



The Scales of Cod.

The ancient world is stricken, and the bleeding nations feel
The agonies that follow the ruthless reign of steel;
But far across the waters come the legions of the free
In the holy cause of justice and to save humanity.

You can hear the Loud Hosannahs
From out the Rescued Sod;
And the Right shall Hold the Balance
In the Sacred Scales of God!

The dawn at last is breaking, and the war-worn people see
The vision of the blessed peace that shall come with victory;
For the new world's fearless giant is speeding to their shore
To curb and bind and overwhelm the monster evermore.

You can hear the Loud Hosannahs
From out the Rescued Sod;
And the Right shall Hold the Balance
In the Sacred Scales of God!
—EDWIN A. GROJER, in Journal of Education.

Through the Eyes of a Canadian Woman in England.

July 8th.
DOMINION Day and the glorious Fourth have come and gone, unnoticed by us in any outward way, but still with a feeling in our hearts of greater pride and patriotism. Old London extended special courtesies to Canadians on the former day, and the Court Circular tells us that Queen Mary attended an American base-ball match on the latter. All over France these holidays were celebrated. The Allies' successes have been so numerous of late that there is reason for some rejoicing, though as the months pass with no sign of the end people become more and more grave and out of tune with happiness. The luckiest ones to-day are those with an abiding sense of humor. To all others there is a heavy weight to bear, and the glory of summer sunshine only seems to mock us. Now is the time to force ourselves to be patient and brave. Work and responsibility are best for us with no time for pondering. One goes about as if in a dream, performing mechanically the accustomed duties, but it is better than only waiting. The sound of the door bell brings a dread to all of us for the message it may bring. We need strong nerves and a stubborn will these war-weary days, and must make up our minds to take the old negro's advice, "Be thankful for your marcies," for what have we to complain of safe here in England?

This was brought home to me by a letter from France yesterday from one of the dear boys who has been living in dugouts and trenches for some months, when he said how greatly he enjoyed the letters that were brought up through the night and handed out at break of day. They came like a reward after the night's strain, and no one but those passing through it can fully appreciate their value. I shall remember this when I am about to retire after a very full day, and shall not forget to write a few lines for the early post—even if there is nothing new to report. The thought that one is simply remembered is comforting to our men. It is not necessary to remind ourselves that the letters should always bring cheer. I am told that everyone laughs over trifles over there. "It helps over the hard places." Day is turned into night; and we know that when we are going peacefully to rest, their lively time is beginning. A letter says, "We are still enjoying the best of summer weather.

There is practically no movement about here now, but when the shades of night begin to fall, the whole country seems to come to life. The big guns, many of them which have been silent all day, commence to get busy registering on the enemy's positions and on all the important cross-roads and tracks behind the lines, in order to prevent his bringing up food, reinforcements, ammunition, etc., and, of course, he does the same, but on a much smaller scale. (From what I have seen we send over at least 100 shells to everyone the Hun hands us. I doubt if you can imagine the punishment the enemy must undergo). In addition to the activity of the guns, when it begins to get dark and all through the night everyone is up and down, and ambulances, lorries, mule-teams and all kinds of transport start out to do their share of the work in the bringing up of rations, ammunition and other necessities. These start out from several miles behind the lines and gradually and by devious routes finally reach their destination, and then as soon as possible work their way back again and out of sight before day-break. There is a fascination about the whole thing that gets a grip on me, ———.

I have felt for some days that I would be fitter for my duties if I could get a breath of the outside world, so my friend and I attended a garden-party at the Vicarage of a nearby village (we did feel strange in "civvies," and found some difficulty in arranging our hair suitably for such, after the accustomed getting it out of sight under a cap, coming to the conclusion several times during the hectic performance of it, that "clothes were a bore anyway"). The affair was held in the large garden, and as we entered the big gates a pretty scene met our vision. One is just as private in an English garden with its high, close hedges as in a home. Little tables stood about for the inevitable tea, and here and there were larger ones piled up with articles for sale. On one were all kinds of baskets—some very pretty—made by the blind soldiers at St. Dunstan's Hospital. Another was a miscellaneous table—very much so. There were tiny baskets of eggs and little cakes, and boxes of red currants, and bits of china and needlework. For everyone who came was supposed to bring a little offering instead of paying admission, and the articles were all placed on this interesting table, and were being added to all the afternoon. After tea, which was not, to say the least, a sumptuous meal, little sandwiches and sugarless cake—we repaired to a large lawn at the back of the house, passing through rose bordered walks to reach it, where a continuous entertainment was in progress. Of course, there was beautiful singing; (I wonder if there are such rich, soft voices anywhere else in the world!) and a series of very lovely folk-dances given by tiny girls dressed as wood-nymphs. Dancing in the sunshine clad lightly in brown and yellow, they looked so like big butterflies, that one could scarcely imagine they were anything else. After that came the stately minuet, of which one never tires, by two graceful girls, one representing a gallant in powdered wig, and his partner also with white wig and long curl, and dressed in an elaborate old gown of stiff pink and blue brocade. As they made their dignified curtsies on the velvety green with a background of tall hollyhocks and roses, they looked as if they had stepped out of a lovely old picture. But this scene of enchantment could not last forever, and we hastened away to get back again into uniform and to look to the comfort of our tired girls who are helping to win the war. We can never get very far away from war, but it does one good sometimes to see that the world is still full of beautiful things.

Speaking of uniforms, our girls made a

fine spectacle as they turned out to church yesterday in their trim, new uniforms which had just arrived after being looked forward to for weeks. It was a difficult matter to find something distinctive which would be cool, practicable and serviceable, but the management were successful. Of course, they are of khaki, of firm twilled material, and consist of breeches and belted tunics—(Just like trench-coats) reaching to the knees, and worn over a khaki shirt with low collar. The stockings are thick ones of the same color, and the boots are the brown army ones. The cap has a peak and a soft crown, and the badge on the front of it is a red triangle with an aeroplane embroidered thereon. These uniforms are becoming to tall and short alike, and the girls are very pleased with them. They can swing along to work clad thus much more quickly than if burdened with skirts and belts and other feminine accessories, and there is also time saved in the early morning rush, and no floating draperies to catch in machinery. On a recent holiday sports were held, and our girls distinguished themselves in a tug-of-war. But in spite of all this and the tendency to mannishness which such clothes are supposed to encourage, I notice that our girls can still scream if the ladder on which they are descending from the roof of a hut shakes, and that there were giggles of delight when the new clothes arrived which sounded far from masculine.

THE vicar who gave the sermon on "Love your enemies" a few weeks ago, preached his farewell yesterday. He said a few personal words to his congregation at the close of his address, in which he told them that his Bishop had released him to go, not as a stretcher-bearer as he desired, but to engage in Y. M. C. A. work in France. He hoped the time would speedily come when men in holy orders would be conscripted, and rather censured the Government for their dilatoriness in this matter. He understood that work in a Y. M. C. A. meant many things besides spiritual interest in the men and often included scrubbing the floors of huts and other menial work, and he asked his people to pray that he might be given strength to do anything that might fall to his lot, even to the killing of an enemy in spite of the old idea that a priest of God ought not to take life. I am sure all hearts were touched more by these words than the sermon that preceded them, and that when his duties in France are over he will receive a warm welcome back to his church. The special prayers for our fighting men had been said and the war-hymns sung, not forgetting the hymns "For those at sea." The beautiful service closed with the singing of God Save the King—not one verse but the whole, and the lines which used to grate on our ears did not affect us in the least at this juncture, while the prayer to "frustrate their knavish tricks" seemed most appropriate after the recent cruel torpedoing of our hospital ship.

OUR latest ally are much in the public eye at present, and everyone is so thankful that such large numbers are arriving in France. The U. S. soldier is a novelty to Londoners, and the interest is mutual. Sammy cannot understand why the clerks in the shops and the waiters in hotels say "thank you" so often. I remember having heard long ago that the word most used in England was "Kew," the last syllable of thank you. And I have found since that its greatest rival is "absolutely," which appears to be included in every sentence one hears. Poor Sammy and Canuck too! How he longs after long marches for the cool ice-cream parlors of his native country. The only place a scrap of ice can be bought is at the fishmongers. There are never any iced drinks. True, a poor imitation of ice-cream could be purchased until this

year, when the sale of cream is "absolutely" forbidden. One cannot even get a drink of really cold water. English people seem to have a horror of everything cold. Their tea is supposed to be like the Scotchman's whiskey, cooling on a hot day, and warming on a cold one.

But the British are making up in kindness and hospitality to us all for the things that are lacking. I want to warn the housewives in Canada that when the boys come back to always have ready the afternoon tea, no matter what is doing. The habit is being very thoroughly learned over here by officers and men. Everything must give way for the "sacred hour." On July the 4th Allied nations united in celebrating Independence Day, and on the 14th of this same month we are preparing to celebrate with enthusiasm France's day, which typifies to all Frenchmen the victory of Liberty over Absolutism. This testifies to the common friendship which now binds the Allies together, and their determination to secure to the whole world Justice and Freedom.

SYBL.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

God's Anointing.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.—Ps. 23 : 5.

Each member of His great flock is very dear to the Good Shepherd; and those who have found the day's journey hard and painful are tenderly cared for one by one. The statement in the "Shepherd Psalm": "Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over"—is beautifully commented on in Knight's "Song of our Syrian Guest". The shepherd he says, inspects the sheep one by one, as they pass beneath his caressing hands into the fold at night. "He has a horn filled with olive oil and has cedar tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised, but is simply worn and exhausted: he bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive oil, and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water provided for that purpose, and he lets the weary sheep drink."

Are the sheep belonging to the Good Shepherd's flock always watching for His caressing touch on their heads, as they lie down to rest? He is waiting to apply healing balm to each wounded soul. No trifling soreness of spirit can pass unnoticed under His searching gaze. The tender pressure of His hand on a weary, anxious heart is enough to "still straining throb, each pulsing pain." He offers to give rest to the heavy-laden and He has proved His power and willingness to fulfil that promise. In these days of constantly pressing anxiety we need the anointing oil of Him who is the strong Comforter as well as the Shepherd of His people.

A reader of the "Quiet Hour", in England, sent me the following "Evening Prayer". She says she has written copies of the prayer on cards to keep in her two work baskets, so that when sewing she could commit it to memory. She writes: "When I'm mending stockings I can learn a lot!" This is the prayer:

"The day is ended, 'Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.
With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,