

so, if the War is still on, I may go back, but I am knocked out for the present."

It was asked by One of old, "What will a man give in exchange for his life?"

Many have given that most precious gift for the honour of their Country and freedom from German bondage. One of our dear lads went up in an airship to scout over the enemy lines. He flew away up, up into the eternal blue. His poor, broken body returned to earth, but his spirit remained up beyond the clouds, where there is no need of medal or military cross to gain the approval of The King of Kings. Some have given health, some eyesight. As these broken heroes come back to us, should we not receive them with joy, and make it our sacred duty, as a nation, to look after them and their dear ones, not as a charity, but as their just due?

What have we given to the War? Surely there is no Canadian who has not given.

Some of us have parted with our husbands, those dear partners to whom we are bound by love and honour until death us do part. Others have given brothers, those dear lads with whom we played, quarrelled, and made up in the happy days now past. Some of us have given lovers, those dear ones to whom our souls are knit by vows yet unfulfilled. Sons have been given, those bright lads for whom we have sacrificed in order to place their feet upon the level of our best ideals. How grandly all these precious ones have given themselves! How magnificently they have measured up to the awful demand of the Empire!

To all those who have thus sacrificed by giving their most precious treasures, other gifts seem as nothing; and yet money and time spent in loving service are both needed to win the War. When we sing:

"God bless our splendid men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men!"

Let us give not grudgingly, but royally, as those who know what freedom costs, and are gladly willing to pay the price.

The Truest Things

A vault of stars, a silver moon,
A rock-crowned mountain by the sea,
A white cloud sailing high in June,
Gave vision new, and spirit free.
A dark-eyed flower smiling bright,
A bird-song in an apple tree,
A martian drum-beat in the night,
Stirred deep, new springs of power
in me.
A sacred pæon in the pine,
A rainbow resting on the hill,
The afterglow at day's decline,
Enkindled life with vital thrill.

—James L. Hughes.

THE ALPINE PATH

(Continued from page 39)

to a credulous child, just as real as any mental agony in after life.

Sunday was even more interminable than Sundays usually were, then. But it came to an end at last, and, as its "dark, descending sun" dimpled the purple sky-line of the Gulf, I drew a long breath of relief. The beautiful green world of blossom and sunshine had not been burned up; it was going to last for a while longer. But I never forgot the suffering of that Sunday.

Many years later I used the incident as the foundation of the chapter "The Judgment Sunday" in "The Story Girl." But the children of *King Orchard* had the sustaining companionship of each other. I had trodden the wine-press alone.

The other incident was much more trifling. The *Martin Forbes* of "The Story Girl" had his prototype in an old man who visited at my grandfather's for a week. *Forbes* was not his name, of course. He was, I believe, an amiable, respectable, and respected, old gentleman. But he won my undying hatred by calling me "Johnny" every time he spoke to me.

How I raged at him! It seemed to me a most deadly and unforgivable insult. My anger amused him hugely and incited him to persist in using the objectionable name. I could have torn that man in pieces had I had the power! When he went away I refused to shake hands with him, whereupon he laughed uproariously and said, "Oh, well, I won't call you 'Johnny' any more. After this I'll call you 'Sammy,'" which was, of course, adding fuel to the fire.

For years I couldn't hear that man's name without a sense of hot anger. Fully five years afterward, when I was ten, I remember writing this in my diary: "Mr. James Forbes is dead. He is the brother of a horrid man in Summerside who called me 'Johnny'."

I never saw poor old Mr. Forbes again, so I never had to endure the indignity of being called "Sammy." He is now dead himself, and I daresay the fact that he called me "Johnny" was not brought up in judgment against him. Yet he may have committed what might be considered far greater sins than yet would not inflict on any one a tithe of the humiliation which his teasing inflicted on a child's sensitive mind. That experience taught me one lesson, at least. I never tease a child. If I had any tendency to do so, I should certainly be prevented by the still keen recollection of what I suffered at Mr. Forbes' hands. To him, it was merely the "fun" of teasing a "touchy" child. To me, it was the poison of asps.

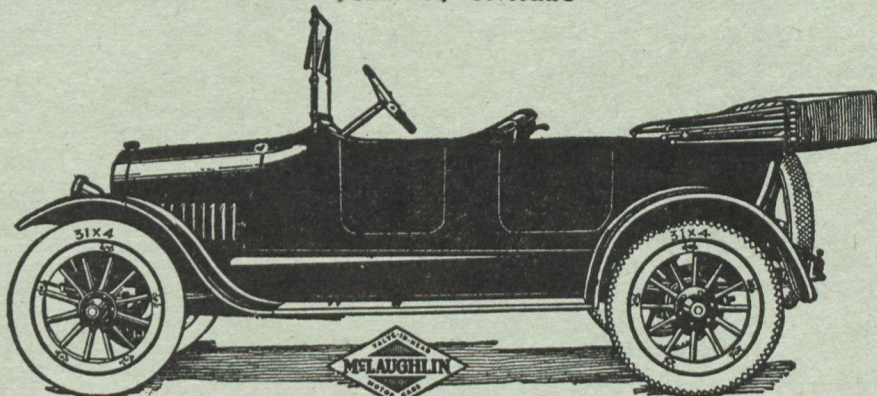
(Continued in July issue)

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