

the world, played them along, and the King took the salute in front of Buckingham Palace. The Prime Minister and members of the Cabinet saw them from the balcony of the War Office. A meeting of its cabinet, which was in progress at the time, was adjourned in order to allow the Premier and his colleagues to pay this compliment to the troops of the great Republic, and they went over to the War Office in a body. When the soldiers left Wellington Barracks "The Boston Tea-party" was the march played. All past differences have been forgotten, and this Christian nation heartily gives of its best for the common good and the putting down of oppression and Prussianism.

THERE are difficulties about getting anywhere these days. The complete bus routes which connected all English towns and villages have become greatly demoralized since war began. The best of the cars were, of course, sent to France, only a very few necessary ones being left here. To be sure, there is a bus from military camps to nearby towns, but it cannot be depended upon. After one has waited patiently on the roadside to catch on, it usually sails majestically by, so heavily laden with soldiers that they seem to be clinging to it in all directions. Perhaps you decide to walk rather than be balked, but you are never sure of getting back on it either, for likely in the meantime the old bus has broken down. The excuse for such poor accommodation is always the "shortness of petrol." It is claimed that joy-riding is a thing of the past, but I fear England does not differ from other places in that if you have plenty of money and "pull" you are master of the situation, for still occasional happy family parties, luxuriating in commodious cars, are to be seen upon the roads, who I am sure are not travelling "on military service." Of course petrol is very difficult to obtain for the general public. The following advertisement in a recent paper speaks for itself: "Gentleman resident in London is open to exchange fine Scotch whiskey for port for petrol." In July the Automobile Association held its annual meeting at the Savoy. In the course of his speech, Mr. Joynton Hicks, who presided, said that they had enrolled four thousand new members during this third year of the war, although there was practically no pleasure motoring. There was to-day, he said, an association of bus motorists, war-workers, naval and military workers, all doing something to help the national cause. With regard to supplies motorists had been reduced from sixteen gallons to nothing a month, unless they were doing war-work. He assured them that there was ample petrol in the world, and there would be no shortage when the war was over, but people must wait until tankage is available once more.

O, that happy time "when the war is over." It is the first petition in our prayers, and the commonest wish on our lips to-day. Most Canadian women here have taken up bicycling again—the English people never dropped it—and one sees bevy of people everywhere on wheels; I have often counted thirty seemingly in one group. They are found most useful for delivering, and large parcels and small are tied on back and front and all over; sometimes presenting a most grotesque appearance, and causing you to wonder how such a frail-looking vehicle can bear such a heavy burden. Thousands of people go for week-ends—and on longer vacations too—on their bicycles, for we have learned in these times of difficult and expensive transportation to "travel light." But the drawbacks of ordinary travel do not apply to the Red Cross. One evening I was in Godalming, a town two miles from here, and witnessed the arrival of a Red Cross train bearing to the hospitals wounded men who had been fighting that morning in Flanders. Though wearing many bandages and looking pale from loss of blood, they were on the whole a cheerful, smiling crowd. Sometimes they describe to us the delights of a soft bed and cool, white sheets in contrast to the deep mud in the trenches. On June the 7th, the day the Messines Ridge was carried, ambulance trains were entering Charing Cross Station, London, at 2.15 in the afternoon. The action began at daybreak, and people in London returning from luncheon saw the casualties from the battle. On Easter Monday Vimy Ridge was attacked at 5.30 in the morning. Within an hour the wounded were coming down. Shortly after noon

the battle was over and by four o'clock the field was clear. In one case the feat was performed by the Royal Army Medical Corps, and in the other (Vimy Ridge) by the Canadian Army Medical Corps. So you see how expeditiously everything is done for our wounded men.

THE artillery lines in the camp this afternoon present a busy appearance; the limbers, fully loaded with all the paraphernalia of the artillery men departing for active service. Forage, supply and ammunition wagons with their six-horse or mule teams, drawn up in column, betoken a move within the next few hours. No information as to the time of departure is allowed to leak out by the authorities in advance, but I expect through the long hours of the night to hear a continuous rumble of guns and transports passing, and to learn in the morning that these brave Canadian soldiers are well on their way across the Channel to the British lines in Flanders. Before this is read, even by the censor, the chances are that they will have heard the word "action."

There will be lonely hearts among the "artillery" wives in this little village tomorrow, and anxious hours until the first message arrives from the dear ones. It is well there is such a little colony of us here, for the presence and sympathy of friends are a great help at a time like this. There are long days of praying and hoping ahead, and we are thankful, too, that there is plenty work to occupy the minds and hands.

SIBYL.

## Hope's Quiet Hour

### Giving Thanks Always.

Be filled with the Spirit. . . singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father.—Eph. 5: 19, 20, R. V.

What a blessing it would be to the world if we all carried out this command. St. Paul told the Christians to make the most of their time because the days were evil. It was a great opportunity for victorious living. Instead of spoiling the happiness of others by useless complaining, or destroying their own peace

of mind and health of body by brooding over their troubles, they should sing and make melody with their hearts to the Lord, and give Him thanks "always for all things."

For more than three years the world has been staggering under a heavy load of pain and anxiety. Even in Canada—in spite of material prosperity—this awful war brings sorrow—or should bring sorrow—to every man and woman. Even if the death angel has not entered our own door, we are not hardhearted enough to treat with indifference the troubles of our neighbors.

And yet our Government has called us, as a nation, to return thanks to God; and St. Paul has reminded us that our duty, as individuals is to give thanks "always for all things."

It is nearly 300 years since the first national Thanksgiving Day was kept in America. A brave little company of men and women had started out to make a home for themselves in a new country. When the first terrible winter was over about half of the exiles were laid in their graves: "the living were scarce able to bury the dead, the well not sufficient to tend the sick." But they toiled on bravely, planting the precious seed-grain (which was sorely needed for food) trusting unflinchingly in God, and never losing heart.

Do you wonder that when their first harvest was gathered in they appointed an annual Thanksgiving Day? Starvation had stared them in the face and had been driven away. Though the year had been a hard one, and death had thinned their ranks, yet they had good reason to thank God for His gift of the harvest.

Perhaps it is because we, in Canada, have had no experience of famine that we take God's gifts of grain, vegetables and fruit as a matter of course. Last year potatoes were scarce, and this year we are thankful because there is a plentiful crop of potatoes. If we—like millions of people in Europe—were fighting famine conditions, we should learn how to return thanks for our bountiful harvest with real heartiness.

A farmer works hard for his harvest, and perhaps forgets that no hard labor on his part can make a grain of wheat, an apple or a potato. He may plant seed, and cultivate the ground with energy and skill, but only God is able to work the great miracle of the multiplication of the loaves.

Do we thank Him for His gifts, or do

we accept them as our right? Perhaps we say proudly: "My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth!" forgetting that it is God only who giveth power to get wealth. How helpless we are when the season is too hot and dry, or when the rain comes down in torrents and there is no sunshine to ripen the crops. Unless God had placed within the seed the mysterious power of reproduction, it would be useless for a hungry world to look to the farmers for food. If you plant a dead seed all your skill and hard work will produce no increase. Think of the great wheat fields in the West. Can the farmers carry enough water for those millions of thirsty plants? Can they make the quickening sunshine? God has sent His mighty servant—the sun—to work for us. The sun not only pours down his rays, giving life to each green blade, but he also carries water from the sea high into the air. The wind blows this soft water (freed from the sea salt) far inland. There it is sprinkled gently down upon miles and miles of grain. We are ready enough to complain if the weather is not to our liking. Are we as quick to return thanks when blessings are showered on our unworthy heads? But every day should be a thanksgiving day; we have our orders to give thanks "always for all things." I have seen men and women who carried their heavy cross of pain and poverty not only without complaint but with bright cheerfulness. That is victorious living. Such brave souls are an inspiration and a help to us all. If they scorn self-pity, what right have we to make a fuss over trifles?

But we must have something to be thankful for, or else cheery words and bright smiles are unreal and insincere. Of course we must, and there is the testing of our Christianity! Do we love God, or only love His gifts? Can we rejoice in His love for us, or are we always looking for the "loaves and fishes?" Do we live righteously for our own earthly advantage—because honesty is the best policy—or do we think the service of God is a priceless privilege, even though it may lead to the martyr's cross?

St. Paul rejoiced in the love of his Master, even though he expected to sacrifice all earthly blessings for His sake. "I am ready," he exclaimed to his weeping friends, "not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." He knew that nothing could separate him from the love



Riga, the Russian Baltic Port Recently Taken by the Germans. It is 350 miles from Petrograd. Underwood & Underwood.