

tion" but the optimists saw the glory of an awakened life—we have passed through the agony of the Cross and the Resurrection morning is with us.

2. The Senior Chaplain of the Australian Forces, who was badly wounded at Gallipoli told this story to an immense audience in Westminster Hall, London, England, 1917. He said that the national flower of Australia was the Wattle, and travellers had often noticed the Wattle was seen at its best after the bush fire had passed, the reason being as follows: The seed of the Wattle is contained within a very hard shell, which needs something more than ordinary to break. Along comes the bush fire with its intense momentary heat and bursts the shell. The seed falls into the ground; rain comes, and the golden glow of the Wattle is spread over the scarred face of the earth. What an illustration! The war is over; the heart of humanity has been wrung but may we not hope that the golden flowers of patriotism and love will bloom again as the poppies have bloomed in Flanders o'er the graves of our gallant dead?
3. Some time ago, when Lieut.-Col. Cecil G. Williams was speaking in the town of Auburn, New York, the warden of the Penitentiary asked him if he would speak to the prisoners. That evening he did so, and pointed out to these men, who were all serving long sentences that the world still had need of them, though they were shut away from their fellowmen. He told of the sufferings in France and the work of the greatest Mother on earth, namely, "The Red Cross." He left them. It is important to remember that the pay of these prisoners is $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents a day, 9 cents a week when they work a full week, out of which they are permitted to buy tobacco and such other luxuries. Now for the sequel. These men held a meeting of their own free will and accord; a deputation waited upon the warden, asking permission to make their contribution to the sufferings caused by the Great War, and out of their $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents a day these poor prisoners sent a cheque for \$1,038.36 to Headquarters of the Red Cross. The Recording Angel must have been busy crediting many a man that day and wiping off many a debit. If they heard the call, what should we do—BUY VICTORY BONDS.
4. Lieut.-Col. Cecil G. Williams was speaking at a Red Cross meeting on Fifth Avenue some months ago, when he met Kathleen Burke. Her breast blazed with many a decoration, and on her shoulder-knot was a silver eagle, which signified that she was a full Colonel in the American Army. This honour had been given her by the President of the United States for wonderful bravery on the Allied Front. Colonel Williams asked her if she had not some story that he could tell to others in her name. After a pause