

retiring side, she gives and takes a joke with as much zest at eighty-eight as at eighteen. A splendid type of the pioneer days when William Lyon McKenzie visited at her father's home, and later at her own, when she had changed her name from Anderson to Ivey.

On her retiring to the village, others took the place, interest ceased, and, what was once a pleasing plot of vegetables, flowers and fruit, is to-day but a tangle of underbrush and waving grass, mixed with dandelions. No trace of all the love and care once expended on it now remains, naught but retrospect of childhood deep can picture it as of old,—the odorous blossoms of the trees, the June day humming of the bees, and later, when the autumn months drew near, such plums with bursting sides, and pears so plump and bold, and modest little crabs, or apples, should I add? and currants—black, white, and red—bouquets in themselves; berries—"giant goose," raspberries, black, white and red, and blushing straw; and grapes we children revelled in, none so good, so perfect as those from this bucolic spot of "grandma's." No forbidden fruit found place in this fair spot. Not satisfied yet, in careless mood, but mindful not to trample down, we wandered through the narrow isles of carrots, peas, beans, and onion's spikey tops; tried this, tasted that, each wishing he or she were two instead of one, thus to overcome inconvenient limit. And here the beautiful flowers flourished in harmonious luxuriant grace. Sweet "pineys" and waving "Sparrow-grass," as grandma always says; honeysuckle clinging to the wall, atone with bee and hummingbird; lilacs, snowballs, and flowering almond.

Oh, what a time! Roses in profusion, ribbon-grass galore, and butterflies flitting all about like tiny Chinese lanterns. The "old man" lingered near the garden gate where swung the "Canterbury bells" and "flags," waved in the breeze. The "marigolds" were close friends of the "asters," and "coxcorns" they were many.

Here in a nook all by themselves were "sweet Mary" and "sweet William," and "tulips" lingered near. Oh, modest little "June pinks"! may they "live forever." No wonder "bachelor's buttons" were such chums with "snapdragon" and "bleeding hearts," nor that the bird all by himself close by the orchard brook cried "Whip-poor-will."

Soft moonlight floods this rustic scene, and all is peace and quietness—a likeness unto that first garden.

It was a garden such as this—his mother's garden—which was one of the incentives of the Pearson Flower Garden Contest.

L. IDA ALDERSON.

Browsings Among the Books.

IN GERMANISED LORRAINE.

[From "East of Paris," by Betham-Edwards.]

Alsace-Lorraine, I may here mention, is a verbal annexation dating from 1871. Whilst Alsace was German until its conquest by Louis XIV., Lorraine, the country of Jeanne d'Arc, had been in part French and French-speaking for centuries. Alsace under French regime retained alike Protestantism and Teutonic speech. We can easily understand that the changes of 1871 should come much harder to the Catholic Lorrainers than to their Protestant Alsatian neighbors.

Bitterness of feeling does not seem to me to diminish with time. On the occasion of my third visit to Germanised France, I found things much the same, the clinging to France ineradicable as ever, nothing like the faintest sign of reconciliation with Imperial rule.

One might suppose that, after a generation, some slight approach to intercourse would exist among the French and Prussian populations. By the upper classes the Germans, no matter what their rank or position, remain tabooed as were Jews in the Ghetto of former days.

Now a word concerning the blood-tax. Rich and well-to-do French residents in the annexed provinces can afford to send their sons across the frontier and pay the heavy fines imposed for default. With the artisan and peasant the case is otherwise. Here defection

from military service means not only lifelong separation but worldly ruin. To the wealthy an occasional sight of their young soldiers in France is an easy matter. A poor man must stay at home. If his sons quit Alsace-Lorraine in order to go through their military service on French soil, they cannot return until they have attained their forty-fifth year, and the penalty of default is so high that it means, and is intended to mean, ruin. There is also another crying evil of the system. French conscripts forced into the German Army are always sent as far as possible away from home. If they fall



Men of the 28th Regiment, Stratford, Have a White Kitten for a Mascot.

ill and die, kith or kin can seldom reach them. . . . I visited a tenant farmer on the other side of the frontier, whose only son had lately died in hospital at Berlin. The poor father was telegraphed for but arrived too late, the blow sad-deeping forever an honest and laborious life. This farmer was well-to-do, but had other children. How then could he pay the fine imposed upon the defaulter? And, of course, French service involved lifelong separation. Cruel, indeed, is

their humble board, the conscripts' fare being regulated according to the strictest economy. In rich houses, German officers receive similar hospitality, but we can easily understand under what conditions.

The annexed provinces are of course being Germanised by force. Immigration continues at a heavy cost. Here is an instance in point.

When Alsace was handed over to the German Government it boasted of absolute solvency. It is now burdened with debt, owing, among many other reasons, to the high salaries received by the more important German officials; the explanation of this being that the position of these functionaries is so unpleasant they have to be bribed into such expatriation. Thus their salaries are double what they were French rule. Not that friction often occurs between the German civil authorities and French subjects; everyone bears witness to the politeness of the former, but it is impossible for them not to feel the distastefulness of their own presence. On the other hand, the perpetual state of siege is a grievance daily felt. Free speech, liberty of the press, rights of public meeting are unknown. Not long since a peasant just crossed the frontier, and as he touched French soil, shouted "Vive la France!" On his return he was convicted of lese majeste and sent to prison. Another story points to the same moral. At a meeting of a village council an aged peasant farmer, who cried, "We are not subjects, but servants of William II.," was imprisoned for six weeks. The occasion that called forth the protest was an enforced levy for some public works of no advantage whatever to the inhabitants. Sad, indeed is the retrospect, sadder still the looking forward, with which we quit French friends in the portions of territory now known as Alsace-Lorraine. And when we say, "Adieu," the word has additional meaning. Epistolary intercourse, no more than table-talk, is sacred.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

God's Message to the Nations.

A noise shall come even to the ends of the earth; for the LORD hath a controversy with the nations, He will plead with all flesh; He will give them that are wicked to the sword, saith the LORD.—Jer. xxv.: 31.

It is a striking fact that the words of

nations calls for a sword upon all the inhabitants of the earth. This is His ancient message, which is being fulfilled once more: "Thus saith the LORD of Hosts, Behold, evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth. And the slain of the LORD shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth: they shall not be lamented, neither gathered, nor buried . . . and the peaceable habitations are cut down because of the fierce anger of the LORD."

When Jeremiah daringly warned God's people of the national punishment which the Righteous Judge would inflict in His fierce anger, as a result of great national sin, the other prophets and the priests demanded his death. But the popular voice was raised in his favor. The princes and all the people said: "This man is not worthy to die: for he hath spoken to us in the Name of the LORD our God."

Let us be careful lest we refuse to listen to God's message to the nations—to our own beloved nation among the rest.

When God wanted to reach the ear of Elijah, He first attracted attention by terrible sights and sounds. "The LORD passed by," we are told, and the mighty mountains and hard rocks were torn in pieces by a terrific storm of wind, the solid earth was rent by an earthquake, and a fire completed the work of destruction. Then—not till then—was heard the sound of gentle stillness which Elijah instantly recognized as the Voice of his beloved Master and King.

God has a message for us in this day, and He is determined to make us hear it: Year after year He has been speaking to us, but we have been so immersed in everyday work or trivial pleasure, so bent on worldly success and ambition, that we have had no time to listen. God loves us. He knows that the souls of His children have been growing hard and selfish, or secretly corrupted by degrading vices. As gentleness had no power to check the worship of the almighty dollar; or rouse the nations from enervating pursuit of luxury or the degrading habit of vice, the Judge of all the earth has compelled our attention. Jeremiah foretold this, saying: "The LORD shall roar from on high, and utter His voice from His holy habitation; He shall give a shout, as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth . . . He will plead with all flesh."

We speak of the meekness and gentleness of Christ—perhaps secretly thinking that meekness is synonymous with weakness—see how He is described in Rev. xix. There we find Him riding a war-horse and leading the armies of heaven in a righteous war. "Out of His mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it He should smite the nations; and He shall rule them with a rod of iron; and He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." This treading of the winepress is no light matter, for in another place we read that "blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles."

This war is like the storm and fire and earthquake. After it is over, may God give us grace to listen in humble penitence to the still small voice.

Don't let us spend our time now in telling God about the wickedness of our foes. We feel that our part in this war is righteous and necessary; but is our nation so blameless, in its past and present way of living, that the present sorrow and anxiety is quite undeserved by us?

Our foes must answer—and they are already paying a terrible penalty—for their own sins. Let us look to ourselves and humbly acknowledge both our national and individual sins.

This morning I received from one of our readers the copy of a sermon preached in the Baptist Church, Doe Lake, Ontario, on Sept. 6th. The preacher declares that God is not mocked, whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap. He says that though individuals may receive punishment in a future state of existence, nations "must receive here," sooner or later, the judgment of their sowing. God will keep His word, and He has said: "I will punish the world for their evil . . . and I will cause the arrogance of the proud



48th Highlander's Returning from a March.

Guard turns out to receive them. Scene at Exhibition Park, Toronto.

the dilemma of the unfortunate annexe. But the blood-tax is felt in other ways. During my third stay in Germanised Lorraine the autumn manoeuvres were taking place. This means that alike rich and poor are compelled to lodge and cook for as many soldiers as the authorities choose to impose upon them. I was assured by a resident that poor people often had the worn-out men to

the prophets, written thousands of years ago, are now thundering in our ears as if they had been intended especially for our day and generation—as if they had been first proclaimed in the last quarter of the year 1914. Read this chapter, from which my text is taken, and see how startlingly up-to-date it is. The beloved City of God cannot go "utterly unpunished" when the Judge of the