my hands. Oh, Josey! Josey! my lost, my darling child, I have murdered you, I have murdered you. Oh, Isafrel,” she said, turning to the girl, “don't tell father. He doesn't know it, or he doesn't think it, or he doesn't remember; men are so stupid. It has never come to his mind that we both left the first line on the voting paper, and voted license, and if it ever comes to his mind it will kill him, too, for, oh, he worshipped Josey. We said to ourselves it would be a pity to take the bread from Mrs. Bradley's children's mouths; and comfortable in the thought that drunkenness could not touch our house, and careless of the homes of others, we voted license, and we didn't tell Josey, poor thing; she never asked us after. Oh, but it shoots far,” she cried, as she wrung her hands, “and it shoots round the corners, when it went away down by Rangitoto channel to hit us here.”

The whole thing now flashed on Isafrel's mind, but how was she to administer consolation to this stricken soul. The local hotel, it appeared, would have lost its license if the local option poll had gone against; and it was at this hotel that Moulton had bought the whisky that had led to the catastrophe.

“But, oh, Mrs. Webster,” said Isafrel, ready in the pitying goodness of her soul to almost go back on herself and her principles, to comfort this poor mourner, “it might have got its license if you hadn't voted. Don't blame yourself for this, dear, as he could have got the whisky at some other place.”

“No, no, Isafrel, there was no other place, and he got it when they were going to the boat, and they would have had to go away round to a distant place to get it if the Stilton had been closed. Oh, Isafrel, but it shoots far and shoots round the corners.”

The quaint and somewhat uncouth metaphor appeared to have fixed itself in poor Mrs. Webster's mind, and as brought out at many a gathering afterwards, it was made familiar to people as her way of telling in what roundabout and unexpected ways the results of the traffic may come home like a boomerang.

Nothing would persuade her but that it was she and Webster that had got the license for the Stilton, and though others had helped in it, she said perhaps God was also requiring in at their hands as he had taken poor Josey from her.

But a severer ordeal had to be passed when shortly after Mr. Webster arrived from a lonely saunter round the fields.

Isafrel was shocked at the appearance of the old man. Worn and haggard as if he had aged ten years in the few days that had elapsed since the catastrophe, with his grey hairs hanging in tangled masses from his head, he took one pitiful look at Isafrel and sat down folding his hands before him without speaking a word.

For some minutes they sat in silence when, rising slowly and raising his blanched and withered hands towards heaven, he cried, “Oh, I am like an oak tree blasted by the fire of heaven. Why, oh! why has God done this thing to me? What have I done that He should have punished me so? Why has this curse been brought home to us? Drop of drink never entered this home, it never touched the lips of my child. Why has He punished Josephine?”

“God has not punished Josephine,” said Isafrel tenderly, and she walked over and laid her hand gently on

the old man's shoulder, and he sat down. “God has taken the dear child away from the evil to come,” she went on, “and she is where no sorrow can ever touch her, and where the tears are forever wiped away from the eyes. Mr. Webster, let me tell you what I saw last night. I was visiting an unhappy family in Newton. The poor wife was the daughter of a clergyman in England. She had been nurtured tenderly, and she told me she had been the idol of her father and mother. She married a man, a young man, full of promise, respected, well conducted, kind, and loving, high in position in a bank. He lost that situation—through drink. With true womanly instincts she clung to him, and would not leave him, and when he was sent out to this country by her friends in the hope that the change might give him new prospects and a new determination, she accompanied him. He found the same temptations here, and he fell again. My father, from a feeling of professional brotherhood, interested himself in him and got him employment, but it was no use. Position after position he lost, and he drifted to the gumfields. Broken in health, he came back to Auckland, but the demon of drink seized him again. We heard from them, and when I went last night, the three little children were crying with hunger. One of them was in her arms, sick. She had hardly clothing enough for decency, and she had not tasted food that day. The husband was out—drunk. She told me that when he was sick and off the drink, the old kindness returned, and they had as sweet and happy conversations as ever they had had in their lives. They talked of the dear old home far away, and of the pleasant times they had passed together when they had been married. He vowed he would reform, and wondered how he could have been such a fool. When he got well he was drunk again—and he nearly killed her. She did not speak angrily of him. She did not seem to be angry with him. She said he really could not help it, and I believe her. But she was in terror of his return. Mr. Webster, Josephine might have been a drunkard's wife. God knows, and knowing it, He may have taken her away. So long as drink is here no man can look into his child's face and say she is safe. He can only know she is safe when she is in the grave. Keep it as far from you as you like, and it may strike you. You have kept it far away; your child, I know, never knew what it was; but it has struck you from far away, and it has struck you heavily. Yet that blow did not fall without God's permission. It was allowed in kindness. You suffer; but your child, whose happiness you wished far more than your own, does not suffer. God read your heart. He saw what you most wished. He has granted it. Your child is happy now and happy for ever.”

“Thank you, dear Miss Chalmers,” said the old man with deep feeling. “I will try to say, ‘not my will, but Thine be done.’”

“Do, Mr. Webster,” continued Isafrel. “Don't ask why it was that this thing came to you. Do not wonder why it came, while you did nothing to bring it on you. It is not those that take it who suffer most. Drunkards do not suffer half so much as others who have done nothing to deserve it. That is the cruel part of this cruel thing. If the drunkards only had to be considered—let them bear it. A ship goes out over the sea. There is a crash, and she grates and hangs on the jagged rocks. A hundred people rush wildly on the deck. Under the dark canopy of midnight, death looks at them from every side out of the blackness—from the rugged rocks, from the pitiless waves. Terror stricken they are washed one by one into the boiling sea, the surging waves sing the requiem of hopes and joys and loves for ever laid to rest, and the young and the loving, and the brave and the beautiful, and the wise and the aged, are in one dread burial blent. They have not done anything to bring about that awful fate. They had not been drinking. But one man has been, and driving through the midnight darkness, and the trackless rayless seas, he has dashed them on the rocks. And that wail of despairing anguish that rang out in the midnight air, and those sobbing bosoms and broken hearts of bereaved relatives and friends scattered over many lands, came of that one man's drinking. And those passengers and their weeping friends, and the public who look on in grief and burning indignation, had no concern, nor any right to interfere, we are told, in that one man's grog. Dear Mr. Webster,” the girl continued, “God moves in mysterious ways. It seems hard that He should bear with these things; but we have fixed it so that one has to bear the suffering for what others claim the right to do. But God can always take His children home, and there is no drinking there, no broken hearts, no blinding tears in heaven. You are suffering now, but Josephine is happy.”

The old man bowed his head on the table and said with a broken voice, “Thy will be done.”

Chapter III. In Albert Park.

THE work to which Isafrel had devoted herself was suspended by the sorrowful little episode in her life which had robbed her of her dearest companion, and one who was becoming an earnest helper. But the recollection that it was this very evil, that had struck around in a circuitous way, and laid her dear sister in the grave, was a fresh incentive; and it would seem as if she was impelled to redouble her efforts, both in ministering comfort to the sufferers, and more, in doing what in her lay to destroy for ever the power that caused those sufferings, and that produced what she had come to speak of now as “the tragedy of life.”

The claims on her time for what were her semi-official duties pressed hard on her labours of love: for so

much had the women and the workers in the cause of prohibition come to rely on her wise counsel and her inspiriting presence, that things lagged when she was absent from a meeting; and her presence made just the difference between the carrying of abstract resolutions and the taking of prompt steps in a practical direction.

Partly while engaged in these visits of mercy in connection with the sufferers, and partly through her directly placing herself in communication with other workers, she was on intimate terms of acquaintance—which always in the case of Isafrel meant affectionate friendship—with all the leading women in all the organizations of the city and suburbs, and she had almost fired them all with her own enthusiasm.

The ladies of the Synagogue, and the Little Sisters of the Poor

A Roman Catholic order founded in the 19th century that primarily cares for the elderly.

, were alike her friends; the Helping Hand Mission, the Ladies' Benevolent Society

A society that aimed to comfort the oppressed, poor and needy.

, the women of the Hibernian Society, and of the Door of Hope, the Hallelujah Lasses

Female preachers from the Salvation Army who would often spread the word on street corners.

and the Tailoresses Union

The first women's trade union, it was established after a "sweating scandal" surrounding low pay and bad conditions in the workplace.

, and the workers in connection with those various Christian schemes that were under the guidance of one good woman in Parnell, all looked on Isafrel as belonging to themselves, though she was not officially connected with any of them. The wives of all the clergymen and ministers of religion in the city and round about nearly worshipped the young girl that they met and heard of everywhere going about continually doing good; and the Sisters of Mercy

A community of women who aim to serve people in need of education, health and social services, and still active today.

would persist in telling Isafrel, whom they called "Our Angel," that they knew she was a good Catholic, and though she did not call herself a nun or wear a nun's dress, they knew she had a nun's heart, and they told her that they prayed for her every night, and for the good things she was doing.

She had made herself acquainted, too, with the women of all the political organizations in the city, and she had often expostulated with them for wasting their time in minding things that she said were only remotely connected with the deepest interests of woman, as compared with the one thing which she persisted in saying was at the root of all women's wrongs, and all the miseries with which the children and the women and the whole people were afflicted.

George, one day, was rallying her about the promiscuous kind of her fellow workers. He had met her in Queen Street, or, rather, he saw her talking to a lady under the verandah, and as he had a few hours off he waited, so as not to interrupt, and at the same time to have a chance of a stroll with her.

While he was waiting, he saw a dirty little urchin edging round behind Isafrel, and as he thought the little scamp might be going to pick her pocket, he kept his eye on him. Presently the little fellow stole up behind Isafrel, and quietly taking hold of a fold of her dress, he pressed it to his dirty little face and kissed it, and then ran off and stood looking at the girl. George went over to him and asked him what he did that for, and the child, looking up at him wonderingly, said, "That's the Angel Isafrel," and ran away.

As they were strolling up to the Albert Park, George told her about the little urchin, and she was greatly amused and interested to know who the little fellow could have been. The description did not help her much, but one day subsequently George was able to point out the child to her, and it turned out that he was one of two or three little children of a woman who had poisoned herself with "Rough on Rats,"

A poison that was claimed to be effective on "rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, beetles, insects, skunks, jack-rabbits, sparrows, gophers."See *Evening Post* 2 March 1887.

as mentioned in the papers a few weeks before. The woman had been drinking heavily for some weeks, and the story of the little children found standing round the wretched creature dead on the floor, trying to awake their mother, was very pathetic.

But when they were seated in the Park a remark from George brought up this subject of the promiscuous character of the workers she had managed to associate with her in her crusade against suffering and its causes. He said, "I am afraid, Isa, that your religious principles are getting a little mixed, and that you are a bit of a latitudinarian."

The 'Broad Church' of the 19th century Church of England, it eschewed the narrow doctrinal views of the High and Low Churches (Anglo-Catholics and Evangelicals respectively).

"What a big word it is, George," she said, "and what does it mean? I suppose it is something broad; well, yes, my religion is broad, just as broad as the suffering of the human family, and that is wide enough. It does not seem to me that suffering is confined to denominations, and as far as my experience goes when help for suffering is wanted I find the gentle spirit of Christianity is either active or only dormant in every denomination

alike.”

“Christianity, Isa?” said George, “but you don't speak of Christianity in connection with the ladies of the Synagogue.”

“Well, so far as the name, no; but so far as the spirit, yes; just the same. Don't you know, George, that Jesus was a Jew, that he was born and reared a Jew, and that when he spoke those beautiful words of the Sermon on the Mount—the sweetest words that ever were uttered to comfort and guide humanity—he was a Jew still. And those words, which are the marching orders of Christians whenever they engage in the service of humanity, are the spirit of Jewish benevolence breathed into Christianity, just as much as you would find the Christian spirit of love and kindness in the Jews. It's all the same, George, call it Christian or Jewish as you like, it is there any way; and from the Jewish women, whenever I brought a case appealing to sympathy under their notice—and it did not signify to what creed or denomination it belonged—there was the true heart and the ready liberal hand to respond.”

“Do you know,” said George, “I don't want to flatter you, but it is your own goodness, darling, that you see reflected in everybody you meet, and they're all good because they can't be anything else when you're with them.”

“What a good boy, George, you are, to be sure, to make such a pretty speech, and I love you, dear, ever so much when you say such pretty things; but it's nonsense all the same. There's goodness in all humanity, overlain sometimes, it may be, with rubbish, but it's there for the bringing out; and, more than that, it sometimes takes form that other people don't understand, and they dislike it, till they search and see what it means, and that's why there is so much mischief wrought on the principle which Thomas Bracken

The composer of the national anthem ‘God Defend New Zealand’, Thomas Bracken wrote *Not Understood* in 1879.

has so beautifully touched in his poem of ‘Not Understood.’”

“Do you know, George,” she went on after a little, “that I have a great sympathy with the spirit of reverence for the virgin mother that pervades the Roman Catholic Church. I know you will think me horridly lati—what-do-you-call-it—narian, but I think that the presence of that principle of motherhood in the heart of religion must have exercised a powerful influence on the rugged nature of mankind in ruder days; and if you just saw the gentle devotion of those dear Sisters of Mercy, as I have seen them, you would be inclined to trace a good deal of it to the constant consciousness of communion with the mother of the Redeemer. I know we Protestants think they go too far, but the principle of motherhood is the embodiment of all that is sweetest and most powerful in womanhood, and there does seem to me something very touching in its being interwoven in that way into religion. But there, now, I have been preaching to you so that you will be beginning to yawn; but I'll tell you something if you don't laugh, for I know you are amused at what you call my rounding up of promiscuous helpers.

“Well that case that I was talking about to a lady in Queen Street when you met me. It is a wretched family, and one of the most pitiable cases I ever saw. The father and mother were both drunkards, and both broken down in health, and I think likely to die, and there are five children, as woe-begone little creatures as ever you beheld; diseased and filthy they were beyond expression. Well, the first I thought of was the Little Sisters of the Poor, and they took the whole family away, and you should have seen them washing and cleaning and attending to the sores of those miserable creatures. I don't know what religion they are, and I don't think the Sisters know. Well, as I was coming along, as luck would have it, I fell in with one of the Helping Hand Mission, and I told her about the case, and she just got a big bundle of clothes and went away up and gave them to the Sisters, and said they would help as they could. And then, do you know, I went to one of the Jewish ladies, and told her about them, and she said she would go and see the Sisters, and the Jewish ladies gave what money was wanting—a good, big sum, too—and they helped to look after the case. But the best of it is to come. I was riding out past the Chinamen's gardens

Auckland had a Chinese population of around 150 at the end of the 19th century; the Chinese market gardens Isafrel mentions were probably located in the area around Khyber Pass and Carlton Gore Roads.

on my bicycle, and the thought came into my head that I would tell John: and the poor fellow was really touched, and got to know where the people were, and the same evening he was round there with a lot of vegetables. The Sisters, who are very poor, said they did not want any vegetables; but John said he did not want any money, that they were ‘welly good cabbagee,’ and so they were, as the Sisters told me afterwards, and he has been coming with nice vegetables for the poor family regularly since, and will not take a farthing—and so there you are: Methodists, Catholics, Jews, and a follower of Confucius, all helping and caring for that poor dying family.”

“Well, Isafrel,” said George, “you are an angel, and I do love you so; and I'd like to kiss you, darling, if they weren't looking at us.”

“No, George, don't,” said Isafrel, demurely; “it wouldn't be proper, George—when there are people about.

Besides you rumple my hat so every time, and this is a new one; don't you like it? But I love you all the same; oh! ever so much, I couldn't tell you how much, dear. I don't know what in the world I would do if I had not you—I suppose I would have to get another boy. There, now, don't look nasty! I didn't mean it. I would not have anybody else in the whole world if I had fifty to choose from."

"But I don't like," said George, placated by the rattling prattle of the girl, "I don't like, dear, to see the way you are knocking yourself up with going about after these cases,"

"Oh, never mind, dear, I am all right; I am as strong as a horse. You don't know that I knocked a man down the other day."

"Isafrel!"

"I did, indeed, George. I knocked a man down; it was Tuesday or Wednesday last—Tuesday, I believe. I was in talking to an unhappy woman in her little cottage out at Arch Hill. She was as poor as wretchedness itself with hardly a stick of furniture, and she had not had a bite of food the whole day, nor her children either. There were four of the poor little things, and they looked so hungry, and weak, and I was just about going out to get something for them, when her husband came in calling for his dinner. He was a big, rough-looking man, and drunk; and when she told him very quietly that she had nothing in the house, he swore at her, and said if she was not gossiping with her neighbours like this, she could have had his dinner ready. She gave him a sort of taunting reply—women are so foolish in not speaking quietly to a man when he is drunk; I do think they often bring a good deal of the trouble on themselves. Any way he rushed at her, and I stood up between them. That baulked him for a moment; but, oh! there was such a look in his eyes. He went round to the other side of the table, and there was a tomahawk on the hearth beside some bundles of sticks, and he picked it up and rushed to get past me. I sprang at him and seized him by the wrist, and, oh! I felt as strong as a lion, and I gave such a wrench to his arm, and with my other hand I wrested the tomahawk out of his hand, and I flung him from me, and he fell in a heap to the floor. "You ruffian," I cried, "how dare you lift your hand to the woman that you swore to love?" He picked himself up and looked me in the face. I had still the tomahawk in my hand. You have heard of a young girl going into a lion's cage, and, looking the wild beast straight in the eyes, she obliges him to cower before her. There was the look of the wild animal in that man's eyes. I think it is the effect of spirits that they bring the animal all to the front, and deaden for the time all that makes man higher than the brutes. He glanced at me for an instant, and his eyes fell before mine, and he slunk away to the door and went out. The children clung screaming about her; and I told her I could have the man sent to gaol and kept there for years for attempting to murder her. She sobbed for a little and said, 'Oh no, do not; he is my husband, he is the father of my children.' Oh! woman woman, I thought, why has God given you a nature like this, when He does not put forth His powers to protect you in the indulgence of the sweetest sentiments that He ever implanted in your breast. And, oh! George, I could not help thinking, how can any man, merely because he likes this thing for his own selfish enojoyment, not feel willing to let it go, and by putting it far away prevent domestic horrors like this. And, oh! George, I could not help thinking, how can any woman with the heart of a woman and a mother in her breast be indifferent to such a state of things, and, having the power in her hands to stop it for ever, close her heart to the sufferings of other poor women who have not the security and the peace which she enjoys."

Isafrel had arisen to her feet in her emotion, and was walking to and fro on the grass. George, who had been carried along by the story, asked her what was the outcome of it all to the woman, and Isafrel, taking her seat beside him again, told him that she brought in the man and his wife from next door to protect the woman till she went out and got some food for her, and when she was leaving they promised that they would see the woman was not molested. Isafrel had then gone and told the constable, who said he would keep an eye to the house. She had heard since that the man thought she would have him brought up for attempted murder, and that he had apparently gone from the district.

George felt disturbed and anxious at hearing of the dangerous situation in which his darling had been, and he asked her why in the name of goodness she entered into scenes like that, and why it was that in seeking out distressful cases, she only hunted up those that were connected with drink.

"Because I never found any others," she said. "I have never encountered a case of domestic misery but I was able to trace it to drink as the cause. I set myself deliberately to this," she said. "Some of them were only remotely connected, and the people that suffered were in no way to blame. There was one case that puzzled me. The man was an excellent workman and the woman a thoroughly worthy woman, and they were as kind to one another as they could be, but they were very poor. They had pawned everything they could pawn for food, and there was hardly anything in the house. They were too proud to reveal their state, and even some of the ladies of the Benevolent Society who had visited them had been put off with evasive replies. But they were starving, and the children looked so pale and thin, but so quiet. The woman made a clean breast of their whole condition to me. She said there was something in me that drew it out of her. Her husband had lost his billet; in fact, had rashly thrown it up, and do what he could, looking up high and low down, he could get nothing to do. I asked

her to tell me in confidence did he drink. She said ‘No.’ I asked if he ever drank before, and she said she believed he had never drunk in his life, unless, perhaps, a glass now and again, but that he had never been in the habit of it, and she had never known him the worse of drink. This case puzzled me. But I was determined to have it out. I asked her why he had lost his place, and she said the manager was such a bully that her husband could not stand it any longer, and gave it up. She said she had done all she could to prevent it, and he was sorry himself afterwards.

“I made it my business to find out about the manager, and from the wife of one of the hands I learned that he drank. I knew I was right, and that drink was at the bottom of it somewhere. I found that, though the manager was sometimes jovial and pleasant as man could be, whenever he took drink, which he did frequently, his temper was fearful. Hickson, the man I am speaking of, was in a position of much responsibility, which brought him constantly in communication with the manager, who had let him feel the full brunt of his bad temper when the exciting fumes of the drink had left him and that morbid reaction had set in which makes so many fightable after drink.

“And, George,” she continued, “I think this is the way in which about as much of misery is produced, and especially to employes and dependents, as in any way else. There are some people on whom the dregs of drinking produce an irritation that makes them almost fiendish sometimes, and God help those who are in that position of dependence that makes them to have to submit to the consequences. This poor man had borne his sufferings for years, for the sake of his wife and children, till in a moment of desperation he flung up his situation. The proprietor, who is a good and kind-hearted man, was sorry at his leaving, for Hickson was a good workman and always reliable, and he strongly urged him to resume. But Hickson declined, and nevertold him the reason. But I told him, and told him, too, that God would hold him to account for the way in which his servants were treated; and he said that he would speak to the manager and have this conduct stopped. But the manager, he said, was a useful man, and he could not part with him. So, for his own selfish benefit, he allowed a wrong to pass and continue that was, I am sure, more offensive to the good God than theft or robbery, or any crime in the calender short of murder. So you see, George, it was drink after all that did it.”

“But what came of the man after all,” said George, who liked to know the finish of things.

“Oh, well,” said Isafrel, “that was all right. I went to Mr.—, who is in the same business, and told him the whole thing from beginning to end, and he sent for Hickson while I was talking to him, and he gave him a position a good deal better, and with better pay; and, more than that, when Mr. — told the whole affair to his wife that night, she went the next morning and called on Mrs. Hickson, and offered to get her anything she wanted, and when I went to see Mrs. Hickson a day or two after, the poor thing threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, and sobbed like a child on my shoulder.

“But that is beside the point, which is this, that I have not yet met a case of genuine hardship that was not traceable immediately or indirectly to drink. That one of Hickson's was of course a roundabout way to the drink. It hit him all the same. But generally the connection is closer, and there is little trouble in tracing the links.

“I took particular interest in enquiring into the cases of people that are out of employment, and, besides the coarser cases of those who had established a character of non-reliability by their drinking, and were therefore the first to be shifted when the business pinch came, there are those, and, oh! so many of them, who by the mere expenditure on beverages missed the opportunity of raising themselves out of the way of risks.

“There was an interesting case I could tell you, only I have been talking so long that I am boring you.”

“No, no, Isafrel,” said George, “indeed you're not. I could listen to you talking for ever, darling, and I see that though you have your sad cases, you have also your pleasant recompenses—that case of Hickson's, for instance.”

“Well, there are two men,” she went on. “We will call them Brown and Thomson. They were great chums, and their wives were as loving as sisters. They worked together, lived next door to one another, and were nearly inseparable. They had been married about the same time, got the same wages, and were equally good men. They were carpenters. They both drank a little—not much. After a few months Brown said, ‘Look here, Thomson, we had better knock off this drink. We neither of us care much about it, and it is doing us no good.’ Thomson couldn't see it. They had plenty to keep their wives comfortable, and he did not see why they should not have their little glass of a while. ‘Well,’ says Brown, ‘I'm off; but I'll tell you what I want, Thomson. You tell me how much you drink every week, and I'll put the same in the Savings Bank, and we'll see what it will come to in the end.’ ‘All right,’ said Thomson, for they were very good friends. So they went to work, and Thomson kept the count. Sometimes it was three shillings, and sometimes it was six, and sometimes even eight and ten, when Thomson had been particularly genial. But whatever Thomson drank in the week, Brown put the same sum in the Savings Bank. And so it went on for three months, when Thomson got tired telling Brown how much he drank, and it was a bother to have to remember. So Brown struck an average on the three months, and whatever it was for the week he put that sum every week in the Savings Bank. Thomson never developed

drinking habits any more than at first, nor has he to this day, and they are both equally in good health, but after about a year and a-half Brown had enough money in the bank to buy the timber to put up a little two-roomed cottage, doing the work himself in his leisure hours, and Thomson remained on in his hired house. Brown went on as his little account grew big enough to buy more timber, and added little wings and offshoots, until he had a picturesque little place of his own with six rooms in it. And Thomson remained in his hired house. Then the possession of his little property gave Brown credit, and he was able to take up little contracts for building, and Thomson went on earning his wages as before. Brown, when I got first to know Mrs. Thomson, had become a considerable contractor, and had several houses rented, and sported a buggy. His eldest little boy of fourteen or fifteen was in his father's office, and sported a bicycle after office work. Thomson was still in the hired house, and his boy was selling papers in Queen Street. When I went to see Mrs. Thomson, Thomson had been thrown out of work by the failure of his employer, and had not yet been able to find other work, for he was troubled a bit with rheumatics. The rent of his hired house had been unpaid for some time, and they had got notice to go, and next day the goods were to be sold under distraint, and this was the trouble that brought a friend of mine and myself to the scene. I wormed the story out of Mrs. Thomson, and she added that Mrs. Brown had ‘cut her,’

Affecting not to see or know a person, thereby ending the acquaintance.

which was a mistake as I afterwards found. The fact was that Mrs. Brown had been going out in her buggy with her three little girls beautifully dressed, and with ribbons flying, and Mrs. Thomson happened to be in the street when she was passing, and was in her kitchen costume, and none too good, and with her two little girls along with her barefooted; and Mrs. Thomson turned about and looked over the fence, and her two little girls looked up at the pretty dresses in the buggy and wondered, and Mrs. Brown had nodded kindly to the children, but Mrs. Thomson was looking the other way. The sum of it was that while Thomson was still a hewer of wood and drawer of water, and his daughters would soon be going out to service, and his sons would be hewers like himself, Brown was a gentleman, and his daughters would be shortly coming out at Government House

Probably Old Government House, Auckland, completed in 1856. A ballroom was added in 1868 while the Duke of Edinburgh recovered there from a gunshot wound.

, and his son was the daintiest young gentleman that had come out of the Grammar School

The Auckland boy’s school was established in 1868, and remains one of the more prestigious New Zealand colleges.

. And it was all of that little glass of beer. It did not do any particular harm to Thomson. He was a hearty strong man in spite of it; but it made a difference to the children.”

“Well,” says George, “and what was the end of it?”

“Oh, bother you, George,” said Isafrel, “you always want to know the finish of things. That has nothing to do with my point, which is that the reason the great majority of working men are working men still, and will have their daughters going out to service, and their sons rising no higher than hewers of wood and drawers of water like themselves, is just because of that little pot of beer. It perhaps does themselves no harm. But if they just dropped that money every week into the Savings Bank

Probably the Post Office Savings Bank, established in 1865.

, every one of them could become an employer and a gentlemen instead of a slave and a dependant, and their daughters would come out at Government House and have their dresses in the society papers. And it seems a bit hard on the girls.”

“But what became of the Thomsons?” said George again.

“George,” says Isafrel, “you don't seem to care a bit about the point of the story, which is this that if the women of New Zealand, and the men to back them, would only shut out the drink from the country, there is not a working man in it but might have his son on a bicycle and his daughters sporting their dresses at the Government House balls and—

“Ah, but tell me, dear,” said George, “I do want to know how did the Thomsons fare?”

“Well, then,” said Isafrel, “if you must know, I went straight myself to Mrs. Brown, and the big tears came into her eyes when I told her that Mrs. Thomson thought she had cut her. And the things were not sold the next day, and the Thomsons were not turned out on the street, and Thomson next week became Brown's foreman of works, and on the first Saturday after he opened an account at the Savings Bank.”

“Well, Isafrel, darling,” said George, “you are a good soul, indeed, and you must have a lot of happiness through it all. Goodness, but you are good.”

“Now, don't rumple my hat, George; I told you that before. This is my other hat, and I don't want it crushed. But, goodness, see the time it is,” she said, looking at her watch; “we must be off.”

They went away down by the path behind the Public Library to get out of the Park, and when they reached the clump of shrubs that hides from the path above, George passed his arm softly round her waist and looked away up and down the paths for something or somebody.

“Don't rumple my hat, George, there's a dear,” and then she looked up into his face with her big loving eyes

so sweetly “Do it again, George,” she said, and he did it again. “Do it a third time, George,” and he did it a third time, and then they walked on down the path together; and when they got near the street, just passing another big shrub, peeping out from under the corner of her hat she saw a wildlike look in George's eyes, and he was looking about for another man. “Don't rumple my hat, George,” she said again, but George saw the man he was looking for just close by, and Isafrel laughed a merry little laugh, and said “Poor George; better luck next time.”

Chapter IV. ISAFREL IN DEBATE.

THOUGH Isafrel almost from her earliest girlhood had been touched by every case of distress that came to her knowledge, and since she had arrived at young womanhood she had been an indefatigable worker for the relief of suffering, a new direction had been given to her efforts and a new and a burning zeal had inspired her whole nature.

The cause of this was the hope presented by recent legislation, which gave the prospect that the whole of that traffic to which she traced “the tragedy of life” might be driven out of the country, as it had been determined to submit the question to a *plebiscite* of the people.

Various attempts had been made to regulate and restrict the traffic, and great progress had been made in the direction of reform. But it had dawned on many thinking minds that it was a matter that could not be regulated; and that restrict it, and drive it in as much as they might, it would still break out in ulcers all over the social life.

So when the Referendum Act

A Referendum Bill for non-binding government controlled referendums was introduced to the New Zealand Parliament in 1893, but was not passed into legislation.

was passed, empowering a vote of the people on national prohibition, Isafrel felt roused to a new life, and determined that henceforward she would fight the evil at its source.

She had found that others, both women and men, had developed an enthusiasm in the same direction, and she had set herself to bring these together, especially the women, so that they might work in concert. Her timidity as a girl—for in spite of her enthusiasm she was a girl still, with all a young girl's shrinking sensitiveness—her timidity restrained her from thinking of addressing men collectively; and indeed she thought, however many good women might think to the contrary, that a woman, and especially a young woman like herself, was out of place in lecturing an assemblage of the stronger sex on their duties. But she had seen that she had the gift of addressing her own sex, and on two or three occasions she had been successful in moving them, to her own great surprise.

But she also learned that when she got a man by himself she had a wonderful power of interesting him. She knew well enough that her pretty face had something to do with it, for she knew she was pretty, and every time she looked in the glass it told her that she was pretty, wonderfully pretty; but she said to herself, if God has given me a pretty face, why should I not use it like every other gift for Him and for the good of humanity. And as her mind was now fired with only one object, she resolved that whenever she could get a man by himself she would try to win him over to help her in putting an end to this that she called “the tragedy of life.”

So one day when she was out in the suburbs on her bicycle, on some business of mercy, she thought she would call in and see Dr. Wilmott

The review of *The Angel Isafrel* in the *Observer* 28 October 1896 identifies Dr Wilmott as a Rev. Beatty.

, a clergyman who had been writing in the papers in defence of the liquor traffic. He was a man not only of learning and culture, but great ability, and though she had been pained by his letters, she thought them among the most brilliant she had read on the subject. She felt frightened at the thought of meeting him at first, but she heard that he was a good as well as a kind-hearted and courteous man, and she thought that whatever would come of it she would like to have a quiet talk with him.

So riding up to the door, and leaving her bicycle against the wall, she sent in her card. The doctor received her in his library with great kindness. He had often heard of Miss Chalmers as “the Angel Isafrel,” and was deeply interested in meeting the young girl that was creating such a sensation; and his manner was so gentle and so kind that she at once felt at ease with him.

After they had talked pleasantly on a variety of subjects, Isafrel, who always liked to come straight to the point, said: “Doctor, I have been reading your letters in the papers, and though I think them extremely clever and beautifully written, I cannot but say that I feel pained that one so able and so good as I know you to be, should have taken that side in the question.”

“And you have come to convert me?” said the doctor, laughing.

“Oh! no,” said Isafrel, blushing with confusion, “I could not think of that; but I did like to come and see you, and hear from yourself what can be the reasons that can induce a good and a kind-hearted man as you are to wish to see this thing continued which is causing such distress in the community.”

“Well, my dear,” said the doctor kindly, “I know as well as you do that it is an evil, and if I saw any way on right principles by which the evil can be lessened you will find no one more earnest on your side than I will be. But then there are many considerations which I dare say you, my dear, may hardly have been able to grasp, that have to be taken into account before a business like this can be settled in a summary fashion.”

“And these,” said Isafrel, “are just what I would like to hear from you.”

“Well, then, my child, you know we are here for God's purposes of moral government, and these are carried out by the conflicts which we have, by which our moral sense is exercised and strengthened. If we were to shut ourselves up in stone walls, as the recluses or anchorites used to do, so as to be freed, as it were, by mechanical means from temptation or evil, we would be defeating God's purposes, and our souls would grow up dwarfed and puny instead of healthful and vigorous.”

“Then the more temptations we have the better?” said Isafrel.

“Not exactly so, dear; but we have no right to shirk the trials, and even the temptations, which may have been given us among the purposes of God's moral disciplinary and educative government. If the world were freed from trials and temptations the probationary purposes of life on earth would be defeated.”

“Then what did the Saviour mean, doctor, when he taught us to pray, ‘Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’ It seems to me, though I shrink from pretending to expound Scripture to a clergyman of your learning, that Jesus meant to teach us it would be a good thing that every evil that would tempt us should be taken out of the way; and as he tells us to ask God's aid in so removing evil and temptation from us as weak creatures, we would be only mocking Him, and showing Him that we are not sincere in our prayers, if we did not try to work with God in putting those evils and those temptations away. It seems to me, doctor, that your theory would lead us to go into all the temptations we can—the more the better—that we should deliberately seek them out, and enter into the bad houses and most dangerous places—the more and the worse the better—in order that our fidelity to principle might be proved, and our moral principles be strengthened.”

“Not exactly so, Miss Chalmers; that would be tempting God, and placing undue confidence in our own powers of resistance; and ‘thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.’”

“But don't you think it is tempting the Lord our God, and subjecting weak human nature to trials it is unable to bear, to license a traffic that brings close to every home, to every individual, one of the severest trials and temptations to which human bodies and souls can be subjected, and before which both you and I know that thousands of poor weak creatures are falling every day? Oh, Doctor Wilmott, if you only saw some of the cases I have lately seen, in which good men, honourable religious men, have fallen before a power that they absolutely could not resist; and while we pray ‘Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,’ we as a community sanction the placing of this cruel temptation in their hands—deliver them over to this evil. Do you tell me that the God of mercy means us to deliberately subject men to that evil, for moral probationary or educative purposes, which His all-seeing eye sees them to be unable to resist, and from falling before which they bring untold miseries on countless innocent helpless women and unoffending children?”

“My dear Miss Chalmers, do not let your emotional nature carry you away. I am not defending the placing of temptation in any one's way. This evil has existed in all time, and we do not create it or place it in the way. But the question is of removing it, so to say, by mechanical means, instead of through the moral instrumentalities which God has clearly intended to be the means in guiding and controlling intelligent beings. You cannot make men moral or sober by act of Parliament.”

“Yes, you can, Dr. Wilmott,” said Isafrel, impulsively.

“My dear, do not let your impetuosity carry you away to say things that are entirely opposed to proof. You cannot make people sober by act of Parliament.”

“Yes, you can,” said Isafrel, hotly, “you can by act of Parliament forbid the cursed thing from even touching the shores of New Zealand, and how then will men not be sober? Dr. Wilmott, you can make every man, woman, and child in New Zealand sober. You can free them during all their lives from a slavery that is more cruel, more tearful, more heartbreaking than negro slavery ever was, and you can do it by act of Parliament. If drunkenness is immoral, and if you can in any way suppress drunkenness by removing the only cause of it by legal or mechanical or any means, you can make them moral as well as sober by act of Parliament.”

“Well, my dear,” of course you can do anything by force if you have force sufficient. But there are other considerations that have to be taken into account, and this question has to be considered on a higher plane. We are intelligent and moral creatures, each of us endowed with inherent rights of personal liberty and with civil rights that we are entitled to preserve, and you cannot take away these rights by force.”

“Yes, you can,” said Isafrel, “if they are being wrongly used; every one of them, and we do it every day, Dr. Wilmott. If you have a sewer that is an injury or a menace to your neighbours—it may be your own, and on your own land—but we suppress it in spite of you for the general good. If you have a vinery with phylloxera on its leaves, we cut it down and burn the stumps without asking your permission. If smallpox breaks out in your

house, we will suspend your rights of personal liberty and send you and your family down to the quarantine station at Motuihi, and we will burn down your house and everything in it, without consulting you in the matter. If the public safety requires it, we do not care the weight of that feather about your personal or any other rights, whether natural or acquired. Down they go before the public safety, which is the supreme law. And if this traffic, of which I can never think but my heart bleed s, if this thing is found—and mark you, Dr. Wilmott, I admit the condition—If this thing is found to be an injury to the public safety, and the voice of the public, that is, the voice of the majority of society, says it is bad, then down it must go by all the rights of a free, self-governing people."

"My dear Miss Chalmers, I am sorry to see you so warm on this subject."

"I am sorry myself, dear Dr. Wilmott, and I apologise to you sincerely, but my heart is sore at thinking of anyone doubting the right of the people to put down a nuisance or a public danger, in deference to the selfish claims of an individual over his personal rights."

"But, Miss Chalmers, by your theory, if carried out—if the majority claimed the right, as it has the power, to put down any thing it considers injurious to it, we would be warranted in crushing religious liberty."

"And quite right, too," replied Isafrel, "if religious liberty was being abused to the manifest injury of the public good. If the Presbyterians took to the development of anarchical plots, and the ministers were planning in their presbyteries, on conscientious or religious grounds, to burn down the city, or to have bombs exploded under Government House, we would close their churches and have every minister put under restraint. And if the Wesleyans

A church formed in 1843 that prohibits the use or sale of tobacco and alchohol.

developed Thuggism

From the organised groups that robbed and murdered travellers in India according to prescribed forms and following the observance of religious rites.

, and were making the garrotting of people part of their religious services, as the Thugs did in India, we would hang every Methodist preacher from a lamp post."

"Oh! no, my dear," said Dr. Wilmott, smiling, "it would be better to send them out to the gaol, and have them polished off decently and in order on the regular gallows."

"Dr. Wilmott, this is too grave a thing to make merry about. I am sorry I have allowed my feelings to carry me away. But how can you doubt the right of society—and that in a democratic country means the majority—to protect itself from anything it believes to be a danger."

"But, my dear Miss Chalmers, would it not be better to do these things by moral suasion?"

Persuasion exerted or acting through and upon the moral nature or sense.

"No, Dr. Wilmott, we don't talk of moral suasion with murderers and thieves. Moral suasion is all in its place when we try to induce a man to live temperately. That is good for him, and good for others. But it has nothing to do with the danger with which society as such is threatened. We morally persuade one another that the drink traffic is dangerous; and then if we are morally persuaded of it, or a majority of us, we ought to kill it. An individual, when he is morally persuaded of temperance, and that drink is an injury to him, kills the drinking habit in himself. When society is morally persuaded that drink is an injury to it, it has the right to kill it in the same way. We morally persuade one another that murder is a danger, and when we are morally persuaded as a community or a majority, we do not try to morally persuade the murderer, but we kill murder as far as we can by an act of Parliament; and when society, or a majority of it, has come to the same conclusion about drink, that it breaks hearts, ruins lives, and is a danger and a curse to society, we have the same right to kill it, too. We shut out cholera, we shut out small-pox; why can we not by every constitutional and moral right shut out alcohol, too. In some colonies they have shut out opium, except as medicine dispensed by the chemists. And why? Because it was demoralising Europeans as well as Ohinamen. Why does not the same right extend in respect of alcohol? Surely it has produced demoralisation and suffering enough. Opium has been innocence compared with it. Oh, Dr. Wilmott, how can you doubt the right of the community to protect itself from ruin?"

"But I do not, dear Miss Chalmers, deny the power, or the right, if you will have it, of the majority to rule over the minority. In fact there is no use denying it, for they have the power already; but it may be exercised as a tyranny, and for one man to say to another 'you must not have a glass of spirits,' is a tyranny; and for one section of the community to say to another it shall not have spirits, is tyranny, as much as that in the days of American slavery."

"Tyranny! Slavery!" said Isafrel, "Oh, Doctor Wilmott, do you speak of tyranny and slavery in connection with this? Who are the tyrants, who are the slaves? Are the slaves not those who cannot resist the evils that are forced on them, brought to their doors, enslaving sons, husbands, brothers with a slavery more full of tears than that borne by the negroes? And are the slave drivers not the liquor traders and their abetters, who claim the right—or liberty, if you will—to force that thing not on a minority, but on a majority of society? Do you call that liberty? The American who, in slave-holding times, was prevented while in England from ill-treating his

slave, on landing in the States, exclaimed ‘Thank God, I am in a free country now, where every man can wallop his own nigger!’ It was free, it is true; but, oh, what an accursed freedom! and when that freedom was taken away from him and the poor black could hold up his hands to Heaven unshackled, was it slavery or was it freedom that was brought in by this abolition of the traffic in slaves? And, Dr. Wilmott, when the freedom is taken from the liquor dealer, his myrmidons and Legrees, to enslave, and debauch, and torture the poor victims of alcohol in New Zealand, will that be tyranny? Will that be the deprivation of rightful powers? Will that be slavery? Or, will it not be an emancipation over which the trumpet of jubilee may sound a blast that will ring through the earth and gladden the hearts of the good and the free throughout the world, and one at which the angels in heaven looking down from the battlements may strike their harps anew with joy.”

Isafrel had risen from her seat in her earnestness, and was looking down on Dr. Wilmott, who was resting his arms on the table and his face in his hands. “Dr. Wilmott,” she said solemnly, “Is it so that our Church, the church of our fathers and of my pride, is the only one of all that name the name of Christ that is not on the side of humanity and God in this great conflict? Your words have been echoed back from one of our bishops in the South, and like yourself he stands on the side of wrong. Is it so that our enemies are to point to our Church as the only one that will not stand on the side of the poor suffering masses of the people, on the side of emancipation from this slavery? Oh, Dr. Wilmott, listen to the solemn words that were pronounced on those who stood not forth in the day of trial: ‘Curse ye, Meroz

From Judges 5:23, a city whose inhabitants did not come to the aid of the Israelites in battle.

, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.’” Isafrel resumed her seat.

“My dear girl,” said Dr. Wilmott, looking up, “I cannot in my heart upbraid you for your enthusiasm on this subject, even though it comes from what I must see to be a very emotional nature. I admit in this case the view you take as to which side the slavery is on. There are, I know, many, too many, who are slaves to drink; but then you must know that the drunkards are really few compared with the multitude of people who drink in moderation, and who feel that it is at once a comfort and a benefit to them. Now, do you think it right, I put it to you, do you think it just that the innocent rights of these people should be trampled on, even by those however sincerely convinced of their own wisdom, who are only forcing their own views on the acceptance of others, who should be equally free with themselves? I, for example, take a little drink—in moderation, thank God—and would you take that right away from me, which is really doing no harm to others?”

“Dear doctor,” said Miss Chalmers, “I see the force of what you say, and there is force in it. But is that drink which you take, and which I know you take in great moderation, for I have heard so, is that drink no injury to others? I do not say a word on the influence that your example may have on others, who may not have that power of self-control which you have. Perhaps that is overstated by temperance advocates. But, doctor, in order to your having that enjoyment, the drink must come into the country, there must be a liquor trade existing, and others in hundreds and thousands must be joined in it, or it could not be supported. It, therefore, must be general, doctor, and being general, its influence must be generally diffused; and you, as well as I do, know the consequences and the inevitable consequences to thousands. If your bottle of whisky came direct to yourself under seal, and extended in its influence to no one but yourself, I feel sure from what I have heard of your character that no evil would come of it. But if the coming of that bottle necessitates the coming of a thousand other bottles—”

Then Isafrel paused for a little, overcome by her emotion, and the doctor placed his hand kindly on hers.

“Doctor,” she continued, speaking through her tears, “I am going to tell you something that I cannot bear to speak of even to the man that has promised to be my husband. But you are a minister of God, and I feel my heart go out to you in confidence. Doctor, my father is a drunkard. He is as good a man as ever walked. He is a religious man, although you may think it strange of me to think so. As kind a father I hardly think ever existed. Even when he is drunk he is kind to me; and when in his greatest frenzies, for sometimes he is so wild to others, I lay my hand on his arm and look in his eyes and say ‘father,’ he is as quiet as a lamb, and lays his head on my shoulder and says, ‘Poor Isa.’ He loves me as man never loved a daughter more; and, oh, I do love my father. And we often talk together lovingly when he is right; and while I have been caressing his grey hairs, for he is an old man, I have said, ‘Oh, father, why don't you stop it?’ and he has sobbed on my shoulder and said, ‘Isa, I can't.’ And I have said ‘dear father, I believe you. I know you cannot, for I know you love me so much that you would do it for me;’ and I said, ‘I will not worry you, father, by asking you again to stop it; but, oh, father, I will try to save you in another way,’ and dear Doctor Wilmott,” she continued, “it is with the love of that father in my heart that I am trying now to help put away that thing which I know father can't resist. And dear Doctor Wilmott,” she added, “I feel sure that if you thought that by your putting away that bottle yourself you could save father, you would do it.”

“Indeed I would, my dear girl, with my whole heart,” said the doctor in a voice of great tenderness.

“And, doctor,” she went on, “there are hundreds and thousands of other daughters with fathers in that way;

not fathers, I am sure that love them as my father loves me, but whose hearts are wrung as mine is; and if other people were as good and as tender as you, and joined in putting this thing away, my father and all those other fathers would be saved: and don't you think, dear Dr. Wilmott, that if people only thought about it, and felt that it is only their own little personal enjoyment that is standing in the way, there are many people who would be willing to give it up for others' sakes, and would be ready to make that little sacrifice if they thought it would save from so much misery?"

"Indeed I do, my dear child, and if the case was put to them in the way you have put it to me I don't think there is a man in the country, with the spirit of a man in him, to say nothing of the love of God in his heart, but would fling down his pewter pot to the ground and go in to help."

"You have been so good to me, dear doctor, in listening to all this, and, oh! I can't but think that there must be many men besides you who would help if they only thought, and that's what makes me think we shall win."

"Go on, dear Miss Chalmers, and God be with you, and it is your spirit of love and gentleness that will do more for your cause than any amount of denunciations."

"Oh, doctor, you have made me so happy, and I am so glad I came. I do sometimes think as you do, that there is perhaps a little too much violence shown and bad names called. But, oh! it is very trying sometimes, and when one thinks of the cruelties this thing causes one should hardly blame people if they become what is called fanatics. I have sometimes been talking to people about sufferings I have myself witnessed, and when I see the dull, apathetic, stupid way they take it, I sometimes almost wish I was a man that I might swear. Do you ever swear, doctor? they say it gives relief to a man when he is bursting with indignation."

"Well, not exactly; I can't say that I have been in the practice of doing much of that sort of thing for some time, and I cannot exactly give a precise judgment on the subject. But sometimes ladies can swear."

"Oh, but that is only inwardly, and that is no good; and sometimes it is so provoking with stupid people who can't or won't see this cruel thing, and make some silly remarks about it in a conventional way. I was one day talking to a lady, and telling her about a pitiful case of a man who had fallen off a dray when he was drunk, and got killed, and about the poor destitute wife and children that I had seen, but who were really better without him; and I had been telling her that all that misery could have been avoided if the women had voted steady 'No License' at the last elections, and she made the idiotic remark that 'woman's proper place was home,' and that for herself she never mixed up in politics, and that she had not even registered for a vote. Well, I felt that if I was a man, and it wasn't naughty, I would like to have relief in a good swear."

"Don't, my dear; don't do that; it would not be nice from pretty lips like yours; and besides it really would not do much good."

"Oh! I don't mean to; but when I think that way I cannot in my heart blame some of the people who are a little violent in their language, when they are talking of these horrors, and the trade and the people that cause them. People call them fanatics, and worse names than that; and yet what are they doing, or what have they done, that people, I mean good people or even ordinary people, should be angry with them? The fanatics don't want anything for themselves; they have given up all that so many find to be comforts, and they are fighting to do good for other people, not for themselves. And that is more than can be said for the people that call them bad names. They are entirely selfish; they are fighting, some of them, for their big, heavy gains that they can squeeze out of the tears and heart's blood of poor suffering slaves, if the liquor trade is only saved and continued. What right have such people to cast stones? And others are fighting for their own enjoyment—selfish, all selfish just the same, and inhuman, never caring a bit for poor broken hearts. Oh! doctor, how true is it that 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' Oh! doctor, I believe if I was a man I would be a Boanarges

In Mark 3:17, brothers James and John were named this by Jesus, Sons of Thunder, as a mark of their impetuosity.

, and speak as strongly as any of them, but being only a woman I can only plead in this weak, pitiful way."

"And thank God for it that you are a woman, dear Miss Chalmers," said Dr. Wilmott. "The earthquake and the thunder may prepare the way, but it is the still, small voice after all that comes with the message to the human soul."

"Oh! doctor, I am so glad I came to see you, and I do like you so much, and I would like to come and see you sometimes."

"I shall be delighted, indeed, if you do, Miss Chalmers, and—"

"Do you know, I would like to bring my boy, and let him know you."

"Your boy, Miss Chalmers?"

"Yes. I'm engaged; and he is such a good fellow, and so nice, and I know you will like him."

"He must indeed be both good and nice," said Dr. Wilmott, "or he would not have won the heart of Miss Chalmers."

"Oh! how prettily you talk, doctor. Are you Irish?"

“Well, yes, Miss Chalmers, I do come from that most distressful country.”

“I thought so,” said Isafrel. “Isn't it queer how all Irishmen talk so nicely to you. And they mean it, too, I really believe. People say they are insincere, and it is put on; but I don't believe it. An Irishman has a great, big, soft, sympathetic heart, and when he is talking to you, and you are at all nice, he can't help liking you, and he can't help showing it, and that's why they say he has kissed the blarney stone.”

“What a little flatterer you are, Miss Chalmers,” said Dr. Wilmott.

“Well, you began it, doctor; but I'm in earnest, and isn't that true?’

“Well, yes, I think there is a good deal in it. I know that I am very sincere in my admiration of you, and I will be greatly delighted if you bring—well, your boy, as you call him. I mean the young gentleman—”

“George is his name,” said Isafrel. “George Houston—Mr. Houston, you may call him.”

“We will be delighted to see you and Mr. Houston whenever you bring him, and I dare say he and I will get to be very good friends. I suppose you have made Mr. Houston as earnest as yourself in this cause.”

“Well, not quite,” said Isafrel. “He is coming on; I am educating him, and he will be a fanatic by-and-bye, and he is an awfully good fellow, George, and I mean to pass my mantle on to his shoulders when I go away.” And the eyes of the Angel Isafrel took that far-away look, of which George had so often complained when he asked her if she was looking away to find another shadow. “And do you know, doctor,” she went on, after a little, “I think I shall get you to help me. You must not be angry at me for saying so, but—”

“My dear girl, I could not be angry with you for anything, and it would be very hard for me to refuse you anything, but I'll think about it.’

“For you know, doctor,” she went on, “there are such a lot of people that talk about this we are hoping for, as a tyranny, and say that it would be reducing the people to slavery if we were to have the drink shut out of the country altogether, and I would so like to have someone like you to get advice from if I get puzzled. For do you know, doctor, to my way of thinking and looking at it, even from their point of view, there is more slavery now, as they call it, inflicted on people that want to drink than if it was shut out altogether from the country? For the law restricts them here and restricts them there, and says you must not have it now, and you must not have it then; and if a man feels thirsty, or whatever that tickling is in the throat that makes one want whisky, and if it is Sunday, he mustn't have it; and if it is after ten at night he mustn't have it, and this hotel has been stopped up here and he can't have it, and that one has been shut up there, and he is tantalised, and worried, and looking for it all the time. Would it not be far better for him once for all, and more for his human liberty, if the thing was shut outside of the coast line altogether, and then he would stop thinking of it after a little, and never feel his liberty a bit curtailed, and he would be as free as a bird, and never hear the law saying that nasty word, ‘Don't?’ Do you know, I have often thought that when I was driving with Tommy—Tommy is my pony—I have a basket carriage of my own, Doctor, and I drive out myself. Well, there is a big, long lane over at the north side near where we live, and it was full of big stones and boulders. And I had often to pass by it, and poor Tommy, I did pity him sometimes. I had to check him with the reins on this side, and pull him on that side, to keep him off the big boulders, and he always had to feel the bit in his mouth, and I believe his mouth was often very sore, and he used to shake his head with vexation, and I was so sorry for him. So one day I spoke to Harry—Harry is our man—and I asked him to put the big boulders away. And he was two or three days at it, and cleared all the big stones off, and now Tommy goes trotting down the lane, and I don't even hold the reins tight, but let the reins lie loose on his back, and poor Tommy does look so happy, and so free, and he shakes his tail with delight, and does go along at such a rate; and I often thought that that is just how it would be if we had this liquor out of the way, and outside the colony altogether; and the people would run along and never feel this yanking and pulling at them by the law, now on this side and now on that, but would feel as free as the wind in the air and as happy as the day is long. Don't you think so, doctor”?

“Well, my dear,” said the doctor, “you talk so prettily and so picturesquely that I like to listen to you; but just let me think this matter out by myself, and I'll tell you some of these days. But mind you must bring Mr. Houston to see us,” and as Miss Chalmers rose to go, and held out her hand, he took it and went on, “And we will be awfully glad to see you, and I am so pleased to have met you, and God be with you, my child.” And Isafrel, raising his hand to her lips, kissed it tenderly and left.

And as Dr. Wilmott, standing in the open door, looked after her, as she swirled along on her wheels and waved back her handkerchief to him, he thought that a bicycle was the prettiest and most graceful vehicle he had ever seen to carry a lady.

And he went back to the library and closed the door, and sat down in his big arm chair, and put his elbow on the table, and his face resting on his hand, and thought for a long time. He did not say anything, but Dr. Wilmott's pen was never raised again in defence of the liquor traffic.

Chapter V. THE GREAT CONVENTION.

IN anticipation of the struggle that was coming, on the Referendum, a great convention of the women of the colony had been summoned, under the auspices of the National Council of Women

An organization established in 1896 to serve women and families through research and education.

. It was to be held in Auckland, chiefly in deference to “the Angel Isafrel,” who had been instrumental in bringing it about, as well as in organizing all the organizations throughout the colony, so as to bring the women into line for the greatest battle in which they had ever been called to engage.

Isafrel would take no office herself. She said she was too young, and that it would be unbecoming for her to take a prominent part when so many older and wiser than she were fitted to lead. But she had been the life and soul of the whole movement, and among the women of Auckland, to whom she was best known, and who had sunk all their differences and divisions at her instance, there was nothing that could be done without Miss Chalmers.

In the South she was only known by name and reputation, but there was the deepest interest to see what “the Angel Isafrel” was like, whose plans of campaign had been accepted everywhere on their merits, and the charm of whose name had inspired an enthusiasm that had brushed away every difficulty.

Over two hundred women, holding official positions in connection with the various organizations now affiliated, were coming North as delegates, but besides these many hundreds of women had made their arrangements to come up to attend the convention, which had been specially summoned for the Referendum.

It was fixed that Isafrel was to deliver the inaugural address. She had shrunk with intense unwillingness from the idea at first, but it had been particularly requested from the South that she should; and the women of Auckland, who had so often listened to her words, were anxious to see how the young girl, whose magnetic power and electric sympathy had so readily swayed the emotional and somewhat sentimental women of the North, would fare before the hard-headed, canny Scotswomen from Otago, and the refined and cultured women of Canterbury.

The great meeting was to be held in the City Hall

This building predates the historic building now known as the Auckland Town Hall, which opened in 1911.

, and in order to make place for as many women as could get in it was understood that men were not to be admitted. George, however, and one or two others, managed to be specially excepted, as he wanted, as he said, to see the apotheosis of “the Angel Isafrel.”

The place was packed from floor to ceiling, and when the time for the beginning of the proceedings had arrived, and a large number of ladies filed on to the stage and took their places, there was a hush of suppressed interest; and as one graceful willowy girl, clad in white, moved to the front of the stage and quietly took her seat by the side of the table, a subdued murmur passed through the crowded hall—“the Angel Isafrel.” This was followed by a burst of applause and waving of handkerchiefs from every part of the house.

Isafrel sat quietly in her chair, and seemingly confused a little and embarrassed at the display, when after the applause had ceased, the president

The first President of the National Council of Women of New Zealand was Kate Sheppard, a founding member of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union in New Zealand and prominent figure in the women's suffrage movement.

arose, and in a few words introduced her to the audience. Isafrel arose and stepped to the front of the stage, where she was again treated to a storm of applause and waving handkerchiefs, which continued for several minutes. She had neither notes nor other papers, but a simple rose in her hand, which she was fingering nervously. A black sash and a small black ribbon round her neck, in touching memory of her lost Josephine, were all she wore to relieve the whiteness and purity of her robes; and when, with her wealth of fair hair surmounting a face of exquisite sweetness, the tint a little heightened by the excitement of the occasion, she looked down on that sea of sympathetic faces, there were many, who having never seen the girl before, and expecting a totally different appearance, remarked, “What a lovely girl, and what an appropriate name, the Angel Isafrel.”

“Sisters,” said the speaker, as soon as the applause had stilled, and in a voice so calm and soft that though hardly pitched higher than the tone of ordinary conversation it was heard in every corner of the building, “it is not of my choice that I occupy the honourable portion in which I stand to-night, in opening this great convention. I thought it was better that some of the women of New Zealand who had seen more years, and learned more of experience than I have, should address you, and give the tone and direction to the proceedings which this great assemblage of the womanhood of New Zealand ought to take in the critical circumstances to which we are approaching. But my kind friends, who have uniformly treated me with a consideration far beyond anything that I can pretend to deserve, would have none of it; and when I learned that the women of the South had been pleased to do me the great honour of expressing a desire for me to do this work, I no longer hesitated, and thus it is that I appear on this platform before you to-night.

“At the same time, let me say that, having obliged myself to do your bidding, and accepted the honour, I

am entirely conscious of the greatness of that honour; and not only so, but that having undertaken the duty of addressing you, I feel a genuine pleasure in doing so; and now that I am looking into your kind and evidently sympathetic faces, and feel my heart beating in symphony with yours, I shall try to forget the fewness of my years, and the greatness of my wanting in experience, and I shall try to raise myself to the height of this great argument, and with soul to soul and heart to heart I shall speak to you as a woman of New Zealand to the women of New Zealand."

When the loud and long applause, which this had drawn, had ceased, the speaker went on:

"Sisters, we occupy a position of honour as women of New Zealand, which few, if any, of our sisters in the world have ever enjoyed before. We were the first women in the British empire to whose hands was entrusted the high privilege of the full electoral franchise; and I cannot think, and I have never thought, that God gave us that exceptional distinction without tacitly covenanting with us that we should show our appreciation of that distinction by resolutely holding the lead, and setting the example to all other women who may be now or subsequently enfranchised of what woman as a great moral force can do in the cause of God and humanity."

Here again the speaker was interrupted by lengthened applause. She had spoken so far with great quietness, and almost in a monotone, the softened cadences and measured words falling on the ears of the audience amid a stillness that was profound.

"I do not pretend to think," she went on to say, "that we have not to some extent realised the responsibility that accompanied the great gift, and the great moral force that it was given us to wield. In every part of the colony we have shown our anxiety on this subject, and if our efforts have in some cases been misdirected, and we have not achieved those high results which might have been expected of us, it may reasonably be attributed to our inexperience in the methods of dealing with public responsibilities, and we have been warranted in asking that judgment should not be pronounced on us, and on the outcome of the new departure, until we shall have had time for grasping the position."

Then she went on to enumerate the various things that had been undertaken or performed by the various women's organizations throughout the colony, and the women from the South and all were surprised at the minuteness of detail with which the speaker was able to unfold every one of the subjects that had engaged their consideration and efforts, even in the organizations of the remotest little country towns. She paid a high tribute to some of the movements that had been instituted, and to the good that had been done by several of the organizations that had sprung up as the result of the enfranchisement of women.

Then, coming more directly to the great object of the convention, she continued, "But, sisters, we shall allow all this to stand aside for the present, while we come to the great subject of all, which I know to be uppermost in your minds—the principal object of this convention,—and that to which by providential circumstances my own mind has been principally directed."

And here her whole nature seemed transformed. That slight, lissome, girlish figure appeared to assume an aspect of majesty. Her face beamed with fervour, and there passed through the crowd of assembled women that magnetic thrill that had been so often felt by her audiences in Auckland when Isafrel spoke on the one subject that was nearest to her heart.

"Sisters," she said, "and women of New Zealand," and for the first time she raised her hand in an attitude of calling attention, that was intensely impressive, "I need not enter into explanation of the circumstances that first led me to look into the sufferings of those who are the victims of that great scourge, which has appeared to me the cause of all the tragedy of life. They are personal, and perhaps would be of no interest to you. Suffice it to say that my tastes have led me to seek out those whose sufferings have been caused by the liquor traffic of the colony. I do not say that it has been the cause of all suffering, but it has been directly or indirectly the cause of all the sufferings with which I have been in contact. I have seen the little child wasted and wan with hunger, crying in its sufferings for the bread which the father has wasted in the gratification of his own enjoyment. I have seen the mother hang in speechless agony over her dying child, unable to obtain that medicine and nourishment which would bring it back to life and which its father could have provided, but that he was held in thrall by a power against which he was unable to fight. I have seen the wife destitute and lonely, waiting through the still hours of the night for the man who once had found it the sweetest satisfaction of his life to anticipate her wishes, and for whom her smile was as the light of heaven and the elixir of his life—and while she waited she dreaded his return. I have seen the neglected daughter, without sympathy, without guidance, drawn away from the miseries of home; tempted, ruined, and weeping tears of agony and shame over the recollection of a father who had once dandled her on his knee, with the pride and admiration of a brave man, who, as he brushed back her glossy curls and pressed sweet kisses on her brow, would have been ready to lay down his life to shield her from injury or insult. I have seen the mother lying helpless on her bed, with her little prattling infant crawling about neglected on the floor, the children wandering about uncared for, while the returning from his work, turned away in disgust to find his solace in the companionship of others, who with himself were on the straight way to ruin. I have seen the mother penniless and forsaken, weeping over her only

son, who having been honored and prosperous had forfeited friends and place, and honor and trust, and become a byword and a shame, so that even his mother, the last of all to cling to outcast humanity, could not for very shame and anguish mention his name. These are cases that have been repeated a hundred, a thousand times, and there is not one of you but has known of such. I have known of the young man, the bright hope and pride of his party and of his race, eloquent, able, brilliant, popular, beloved by everyone, and destined seemingly to become with years the foremost man of his country; and all these hopes and yearnings dashed down and laid in an early grave. I have known of the father and son, intending the happy innocent celebration of an event in their prosperity, bringing their friends together to rejoice with them, and under the same influence the son offered insult to the father, who, with a fryingpan, felled his own child to the earth—killed by a father's hand. The railway train has rushed over the embankment, plunging innocent trusting men and women into eternity. The ship has been run on the jagged rocks, and its living freight, shrieking and terrorstricken, have been swept into the boiling waves; and innocent victims that had not by their actions contributed to the catastrophe, the friends and relations whose hearts shed tears of blood, perhaps in distant lands, are the sufferers.

"Yes, it is in the complex way in which individual and personal interests are mixed up with those of society that the action of one may affect the other without any other connection than that they are members of the same community. If the man that takes the thing, whether moderately or immoderately, were only himself affected by the results, the matter would be a simple one, and everyone could be left to do as he pleased with himself and his own. But if the presence of it for one's comfort is a menace to the safety of the others, or of society, then the right arises to absolutely shut off that which has caused, and causes, and will cause, so long as it exists, danger and misery and ruin to others, and the safety of the people is the highest law. We surround our shores with a cordon of prohibition against cholera and small-pox. And why? Because if either finds access to one man, others will be in danger; they will have to submit to inconveniences, sanitary precautions, costs and anxieties to guard against the evil, and, becoming epidemic, it will bring death to some. Yet cholera and small-pox combined have never contributed so much to the sum of human misery as this thing which one man claims to have for his own comfort however others may be injured by it.

"Sisters and woman of New Zealand, it is told you that Jesus Christ and His apostles were on the side of this. I do not try to wrestle with the learned. Texts of Scripture may beread, as statistics are, to prove many things. I leave them to the learned. But my Jesus came, I know, to 'bind up the brokenhearted to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' And were there ever somany broken hearts in the history of our race as from this! War, pestilence, and famine, all combined, never broke so many hearts of our fellow countrymen as this. And if Jesus came to bind upbroken hearts He surely cannot wish to preserve and protect the greatest cause of broken hearts. Learned doctors may deduce it from any texts they please; but I cannot, I will not believe that in our circumstances, however it may have been in other circumstances, my Saviour Jesus who came to bind up the brokenhearted can wish to protect and preserve among us this great breaker of human hearts and ruiner of human lives. And if He came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, where can He find in all the wide realms of Britain any other captives, any other bond slaves, like those who are helpless in the hands of this demon?

"No, sisters! It has been proudly said that slaves cannot breathe in England; let them but touch British soil and their fetters fall to the ground.

A paraphrase of William Cowper in Book II of The Task (1785): "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs/ Receive our air, that moment they are free,/ They touch our country and their shackles fall."

Sisters! women of New Zealand! be it the proud boast of our native land that the slave of drink cannot breathe New Zealand air, that the moment he touches our strand his fetters fall for ever."

And now the voice of Isafrel was filled with a singular pathos. There was no more of that awesome majesty that filled her hearers with enthusiasm; she was the simple, shrinking girl again.

"Sisters," she said, and her voice trembled wth emotion, "I am not to see this. In the visions of the night, when communings are sometimes given with spirit messengers from the far-off land, I have been told that I shall fall in this fight. It may be in the hour of victory; it may be that I shall not be here to listen to the glad tidings of great joy. I do not know from what direction may come the blow; but come it shall. It will fall as a bolt from the blue, but it will come to me from the common enemy. I have been too earnest, perhaps; perhaps I have needlessly evoked revenge. I do not understand it, but I know. I am talking to you, therefore, as by the side of an open grave. Sisters! listen to me. God has put it into your hand to drive this demon from the land. No power can resist you if you will. You have but to say 'Begone!' and the evil spirit will be cast out. And, remember this, that in this great crisis of your country, this great struggle for God and humanity, God will require an account at your hands. Do not think you can ide your secret in the ballot box. God will be there. He will be in the polling booth beside you. You may close the door, close up every chink in the boards or the canvas around you. Cover your hand with paper or with your handkerchief if you will. God will see through that handkerchief or through that paper, and He will require an account at your hands. And if you have voted

that the demon stays, and if he is not cast out, every broken heart, every ruined life, every murdered soul that he causes will be at your door. If your own child is struck, and this thing strikes from afar, don't blame God. Don't think that because your own life is happy, because your own home seems safe, because every one you love is free from the slavery of this, that, therefore, you can afford to be indifferent. You do not hold that vote for yourself and yours alone, but for others, too. If they suffer, you have done what you could to ensure that suffering. If in that roundabout, distant way in which this thing travels round and hits from afar, your own child, your sister, your brother, your husband is struck, your hand has done it. God has watched that hand in the polling booth, and how it scratched the paper, and he has required this at your hand. Oh, sisters, hear me as the voice of one standing by her own grave, into which I am about to fall through this thing—I know not how. Hear me for the sake of all that is nearest and dearest to you. By your love of your husband, brother, son; by your love of sister, daughter, child; by your pity for humanity, and your hope of God's mercy, hear me, and drive this demon from the land."

Isafrel sat down, her hands lay folded on her lap; her eyes, full of tears, were fixed towards heaven, and her lips moved in prayer.

Next morning the report of Isafrel's address to the women of the convention appeared at full length in the morning paper, and it was arranged that several hundreds of thousands of reprints, in the form of a fly sheet

A handbill or short tract of two to four pages.

, should be struck off for circulation throughout New Zealand.

The address had produced a profound impression, and realised in the minds of the delegates from the South more than the anticipations that had been formed of the young girl who had come into so remarkable prominence in connection with the movement, and whom they called at once the "New Zealand Maid of Orleans."

Building on a byname for Joan of Arc.

Her reference to her expectation of falling in the fight they regarded, of course, as only hallucination caused by the overstrung state of a young girl's nerves, called, as she was, suddenly to undertake onerous and exciting duties sufficient as they thought to break down the strongest. However, from whatever cause, it touched the warmest sympathies of the women, and during the whole course of the convention, which lasted five days, the movements of the girl, flitting about and seeming to guide and vivify the whole proceedings, were watched with the tenderest interest.

In conjunction with the president and secretary, she, arranged the agenda papers of every day, and it was her tact and watchfulness that ensured the fulfilment of every item. Silent and still in all her movements, she was hardly noticeable among the crowd of women, never appearing prominently, but seemingly always everywhere, and knowing where everything was when it was wanted, and the moment to do everything when it had to be done. There is sometimes jealousy among women when one of their number is singled out for distinction, but there was no jealousy towards Isafrel, her unobstrusive ways, the sweetness of her manner, and the ethereal beauty of "the Angel Isafrel" captivating every heart.

During the several days of the meeting every detail was completed as to the coming campaign. The men workers for the cause throughout the colony had their own organizations in good working order; but the women claiming that this question of the abolition of the liquor traffic was their very own, had been carrying out their share of the campaign on entirely independent lines.

Among the business transacted was the preparation of an address from the convention to the women of New Zealand, and the work was entrusted to Isafrel. It was adopted without even a verbal amendment, and it was deemed wise for the ends in view that it should bear her name. Isafrel was unwilling for this, but it was insisted that her name being now a household word among the women throughout the colony, it would gain for the manifesto an acceptance that nothing else could secure. Isafrel deferred to the will of the meeting, wondering why it was that this great honour had come to her, and what could have drawn the eyes and the hearts of the colony to her in this way.

The address was meant chiefly to combat the indolent and conventional idea held by so many women, that "home only was their sphere," and that "they had nothing to do with politics. It was shown in the manifesto that this was the politics of home, and that if women whose realm was the home had nothing to do with this, then they must have no interest in life outside their personal individuality. It showed that this traffic invaded every home, and was beyond everything else the destroyer of domestic peace; that it seized on the fathers, brothers, sons of the colony, as soon as ever they stepped out of the sacred circle of home; that it surrounded them all day, when they were devoting themselves to the duty of labouring and striving for their dear ones at home, and that as women could not follow them to the mart, and the counting house, and the workshop, but this traffic could and did, women were traitorous to their loved ones if they did not strike down for ever the great enemy of home.

It showed that if a woman through indifference or distaste declined to take the trouble to qualify and vote

on this occasion, her abstention was directly assisting the enemy, and that she must hold herself accountable to God for the results, whether they came to her own child or relative, or to any woman or child or husband, or brother, or son of the thousands of suffering women of New Zealand who were looking to her, as well as to all her sisters who had votes, to do her duty to herself, her country, and her God. The manifesto concluded with urging that the battle cry of the women of New Zealand should be, “For God and home and humanity,” and it was signed “By order of the National Convention of the Women of New Zealand, Angel Isafrel Chalmers.”

Nearly a million copies of this proclamation were neatly printed on a large fly sheet artistically enclosed in a border of ferns and New Zealand flowers, and the understanding arrived at was that through the various organizations one of these at least should be placed without any exception in every home of the colony sometime during the week preceding Referendum day. As was afterwards made apparent this was faithfully carried out.

Relieved from the cares of the convention, Isafrel, by order of the doctor, and at the urgent solicitations of the women of the Central Committee, gave herself a few days' rest, and George having arranged to get off work for a time, they had some delightful strolls together.

It was at the close of one of these, and on the evening of the last day of this little siesta in their business cares, that they found themselves sauntering together on the strand not very far from Isafrel's home. They had been away around Remuera and Epsom, and had spent several hours and lunched on the heights of Mount Hobson, looking down on the lovely cyclorama

A picture arranged on the inside of a cylindrical surface with the viewer standing in the centre.

of water and woodland, of islands and headlands, and fields and mountains, and those charming peaked volcanic cones clothed in rich 'verdure, that give loveliness unsurpassed to the Auckland landscape.

Long, and tender, and confidential had been the communings of the two engaged lovers, whose love had been sublimated as it were by the fire of the glorious conflict in which they were both so earnestly engaged. The past, which to them seemed all enclosed within the period since that bright summer morning when on the summit of Mount Eden they had told their loves, was all dipped in roseate hues, with but the one dark shadow cast over the latter portion of it by the sorrowful fate of their lost Josephine; and on the slope of Mount Hobson, Isafrel sang again that song which she remembered always as the song of Josephine, “Father, ‘dear father, come home.”

'Come Home, Father', a song composed by Henry Clay Work that became heavily associated with the temperance movement.

It was associated in their minds with an incident to which Josephine had often referred, one in which that young girl had taken a deep interest, and in which the items and incidents in the pathetic song had been almost repeated. It was a family to which Josephine had been the ministering angel, in which a mother with a sick child had sent again and again for the father who had been hanging on in a tavern, while his child at home was dying, and Josephine had never sung that song but she thought of the pathetic scene in which she had to a degree been a participator. And every time that Isafrel sang it, and that was often enough, it reminded her not only of that mother and dying child, but also and more touchingly of her dear lost Josephine.

And now again, when they were strolling along the beach, Isafrel was humming the angel chorus:

Hear the sweet voice of the child
Which the night winds repeat as they roam,
Oh, who could resist the most plaintive of prayers?
Please, father, dear father, come home.

“Do you know, dear George,” she said, “that ever since we lost Josephine I never sing those angel words but I think I hear them floating to me from Josephine's own sweet voice in heaven.”

It was a singularly calm and beautiful night. The crescent moon was shedding its soft, silvery light on the lovers as arm in arm they slowly paced the strand of the little cove that lay at the foot of the hill, on the slopes of which Isafrel's home stood. The wavelets rippling on the sands at their feet were the only sounds that broke the stillness, and the distant lamps of the city across the harbour streaming over the water in long tracks of light, converging on themselves from every quarter, seemed the only links of connection between the busy whirl of life and the calmness that reigned in the little sequestered bay. It was a pause in the exciting event that was absorbing the attention of the whole colony; but however wrapped up in themselves, and in their affection for one another, they could not prevent their thoughts from turning to the struggle that was impending, and to the possible and probable fortunes of the fight.

“But do you not think, dear Isafrel,” said George, “that you are rather sanguine as to the part your women will play in this affair? It may seem an ungracious and ungallant thing to say, but I have often thought that

women as a rule are narrower in their sympathies than men, and that they are not so capable of being aroused to an effort for the general good. It can hardly be laid to their blame, perhaps, and it comes of the training to which they had been subjected. Women's interests have been so much and so exclusively of their homes and their families, and it seems to me that this has developed a selfishness in women that is not so general in men,—I do not mean a personal selfishness, but a selfishness that is bounded by the limits of their own immediate belongings."

"You mean," said Isafrel, "a selfishness for their families, a want of general sympathy for humanity in general. Well, perhaps, there is something in that. But do you not think again that the giving of the franchise has had a tendency to draw out their sympatheis to a wider range."

"Yes, in as far as it has affected them at all. But look at the great number of the women of the well-to-do classes, who confess that they take no interest in politics, and who do not appear to have the slightest care for any thing that does not come home to themselves and their families. This surely is selfishness of the narrowest kind, and I am afraid that you will find their indifference a terrible blight to your hopes."

"I know it, I know it," said Isafrel; "this is the most heartbreaking discouragement in the whole struggle. The women of the working classes who have learned in the school of suffering are not half so selfish, and, besides, so many of them have felt the sting of this thing themselves; and it is unhappily true that women who are in comfortable circumstances, and have been comfortable all their lives, have often very little pity or even thought for their unhappier sisters; and so long as they do not see the risk of themselves or their families suffering they often care very little for others, and say that 'woman's sphere is home,' and they take 'no interest in politics.' Women of that class are the worst enemies of women. I cannot bring my mind, however, to think how any woman can be longer indifferent to this thing, which causes so many broken hearts; and yet I believe, as you say, there may be cold-hearted, thoughtless women who will have neglected to register or will be too indolent and indifferent to take the trouble to vote. That any woman, I mean any respectable woman that votes, will not vote against the liquor traffic, I cannot believe; it is so clearly the enemy of home, which is woman's world; but it is the indolent and thoughtless woman who will not take the trouble to vote that I dread."

"Don't be so sure of that, dear Isafrel," said George, "I believe that there are women so utterly callous to people's sufferings, provided those sufferings are not those of their own husbands or children, or of themselves, that they could vote for the continuance of anything, even if they knew it would be ruin to others."

"You must have a low opinion of us, George, or you would not say so."

"Only some of you, only some. You, of course, dear, see only the good side of them all, because, as I have often enough said, you see your own goodness reflected in everyone you meet, and you think they are all good. They're not all like you, dear Isafrel, are they?"

"I suppose you don't think so, George; but how can a woman tell that this may not strike home to her own? Little the Websters thought when they voted 'License' that it would kill their darling. As poor Mrs. Webster says, 'it shoots far, and shoots round the corners.'"

"Yes, dear; but I wish you could stop the poor old thing from using that figure of speech. She causes a roar of laughter at every meeting when she crowds it in. She goes about every place now when there is a meeting on the Referendum, and once when she brought up about shooting round the corners, a ribald fellow called out 'Like Paddy and his gun; he bent the barrel in the middle to shoot round the corner.' And ever since, when she trots it out, which she is sure to do every time, somebody calls out, 'like the Irishman's gun,' and the meeting is spoiled."

"Poor Mrs. Webster," said Isafrel; "I do think sometimes that her head is a little touched by her grief, and by the remembrance of the part she thinks she has taken in the death of her poor child; and she seems determined that nobody else she can reach will make the same mistake. Oh! George, but there is a lot of sorrow in life, and sometimes I wish it was all ended; what a dark shadow this thing throws over everything."

"Yes, dear," said George, "but it will be soon ended, perhaps, so far as this country is concerned, if this comes right."

"Yes, I believe it will," said Isafrel; "but some way I feel that I won't see it; some dark cloud seems to hang over my future."

"Ah! now, Isafrel, why are you always indulging in these anticipations; of course, I know, dear, you have enough to depress your feelings at home, but that will be all right, too, when this struggle is over."

Isafrel looked up in George's face with an enquiring glance, "Do you know anything about it, George?"

"Yes, dear, of course I do know all about it, and I often wondered that you had not confidence enough in me to speak about your trouble at home."

Isafrel was silent for a moment, and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, George, it was not want of confidence," she said, "but I felt humiliated so, and I did not like seeming to speak against poor father."

"But it is not as bad as it was, is it, dear?"

"Oh, yes, George dear, sometimes. Oh! George, I do love my father; and if you knew how he loves me

when he is right. But oh, how this thing changes a man. I used to be able to soothe him, but I seem to be losing my influence over him, and sometimes he is so wild when he is that way. I suppose you know he has lost his position, and instead of making him change for the better it seems to have made him worse."

"My poor, dear Isafrel," said George, "how I do pity you from my heart. But cheer up, darling, it will be all right shortly."

"Yes, I hope so, I believe so, but in some way I know that I shall not see it. There seems a dark cloud before me that my eye cannot pierce."

"Dear Isafrel, do not talk that way. Why are you always Speaking about clouds and shadows. I know that it is only your nerves that are unstrung by the excitement you have been passing through; but why do you give way like that."

"Ah, well, George, dear, be it so then. I feel I must make it dull for you sometimes, and I am so sorry, but now we will talk of other things," and the conversation branched off to the preparations that were being made for the great struggle of the Referendum. The evening had now passed away, and George escorted Isafrel up the hill to the gate of the cottage, and, after an affectionate good-bye, left to catch the boat for town.

On Isafrel entering the house she found everything in confusion and excitement. Her father had come home under the influence of drink, and in a wilder mood than any time before. The children, frightened and crying, ran to her, but thrusting them aside she hastened into the dining room, where her father and mother were. As Isafrel entered the room her mother was rushing towards the door to escape from his violence, and Isafrel hastening forward threw her arms around her father to restrain him. "Off, you wretch," he cried out, as he flung her violently from him, and staggering back she fell heavily, striking her side on the corner of the couch, and rolled to the floor in a faint.

When he had seen what he had done, the father turned and ran to the help of the prostrate girl. He seemed to be instantly sobered, and bending affectionately over the daughter that he loved so tenderly, he lifted her to the couch, and being joined by his wife, who had not seen this occurrence, but only saw that her child had fainted, he tried everything he could think of to restore her to consciousness.

For long and tenderly the two sorrowing parents rendered their loving sendees, till at last, when hope had almost departed, there were faint signs of returning consciousness. Then her breath came in short, quick sobs, as she pressed her hand on her heart as evidently the seat of her pain. After some time she recognised her parents, and looking lovingly up whispered, "Dear father, dear mother," and closing her eyes she relapsed into silence. Her mother had left the room to procure some additional help, and to send for medical aid, when, opening her eyes again, Isafrel saw her father beside her. "Oh, father," she gasped out between her short and hurried breaths, "do not tell how it happened."

"Oh, my child," he sobbed, "I have killed you; I have killed you.'

"No, no, dear father; it was not you; it was not you. But promise me, dear father, you will never tell. Promise me. Promise me. Oh, father, promise. Raise up your hand and swear to me you will never tell anyone on earth. Hasten, oh, father hasten. Raise your hand; swear."

He raised his hand, and gave the promise exacted by his child.

On her mother entering the room again, not having found anyone to send for a doctor, Isafrel said, "Dear father, you go. I know I am hurt badly," and she laid her hand on her heart. "Be as quick as you can, dear father." The shock seemed to have completely restored the man to his sober senses, and he at once started to catch the boat for town.

After some delay in waiting for the boat he reached the other side. The pause in the excitement, and the quiet of the boat, seemed to have brought on a drowsy torpor, and Mr. Chalmers, hurrying up town, was so "shaky" and out of sorts that he felt he should take something to steady his nerves. So he dropped into a publichouse, and called for a glass of brandy. Sitting down for a moment to rest and sip his liquor, he felt so much bettered by it that he thought he would take another, in sipping which he felt such a drowsiness that dropping his head on his arms on the table he fell into a sound sleep.

He was aroused at last after a couple of hours by the barman, and told it was time to go as they had shut up, and everybody else was gone, and so in a dazed and half sleeping state, and forgetting his hat behind him—it was on the floor—he was bundled out into the street.

Steadying himself for a little against the wall, to gather his thoughts, he realised where he was, and hurried up to the residence of the doctor, whom he found to have gone to bed exhausted with a hard day's work.

Seeing a dilapidated-looking old man, without a hat, urging him to go out at that late hour of the night to the north side, the doctor did not at all relish the duty, and told him the last boat must have left, and that if he was to go the man must first find a boat to take him over.

Mr Chalmers hurried down to the wharf as well as his limbs could bear him in the demoralised condition to which they had been reduced, and found that the last steamer had left, and that the watermen were not very kindly disposed to entertaining the proposal of a man in his apparent condition.

“Show us your hoot

A New Zealand slang word for money.

, old man,” said one of the watermen, and as Mr. Chalmers had not in fact money enough about him to satisfy the terms, the waterman was dubious of the promise of payment tendered, to be fulfilled when the services were performed.

In vain did Mr. Chalmers seek to persuade the waterman, and as the fumes of the brandy evaporated from his brain, and he saw in all its horror the situation he had created, his poor child dying probably from want of timely medical aid, and himself by his misconduct compelled to wander about all night till the early boat could take him and the doctor over, he often felt inclined to throw himself over the end of the wharf. He would have done so if he had had only himself to think of. But then he realised that his Isafrel was waiting for the help he was to bring, and, shattered and demoralised as he was, he would live for her sake.

So all that long and weary night he paced the wharf in an agony of distress, while his child was waiting sleepless and panting for breath for the help which did not come.

As dawn approached, Mr. Chalmers had found another medical man who was willing to go over, and the first boat leaving for Northcote took him and the doctor, as also Mr. Houston, who had arrived at the last moment by the steamer from Devonport, where he resided; for Isafrel, when she had realised the state she was in, had requested that he should be summoned, and a messenger despatched on horseback during the night around by the way of the head of Shoal Bay, had reached him in time for him to catch the earliest boat.

On their reaching the cottage at Northcote, they found the girl apparently sinking. George hastened to see her, and as he hung over her couch, she looked up tenderly in his eyes and whispered, “It has come, George.”

The medical man made a careful examination with the stethoscope, and stood for some time looking at Isafrel, without making any remark. Then replacing the stethoscope over the heart, he listened for some time, and when he went to the window to prepare some draught or restorative, he was joined by Mr Houston, to whom he said with a look of concern: “I am afraid, sir, there is something very serious there.” The doctor was informed of her having tripped and fallen against the end of the couch, and he reported, “I am afraid there is a serious lesion. I wish I had seen her earlier.”

Isafrel heard so much of the conversation, and when George came over, and leaning over her pressed his lips to hers, and the tears dropped on her cheek, she whispered, “Yes, dear, the shadow has closed in at last.”

The doctor seeing the low state in which she was, brought her some brandy and water, and said he would give her something to revive her. Taking it from the doctor's hand, she asked him what it was, and he told her. She shook her head and offered it back to him.

“No, no,” said the doctor, “take it, my dear; it will do you good; you are very prostrate; it will save your life.”

“Would it save my life, doctor?” she said sweetly, holding the glass in her fingers, her arm resting on the little table drawn to the side of her couch.

“Yes, my dear, take it; it will save your life.”

“No doctor,” she whispered softly; “I would not give it the honour of saving my life,” and the glass dropped from her fingers and fell in fragments on the floor. “It has ruined my, home it has destroyed my father, and”—she added after a pause, “it has killed me. Doctor,” she said, looking up in his face with great tenderness, “do not be displeased with me; I could not do it the honour of letting it save my life.”

Every service that affection and skill could render for the sick girl was freely tendered, not only by her immediate friends, but by the wide circle of those whose admiration and love she had won, and the most profound regret was everywhere felt for the young girl stricken down by an accident at the very hour of the culmination of the movement of which she was the centre and life. Everyone now remembered the touching statement she had made in her address as to her presentiment that she would not live to see the fruit of her labour; and to thousands, when engaged in the great conflict that supervened, the memory of it seemed to shed a halo of sanctity as well as mystery over the couch of the dying girl in that little cottage at Northcote.

Chapter VI. JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THE long-expected day was at hand and every preparation had been made on both sides for the coming conflict. It had been provided in the Act that a majority of three-fifths of the votes cast should be requisite in order to warrant the adoption of absolute national Prohibition, and from end to end of the colony the rolls had been diligently “pricked”

Probably in the sense of both sides spurring citizens to the cause (‘pricking them with spurs’) and also marking this off on the electoral rolls.

by both sides, resulting in a conviction on one side as on the other that victory was sure.

Still the uncertainties that must always attend a popular struggle at the ballot box had left no room for neglecting any means that might be available for turning the balance, and on the previous Sunday the pulpits of the Colony had rung with denunciations of the liquor traffic, and with appeals to the congregations to stand strong on the side of humanity.

In hundreds of places the children of the Sunday schools had been organised into singing bands, so that with temperance hymns ringing around the polling booths the last influence brought to bear on the voters when recording their votes might be the appeal of the children of the colony to deliver them and the country from the demon of drink.

During the previous week, and for some weeks before, the children had been everywhere engaged in distributing millions of fly leaves and every kind of literature bearing on the question at issue, and the little workers had developed as much enthusiasm among themselves as if the decision was to be determined by their efforts. In fact, the movement had come to take the form of a religious war; and even the few clergymen who had had the daring to declare themselves on the side of the liquor traffic, cowered before the burst of public fervour.

Nor was it the teetotallers alone, or even mainly, that had led in the agitation; but among the great body of moderate drinkers a spirit of altruism had asserted itself, under which they recognised the obligation of making sacrifice of their own tastes and comforts for the sake of the benefits that would come to the great mass of the people.

But of all the forces that were in movement in anticipation of the coming struggle, the mainspring was in the womanhood of the colony. Some four years before, the women of New Zealand had been given the electoral franchise, and though great anticipations had been formed by those who had for many years championed the movement, the result of the enfranchisement had been a considerable disappointment.

The women had shown the weakness of the sex in frittering away their opportunities for great social reforms, having been split up into all kinds of political and social organizations, neutralising each others' influence for good by their divisions. They had dropped into the old political grooves; and as liberal associations and conservative associations, and leagues and societies for all kinds of imaginary and conflicting objects, they had from their inexperience allowed themselves to be used by political wirepullers, with the result that politics had become more degrading and degraded than in any previous period of the colony's history and instead of being, as was expected, a “great moral force” for good, their distinctive influence had been practically nil, or worse.

But here had arisen a question, for once standing apart from all other questions, and for the first time in the country the women of the colony grasped the idea that it was distinctly their own. It was a question on which no political party in the State had distinctive interests. It involved neither the rise nor the fall of governments, so that neither Conservative nor Liberal, Radical nor Labour man, Socialist, nor Single-taxer

A group calling for a single tax based on land value, from the work of Henry George’s *Progress and Poverty* in 1879 (which gave them the alternative name, Georgists).

had occasion or desire for pulling the old party wires, or reviving the old battle cries.

The Act that had been passed empowering the Referendum had been supported, as it had been resisted, by members of all parties; and whatever might be the result of the appeal to the country it would be accepted by the existing Government, whatever that Government might be, and by the existing Opposition, whoever was the leader, as the ultimate determination of the country, and would be put into effect without in any way involving or touching the position of parties in Parliament.

More important even than this, there would be no competing personal candidates in this contest, so that the susceptible female heart, so easily moved by personal predilections in favour of individual suitors for its favours, and so much inclined to stand by its chosen candidate whether he was right or wrong, had nothing here of a personal form to unsettle the fealty of its worship of the right.

Freed for the first time from these disturbing influences the womanhood of New Zealand seemed to have swung round for Prohibition. Enabled to look on the issue stripped of every confusing and embarrassing side issue, as a simple question of “drink” or “no drink,” the instinctive feeling of woman seemed at once and everywhere to have recognised that drinking was her enemy, the principle disturber of the peace of her realm—which is home—and the shatterer of the prospects of those that go forth into the world freighted with her love and hopes.

So long as it was mixed up in the ruck of politics there were thousands of women who stood aside and said that they did not think it was woman's work to meddle in politics. But now when the question stood forth in all its nakedness, the most indifferent, andretiring, and domesticated woman said, “Yes, I have something to do with that;” and so it came that except the baser and more degraded class of women, whose names and social standing placed them outside that charmed circle which contains “respectable women,” there was hardly a woman in New Zealand that was not stirred to life by the approaching Referendum.

Even the thoughtless class, whose highest concern was ordinarily about dress and dances and the mere enjoyment of life, had caught the spirit in the air; and a woman who had it not on the tip of her tongue to say that she was “Prohibition,” was looked on as being not quite what she ought to be.

But far deeper than this had been the movement among the more thoughtful women of the colony, who had imbibed the spirit of earnestness to the full, and felt that the moment had come when the women of New Zealand were called to the grandest effort that had ever fallen to the lot of women, and that it was theirs to justify to the whole world the wisdom of entrusting women with the electoral franchise, and to set an example that might prove a blessing to the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

At one of her earlier meetings, Isafrel, under the inspiration of her mission, had thrown out the suggestion that the women should use the personal influence which every woman has at least over one man, to bring the whole of the male sex to their side in achieving this great triumph for their common good.

She said that if every woman having an interest in the cause pledged herself to have the vote and co-operation of one man the work would be effected. It was not urged that the work of any woman should be confined to this—everyone should expand her influence to the widest extent—but that she should distinctly charge herself with responsibility for one man, whether husband, brother, lover, friend, or acquaintance, for whose voting and voting right she should pledge her word; that she should report to the association, and register the name of the one she had in keeping, and that she should endeavor to utilise his influence over all his acquaintances for the extension of the cause.

She based her suggestion on the principle that nature seemed, as she said, to have so ordered it that woman's most powerful influence on man was in his personal and not his collective capacity, and though she might sway a multitude as man might, there was a potent charm in the personal influence which a woman may exercise over one man, who has her confidence and esteem, that if rightly used was irresistible.

This idea took the meeting with amusement, but it was adopted, and, more than that, it was communicated to the other women associations throughout the colony, and as promptly adopted in their marching orders, and it threw an air of pleasantry and humour over a campaign that had enough of seriousness. Every woman was unwilling to confess that she could not find a cavalier who was prepared to stand by her side in the day of battle, while the men were tickled at the idea of being thus unceremoniously taken into their charge by their fair sisters, and with gallant good humour lent themselves to this novel phase of feminine strategy.

But the movement in anticipation of the Referendum had not been confined to women. The various temperance and prohibition organisations throughout the colony had been energetically at work, and, besides what they were doing themselves, they had served as a rallying point to the large body of those who though not teetotallers themselves, and many of them not even practisers of temperance principles, had been awaked to the gravity of the occasion. Thousands of these had been in the habit of using drink all their lives. They had enjoyed it, nor could they be persuaded even yet that ever it had done them any harm. It had revived them when they were exhausted, and had enabled them at times to get through work which they felt they could not have so well done without it. It had been the means of many a pleasant hour, and of social jollification, and it seemed to them hard that they should be deprived of their little enjoyments because other people made beasts of themselves. Still they did not conceal from themselves that they could live without it, and that after all it was a terrible nuisance, besides whatever it might be of a danger to other people.

If the thing could only be regulated, they said, so that people could get their little comforts in moderation without their being abused, all would be right; but, bother the thing, it looked as if it couldn't be regulated, and regulate it as they might it had a nasty habit of bringing people into trouble. There were those dozen or so of drownings that had taken place in the harbour and district within the last couple of months. The fellows perhaps were just as well drowned for all the good they were to the world. But then they would not have been drowned, but might have been useful to themselves and others, if the drink had not been in the country. And there are the wives and children, poor things; they did not drink, but they paid the penalty. It's a bad business altogether, and I'm not going to bother myself to keep it going.

Others, again, took a judicial view of the case. The thing had to be decided one way or another, and the question is, should we strengthen the position of the traffic or have the experiment made of doing without it. Nobody will be killed by its going, and sure enough some people will be killed if it stays. It will not do me any harm. But nobody knows. Some of my children might turn out drunkards. None of them will if it goes. That is something. If the vote banishes the thing from the country I can at least feel that my children will be made safe against the cursedest curse that ever fell to a child. Besides, there are other people's children. And plenty of them will be lost if it stays. I am not to blame if they are. But may be I am if my vote helps to keep the thing here. Is it worth my while, for the little enjoyment I have in my grog, to be the means of bringing such trouble on other people? I don't like the idea at all. I'm not a religious man, but I don't like doing a harm to others; and it is only my own little comfort that stands in the way. I could do without it, and after a bit I would never miss it. Miss it or not, confound me if I cannot make this little sacrifice for other people. This would then be the

happiest country under God's sun and I'll not be the one to spoil it.

The general feeling appeared to be that the thing was a nuisance; that all the regulations that had been made to amend it had not lessened the nuisance a jot; and that the only way of regulating it would be to regulate it out of existence.

And it made a hard fight for life. Paid and clever lecturers had been travelling about the country showing the intolerable tyranny of the Prohibitionists trying to rob a poor man of his beer. The testimony of eminent physicians was adduced to show the wholesomeness of alcohol in its several forms, and its necessity to the human constitution; and the testimony of eminent doctors of divinity, and bishops, and elergymen, to show that Jesus Christ was a supporter of the liquor traffic, and that if He and His apostles were here at the present juncture they would be enrolled on the side of the brewers and publicans, and would be the most earnest in denouncing the hypocrisy of the fanatics who were misleading the people, and attacking the trade only for their own selfish interest, and in a spirit of Pharisaic hypocrisy

Where external observance is emphasised without inner devotion, while deriving superiority from it.

. They appealed to the colonists of New Zealand, as the sons of martyred sires who had bled in defence of their liberties, to not have their glorious privileges of civil and personal liberty taken away by a lot of low fellows who, because they could not drink themselves, wanted to take away the liberty of drinking from others.

What was it that made England great? they cried. What had given to her that civil and religious liberty which had made her the envy of the world? It was beer. What had made the throne of England secure amid the crash of dynasties, and the raging of the nations? It was beer. What had made the name of a British citizen respected and feared in every land, so that a man had but to utter *Civis Britannicus sum*

A latin phrase that roughly translates as ‘I am a British citizen’; it echoes the phrase ‘Civis Romanus sum’ of St Paul, referred to by Lord Palmerston in the Don Pacifico Affair.

in the ear of the despot, and he was safe? It was beer. What had spread civilization, and education, and religion to the uttermost ends of the earth, so that wherever the British ensign waved there was liberty? It was beer. Where would England be without beer? She would be but a fifth-rate nation, condemned and sat upon, without her glorious past and her still more glorious future, but for beer.

They had heard of the Armenian atrocities

In the period of 1894-6 a series of brutal campaigns were conducted against Armenian subjects of Sultan Abdülhamid II of the Ottoman Empire.

. Who had perpetrated those horrors, at which the blood of the world was running cold? It was the Turks, who were total abstainers and prohibitionists. Had they been drinkers of alcoholic stimulants they would never have committed those atrocities; and if the nations of Europe, instead of sending fleets and armies, and worrying with diplomacy, would only load their vessels with British beer, and land it in Turkish ports, and imbue the people with the principles of free drinking, propagating among the Turks the glorious evangel of beer, the Eastern question would be solved, and teetotal prohibition-ridden Turkey would be raised to the comity

Correct and courteous behaviour.

of nations.

And think what we are coming to, they said. If by the coming Referendum vote you are mad enough to drive from the country that which has humanised the ferocity of the Anglo-Saxon, and made England great, see what you have to reckon with. Depend upon it, there will be a New Zealand question which will rival, if it does not overshadow, the atrocities in Armenia. Under the baleful influence of the absence of beer, the pakeha will develop polygamous proclivities, and, raiding the Maori districts for wives, will enact scenes of carnage at which the world will stand aghast. Instead of this, see the beneficent influences we are exercising among the Maori race through the agency of grog. In the King country more particularly, the work of humanisation is proceeding apace, and through the free importation of spirits into that prohibited and protected country we shall soon have the Maoris as humanised as we want.

Chapter VII. THE EVE OF THE REFERENDUM.

EAID aside from all the whirl and din of the preparations for the conflict, on her couch at Northcote, Isafrel had been kept advised of the progress of the campaign. The doctor had warned her tenderly to avoid all excitement, and to keep her mind away as much as possible from thinking of the event that was stirring the minds of the colony. Smiling faintly, she said, yes, she would not be excited; but she could not keep her thoughts from what was the central object of her life, and the crisis in the lives of thousands of the men and women of the colony.

George had been unwearied in his care and attention to the invalid. He knew it was idle to think that any

benefit would come to her from an attempt to avoid the one subject in which her soul was bound up, and that any withholding of information would only worry her with anxiety.

So, feeling confident now himself that every hour was adding to the chances of victory, he made no effort to conceal the buoyancy of his feelings, as he told her of one message after another that had been received from the workers in the South, telling of the completeness of their preparations and of the general determination and even enthusiasm, among the people.

From Dunedin, Christchurch, Invercargill, Wellington, Napier, Wanganui, and every centre from which the organization was working, there had come the uniform report of system, steadiness, and confidence; and he felt special satisfaction in telling her that the arrangements she had elaborated for her own fellow workers in Auckland had been generally adopted, and as generally recognised in their source, and that even the little children in many places had formed themselves voluntarily into “Angel Isafrel” bands, and were doing wonderful work in fanning the enthusiasm.

A tear stole down the cheek of the sick girl, and George stooped down and kissed it away, and as he patted her softly on the cheek, said, “It will be all right, darling; the news of victory will set you on your feet in a week; and I will take you away down South, and everybody will want to see and worship “the Angel Isafrel,” and I will be a proud and happy man when I feel that you are all my own; and I will be a great man myself, and everybody will point at me and say, ‘Do you see that handsome looking fellow there, he is the Angel Isafrel's husband—’”

“Stop, stop, George,” she said, as she laid her hand on his arm, and she raised her eyes to his face, the sunshine of love breaking through her tears: “that cannot be now. I hope you will be happy and proud to think of me, and perhaps I may be able to look down from heaven and see you sometimes, and be sent away on messages of love, and I may be near you sometimes, and it will make heaven happier to me if I know you remember and think of your own Isafrel.”

She raised her arm around his neck, and drew him down to her, and pressed his lips to hers; then, exhausted with speaking so much, she lay back with her eyes closed, her breath coming short and quick, showing one of those spasms which had been coming frequently during the past few days, but which she had always borne in silence, suppressing as much as she could for the sake of others every sign of the agony she was enduring.

After a little she recovered, and her breath came more freely, and George, who had bitterly blamed himself for having permitted the excitement, drew the couch over to the window and arranged the pillows, and spoke a few words of comfort and assurance of her recovery.

“Ah, no,” she said, “it is over with me now; I would like to live, I know: I would like to stay with you, George, and I would like to see the happiness that will break over New Zealand if this comes right. But this heart of mine is gone. I feel that my sands are nearly run out. But I only want to live over one day more. I have asked God to let me stay till to-morrow night. I want to hear the joy-bells ring, and to hear the people shout, and see the bonfires blaze, that will tell me that my poor, dear father is saved, and that thousands of other fathers, and mothers, and children are saved, and that dear, dear New Zealand is free. I am willing to die then.”

A messenger had come for George Houston, whose presence was urgently required at the Central Committee rooms to complete some matters relating to the monster meeting that was to be held in the city that night as the finale of the preparations for the great event of the morrow. When he went to the door he was told that the same boat had brought over twelve or fifteen young girls who had come over to serenade “the angel Isafrel,” but under positive orders that they were not to attempt to see her. They had already assembled down among the shrubs at the foot of the garden, and just as George had told Isafrel of the kindness intended for her the melody floated up to her window. She lay on the couch, her long, fair hair falling to the floor; and with her eyes closed and a soft smile of happiness lighting up her pale face she drank in the strains of the children's songs. After a variety of sweet and plaintive melodies the little serenade closed with the one which they knew to be dearest of all to their angel's heart, reminding her as it reminded themselves of her loved lost Josephine:—

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You told us, dear father, that you would come home,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!

Please father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
And he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, mother says he will die,
Before that the morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
Come quickly or he will be gone.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me.
For we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said,
"I wish to kiss father—good night."
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home!

ANGEL CHORUS.
Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist the most plaintive of prayers,
Please father, dear father, come home!

The last of the songs had died away on the air, and to catch the return boat the children were moving from the shrubbery and filing out in the open on their way to the jetty. Isafrel, who had been sitting by the open window, caught sight of the little white-robed band of serenaders, their blue ribbons, the emblems of their order, floating in the wind. She waved her handkerchief through the open window to them, when they stopped, and instantly recognising their "Angel Isafrel," a dozen little handkerchiefs were waving in reply. But a gush of feeling swept over the children as they turned away, for they realised the position that the spirit of their dearly loved friend was as if fluttering its wings to fly off to join the other angels far away, and that they would never see her face again.

On the steamer, while crossing the harbour, George had to answer the queries that were written in the little tearful eyes, and tell them about Isafrel—that though she was very happy and peaceful in her suffering, and had been greatly pleased and comforted by their kindness in coming over to sing for her, she was getting weaker from day to day, and could hardly stay very long with them. One, little thing, with tears in her voice, asked would she be able to live till she heard about the Referendum, and he said he hoped she would, and that it was the one dearest wish that was remaining with her now.

On reaching the central committee room, George Houston found that everything was in an advanced state of preparation. The great meeting was to be held at ten o'clock at night near the fire-bell in Upper Queen street. All the separate bodies and organizations were to have their own meetings at their usual places from eight o'clock, to finally fix the part that each body and every member of it would take in the proceedings of the morrow. Then from every part of the city, and from all the suburbs, and from the districts within reach of the city, the whole people were invited to meet, and addresses would be delivered for the last time by the principal

and most eloquent leaders of the movement.

By concerted understanding the same course was to be taken in every city and every town in the colony, so that all indifference might be chased away, and the people might be brought to the rally for one supreme, and, it was to be hoped, final effort to free the country.

The most complete arrangements had been made, partly by the Government and partly by the people, that the returns from the remotest polling booths should be sent to the Premier's

The Prime Minister of New Zealand was known as the Premier between 1869 and 1901.

office—as by the Act prescribed—at the earliest possible moment. Most places were connected by telegraph, but in some cases carrier pigeons, and in others relays of horses and horsemen were arranged for; and it was believed that before midnight of this momentous Judgment Day it would be known at Wellington, and flashed back to every corner of the colony, what verdict the voice of the people had pronounced on an institution around which for the moment circled the equal and the profound anxiety of both parties, and of all classes and individuals in the State.

But the national optionists, or—as with grim pleasantry they were now pleased to call themselves, in deference to the humour of their opponents—"the fanatics," had made other preparations, and fully assured that they were going to have the victory, they had made arrangements for celebrating it with becoming *eclat*.

It was a daring venture, and they were heartily laughed at by their opponents, and even by many of their supporters, who thought this was going rather too far, in counting their chickens before they were hatched. These preparations were a fund of infinite merriment, and the supporters of the traffic in many cases offered their assistance in carrying the timber and rolling the tar barrels that were to be burned in celebrating a victory that had not yet been won.

But some of the leaders who had encouraged the people in these ridiculous-looking preparations had wiser heads than they were given credit for, and the consciousness of certainty which they inspired was more potent than a hundred addresses in nerving the people to the fight.

Accordingly, on every hill and mountain round about Auckland, and far away in the country, preparations had been made for bonfires. Mount Eden was especially singled out as the signal station to the whole country, and the circuit of the ridge around the crater was almost covered with piles of timber mixed with barrels of tar, which willing helps had provided.

Of course the danger of a false alarm was anticipated, and care was taken also that in the event of defeat of "the fanatics' the enemy should not have the satisfaction of lighting up in honour of defeat. The most careful system of signalling therefore was arranged, which was only made known to a few in charge of the arrangements at the several points.

It had been fixed that the information as to the result of the Referendum should be telegraphed direct to the NEW ZEALAND HERALD Office from Wellington, and, "the fanatics" had, by permission, arranged for an installation of electric light in the form of a huge crown erected over the flagstaff turret of the HERALD buildings. That was to be the initial signal. Next, the guns in the Albert Park were to speak out the tidings; and by an entirely independent signal, carefully concealed, the guard of watchers on the top of Mount Eden was to be informed of the result of the polling.

These, of course, were only the incidental arrangements of the more forward enthusiasts, the graver portion of the leaders having concerned themselves more with protecting the sanctity of the polling booths from the countless ruses which they knew were in contemplation.

Money had been flowing like water and beer like cascades, and though violence was not likely to be resorted to, or could be easily enough overcome in the aroused temper of the people, everything that money and ingenuity could effect was expected to be freely used to turn the voting.

As the shades of night gathered over the city—the night that was expected to usher in the long-expected day,—the people were to be seen moving in the several directions where the meetings of the organizations were to be held. Teetotallers and moderate drinkers, temperance people and prohibitionists seemed to be drawn by the same feeling. The last general election had shown such a stupendous advance towards Prohibition by the local option vote that all classes had come to see that universal Prohibition could be much longer delayed, and many doubters and hesitaters, with whom nothing is so successful as success, had thrown in their lot with "the fanatics."

At that election, without any complete consolidation or organization, and confused as it was by personal as well as political and party issues, the "No License" vote had swept away vast numbers of drinking bars and had shaken the ascendency of the trade to its foundations. Large districts had been cleared of the traffic, and the first real blow had been struck at the trade which seemed now tottering to its fall.

For the first time the women voters seemed to have realised their responsibility; and though in many cases, swayed by personal or party considerations, they had assisted in returning members unfavourable to temperance, they had shown their recognition of the claims of womanhood by voting largely for "No License."

The result of that election had had the most powerful influence in showing the way to the present struggle for complete freedom, and had drawn the eyes of the whole world to the women of New Zealand. The moral effect of it on the women themselves was remarkable, and it seemed to have ennobled the women with the idea that they were really a power for good; while it won for them a respect from the men of the colony that seemed to show itself in a hallowing influence over the whole community.

The effect it had wrought was seen on the eve of the Referendum, not only in the general spirit that pervaded the community, but in the readiness with which all classes, drinkers as well as abstainers, dropped into the movement for setting the colony free from the scourge from which women far more than men had been shedding tears of blood.

The whole city seemed abroad as night settled down, and thousands were moving in all directions to their several places of rendezvous.

One of these was the meeting place of the great central organization of the women, which had been formed and consolidated by Isafrel, and which had become the spring in all the recent great movement of the women throughout the colony. Over a thousand were assembled, including the best and most influential women of the city. After transacting a variety of business, in fixing the positions and duties of the various committees and sub-committees, and individual workers for the coming contest, the president claimed their attention for a moment, as she had a communication to read to them, which would, she knew, be received with profound interest. A hush fell over the whole assembly, for everyone knew it was a letter from Isafrel.

Holding the paper in her hand, the president essayed to read it to the meeting, and taking her spectacles off she wiped them with her handkerchief; but it was not in the glasses that the dimness was, and there were more eyes than hers that gave evidence of the deep emotion that pervaded the assemblage.

“I hold in my hand,” she said, “a letter from one whose name, young as she is in years, you all know; one who has been the Joan of Arc in the holy war in which we are engaged for the freedom of our country. The ‘Angel Isafrel,’ as we love to call her, is lying, as you know, at the door of death; and her sole remaining desire is that she may be spared to learn the tidings of the triumph of the cause. No one has laboured so wisely and so well as she has to bring about a successful result. It was she that with her gentle pleadings brought us all to sink our differences and come together as we are to-night—Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile—to stand shoulder to shoulder in the common cause of womanhood and humanity. Prudent beyond her years, she laid the basis of those plans on which we have been working here, and which have so commended themselves by their wisdom that they have been accepted as the lines on which the women of New Zealand have been proceeding everywhere, with a unity and a purpose that give such promise of success as we could hardly ever have anticipated. Her gentle spirit has carried persuasion where others failed, and many who were the unflinching opponents of our cause have been made our fastest friends, and, as you know, are in the foremost ranks of our champions and defenders, through the sweet and gentle ministrations of our Angel Isafrel.

“This is her letter:—

“‘'Sisters and fellow-workers in the cause of love. I am sorry that I cannot be with you to-night, but my spirit will be there. It has pleased God to lay me aside while the hosts are being formed for battle, and I can only say, Thy will be done. I may not be able to stay to hear the conclusion of the conflict. I would like to stay for that little time and hear the joy-bells ring. But if I may not, I shall hear them from heaven, and I shall be rejoicing with you, though you may not see me. For I know that you shall triumph, for the womanhood of New Zealand has arisen in its strength, and I never thought and do not think that such a great and holy fervour would have been given to be dashed with disappointment. I seem to hear the whisperings that come from the far off land to those who are about to take their flight, and they tell me you will win; and perhaps I shall be near Him when He says, as I am sure He will say, to the women of New Zealand, ‘Well done, good and faithful servants.’ I am too weak to tell you more of what I would want you to do. But remember, as I often said, that if you win this fight to-morrow you are only at the beginning of the struggle. But the manhood, as well as the womanhood, of New Zealand will be on your side, and earth and heaven will be watching. I will be watching. Now good night. God be with you. From your loving sister, Isafrel.’”

The president sat down. The reading of the letter was followed by a profound silence, broken only from time to time by the evidence of emotion as the meeting realised the fact that the words heard were the last earthly message of “the Angel Isafrel.”

In a few words the president dismissed the meeting, and silently and sorrowfully the women filed out of the building, on their way to the great meeting that was already assembling in Upper Queen Street.

Chapter VIII. THE MONSTER MEETING.

AT the junction of three streets a platform had been erected, which was crowded with intending speakers

and others who were foremost in the cause. They were confronted by a sea of faces of the largest assemblage that had ever come together in the province. It was computed that from twenty to thirty thousand had congregated together from the city and suburbs and surrounding districts, and the silence of the vast crowd spoke eloquently of the solemn awe with which the public mind approached a question fraught with the gravest crisis in the history of the colony. The speakers were understood to be limited to ten minutes each for the expression of their views, though this was liberally interpreted in the case of the more notable speakers.

After the chairman had taken his place, the proceedings opened with a speaker submitting the questions whether the liquor traffic was a great evil, whether the means in operation had been sufficient to restrain its mischief to the community, and if not, what was it their duty to do. He enumerated at considerable length the instances that had occurred to his own knowledge of drownings, and deaths, and suicides, which it had caused; of domestic misery, of the ruin of character and prospects, and of the expense to which the community was put in dealing with the crimes and sufferings which were, directly or indirectly due to the presence of drink in the country. Mostly every means that ingenuity and wisdom on the part both of the friends and the enemies of drink could devise, had been tried to restrain the evil within bounds, but it had been seen that the ingenuity of those who lived by the traffic, and made large profits out of the losses and the sufferings of the people, had been more than a match for these safeguards and precautions.

"What, then," he asked, "are we to do with an evil which we can neither restrain nor control? Is it not our duty, if we cannot mend it, to end it? It has been said by those who are fighting for their own cruel gains that to banish the drink from the colony will be interfering with human liberty. Oh, liberty! liberty! How many crimes have been committed in thy name? Call you that liberty which permits men, a minority of the people, to force on the presence of the rest that which brings to thousands the cruellest slavery ever known on earth. And what curtailment of liberty will it be to anyone when the temptation is entirely removed? Which, I ask you, will be the greater liberty: *now*, when we are obliged to tell them in the presence of temptation, you must not take it now, you must not take it then, you must not take it here, you must not take it there? Or *then*, when the evil and the temptation will be utterly removed beyond the bounds of the colony, and when every man will be absolutely free from restraint? Which will be the greater sense of liberty among the people, then or now? I tell you that within three months from the banishment of liquor from the country the morbid state of the system which gives the craving for drink will have died out; and, freed from the presence of the temptation, the drinker, the drunkard, and the community will enjoy a sense of liberty that they never knew before."

"They tell you," said another speaker, "that all the great and vigorous nations have been consumers of strong drinks, and that the weak and inferior races have been total abstainers; and they would have you conclude that it is alcohol that has given that vigour and greatness to the progressive nations, and the want of it that has sunk the others into inferiority, and they point you to the Mahometans and the degraded state of Turkey as illustration of the theory.

"Now just glance a little back in history and see what part total abstinence has played in the rise and spread of Islam. Mahomet in many things showed himself to be one of the wisest and ablest leaders of men the world has ever known, and when he was starting a religion that he meant to dominate the world by fire and sword, he well knew that if his Arabs, who are children of the sun, were to be exposed to the debauching and enfeebling influences of strong drink, their conquering career would rapidly come to a close, as many a conquering race had fallen before. And it was worldly wisdom of the wisest kind that made the prophet leader impose abstinence on his warriors. And the sequel proved the truth of this. For from Morocco to the furthest Ind, from the heart of Africa to the centre of Europe, with all its power and civilization, the sword of Islam became a terror; and the strength, the vigour, the success of Islam was its total abstinence. Without it those warriors from the wilds of Arabia would have found many a Capua

An Italian city that defected to Hannibal during his invasion of Italy, it was supposed to have softened his troops through luxurious living.

, and before the seductive influences of the wines of the conquered nations the crescent would have been lowered in the dust. And even now, non-progressive and degraded as the Moslem is, it is his abstinence that is the preserving element that has saved Mahometanism from the thousand disintegrating forces that have been working for its destruction. Had Mahomet not imposed total abstinence on his Arabs and their successors we should never have heard of Islam but as an ephemeral outbreak of fanaticism that had died as soon as it was born.

"And as to the effect which alcohol might have in raising the lower races to the level of the higher, we have evidence sufficient to form an opinion. What has it done with the natives of the South Sea Islands, with the natives of central Africa, with our own Maoris—the noblest aboriginal race with which civilization has come in contact? Has it raised them to the level of the higher race? Has it infused that vigor which it is said to have infused into the Anglo-Saxon? No; but it has been sweeping them away with the besom of destruction, and in doing so it has written a dark chapter of cruelty and shame in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

“But coming to that race itself. It is true that the vigorous constitution given it by its climate, as well as by heredity, has made it more proof against the destructive influences of alcohol, and it has become great in spite of drink. But why is it that a progressive, earnest, vigorous race is drunken? It is just because of the excessive exercise of those qualities which have made it great. The Anglo-Saxon race is probably the most energetic of all races, and that energy of nature drives it forward at a pace at which no other nation travels. The nervous tension and brain-fag which that pace produces are a disturbance of the moral as well as the physical equilibrium, and constitute, in fact, an unnatural and morbid condition, under which a man is tempted, as more quiet-living races are not tempted, to resort to artificial measures for relief. The remedy is sought in alcoholic drinks. Those drinks do not produce the energy of the race; but it is that energy driven to excess, and consequent exhaustion, that produces the craving for drink, and that is the reason why the greatest and most progressive of races is addicted to drink.

“If that alcoholic drink really gave back the strength that was exhausted it would be good, but as it only draws on man's reserve of strength, and defers to another hour, and then intensifies, the exhaustion, it can have no effect in maintaining the aggregate energy of the race. But under every circumstance it is not the drinking that gives energy to the race, but the energy of the race, driving to exhaustion, that entails the morbid craving for drink; and instead of drunkenness being either productive of healthful energy in the race, or the sign of it, it is merely the product of a morbid condition, in the same way as we find all plants and animals that have ‘run down’ or are in a morbid condition, subject to the attack of parasitic disease.

“How often,” he went on to say “have we seen a talented and brilliant man a drunkard? We have seen the brilliant journalist, whose writings the world perused with delight, subject to periodical fits of drinking. It was the energy of his mind, the nervous tension of his thoughts straining the physical system, that produced that morbid state which craved for artificial stimulant. It was not the drinking that had given him genius, but it was genius that had made him a drunkard and thereby driven him to an early and unhonoured grave. And as it is with individuals so it is with races; the more intense and vigorous a race the more is it driven to unnatural tension, developing a morbid state that craves for what only intensifies that tension and brings it evil and not good. And when have the progress and glory of the Anglo-Saxon race been the greatest? Is it not within the last fifty years, during which, through the incessant efforts of the temperance reformers under every variety of name, drunkenness has been growing less habitual, and has come to be regarded as a shame? And just in proportion as the Anglo-Saxon race has become more sober the more rapid and phenomenal has been the growth of its greatness.

“Citizens of Auckland,” exclaimed the speaker, “be it our noble work to-morrow, in common with our brothers and our sisters throughout New Zealand, to lead the whole British empire by driving for ever from our shores what has ever been the bane and the shame of the Anglo-Saxon race.”

After the applause which this appeal evoked had ceased, the stand was taken by a working man, who considered the subject from a working man's point of view. He showed how, in proportion to his earnings, the working man who drank even moderately spent far more than the rich; and while the rich people could indulge in the luxury without its preventing their riches from growing to wealth, the poor man spent exactly that which could raise him out of the position of dependence and poverty to which his life seemed consigned by the hand of fate. It was mainly this, he said, which created a class of working men, with their children and children's children remaining hereditary bondsmen of labour, and dependant on others as hewers of wood and drawers of water. He admitted that with the fewer enjoyments in life which a poor man had he was more tempted to take a glass to cheer him in his troubles, and though the temporary excitement did him no good in the end, it was hard for him, so long as the liquor was round him on every side and forced on his attention, to resist the inclination to drink. It was on that account, he said, it would be better, and easier, and pleasanter if he could once for all have the evil removed from his presence, and the temptation out of his way, by banishing the drink from the country.

“They say a man,” he went on, “ought to taper off and become temperate, and that by taking less every time he can come to want to take none, and so he will have less of a wrench to his feelings than if his grog was stopped of a sudden. Now I'll tell you a little story I've heard,” he continued. “There was a lady once that was disturbed every morning in her sleep by the pitiful howling of a dog in her neighbour's back yard. Day after day as soon as the daylight was coming, the howling began; and after this had gone on for a week or so, and she could stand it no longer, she called on her neighbour to complain, and to ask him to stop the howling of the dog, as she could get no sleep in the morning. And ‘what was wrong with the dog?’ she asked, that he howled in that dismal way every morning. ‘Well, mum,’ says the neighbour, ‘the truth of it is we are cutting off the poor animal's tail, and you see, mum, we're kind-hearted people, my missus and me, and we don't like to put the poor brute to too much pain by cutting off the whole of his tail at once, so we take off a little bit of it every day.”

The man was spared the necessity of applying the story by the burst of laughter and applause from the crowd.

“They tell you,” said another speaker, “that the teetotallers are extremists and fanatics in asking for the exclusion of drink from the country. They tell you that there is no reason for such extreme measures—that the people are becoming more temperate every day; and the friends of the drink traffic tell you so as if they were glad of it. Well, assuming that they are, or assuming more correctly that the public has reason to be glad of it, whom have we to thank for it? Certainly not the friends of the trade, but we have to thank the teetotallers and the temperance party for the agitation that they have kept up for forty or fifty years, by the force of which public opinion has been so moulded that drunkenness is now a disgrace to a man as it was not in the days of my youth. They have taught the young and they have taught the old that strong drink is not a necessity of life, as it was thought to be in the days of my youth; and they have created a public sentiment that abstinence is good, and wise, and honourable, which nobody thought when I was a boy. And during all that time they were abused for their ‘intemperance’ of language as they are abused to-day.

“It is all very well to say that this has all come about by the natural growth of public morality. Such social revolutions never develop spontaneously, and this great and wholesome change in public morals has been mainly produced by the constant pressure on the public mind kept up by the advocacy of the teetotallers. And how dare any one that rejoices in this great social improvement denounce or revile those who have effected it and call them extremists and fanatics! And now, when the teetotallers wish to take a further step in advance, who can deny that they are entitled to do so by the successful achievements of the past? We have already local option by which, as you know, the residents can suppress the sale of drink in their district. You know that this has been in successful operation, and everybody but those who live by the trade rejoices in the result, and recognises that it has vastly lessened the sufferings that are caused by drink. And what is the difference of principle in changing local option into national option, and in the whole people of the state doing for the colony what they can severally do for their districts? This cry of ‘extremism’ is only a parrot cry set a-fashion by those who profit by the traffic, and is unworthy of intelligent men.”

Another speaker addressed himself to the bearing which Prohibition would have on the commercial enterprise of the country. “I do not refer merely to the influence on trade from the absence of drink from the country,” he said, “or the trust which business men could repose in their clerks and servants generally, or to the ruin, personal as well as commercial, that has been due to drink, but to the effect on the commercial enterprise of the whole community. I was in Melbourne

Melbourne rapidly grew to become one of the richest cities in the world off both a gold rush and a flourishing manufacturing industry, before a financial crisis in 1889 sparked a severe depression.

,” he went on to say, “during that wonderful boom, from the collapse of which that city is after this lapse of years in a state of comparative commercial ruin; and I declare from personal observation that that boom was in the main one long alcoholic debauch. You have heard of how lots worth a few hundreds of pounds were taken up by a syndicate for perhaps a thousand, and sold to a company for ten thousand, and afterwards retailed for perhaps fifty thousand, and the world stands aghast at the frenzy. But at the bar of one public-house after another I have seen men with heated faces, and excited gestures, formulating and proposing to one another the terms of those startling transactions, and I had reason to know that it was in the clubs and in the bar-rooms, and in places generally where drink was freely passing, and while men were excited by drink, that these astonishing transactions were conceived and started. And I know, for I have seen it in every case where I was a spectator, that at the auction sales, at which the thousands of dupes were drawn into wild and ruinous purchases of land, champagne and alcoholic drinks of all kinds were flowing like ditch-water every time. It was in an atmosphere of alcohol that men lived, and breathed, and boomed during that amazing outbreak of commercial frenzy, and that city, once the foremost of all the cities of Australasia, is still suffering prostration from that alcoholic debauch. And I maintain, fellow-citizens, that the fumes of alcohol may have as much to do in unsettling the equilibrium of a community as of an individual, and in producing those commercial will-o'-the-wisps that lead both communities and individuals to ruin.”

After a number of other speakers had addressed the meeting on various aspects of the question, a medical man essayed to treat the matter in a popular way from a medical point of view. “It is needless for me,” he said, “at this time of day to tell you that there is no nutriment in alcohol. There may be nutriment in the substances with which it may be in solution—in the extract of malt, in the juice of grapes or other fruit—but none but a charlatan will try to delude you by pretending that there is any nutriment in alcohol. Neither is there any extraneous strength imparted by it, and its only function seems to be to concentrate as it were the reserve of strength in the human system for a particular crisis or a particular period. This is not the place for discussing whether or not that concentration of force enables nature to combat and overcome a crisis. But feel assured that whatever this concentration of strength for a crisis or a period, there is corresponding depression, and if it fails in triumphing over the crisis the collapse will be correspondingly great.

“You are told that for aged people with failing strength a stimulant is necessary. It certainly rouses the flagging energies, but exactly to the extent it does so, much or little, there will be the corresponding depression.

It is just as it is with an old and jaded horse; you can plunge in the rowels into his flanks and keep up the gallop, but it would be wiser and more humane to let the poor animal walk at his natural pace to the end of the journey. Depend on it you are giving no fresh strength to the old horse as you plunge the spurs into his side, and the spurt that you gave him will have to be paid for by subsequent exhaustion.

"But however it may be as a medicine or for a crisis, the usefulness of alcohol as a beverage in ordinary health and strength is a myth in the nature of things. For as it imparts no extraneous strength and only displaces the reserves of force in a man, giving to him at one moment what it takes from him in another, it is only playing with his powers and shattering the delicate mechanism of his whole body in the process. It hepatises

Technically the engorgement of the lungs to a substance that resembles the liver.

his liver, diseases his kidneys, gives irregularity to his heart action, inflames the delicate tissues of his brain, and plays the devil with his nerves; and all this in an age and in circumstances in which the nervous system of the race is on the rack, and when, if ever in the history of the world, the nerves should be left to such natural repose and recuperation as the whirlwind of civilization may permit."

It was drawing near to midnight, at which hour it was understood that the meeting would close, and the doctor was followed by an aged and venerable man who stepped to the front of the platform and briefly addressed the meeting.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "and Christian men and women of Auckland, I have followed with much interest the indictment laid by the various speakers to-night against the demon of drink, whose execution as a murderer we hope to secure by the popular verdict of New Zealand to-morrow. But to my mind the most terrible of all its crimes is that which it commits, and has always committed, against religion and the souls of men. You are told by its friends that our Lord and Saviour never uttered a word against the drink traffic. And never did he utter a word against polygamy, or gambling at horse races, nor yet even against slavery. Are we, therefore, to conclude that Jesus approved of multiplicity of wives, that He would lay odds with the bookmakers, or that He would have been opposed to the liberation of the slaves in America? But in all these cases the spirit which He inspired in His teaching has been regarded as being as fatal to their existence among all that revere His will as if He had denounced them by name.

"And do you think if, when Jesus was below, He had been confronted by a public house flaring at every street corner in Jerusalem; and if he had seen as many deaths, and suicides, and drownings, and even murders as we have seen or read of within the last few months at Auckland, as the direct result of those public houses; and if he had heard the anguished cry of children, and the sobs of broken-hearted wives, do you think that He would have refrained from action as expressive and distinct as when He tumbled over the swindlers' tables in the temple and whipped the swindlers themselves out of the place with a scourge. The whole spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who came to bind up the broken-hearted, is opposed to that which is the great breaker of hearts to the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Do you remember how when our Saviour was on earth He was so frequently employed in turning the devils out of men? Brothers and fellow-citizens, alcohol is the devil of possession to the Anglo-Saxon race—the cause of more cutting with stones, and rending of garments, and tearing of hair, and cryings night and day, than ever were caused by the demons of possession in Hebrew times.

"Do you remember that Eastern story of romance about the genii that rose like a mist before the traveller's eyes in a valley, and was gathered together with all his potency and power of working wonders, and put into a bottle or something? And I have sometimes thought that the great enemy of human happiness, and ruiner of human souls, who can transform himself into an angel of light, must have the power of transforming himself into the vapour of fermentation, and condensed and bottled he is borne into human homes to work his will in human misery.

"He goes into one home, and the husband breaks his wife's head in with an axe, and splits open the skull of her companion. He goes into another home, and the mother poisons herself with rat poison, leaving her helpless infants to the mercy of the world. He goes into another family, and the husband and father bludgeons and cuts the throats of his wife and children. Or he goes into one man, and like the swine of Gadara

Matthew 8:28-32 tells of an exorcism at Gadara by Christ, who took the demons from a group of men and sent them into a herd of pigs, which subsequently drowned themselves.

that ran down a steep hill into the sea, the man tumbles over the end of the wharf and he is drowned. He goes into another man, and he drives the ship on the rocks, and horror-stricken men and women sink into the boiling waves. He goes into another man, and he turns or neglects the railroad points that bring two flying trains into collision, with all the piles resulting of broken limbs and mangled bodies. He goes into the minister of the gospel, and the loved, the honored, and the useful becomes a shame and a bye-word, and a disgrace to religion; and go where he may he leaves bleeding hearts and ruined lives."

The old man raised his hands with his face toward heaven, and "Oh, Saviour of mankind," he cried, "that didst drive out the devils by whom men were possessed in Palestine, save, oh! save us; save our country from

this demon! By Thine agony and bloody sweat! by Thy Cross and passion! by Thy precious death and burial! by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension—!" His voice was drowned as by the noise of thunder, the sound of many voices, rolling up from that vast assembly, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

The aged man bowed his head on his hands on the rail of the platform, and every head was bowed in silence; and over the awful hush of stillness there pealed forth from the neighbouring clock tower the midnight chimes that tolled in the advent of the Referendum day.

Chapter IX. THE REFERENDUM.

THE great day so long anticipated, on which the people of New Zealand were to determine once for all, by national option, the fate or fortunes of the liquor traffic in the colony, had at last come. A dull heavy canopy of clouds covered the usually blue sky from horizon to horizon, and no breath of air was stirring, as if Nature was standing in suspense awaiting the solution of the crisis that was pregnant with good or ill to the country.

The hour fixed by statute for opening the polls was eight o'clock, but long before that hour in Auckland the public was astir, and horses and vehicles were bearing the officers, and clerks, and scrutineers to the various booths, as well as the agents and supporters of the two sides to the various committee rooms and rendezvous from which the operations were to be conducted. It had been proclaimed, as by Act prescribed, a public holiday, and the conduct of the polls was subject to the conditions laid down for ordinary parliamentary elections. Among these it was made illegal for any cabs to be hired, and all the public houses were closed for the day; but it was soon evident how these provisions were evaded, for the city and suburbs were swarming with cabs flying in all directions with the distinctive badges of the liquor interest, and it was found that none of them had been hired, but that all were rendering their services gratuitously—the sequel showing that after the period had elapsed during which action could be taken under the Corrupt Practices Acts, their gratuitous service was settled for in the customary way. This had not come as a surprise to the "fanatics," but they had solemnly determined that neither by evasion of the law, nor by its direct violation, would they sully the cause in which they were engaged However, the indignation which the ruse excited was so great that private vehicles of every description were sent in from all directions to an extent beyond what was required, and no inconvenience was experienced.

The evasion of the liquor law was, however, the source of more disorder, for though truly enough the bars were strictly closed, there were booths and stands everywhere over the city, and suburbs, and districts, at which free beer and grog were available for all comers. These were ostensibly connected with nobody and no party, and no questions were asked as to how the drinkers meant to vote, and in pure good nature the lieges were welcome to come and help themselves *ad libitum*. The disgusting scenes resulting from this procedure throughout the day presented such a picture of the results of drink as to harden and embitter the determination of the people, and many a vater that had been indifferent or wavering before voted solid for Prohibition.

The women appeared to have made up their minds to vote early in order to avoid the crush and the disorder that might be likely to arise later on, and the crowds of women voters that surrounded the booths from the earliest hour and up to mid-day seemed as if they meant to have the whole business to themselves.

At one time in the forenoon five or six carriages drove up to one of the booths, filled with women for whom the other women stepped aside and allowed them to pass to the polling booth. They were a contingent of the *demi-monde*

A class of women of doubtful reputation, living on the outskirts of 'society'.

, and it was found that at the other booths similar incidents occurred, and that every one of the class in the city was polled during the day, while the badges on the cabs in which they came left no doubt as to the side on which their vote was organised. As similar scenes had taken place at political elections previously, no surprise was felt.

But there was one incident, frequently repeated during the day, which was puzzling at first, but which afterwards was found not very difficult of solution. A number of young girls drove up in a cab and voted, and then returning to the cab were driven off in the direction of another booth. This was noticed so frequently that at last steps were taken to trace their proceedings, when it was found that each relay of these girls was driven to all the booths in succession, and then out to the suburbs, and even some of the nearer country booths, and apparently voted at them all. The *modus operandi* had been this: A girl had been registered in one name as engaged in "domestic duties," resident in one street, and in another name with the same designation of business in another street, and so in a fourth, and fifth, and sixth streets, and so on, the designation and the place of residence being so vague that nobody knew the girls or could challenge their identity, as they gave the correct number and name to the returning officer, and received their balloting papers in due order. At last a watch was set, and a cab-load of girls was followed up, and on their presenting their numbers and names at a second booth

they were given in charge and lodged in gaol, where under the terror of the situation they confessed all, giving the names of those who had engaged them, and detailing the whole arrangement. This coming to the ears of the manipulators of the infamous transaction the practice was promptly stopped, but it was subsequently found that exactly the same procedure had been taken in all the cities and principal towns of the colony, as by one preconcerted arrangement.

During the day, interchanges of telegrams had been taking place between the leaders of the reformers all over the colony as to the progress of events, and it was found that shortly after midday almost every woman voter in the colony must have polled, showing the intensity of interest felt, while the men voters had been rolling up largely, promising altogether to show the largest poll that had ever been taken in the colony. This solid polling of the women, coupled with other indications, had produced the liveliest confidence in the leaders of the "fanatics," and before the day was half over it was thought that the field was practically won.

George Houston had been in the centre of the conduct of the business all day, though his heart was heavy with thoughts of Isafrel. She was in careful, tender hands; but though the doctor, who felt it his duty to go over and see her several times in the day, had implored her to keep quiet and not let her mind get excited with thinking about the poll, he might as well have asked her to cease breathing. She told him at last that it was the grandest, if it was the last day of her life, and he was horrified at her expressing a desire to go and poll her vote. He could not conceal from himself the fact that the strain on her vitality, and the unnatural strength and vivacity which she experienced, must lead to absolute collapse, and he was relieved when he saw George, who had arrived by the midday boat for a rapid visit, hoping that he could do something to allay the excitement. But when he heard her plead with George to have her carried to the Northcote polling booth, he saw the hopelessness of thinking that her mind might be diverted from the event that was proceeding. And pitifully did she plead with George to take her to the poll. She had only qualified by age and been enrolled a few weeks before, and she wanted that her first vote and her last should be given to help her sisters to drive the tragedy of life from her dear country. She did not mind if she died in the attempt; she would gladly give her life for her native land, and she could not bear to be lying there idle, while the other women of New Zealand were battling for the freedom of their country, and to save their children, and brothers, and fathers from the curse. She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his, and she implored him by his love for her to let her vote.

George assured her it would be only throwing her vote and her life away; that her vote would be utterly lost; that they would have thousands of votes they would not want, that they would have an overwhelming majority from all they could learn from every part of the colony; and that if she would only rest quietly she would see that the work she had done in the cause would be crowned with triumph.

She yielded to his persuasion and said she would wait the will of God, and George told her rapidly some of the principal events of the day—how the women had mustered at the poll and were still canvassing the voters; how the clergymen and ministers of every denomination were moving about among the booths; how all the Sunday schools, teachers and children, were as busy as bees; how the little singing bands were surrounding the polling places and marching through the streets, singing and distributing fly sheets; and how several of the little companies of girls in their white dresses and blue sashes had bannerets with the legend "The Angel Isafrel."

This little incident melted the feelings of the excited girl, and she found relief in tears. The nervous tension had expended itself, and after a little she dropped off into a soft and quiet sleep. George hastened away, and catching the steamer returned to the city.

It was now three o'clock, and he found the leaders in the central committee room in considerable anxiety and perturbation. News had come from the Southern cities that the enemy were rolling up in the afternoon in formidable numbers, and the same thing had been taking place in Auckland, showing that whatever was the object of this form of strategy it had been preconcerted. Two hours still remained for polling in the cities, the country polling places being open till seven, but every voter of the "fanatics" appeared to have polled, and the enemy were coming in like a flood. Drink had now got in the ascendant in the streets and about the booths in Auckland, and it was deemed prudent to withdraw all the children and women, and make them return to their homes. A meeting of magistrates, however, had been hurriedly got together, and the police were ordered to take possession of every free drinking place and stop the distribution of free drink in the interests of public safety; and all the drunken and riotous people having been run in, the streets resumed their normal condition. The polls closed sharply at five, and the officers, and clerks, and scrutineers were busy compiling the returns and sending them off by telegraph to Wellington.

George Houston hurried to the first boat, leaving immediately after the closing of the poll. On reaching the cottage at North-cote, he found a dreadful change in Isafrel. The reaction from the excitement of the day had left her so prostrate that she could barely speak in a whisper. She greeted her lover with a faint smile of recognition, and after a few moments, in which she hardly seemed to breathe, whispered, "How is it?"

"Oh! it will be all right, darling, but you must keep very quiet. The returns will not be known till well on in the night, probably about midnight."

“I am very weak, George,” she whispered; and then, after a pause, “but I want to hear before I go.”

“Yes, dearest Isafrel,” he said, as he stroked back the hair from her brow, “the day's excitement has been too much for you; but now try to rest, dear, and you will be all right shortly.”

She was silent for a few minutes, and then asked, “Was it good in the afternoon? Good as the morning?”

“Well, yes,” he hesitated; “it was very good.”

She opened her eyes and looked at him keenly. “Tell me all, George; was it good as the morning?”

“Well, not quite so good, darling;” they began to roll in their drunken men, and we had polled all our votes in the earlier part of the day.”

There was a few minutes' silence, during which her breathing was as soft as an infant's.

“What did you hear from the South, George?”

“Well, I'm sorry it was something of the same there,” he said, hesitatingly; “but then we polled well in the morning.”

“Poor New Zealand,” she said, and two tears stole softly from under the long drooping lashes, and rested on her cheeks. In a little while she sank into a calm deep sleep, and everything was hushed in the cottage, so as to give her the undisturbed rest which she seemed to so much need. George and her mother took their places alternately by her side, while her little brothers and sisters hushed their every movement, and there was nothing to be heard but the rippling of the waves on the strand at the foot of the garden, and the soft sigh of the wind in the leaves of the puriris.

It was shortly before midnight when the weary invalid awoke, and looked around her. Seeing George by her, she asked the time, and he told her it was nearly twelve.

“Isn't that about the time they hear from Wellington?” she whispered. “Take me to the window, George.”

He wheeled over her couch to the open window, and they fixed her pillows and her wraps. For about a quarter of an hour Isafrel looked out on the dark water, and the distant lights on the other side of the harbour. Not a breath of air moved to disturb the stillness of the midnight hour, and unconsciously the senses of all the watchers were quickened.

“Listen!” she said, and she raised her head from the couch. “Listen! They shout! they shout! the people shout!”

She raised herself up. “Do you not hear it! They shout! they shout!”

George and Mrs. Chalmers went to the window, but they could hear nothing.

“They shout! they shout!” said Isafrel excitedly; “do you not hear them?”

Just then the booming of the cannon in the Albert Park broke through the stillness, and George rushed out to the verandah with the glasses, and there in all its glory was to be seen the glittering crown of electric lights over the turret of the HERALD Office, blazing in the sky.

“Victory! Victory! Victory!” cried Isafrel, in a faint voice, as she fell back on the couch, while the steady booming of the guns, blended with the pealing of the bells of the churches, rolled over the water.”

“And there is Mount Eden in a blaze,” exclaimed George, as he turned the glasses towards the mountain.

“George!” said Isafrel, in a feeble voice, “take me out to see Mount Eden; then I shall be sure.”

They lifted the couch out to the verandah, and the sick girl's gaze was rivetted on the mountain, so associated with her sweetest dreams of love, and now with the victory of her life.

The whole summit appeared in a blaze. Around the circuit of the lip of the crater was one continuous wall of fire.

Isafrel gazed long and earnestly on the scene, but her strength was gone, and she lay back exhausted on the couch. George bent down his face to hers; her eyes were closed, her lips moved, and he heard, “Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

Chapter X. THE NIGHT.

OVER in Auckland the streets were full of life; the church bells pealed out their merry chimes, crowds thronged the path and roadway, but the police had made ample arrangements and there was no disorder. The drunken men had been promptly run in, and the friends of the traffic had shrunk before the burst of enthusiasm that the victory had called forth, so that the vast tide of human life that surged through the streets was moved by but one impulse. From time to time, as if by an epidemic of sympathy, the whole crowd burst into a storm of hurrahs, and it was this that rolling over the water had first fallen on the quickened ear of Isafrel, before the guns in the park had shaken the welkin with their roar.

But the Albert Park was nearly as crowded as the streets with the multitude that had gone up there to see the signal lights that had spoken from hill to hill and from peak to peak. Over fifty bonfires were counted from the park. Every headland stretching out into the bay had its light. The heights away beyond the North Shore

were dotted with fires: the grim outline of the Waitakerei ranges was in several places capped with flame. On the distant range that ran out to the south, forming the entrance to the Manukau Harbour, tiny jets of fire could be detected with glasses. Mount Hobson, Mount Wellington,

Mount Remuwera and Mount Maungarei respectively.

Mount St. John, and all the volcanic cones that may be counted in the glorious panoramic sweep of country around Auckland were peaked with fire. Mount Victoria and the North Head had their huge bonfires, around which the glasses turned in that direction could detect the masses of people moving and piling on the faggots and other combustibles. But from all this every eye turned away to Mount Eden

Mount Maungawhau, the highest natural point in the Auckland region.

with its glorious garland of fire. In the centre of the huge ring of light the dark hollow crater was conspicuously seen, while the heavy clouds overhanging the mountain reflecting back the light seemed to form a canopy of fire under which the dark pines resting on the precipitous sides of the mountain stood out in contrast to the general illumination.

Nobody seemed to think of going to bed that night; and as the complete returns came in from Wellington, showing that not merely three-fifths but three-fourths of the voters of the colony had voted Prohibition, the whole night seemed one for revelry.

It was not everybody, however, that was carried away by this intoxication of success. There was many a sore heart among those tumultuous crowds that turned away in chastened thought to the little cottage at Northcote, where the one that had done so much to bring it all to pass was lying with the tiny flame of life flickering in the socket. It had been heard, and the information had rapidly circulated among those who were the most deeply concerned, that Isafrel had heard the glad tidings, but the same messengers had brought the word that she was quietly but surely sinking, and that in all probability she would not see the dawn.

As the steamers were plying in the harbour all that night, it was determined that a number of the women should go over, and in the name of the others bear a last tribute of love and gratitude to the dying girl. The tearful pleadings of some of the children that they might be allowed to accompany them to say farewell to their Angel Isafrel, could not be resisted, and far on in the morning, but while it was still dark, the little company, consisting of eight or ten of the women and about as many children, crossed over to the other side.

The sick girl had passed an easier night, so far as pain was concerned, than any she had recently had, but her strength was ebbing fast, and she knew quite well that the end was approaching. After she had recovered from the happy shock of the good news, her couch was carefully lifted again into her own room. George sat beside her, and in the subdued light of the lamp turned low they talked together of many a thing of touching interest to both in the past as in the future.

He tried at first to induce her to take a sleep, but “No,” she said, “this is not a night to sleep. I shall sleep by-and-bye. But I have much to say to you, dear George, and I shall not have another opportunity to talk with you till many, many years have rolled away.

“Do you remember that day, George—the sweetest hour I ever passed—when we stood together on the top of Mount Eden, by that big, grey stone on the further side of the crater, and you first told me of your love? And do you remember when I told you mine, and our lips were pressed together in the first sweet kiss of an affection that will never pass away, and you folded me in your arms, George, and promised you would make me happy as long as you lived; and do you remember, George, how I looked away, and saw that great, dark shadow coming from the Manukau—on, on, on, nearer and nearer, over the water, and the green hills, and the houses—and I told you to watch its coming? And as it crept up the mountain side, do you remember, George, how I laid my head on your shoulder and nestled closer to you, and with your arm round my waist you pressed me to your heart? And do you remember, George, how I shivered in your arms, and told you I was frightened of the shadow; and you told me I was superstitious, and that it was nothing but a passing cloud? But, George, there are mystical things in life we may not understand, yet they whisper to the soul sometimes; and as you brushed the hair away from my face with your hand, George, and laid your cheek to mine, I knew that a dark shadow would come some time and blot out the sunshine from our lives.

“Don't weep, George. It was only a passing cloud, and I was foolish to be frightened of it; and do you remember how the shadow rolled down the side of the mountain and passed away over Ponsonby, and darkened the waters of the harbour and skimmed over the wild waste of ti trees beyond, till it rolled away over the distant horizon. And do you remember, George, how you told me I was a little goose, and made me look around and see the whole scenery bathed in sunshine.

“There was the reach of waters stretching away down to the island of Waiheke, the little wavelets sparkling in the sunlight, with Motuihi, and Motutapu, and the headlands of Orakei and the Tamaki, and far away the heights of the Coromandel range suffused in the blue of distance, but all enveloped in the golden rays of the summer time. And then, George, you made me look away down the Rangitoto Channel, with the grim heights of Rangitoto here, and the green foliage of Lake Takapuna there, and the long tongue of the Whangaparoa

running out into the sea, with the Kawau, and Little Barrier and Great Barrier, and Tiri Tiri, and the Cuvier Island, rising from the sea, and all clothed in sunshine. And then, George, with your arm gently resting round my waist, and my hand in yours, you turned me round to look down at the Manakau Harbour on the other side of the isthmus, with its great tongues of sparkling water almost touching through to the waters of the Waitemata Harbour. And you waved your hand over the lovely sylvan scenery at our feet—the farms, and gardens, and greeneries, stretching around on every side below us, with the villas and cottages of Parnell peeping through the trees, and Auckland nestling away below on the water's edge—and you said, 'See, there, Isafrel, how beautiful God's world is, and how He crowns it all in sunshine.' And I thought it very beautiful, for I was looking at it through the sunshine of your love, George, that had just come into my eyes, and I forgot to think about that great shadow that had passed.

"And many a time since then, dear George, when, in the tragedy of life, I have seen the big black shadow coming towards me, I have thought of that sweet hour I had with you on the summit of Mount Eden, and that, perhaps, the shadow would pass me by, as it did then. But it has come, George. Yet, even now, I can see the sunshine breaking through, and the edges of the cloud are fringed with silver. It is passing away, George, it is passing away; and with the mists of earth dispersing and the love-light of Heaven in my eyes, I can see away to the place where you will be beside me again, George, and we will stand together on the Mount of God, as we were that sweet summer morning on the summit of Mount Eden, and the shadows will for ever flee away, George, and the days of mourning will be ended.

"But come, George, and lay your head close to mine; my voice is growing weak, and I want to speak to you of things to come. Do not weep, dear George; let me wipe the tears from your cheeks, and while my strength is left me let me finish what I have to say. The tragedy of life is over with me, George, and you do not know, nor will you ever know till the resurrection morn, the full extent of what that tragedy has been to me.

Do you remember, George, the story in the Bible about the man that was possessed of devils, and how when the Saviour ordered them to come out of him they turned on the man and rent him so that he lay on the ground as dead. George, I had done too much to drive the demon out to be left scatheless when he saw he had to go. He turned on me and rent me, leaving me as I am now. As you love me, George, I want you to know that that demon has been my murderer, as he has been the slayer of thousands before. When I am gone, George, I want you to keep firm by the service to which you were first drawn by your love for me. Believe me, that work is but begun. Everything that money, everything that greed of gain, everything that cunning, everything that the device of the enemy of the human race can do to undo what has been done, will be tried. But it will be in vain. My vision, cleared of the mists of earth, sees far away, and the sunset of life gives me mystical lore. And my vision sees my own dear, native land, after many days, the wonder, the admiration, the exemplar of the world. The glory of its women will be yet the theme of song; and what they have done yesterday will uplift the women of every land, and give a stimulus for good that will make our sex the regenerators of the world.

"Do you know, George, that I think I will be of interest to the angels when I get to heaven—a woman of the women of New Zealand fresh from the field of battle. They will look at me as the first messenger of victory, fallen fighting in the breach, but conveying the first palm of victory from the women of New Zealand to lay it at the foot of the throne. Give my farewells to the women of New Zealand. Tell them from my heart, and with my dying breath, I thank and bless them for the work they have done; and if spirits are allowed to come away from that far-off land to minister on earth, it will enhance the happiness of heaven to me if I can come sometimes and mingle, though unseen, among my fellow workers in this noble cause, and rejoice with them in their future efforts for God, and home, and humanity."

She paused; the effort seemed to have exhausted her, and in a few minutes she had fallen off into a deep and placid sleep. George arose from beside her, and other watchers having taken his place he retired for a little rest after the exhausting labours of the previous day. Father and mother took their turns in sitting by the sleeping girl, and for several hours she enjoyed undisturbed repose.

As it neared daybreak she awoke, and seeing her father by her she laid her hand fondly on his arm, and in a faint whisper thanked him for all his kindness and love to her. Stung by the memory of one sad incident, of which he and she alone of all in the world were conscious, he was beginning to upbraid himself.

"No, no, father," she said passionately; "it was not you that did it. You would have died before injuring a hair of my head. It was not you, it was not you; but the enemy of you, the enemy of me, that turned to rend me. No, dear father, you loved me as the apple of your eye, and now that I am going away I want to say that I loved and love you just as tenderly. I am sorry leaving you, dear father, till I had seen you safe, but I hope you will soon be safe. But, oh! father, I wish I could take you home with me now. Then you would be safe, and safe forever. Oh! father, try to come home to Isafrel," and in a feeble whisper, she added, "Father, dear father, come home." Just then, as from the far away, there floated up to the open window, softened and mellowed by distance, the sweet but hardly audible sound of voices singing,

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist the most plaintive of prayers?
Please, father, dear father, come home.

"Listen!" said Isafrel faintly, as she raised her eyes to heaven, "listen! 'Tis the angels!"

Again the voices sounded the refrain—

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist the most plaintive of prayers?
Please, father, dear father, come home.

The girl's eyes were closed; her hands lay listless by her side; the gentle heart was still; the Angel Isafrel had gone.

* * * * * *

The grey dawn was stealing through the windows of the room when George and Mrs. Chalmers came in to take their turn in watching. Everything was still. The girl was as if in slumber; the old man kneeling by the side of the bed lay with his face resting on the bedclothes, his grey hairs covering her hand. George laid his hand on her brow, then pressed his lips to hers, and found that all was over. They tried to rouse Mr. Chalmers, but he, too, was still. He had gone home with Isafrel.

The tidings of the death of the young girl, who had been such a conspicuous leader in the great reform, fell like a pall over the rejoicings that had everywhere broken out throughout the colony over the result of the Referendum, and touching were the many tokens of affectionate regard that were tendered for her obsequies

Funeral rites.

, not only from Auckland, but from every part of the colony.

The funeral was held on the second following day, and Dr. Wilmott, at his own personal and earnest request, conducted the funeral service. Father and daughter were laid side by side in the sequestered and picturesque little cemetery that nestles on the slope of Mount Victoria, at the North Shore, and many a tear of heartfelt affection fell in tribute to the memory of "the Angel Isafrel."

Chapter XI. NEW ZEALAND UNDER PROHIBITION.

THE popular will in relation to the exclusion of alcoholic drinks from the colony having been so unmistakably shown by the national option vote, it remained but for the Legislature and the Government to carry that determination into effect. The friends of the liquor traffic affected to treat the idea with scorn, and openly declared their intention of evading the law. The response of the popular voice was, practically, "Come on!"

An Act of Parliament was requisite, in terms of the Referendum Act, to give shape to the national vote; and as the Government as well as the Legislature recognised the necessity of placing the matter once for all on a firm basis, the measure was framed accordingly. The provisions were not numerous. A date was fixed up to which the sale and consumption of liquor were allowed, and thereafter its possession within the coasts of the colony, or the waters or islands within the jurisdiction of New Zealand, was made penal.

It was said that smuggling would be rife, and that illicit stills would spring up all over the country. But the Act took no account of such possibilities, and contemplated neither the building of revenue cutters nor the appointment of excise officers. It simply provided that any person found in the possession of alcoholic liquor should be imprisoned with hard labour for a term not exceeding two years, unless for a second offence; and not less than twelve months, and without option of fine. It was thought to be more humane to grapple with the matter at once, and not leave the temptation open for any person to foolishly set himself to the task of defying the popular will.

A clause had been proposed making a fine optional, but so that in order to make it equal to rich and poor the amount should not be a fixed sum, but proportioned to the offender's property, income, or earnings, the forfeiture not exceeding a fourth or less than a tenth of a man's property; with the alternative, at the option of the Court, of accepting the past average income or earnings of the prisoner for a period double the term of

imprisonment to which the man had been sentenced.

It was considered, however, that this might lead to confusion and embarrassment, and it was accordingly fixed that the penalty should be simply imprisonment with hard labour, and without the option of money compensation.

Provision was made for the sale of alcohol for medicinal purposes by chemists holding license from the Customs, liable to forfeiture, with other penalties, in the event of any trifling

Apparently unimportant or trivial; however an obsolete meaning refers to befooling or cheating.

or any attempted evasion of the law.

The simplicity of the Act—aided by a standing offer of rewards varying from £100 to £1000 for information leading to conviction for the possession of alcoholic liquor, and leviable on the property or goods of the person convicted—made unnecessary any other means for protecting the colony, smugglers or illicit distillers having no longer any places where their contraband goods could be sold, and the possession of such goods, even in the smallest quantity, involving so great risks that neither profit nor pleasure could attend the defiance of the law.

An incident occurred in the earlier part of the Prohibition era, which, by the attention it caused, not only in the colony, but throughout the empire, greatly facilitated the operations of the Act.

A Minister of the Crown of a neighbouring colony, who had some years before made a tour in New Zealand, and boasted in the press on his return to his colony that he had obtained alcoholic liquor in a Prohibition district in New Zealand—then under the protection of local option—was induced to make another experiment so as to turn the laugh against New Zealand. He came over taking spirituous liquor in his luggage, and having partaken of it on his tour up the country was imprudent enough to make a boast of what he had done. As a result the drink was found in his possession, and he was arrested and committed for trial.

It was shown that the action had been done defiantly, and that he had previously boasted of having broken the law. With these aggravating circumstances he was found guilty and received the full penalty of two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

It created a profound impression throughout the colonies, and his own Government made the strongest representations to the New Zealand Government on the subject; it was urged that he was only a tourist, and that his high position as a Minister of the Crown should lead to exceptional consideration of his case. But it was replied that even as a visitor he must conform to the laws of the country in which he was for the time being, and that in New Zealand there was not one law for the rich and another for the poor, and that, therefore, the law must take its course.

Representations were even made to the Imperial Government, which were seconded by the Governments of several others of the Australian colonies, but the Secretary of State replied that the Imperial Government could not interfere with a matter so entirely within the jurisdiction of a self-governing colony like New Zealand; and the erring Minister was obliged to put in the full term of his sentence, with the exception of a few months taken off for his good conduct in the gaol.

This incident, the details of which were published in every part of the empire, had a salutary

Beneficial.

effect in showing the determination of the people of New Zealand to enforce the law; and as a matter of fact there was no smuggling attempted, and there was no private distillation by illicit stills. By this firmness of the Legislature in enacting a practical and intelligible law at once, and of the Government in recognising and enforcing the will of the people, all the fancied difficulties of carrying out the law proved mythical, and the public calmly settled down to the fact that Prohibition in New Zealand was an actuality.

And the salutary effect of this stringency was speedily apparent; for alcoholic drinks being absolutely absent, the semimorbid condition that prompted the craving or taste for them was gradually removed, and within six months—except in the case of those who, making a visit to the neighbouring colonies, “prolonged the agony” by the consumption of drink there—a desire or a craving for drink was practically unknown in the colony.

Coincident with this was the remarkable development in the production of wholesome and pleasant drinks of a non-alcoholic character. In the drinking period it had frequently been complained that there were no palatable drinks provided to take the place of the alcoholic beverages, and that people were driven to the latter because of the absence of any acceptable substitute. This was because of the competition of the established alcoholic beverages, which, being everywhere available and ready to hand, made it not worth the while of scientists and experimenters to discover an innocuous beverage.

Now, the field was open, and the demand for drinks from a whole population suddenly deprived of its tipple

Alcoholic drinks.

proved a powerful incentive. It was known that the one great merit of alcohol was its preservative power

over the beverages in which it was contained. Through that power the juice of the grape was kept from further fermentation; and the business now was to preserve by some other means the juice of the grape, one of the wholesomest and most refreshing substances in nature, so that it might be available for general use. One means that proved particularly successful had as its basis the evaporation *in vacuo*

In a vacuum or empty space.

of the expressed grape juice, so that it was reduced to a powder; and its restoration to a fluid state when required for drinking, under certain conditions, made it absolutely identical in elements, flavour, and taste with the juice as first expressed from the grape. Various other means for rendering fruit-juice of different kinds available for beverages were devised, and necessity being the mother of invention an extraordinary stimulus was given to the production of whole-some beverages. Of course, there were some with habits and tastes so confirmed that it was found necessary for a time to provide them with something that would grip and rasp the throat, so as to remind them of old times. For some of these old topers

From tope: drinking alcohol to excess, especially on a regular basis.

the demand created a supply of a decoction of tobacco and dilute sulphuric acid, which proved an excellent substitute for what they had been customarily drinking, and made them almost feel they were again in the days before Prohibition. This beverage was colloquially called “The Doctor,” and was very palatable to those who liked it; and from the grip which it took on the throat it was popular for a while, till the drinkers of it found that they were getting “no forrader,”

From forrader: in a forward direction. The drinkers find they are not making progress in giving up alcohol by drinking ‘the Doctor’.

and gave it up in despair.

But these were only subsidiary considerations by the side of the vast changes that occurred in the social and moral, as well as the physical condition of the people.

The statement made by a magistrate in Auckland, in the drink period, that nine out of ten cases that came before him were caused by drink, was singularly verified by the results of Prohibition; for crimes of violence in all its varied forms almost ceased throughout the colony. Not only so, but a large number of other classes of crime arising out of the destitution which drink had entailed on individuals and families also ceased, and the greater self-respect, not less than the mental vitality and physical vigour which sobriety gave, went far to lift men over the liability to dishonesty and immorality.

But there was a more notable change than this, and one more intimately bearing on domestic life. It had been always known that irritability was a reactionary effect of alcohol, and that just as the stimulated vigour of the moment had its complement in equal depression subsequently so the temporary geniality and *bonhommie*

Good nature.

which drink gave had their complement in the irritability and fretfulness, and even moroseness, which supervened

Occurred later than the specified or implied event.

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In the families, more particularly of the working classes, where the father was brought into closer contact with his household, the result in this respect was very marked. There was a patience, an equability of temper, in the relations of the working man and his wife and children, that had never been known in the period when he was liable to temporary excitation of good nature under alcohol, and its corresponding crossness when the fumes of the drink had left his brain; and the pleasurable companionship which that equable temper established between a man and his children and his wife seemed to restore that parental influence which had been often noted as singularly wanting in New Zealand.

It was not merely that brutal scenes of cruelty to wives and children became absolutely unknown in the colony, but the ungentleness and cross purposes, that are at the root of so much domestic unhappiness, disappeared, and the dwelling-places of men and their families became really home. Not only had the great rival of home, the bar parlour, disappeared, but home had a happiness that made men not even wish to wander.

Again, instead of a large portion of a man's wages being left at a public house, his earnings were all brought home; and comforts for the children, unknown before, not only brought gladness to the little ones, but a sense of proud satisfaction to the father, that made him feel more of a man than ever he had felt before.

But there was another direction which this saving of earnings took. The workers having now to spare all the earnings formerly wasted on drink, were looking out for investments that were found in the multiplication of co-operative institutions

Organizations jointly owned and run by its members, sharing the profits and benefits.

of every kind, both in trade and industry, in which shares were purchasable by small instalments. At the same time the habit had grown up of employers encouraging their employees to put in their spare cash into the business of the firm, and so to acquire substantial interests, which not only brought in a share of the profits but

secured the employee from ever being thrown out of employment. It was found by employers that this not only benefited employees, but enhanced the value and the trust worthiness of their services to an extent beyond anything they had ever seen in workers before.

In this way there was not a working man in the colony but had an opportunity of rising into the position of being his own employer, while this presented such a nucleus for his family that a man was enabled to always keep his children by him.

The extent to which this co-operation between capital and labour was carried, when all the workers were sober and reliable, constituted one of the most remarkable developments in the colony, and became the admiration of all the rest of the world.

But it was not merely in its social aspects that the change that had come over the colony was notable. It was hardly less remarkable in the health of the community. It had been known, of course, to actuaries that the lives of abstainers ranked higher than those of drinkers, and such lives were taken at smaller premiums by life assurance companies. But the effect of a whole country becoming at once sober revolutionised the entire system of life assurance. It had been known that alcohol had affected the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the brain, and all the vital organs, but it was only fully recognised in New Zealand now how much those vitiated

Spoiled, or impaired the effectiveness of.

organs had contributed to the general susceptibility to disease

Epidemics seemed to have lost their power of ravaging the community, and many diseases to which people had been subject almost disappeared, the restored vitality of the whole physical system making it defiant to attacks, and when attacked the recuperative power of the body making it throw of disease without fatal results. The vital statistics of the colony became a study that attracted the attention of scientists everywhere, until the salubrity

Healthy or health-giving.

of the New Zealand climate became to thousands of people far away, familiar to the ear as household words.

Lunacy, that scourge of the Anglo-Saxon race, the outcome of its intensity of life aggravated by the shattering effects of alcohol on the nervous system, showed a record that proved true the statement often made, that three-fourths of the lunacy of the colonies were induced or developed by drink. The annual additions to the buildings for lunatic patients which had appeared continually on the estimates in Parliament, for the first time ceased, and the institutions existing were more than adequate to the requirements; and though the existing number of inmates showed no immediate diminution, the change appeared in the remarkable decrease in the number of new committals.

The records of immorality—well known to be stimulated by the inflammatory effects of the habitual influence of alcohol on the human organism—showed a similar change; while destitution, no largely resulting from drink, with all the evils in its train, virtually disappeared from the country, except in the case of those who were actually disabled, or enfeebled by disease or old age.

In fact, it was found after only two years of Prohibition that the savings on the annual cost of the criminal department, the gaols and the police, with the hospitals and lunatic asylums, and the various charitable aid boards throughout the colony, considerably more than recouped the loss of revenue resulting from the abrupt stoppage of all the duties on alcoholic drinks.

To all these social, moral, and physical blessings must be added the stoppage of the annual drink bill, which had been for years over two millions sterling a year, an amount which, left unwasted in the hands of the people from year to year, and diverted into various channels of enterprise, was of itself almost sufficient to account for the extraordinary industrial and commercial prosperity which had dawned on the country.

But while there was not an interest in the country—social, moral, religious, commercial, or political—that did not feel the influence of the disappearance of the greatest disturber of the happiness and the peace of life, nowhere was the change felt so much as in the relations of domestic life.

Under the baleful influence of alcohol the lives of men and women had been drawn apart, “conviviality” meaning the “viviality” of the one part of the family, while the other was left too often to the lonely monotony of mere existence.

Now, home had generally become the sweetest of all places to man; and was enjoyment was to be taken abroad there was nothing either at the banqueting table, or anywhere else where men were wont to congregate, that forbade the presence of women.

The great enemy of home having now ceased to come between man and wife, and brother and sister, the true power of womanhood was felt over all the relations of life, and the women of New Zealand found themselves rewarded for their heroic efforts in expelling the demon of discord in the enjoyment of a power of influencing the character and the conduct of men, such as they had never anticipated in their brightest visions of the coming time.

The story of what they had done, and of what a condition of things had resulted in New Zealand, had gone through all the earth, and from every quarter of the civilized world these little islands in the far southern sea became invested with a halo of interest to the women and the families who were still groaning under the bondage and the misery of the demon of drink.

Parents, whose sons or other relatives showed a tendency to go to ruin, fled with them to New Zealand, as to a city of refuge; and some very touching tales came to light from time to time of those who, flying from danger, expressed their feelings on touching the shores of the colony as if they had entered with their children within the gates of heaven.

There was one case of a lady in Plymouth, in England, whose husband had fallen from honor to disgrace, and from love and devotion to neglect and even cruelty. She had read the story of New Zealand's emancipation and regeneration, and connected as every account had made this, with the name and labours of the young girl who had laboured and died in the cause, she had conceived intense devotion to the memory of "the Angel Isafrel."

With great difficulty she had got her husband conveyed on board a New Zealand bound vessel, and with her little children she had left for the "land of the leal

Archaic Scottish term for loyal and honest.

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She had not landed an hour in Auckland, when, with her two little girls, she passed over to the North Shore and sought out the grave of Isafrel, where, falling on her knees, she bent down and reverently kissed the grave, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she raised her face to heaven, and with her two little girls kneeling beside her, thanked God that she was herself now a "woman of New Zealand," and that she had reached a land where her husband and her little ones would be free for ever from the destroyer of their happiness.

Incidents of this kind were of frequent occurrence, and were among the most touching illustrations of the results of the rescue of the colony from the thraldom of drink.

Isafrel had told the women, in one of her inspired addresses to them, that the time would come when "the glory of the women of New Zealand would be in every land." That time had come, and the women were not forgetful of what they owed to the young girl who, as their Joan of Arc, had led them on to victory, although she had fallen herself on the field.

Immediately after the triumph of the cause, a movement had been set on foot to erect a memorial worthy of the services which she had rendered to the cause of "God, and Home, and Humanity:" and, in recognition of the blessings she had been one of the principal agents in bringing to the people of the country, a subscription amounting to over ten thousand pounds had been raised in a few months, and a beautiful statue of Carrara marble from the hands of an eminent Italian sculptor had arrived in the colony.

The second anniversary of the taking of the national option vote on Referendum Day was fixed as the date for unveiling the statue, and as all feelings of controversy as to the benefits the incident had brought to the community had died out, the quiet and sequestered little cemetery at the foot of Mount Victoria was the scene of the assemblage of one of the largest body of people, and of the most touching ceremonial that had ever been known in the colony.

The statue, which was of pure white marble, represented Isafrel as she appeared when addressing the National Convention of Women at the City Hall, and as in face and figure, and drapery, even to the little rose which she held in her hand, the statue was a speaking likeness, and a perfect representation of the young girl as she had appeared on that interesting and momentous occasion, the feelings of the women, thousands of whom had come from all parts of the colony to witness the ceremony, were deeply moved.

The tablets on the sides of the basement gave the dates of birth and death, and some appropriate texts from Scripture. But the tablet on the front conveyed a volume of history in its few words; for it bore the simple legend—

"THE ANGEL ISAFREL."