

## HOME AGAIN

In resuming her duties with the LINK, the Editor wishes to greet the readers and friends of the paper. The year of absence was long in prospect, and, in many respects, is long in retrospect; but we are glad to know that throughout that time the paper has been well supported by the constituency, and we are grateful to Miss McLaurin for her excellent wielding of the Editor's pen, and to Miss Moyle for her capable management of the business end of the paper. It is very pleasant indeed to come home to find everything in smooth-running order and no "loose ends" to catch up.

The year spent in Europe has been a very delightful one in every way. The first and major portion of the time was spent in Germany, and in learning to know, and in many ways to admire, that country, as one probably never could again. The announcement of war found us in France—not in Germany, as was first thought. We made our way to England and protection as quickly as possible, but our view of the mobilization in France, of the calm determination of the men and of the sorrow-stricken preparation of the women; our trip with the troops through Belgium, all hurrying to Antwerp to answer the sudden call, full of suppressed excitement, but with eagerness clearly shown,—and then, during two months' stay in Great Britain, our opportunity to see, study and admire the calmness, the courage, the sacrifice of the British people; all this has made us realize this terrible catastrophe as we could never have done if we had not been so close to it. It looms so large in our horizon that one feels it obscures everything else. One thing stands out very clearly: whoever may be the victor, we are glad to be British. To see the young men and the older men, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, answering the need of the nation, almost with gladness but always with seriousness; to see the women never hesitating, never drawing back, never denying, but bidding Godspeed, and giving themselves to helpful work; to hear high and low, as we have done, the professor, the doctor, the soldier, the railway porter, the shopkeeper, the clerk, say and say with a full realization of what they must pay for saying and believing it, "We could do nothing else, for our honor's sake." All this,

with much more, makes us glad to count ourselves British. May Canada's men and Canada's women prove themselves equally able to stand the testing-time that is upon us, and prove themselves worthy to be named as British.

But, before you can read this, Miss McLaurin, accompanied by Dr. Marjorie Cameron, will be on her return trip to India. The readers of the LINK who have known Miss McLaurin for years, and who know her better now, will not forget her nor her companion in their trip, beset just now with unusual peril and anxiety, and all of us will anxiously await news of her safe arrival.

## LET US BE KIND

W. L. Childress.

Let us be kind;  
The way is long and lonely,  
And human hearts are asking for this  
    blessing only—  
That we be kind.  
We cannot know the grief that men may  
    borrow;  
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by  
    sorrow;  
But love can shine upon the way to-day,  
    to-morrow—  
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind.  
Around the world the tears of time are  
    falling;  
And for the loved and lost these human  
    hearts are calling—  
Let us be kind.  
To age and youth let gracious words be  
    spoken;  
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary  
    lives are broken;  
We live in vain who give no tender  
    token—  
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind.  
The sunset tints will soon be in the  
    west;  
Too late the flowers are laid then on  
    the quiet breast—  
Let us be kind.  
And when the angel guides have sought  
    and found us,  
Their hands shall link the broken ties  
    of earth that bound us,  
And heaven and home shall brighten all  
    around us—  
Let us be kind.

—Religious Telescope.