

only happened a few days ago. It will be an anxious time for the next week until the casualties are published. Every knock at the door will be like a blow on her heart. She wonders now if she were wise to consent to the going of both her children. Surely a widow ought to be exempt from so grave a sacrifice! And when she knows of so many mothers who have given no sons to the cause, she asks why it should be necessary for her to give all? This war falls with grievous weight upon some while others escape. And yet she would not exchange places with those who have withheld themselves from the pain and sacrifice. If the anguish is hers, so will the glory be hers when victory comes and our land is safe!

But she would much like to know how her boy fares to-night! He has been so faithful to her, writing regularly, sending forward even the little that she had insisted on his keeping for himself. He is bound to do well—but after all, bullets are no respecter of persons, and he may even now be numbered among the slain. And her Dora! She must be experiencing much sorrow and suffering among the wounded. It will be a lonely time for her, as she was always in need of mothering. If only she could reach forth her hands and touch her dear ones to make sure that they are safe. Her lips move in prayer—she lifts her eyes to a picture on the wall. Her lad had sent it out when he was in camp at Shorncliffe. It is called "Christ on the Battlefield," and pictures the Master walking among the slain. There are broken gun carriages, dead horses, and the general wreckage of war. In the background is a rude building with the Red Cross floating above it—a hospital of some kind. Jesus walks with bowed head, saddened by all the evidences of man's